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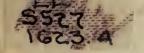
Rev. Ib. C. Scadding, D.D.

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University of Toronto







The First Bdition of Shakespeare.

THE WORKS

OF

VILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN REDUCED FACSIMILE

FROM THE FAMOUS FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF

1623.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.



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Hondon:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
1876.

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PREFACE.

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

A few of the dramas in the First Folio were possibly edited from Shakespeare's original manuscripts. This may be conjectured to have been probably the case with some of the author's latest productions, single copies of which might have sufficed for some years for the necessities of the theatres; but there can be no doubt that most of the autographs of the plays had been lost some time before the writer's decease, many possibly having been destroyed by the fire at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613. The editors of the Folio, however, boldly assert that they "have published them as where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it; his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This evidently is meant to imply that the whole of the volume was carefully edited from the author's manuscripts, whereas it is certain that in

several instances Heminge and Condell used printed copies of the old quarto editions, in which were certain manuscript alterations, some of the latter being valuable, but others the reverse. Horne Tooke, indeed, inconsiderately followed by numerous others, goes so far as to say that "the First Folio is the only edition worth regarding;" adding, -"it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakespeare were given literatim according to the First Folio, which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it; for, by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators, we risk the loss of Shakespeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press." Horne Tooke was not so well read as were the commentators, none of whom could have exhibited such an entire ignorance of the value of the Quartos. Every one, however, who has really studied the question, must admit that his opinion is correct in regard to no inconsiderable portion of the Folio volume, and that, even in those cases in which the texts of the Quartos are on the whole to be preferred, no student of Shakespeare could possibly dispense with incessant references to the collective edition. The value of the First Folio is so unequivocal, that there is no necessity for its wildest partizan to resort to exaggeration.

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

Printed from Roberts's quarto edition of 1600. The Merchant of Venice. Printed from Heyes's quarto of 1600, with a number of variations and corrections. 10. As You Like It. First edition. 11. The Taming of the Shrew. First edition. 12. All's Well that Ends Well. First edition. 13. Twelfth Night. First edition. 14. The Winter's Tale. First edition. 15. King John. First edition. 16. Richard the Second. Mainly printed from the quarto edition of 1615. 17. First Part of Henry the Fourth. Chiefly taken from the quarto edition of 1613. 18. Second Part of Henry the Fourth. There was a quarto edition issued in 1600, but the editors of the Folio appear to have used a manuscript playhouse transcript of the comedy. 19. Henry the Fifth. First complete edition. The earlier quartos were surreptitiously printed, and are very imperfect. 20. First Part of Henry the Sixth. First edition. This play could not have been written by Shakespeare, though he may possibly have added a few touches to it. 21. The Second Part of Henry the Sixth. First edition. It is an alteration of an older play called the "First part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey," 1594. 22. The Third Part of Henry the Sixth. First edition.

It is an alteration of the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixth, with the whole Contention between the two Houses, Lancaster and York," 1595. 23. Richard the Third. Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1602, which must, however, have had numerous manuscript alterations and additions. 24. Henry the Eighth. First edition. 25. Troilus and Cressida. Printed from the quarto of 1609, with certain omissions and some valuable additions. 26. Coriolanus. First edition. 27. Titus Andronicus. Edited from a playhouse transcript. It is nearly impossible to believe that this drama could have been written by Shakespeare, and I rather incline to conjecture that the editors of the First Folio inserted the older play on the subject, first printed in 1594, through either mistake or ignorance, knowing that Shakespeare had written a drama on the same theme, and finding no other version of it in their collection of plays. 28. Romeo and Juliet. Edited from a playhouse copy of the quarto edition of 1609. 29. Timon of Athens. First edition. 30. Julius Casar. First edition. 31. Macbeth. First edition. 32. Hamlet. Edited from a playhouse transcript. King Lear. Edited from a playhouse transcript, certainly not from the author's manuscript. 34. Othello. Edited from a playhouse transcript. 35. Antony and Cleopatra. First edition. 36. Cymbeline. First edition.

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

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.



SHAKESPEARE:

THE FIRST FOLIO.

[1623.]

A Reduced Facsimile.





To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Grauer hada strife
with Nature, to out doo the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
Hisface, the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writin brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

SHAKESPEARES.

COMEDIES, & HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Mac laggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.





TO THE MOST NOBLE

AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

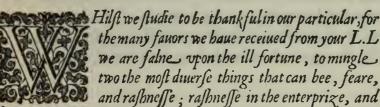
Earleof Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND

PHILIP

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

Right Honourable,



feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H.

sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trisles: and, while we name them trisles, we have
deprived our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. have beene pleased to thinke these trisles some-thing, hecretofore; and have prosequited both them, and their Authour living,
with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not
having the sate, common with some, to be exequitor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, vohether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them : This hath done both. For, so much were your L L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have iustly observed, no man to come neere your L.L. but worth a kind of religious addresse; it bath bin the height of our care, woho 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 foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have : and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we 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 Them their gratitude both to the liung, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

loun Heninge.
Henry Condect.



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 weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges weeknow: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best

commend a Booke, the Stationer faies. Then, how odde foeuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their trial alreadie, and stood 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 have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But fince it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death de. parted from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarse received 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 divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, furely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And fuch Readers we wish him.





To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
AND

what he hath left vs.

O draw no enuy (Shakespeare) on thy name, Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame: While I confesse thy writings to be such, As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much. 'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes were not the paths I meant unto thy praise: For seeliest Ignorance on these may light, Which, when it founds at best, but eccho's right; Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance The truth, but gropes, and orgeth all by chance. Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise, And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise. These are, as some infamous Band, or whore. Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more? But thou art proofe against them, and indeed About th'ill fortune of them, or the need. 1, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age! The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage! My Shakespeare, rife; I will not ladge thee by Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye A little further, to make thee a roome: Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe, And art alive fill, while thy Booke doth live. And we have wits to read, and praise to grue. That I not mixe thee fo, my braine excuses; I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses For, if I thought my judgement were of yeares, I should commit thee surely with thy peeres, And tell, bow farre thou didstst our Lily out-shine, Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line. And though thou hadft small Latine, and lesse Greeke, From thence to bonour thee, I would not feeke For names; but call forth thund ring Æichilus, Euripides, and Sophocles to vs, Paccinius, Accius, him of Cordona dead, .To life againe, to beare thy Buskin tread, And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on, Leave thee alone, for the comparison

Of all, that infolent Greece, or haughtie Rome fent forth, or since did from their ashes come. Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe, To whom all scenes of Europe homage one. He was not of an age, but for all time! And all the Muses still were in their prime, when like Apollo he came forth to warme Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme! Nature her felfe was proud of his designes. Anding' dto weare the dressing of his lines! which were so richly spun, and woven so fit, As, since, the will vouch fafe no other Wit. The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes, Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please; But antiquated, and deferted lye As they were not of Natures family. Tet 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 he, Who casts to write a living line, must fiveat, (such as thine are) and strike the second heat Vpon the Muses anusle: turne the same, (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame; Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne, For a good Poct's made, as well as borne. And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face Liues in his issue, even so, the race Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly bines 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 fight it were To ses thee in our waters yet appeare, And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames, That so did take Eliza, and our lames! But stay, I fee thee in the Hemisphere Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there! Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rege, Or influence, chide, or cheere the droping Stage; Which, fince thy flight fro hence, bath mourn'd like night, And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.



Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master VILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



Hose hands, which you so claps, go now, and wring You Britaines braue; for done are Shakespeares dayes: His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes, Which made the Globe of heavin and earth to ring. Dry de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,

Turn'd all to teares, and Phabus clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet sirst, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarse make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went soone about.
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

BYGH HOLLAND.





TO THE MEMORIE

of the deceased Authour Maister W. Shakespeare.

Hake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes give The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-line Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent, And Time dissolues thy Stratford Moniment, Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke, When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie That is not Shake-speares; eury Line, each Verse Here shall reviue, redeeme thee from thy Herse. Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Nalo said, Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade. Nor shall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead (Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped (Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do Passions of Iuliet, and her Romeo: Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take, Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake. Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest, Be sure, our Shake speare, thou canst never dye, But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

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

VV E E wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went's so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went's but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
(an dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.



The Workes of William Shakespeare,

containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first ORJGJNALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.



Illiam Shakespeare.

Richard Burbadge.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Slye.

Richard Cowly.

Fobn Lowine.

Samuell Croffe.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armin.

William Ostler.

Nathan Field.

Fohn Underwood.

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclestone.

Foseph Taylor.

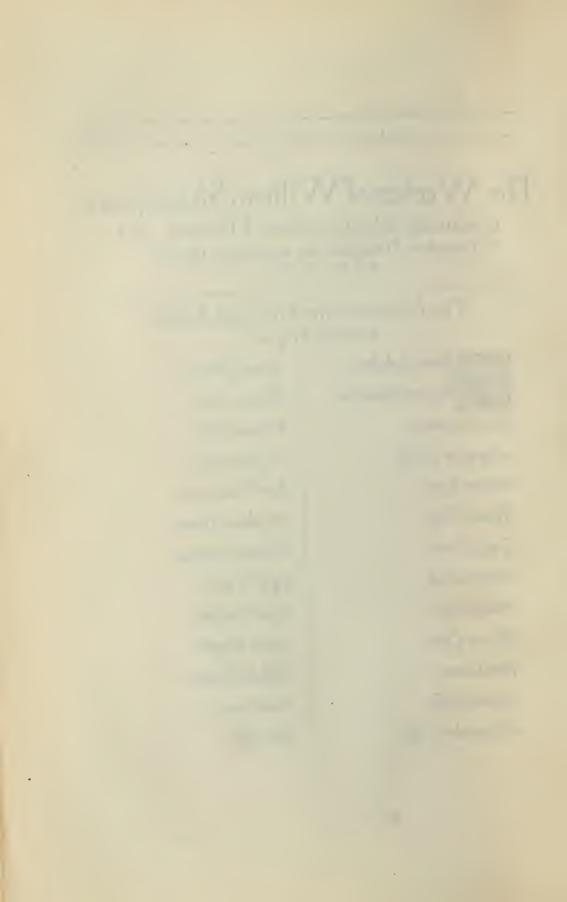
Robert Benfield.

Robert Goughe.

Richard Robinson.

Iohn Shancke.

John Rice.





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

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TEMPEST.

A Ausprimus, Scena prima.

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

Master. Ore-Iwaine.

Botef. Heere Maller : What cheere? Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too'r, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, befürre, bestirre.

Enter Mariners.

Botef. 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 Alonfo, Sebastian, Amhonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others,

Alors. Good Botefwalne have care: where's the Mafter? Play the men.

Botef. I pray now keepe below.
Amb. Where is the Master, Boson?

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

Conz. Nay, good be patient.

Botef. When the Sea is: hence, what cares thefe roarers for the name of King ? to Cabine; filence : trouble

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hall aboord. Beref. None that I more loue then my felfe. You are a Counfellor, if you can command thefe Elements to filence, and works the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vie your authoritie: If you cannot, glue shankes you have liv'd fo long, and make your felfe readie in your Cabine for the milchance of the houre, if it to hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I fay. Exit.

Gas. I have great comfort from this fellow:methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes : standfast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owns doth little advantage: The be not borne to bee hang'd, our cafe is miferable.

Emer Boteswaine.

Bosef. Downe with the top-Maft : yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plegue Enter Sebaftion, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

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

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

Botef. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whorefon insolent Noysemaker, we are lelle afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. He warrant him for drowning, shough the Ship were no Arongerthen a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanched wench.

Boref. Lay her a hold, a hold, fet her two courses off to Sea againe, lay her off,

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost, Basef. What must out mouths be cold? Gonz, The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's affift them,

for our case is as theirs.

Sebaf. I'am out of patience. An. We are meerly chested of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou might stye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Conz. Hee'l be hang'd yer,

Though enery drop of water (weare against it. And gape at width to glue him. A confused noyse within. Mercy on vs.

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

Amh. Let's all finke with King Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing; the wills about be done, but I would faine dyea dry death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda. Mira. If by your Art (my deereft father) you have Put the wild waters in this Rore; alsy thema The skye it feemes would powre down stinking pitch, But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke, Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered Wich those that I law suffer: A brave vessell

(Who

(Who had no doubt fome noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: Othe cry did knocke
Against my very heart spoore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more areazement: Tell your pincous heart
there's no harme done.

Mura. O woe, the day. Prof. No harme:

Thau edone nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my decre one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am; too that I am more better
Then Profpero, Master of a full poece cell,
And thy no greater Father,

Mira, Mere to know

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

Frof. "Tis time
I thould informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compation in thee:
I have with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Bettld to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst crypt sphich thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther.

[downe,

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell the what I am, but flopt
And left me to a booteleffe Inquisition,
Concluding, flaye not yet.

Pref. The howe's now come
The very minute by ds thee ope thine care,
Obey, and be attentine. Canft thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canft for then thou was't not

Out three yeeres old.
Mes. Certainely Sir, I con.

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

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

Prof. Thou hadft; and more Miranda: But bow is it That this lives in thy minde? What feeft thou els In the dark-backward and Abilme of Time? Yf thou remembrest oughtere thou camble here, How thou cam's here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelve yere fance (Miranda) twicking yere fince, Thy father was the Duke of Millane and A Prince of power.

Mins. Str, are not you my Father?

Pref. Thy Motherwas a peace of vertue, and
She faid thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Millains, and his onely heire,
And Printesse; no worse lifted.

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

Or bleffed was't we did?

Prof: Both, both my Girle,

By fowle-play (as thou fast) were we hear'd thence.

But blessedly nolpe hither.

Mera, Omy beart bleeder

To thinke oth teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you farther;

Prof. My brother and thy encle, call'd Authoris: I pray thee marke me, that a brother should Be to perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put The mannage of my state, as at that time Through all the signories it was the first, And Profess, the prime Duke, being so reputed In dignity; and for the liberall Artes, Without a paralell; those being all my studie, The Gopernment I cast you my brother, And to my State grew stranger, being transported Andrapt in secret studies, thy sale ynche

Mira Sir, most heedefully.

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

Mira. Ogood Sir, Idoe. Prof. I pray thee marke me: I thus neglecting worldly ends all dedicated. To closenes, and the bettering of my mind with that, which but by being fo retir'd Ore-priz'd all popular rate:in my false brother Awak'd so cuill nature, and my troft Like a good parent, did beget of him A failehood in it's contrarie, as great As my trust was, which had indeede no limit, A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded, Not onely with what my revene w yeelded, But what my power might els exact. Like one Who having into truth by telling of it, Made fuch a fynner of his memorie To credite his owne lie, he did beleeve He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subflication And executing th'outward face of Roialtie With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing: Do'fttbon heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenefie.

Pro/To base no Schreene between this past he plaid,
And him he plaid it for he needes will be
Abfolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporalizoalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(fo driche was for Sway) with King of Nepler
To glue him Annual tribute, doe him homage
Subied his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vabow'd (alas poore Millaine)
To most ignobie stooping.

Mira, Oh the heavens:

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

If this might be a brother,
Mire, I should finne
To thinke but Noblic of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes have borne bad formes.

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

Me, and thy ctying felfe.

Mir. Alack, for pitty: Inot remembring how I cride out then Will cry It ore againe: it is a hint

That wrings mine eyes too't.

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

Mir. Wherefore did they not That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench : My Tale provokes that question : Deare, they durst not, So deare the love my people bore me : nor fet A marke to bloudy on the bulineffe; but With colours fairer, painted their foule ends. Infew, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke, Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared A rotten carkaffe of a Butt, not tigg'd, Nor tackle, fayle, nor mast, the very rats Inflin Rively have quit it : There they hoyft vs To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh To th' windes, whose pitty lighing backe againe Did vs but loning wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you?

Pro. O, & Cherubin Thou was't that did preserve me; Thou didst smile, Infused with a fortifude from heaven, When I have deck'd the sea with drops full falt, Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me An vndergoing flomacke, to beare vp Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore? Pro. By prouidence divine, Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that Anoble Neepolitan Genzalo Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed Master of this designe) did give vs, with Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries Which fince have steeded much, so of his gentlenesse Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me From mine owne Library, with volumes, that I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mer. Would I might But euer fee that man.

Pro. Now I arise, Sit fill, and heate the last of our sea-forrow: Heere in this Iland we arrived, and heere Have I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit Then other Princesse can, that have more time For vainer howres; and Tutors, not fo earefull. Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For Rill'tis beating in my minde; your reason For rayling this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth, By accident moft strange, bountifull Fortune (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies Brought to this shore : And by my prescience I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon A most auspitious starre, whose influence If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes Will euer after droope : Heare ceafe more queffions, Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse, And glue it way : I know thou canft not chufe : Come away, Settiant, come; Lam ready now, Approach my Ariel. Come. Enter Ariel. Ari. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, haile: I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, To fwim, to dive into the fire: to ride On the curld clowds: to thy (trong bidding, taske Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,

Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad ther.

Ar. To every Article. I boorded the Kings Ship : now on the Beake, Now in the Waste, the Decke, in every Cabyn, I flam'd amazement, fometime I'ld divide And burne in many places; on the Top-mast The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly, Then meete, and ioyne. Jours Lightning, the precurfers O'th dreadfull Thunder-cleps more momentarie And fight out running were not; the fire, and cracks Of fulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune Sceme to beliege, and make his bold waves tremble, Yea, his dread Trident shake.

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

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

Pro. Why that's my spirit : But was not this nye shore? Ar. Close by, my Master. Pro. But are they (Ariell) fale?

Ar. Not a haire perishd: On their sustaining garments not a blemish, But fresher then before : and as thou badst me, In troops I have dispersed them bout the Isle: The Kings forme have I landed by himfelfe, Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes, In an odde Angle of the Ifle, and fitting His armes in this fad knot,

Pro. Of the Kings ship, The Marriners, fay how thou hast disposd, And all the rest of the Fleece?

Ar. Safely in harbour Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once Thou calldft me vp at midnight to fetch dewe From the Aill-yext Bermoothes, there she's hid; The Marriners all under hatches stowed, Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffred labour I have left afleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet

Which

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe, And are upon the Mediterranean Flore Bound fauly home for Naples, Supposing that they saw the Kings thip wrackt, And his presuperion perifh.

Pro Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is performid; but there's more worke t What is the time o'th'day?

Ar. Paft the mid feafon.

Pro. At least two Glaffes: the time twist he & now Mull by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y doll give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. Hownow? moodie? What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more;

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I have done thee worthy feruice, Told thee no lyes, made thee no millakings, ferv'd Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promife To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'll thou forget

From what a toment I did free thee? Ar. No. Pro. Thou do'ft: & thinkft it much to tread & Ooze

Of the falt deepe; To run ypon the sharpe winde of the North, To doe me bufinesse in the veines o'th' earth

When it is bak'd with froft.

Ar. I doenot Sir.

Pro. Thou lieft, malignant Thing : haft thou forgot The fowle Witch Sycorar, who with Age and Enuy Was growne into a hoope? haft thou forgother?

Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speakatell me: Ar. Sir, in Arguer,

Pro. Oh, was she fo: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin, Which thou forgetft. This damn'd Witch Sycorax For mischieses manifold, and forceries terrible To enter humanc hearing, from Argier
Thou know it was banish'd: for one thing she did

They wold not take her life: Is not this true ! Ar.I, Sir. Pro. This blew cy'd hag, was hither brought with And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my flaue, (child, As thou reportif thy felfe, was then her feruant, And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate

To act her earthy, and abhord commands, Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee By helpe of her more potent Ministers, And in her most vnmittigable rage, Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift Imprison'd, thou didst paincfully remaine A dozen yeeres : within which space she di'd, And lest thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island

(Sauc for the Son, that he did littour heere, A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour d with

A humane shape. Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne.

Pro Dull thing, I lay lo: he, that Caliban Whom now I keepe in feruice, thou belt know's What torment I did finde the in; thy grones Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breaks Of ever-angry Bearcs; it was a torment

To lay upon the damm'd, which Sycorax Could not againe vidoe; it was mine Att. When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I chanke thee Mafter.

Pro. If thou more murmur'ff, I will rend an Oake And peg-thee in his knotty entrai'es, till Thou half howl'd away twelve winters.

I will be correspondent to command And doe my fpryting, gently. Pre Doefo: and after modaies

Ar. Pardon, Mafter,

I will discharge thee.

Ar. That's my noble Master:

What shall I doe? fay what? what shall I doe?

Pro, Goemake thy felfelike a Nymph o'th' Sea, Be subject to no fight but thine, and mine : inuifible To every eye-ball elfe : goe take this fape And hither come in't : goe : hence With diligence. Exit.

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

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

Pro. Sliake it off: Come on. Wee'il visit Caliban, my slaue, who never Yeelds vs kinde answere.

Mr 'Tisavillaine Sir, I doenot loue to looke on.
Pro. Butas'tis

We cannot mille him: he do's make our fire, Fetch in our wood, and ferues in Offices That profit vs : What hoa : flaue : Calibar : Thou Earth, thou: fpeake.

Cal, within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I fay, there's other bufines for thee: Come thou Tottoys, when? Enter Arullice a weter-Fine apparition: my queint Ariel, Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. Pro. Thou poylonous flave, got by & divell himfelle Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban

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

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

Cal. I must eat my dinner: This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother, Which thou tak' ft from me: when thou cam'ft first Thou ftroakft me, & made much of me: wouldft give me Water with berries in't : and teach me how To name the bigger Light, and how the leffe That burne by day, and night : and then I lou'd thee And thew'd thez all the qualities o'th' Ifle . The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill, Curs'd be I that did fo : All the Charmes Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you: For I am all the Subjects that you have, Which first was min owne King : and bere you sty-me In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me The rest o'th' Island.

Fro. They

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

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

This Ifle with Calibans.

Mira. Abhorred Slave, Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take, Being capable of all ill : I pittied thee, Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houte One thing or other: when thou didft not (Sauage) Know thine owne meaning; but wouldit gabble, like A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purpoles With words that made them knowner. But thy vild race (Tho thou didft learn) had that in't, which good natures Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadft Descru'd more then a prison.

(al. You taught me Language, and my profit on't Is, I know how to curfe: the red-plague rid you

For learning me your language.

Prof. Hag-feed, hence: Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou et bell To answer other businesse: (hrug'st thou (Malice) If thou neglectit, or dost vinwillingly
What I command, lie racke thee with old Crampes, Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore, That beafts thall tremble at thy dyn.

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

Pro. So flaue, hence Exit Cal. Enter Ferdinand & Artel, invisible playing & singing. Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,

and then take hands : Curt fied when you have, and hift the wilde wanes whist:

Foote it featly beere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare the burthen. Burthen dispersedly. Harke, harke, bough wangh : the watch-Dogges barke,

bomgh-mangh

Ar. Herk, bank, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere ory cockadidle dowe, Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth? It founds no more: and fure it waytes vpou Some God 'oth' Iland, sitting on a banke, Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke, This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters, Allaying both their fury, and my passion With it's sweet ayre : thence I have follow'd it Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.

No, it begins againc.

Artell Song. Full fadom fine thy Father lies, Of his bones are Corrall made: This care pearles that were his ciet, Nothing of him that doth fade, But doth Suffer a Sea-change Into formething rich, & firange: Sea: Nimphe hourly ring his knell. Burthen: ding dong.

Harkenow I beare them, ding-dong bell. For. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father, This is no mortall busines, not no found

That the earth owes: I heare it now about me.

Pre. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance; And fay what thou fee'st youd.

Mira. What is't a Spitit?

Lord, how it lookes about : Beleeue me fir, le carries a braue forme. But'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and fleeps, & hath fuch fenfes As we have: such. This Gallant which thou feest Was in the wracke t and but hee's fomething stain'd With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might'ft call him A goodly person; he hath lost his fellowes, And strayes about to finde'em.

Mir. I might call him A thing divine, for nothing naturall

I euer faw fo Noble.

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

Fer. Most sure the Goddelle

On whom these syses attend: Vouchsafe my pray's May know if you remaine upon this Island, And that you will fome good instruction give How I may beare me heere : my prime request (Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder) If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,

But certainly a Mayd,
Fer. My Language? Heavens: I am the best of them that speake this speech, Were I but where 'ris spoken.

Pro. How? the best?

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

Mir. Alacke, for mercy. Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine And his brave fonne, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Millaine And his more brauer daughter, could controll thea If now 'cwere fit to do't : At the first fight They have chang'd eyes : Delicate Ariel, He fer thee free for this. A word good Sir, I feare you have done your selfe some wrong: A word.

Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This Is the third mantbatere I faw : the first That ere I figh'd for : pitty moue my father To be enclin'd my way,

Fer. O, if a Virgin,

And your affection not gone forth, He make you The Queene of Naples.

Pra. Soft fir, one word more. They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this fwift busines I must vneasie make, least too light winning Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee That thou attend me: Thou do'ft heere vsurpe The name thou ow'ft not, and haft put thy felfe Vponthis Island, at a spy, to win it From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man. Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a bouse, Good things will ftrue to dwell with't

Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speaks not you for him : hee's a Traisor come. He manacle thy necke and feete together: Sca water shalt thou drinke : thy food shall be The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and buskes Wherein the Acorne cradled . Follow.

Fer. No. I will rebit fuch entertainment, till

Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drames, and is charmed from moving.

Mira O deere Father. Make not too rash a triall of him, for

Hee's gentle, and not fearfull,

Prof. What I fay,

My foote my Tutor? Put thy fword vp Traitor, Who mak'ft a shew but dar'ft not ftrikethy conscience Is to possest with guilt : Come from thy ward. For I can heere difarme thee with this sticke. And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beleech you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sie haue picy,

He be his furery.

Prof. Silence: One word more Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee : What,

An advocate for an Impostor? Hush; Thou think'ft there is no more fuch shapes as he,

(Having seene but him and Calibar:) 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 have no ambition

To fee a goodlier man. Prof. Come on, chey: Thy Norues are in their Infancy agains.

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So chey are: My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp : My Fathers lolle, the weaknesse which I feele, The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats, To whom I am subdade, are but light to me, Might I but through my prison once a day Beholdebis Mayd: all camers else o'th'Earth Let liberty make vie of: space enough Haue I in fuch aprison.

Prof. It workes : Come on. Thou hast done well, fine Ariel : follow me, Harke what thou elfe shalt do mee.

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

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

esriel. To th'syllable.

Prof. Come follow: spezkenor for him. Exempl.

Actus Secundus. Scana Prima.

Enter Alonfa, Sebafilan, Anthonio, Gennalo, Adrian, Francesco, and esters.

Genz. Beleech you Sir, be merry ; you have caule, (So have we all) of ioy; for our escape

Is much beyond our loffe; our hint of wee Is common, every day, force Saylors wife, The Masters of some Merchane, and the Merchane Haue juft our Theame of woe: But for the miracle. (I meane out preservation) few in millions Can speake like vs : then wisely (good Sir)weigh Our forrow, with our comfort. Alonf. Prethee peace.

Sib. He receives comfort like cold porredge.

Ast. The Visitor will not give him are so. Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wir, By and by it will Arike.

Gon Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

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

Seb. Adollor.

Gon. Delour comes to him indeed, you have speken truer therryou purpos'd.

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

Con. Therefore my Lord.

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

Alon. I pre-thee fpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet Sch. He will be talking.

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

Fielt begins to crow? Seb. The old Cocke. Ant. The Cockrell. Seb. Done: The wager? Ant. A Laughter.

Ses. A match. Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert. Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Am. So: you's paid. Adr. Vninhabitable, and aknoù inaccessible. Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not mifie't.

Adr. Is must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate comperance.

Aut. Temperance was a delicate weach,

Se. I,and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd. Adr. The syre breather upon vs here mon fweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and cotten ones. Jat. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gez, Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Aut. True, saue meanes to live. Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How luth and lefty the graffe lookes? How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is towny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in's, Ant. He milles not much.

Seb. No: be doth but mistake the truth totally. Gon. But she rariety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.

Seb. As many vouche rarieties are.

Gen. That our Germents being (as they were) drencht in the Ses, hold not withfranding their freshmesse and glosses, being rather saw dy'de then fain'd with lake

Ant. If but one of his porkets could speake, would it not lay he iyes?

Seb. I, or very fallely packet vp his report.

Gua.

Gen. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the matriage of the kings faire daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis. Seb. Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon, Not fince widdow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said Widdower Emas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

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

Gon. This Twee Sir was Carthage.

Gon. I affure you Carrbage. Adri. Caribage? Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe. Seb, He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next? Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocker, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And lowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring

forth more Islands.

GON. 1. Ant. Why in good time. Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments feeme now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rateff that ere came there. Seb. Bate (Ibeleech you) widdow Dido Ant. O Widdow Dido? I, Widdow Dido.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I woreit : I meane in a fort

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage. Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had never Married my daughter there: For comming thence My fonne is loft, and (in my rate) fhe too, Who is so farre from Italy removed, Inere againe shall see her : O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sirhemay live, I saw him beate the surges under him, And ride upon their backes; he trod the water Whole enmity he flung afide: and brefted The furge most swolne that met him: his bold head Boue the contentious waves he kept, and oared Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke To th'shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed As stooping to releeve him: I not doubt He came slive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone. .

Seb. Sir you may thank your felfe for this great loffe, That would not bleffe our Europe with your daughter, But rather loose her to an Affrican, Where the at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace. Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise By all of vs: and the faire foule her felfe Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o'th'beame (hould bows we have loft your I feare for ever: Milleine and Naples have Mo widdowes in them of this bulineffe making, Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer foth losse

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

Seb. Very well. Ant. And most Chirurgeonly. Con. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy. Seb. Fowle weather? Ant. Very foule. Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd fow't vvith Nettle-feed.

Seb. Ordockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on'r, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine. Con. Ich'Commonwealth I vyould (by contractes) Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrates Letters should nor be knowne: Riches, pourty, And vie of feruice, none : Contract, Succession, Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none; No vie of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Aut. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets

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

Seb. No marrying mong his subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knames, Gon. I vvould vvith such perfection gouerne Sir :

T'Excell the Golden Age. Seb. 'Saue his Maierry. Ant. Longline Gonzalo. Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to Gon. Ido vvell beleeue your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of fuch sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse

to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: fo you may continue, and laugh at nothing Hill.

Ant. What a blow was there given? Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

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

Enter Ariell playing folemne Musiche, Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

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

Ant. Go seepe, and heare vs.

Ales. What, all so soone asteeped with mine eyes Would (with themselves) shut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do fo.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It fildome vifits forcow, when it doth, it is a Comforter,

Are, We two my Lord, will guard your person, While you take your roft, and watch your lafery,

Alon, Thanke you: Wondrous hours, Seb. What a strange drownues possesses them? Ans. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids finke? I finde

Not my felfe dispos'd to steep. Ast. Nor I, my (pivits are nimble: They feil together all, as by confent They drope, as by a Thunder-ftroker what might Worthy Schallan? O, what might? no more: And yet, me thinkes I fee it in thy face, What thou should'ft be! th'occasion speaks thee, and My floong imagination fee's a Crowne Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What art thou waking?

Aw. Do you not beare meleeake? Seb. I do, and furely

It is a fleepy Language; and thou speak'st Ont of thy fleepe: What is it thou didft say? This is a ftrange repose, to be affeepe With eyes wide open: flanding, speaking, moving: And yet lo fast afleepe.

Ant. Noble Sebaffian, Thou let'ft thy fortune fleepe: die rather : wink'ft Whiles thou art walting.

S.S. Thou do'A more diffinally.

There's meaning in thy fnores. Ant. I am more ferious then my custome : you Must be fo too, if heed me: which to do,

Trebbles thee o'se. Seb. Well: 1 sm flanding water. Ant. He reach you how to flow:

Seb. Do lo: to ebbe Hereditary Sloth infleuer me.

If you but knew how you the purpole cherish Whiles thus you macke it : how in flripping it You more investite cubing men, indeed (Most ofern) do so neere the bottome run By their owne feare, or floth.

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

Ant. Thus Sir : Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this Who shall be of as little memory When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded (For hee's a Spirit of persuation, onely Prosesses persuade) the sting his some's alive, "Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd, As he that sleepes heere, frins.

Seb, I have no hope That hee's vndrovm'd.

Am. O, out of that no hape, What great hopo have you? No hope that way, Is Another way so high a hope, that euch Ambition cannot pierce a within beyond firt doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me That Fordinard is drown'd.

Sd. He's gone. And. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples? Seb. Claribell.

dod. She that is Quetne of Tanis: the that deres

Ten leagues beyond mans life ; the that from Natus Can have no note, valeffe the Sun were post it The Man i'th Moone's too flow, till new-borne chimeer Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom We all were fea-fwallow'd, though fome cast againe. (And by that defliny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's palt is Prologue; what to come In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you? Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Timis, So is the heyre of Naples, ewixe which Regions

Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribe?

There is some space. Ans. A space, whose en'ry cubit

Messure vs backe to Naplas? keepe in Twii, And let Schaftian wake. Say, this were death That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worfe Then now they are ! There he that can rale Neeles As well as he that fleepes : Lords, that can prate As amply, and ennecessarily As this Gonzallo: I my felfe 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 understand me?

Seb. Methinkes I da ...

Am. And how do's your centent Tender your owne good forume? Set. I remember

You did Supplant your Brothet Profecto. Aut. Trucs

And looke how well my Garments fit ypon me, Much seater then before : My Brothers servants Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience. Ans. I Sir : where lies that? If 'twere a kybe Twould put me to my flipper: But I feele not This Deity in my bolome: Twentie consciences That fland 'twist me, and Millaine, candied be they,

And melt ere they molloft: Heere lies your Brother, No better then the earth he lies vpon, If he were that which now bee's like (that's dead) Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it) Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you doing thus, To the perpetuall winke for eye might pus This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who Should not vpbraid our course: for all the raft

They's take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke, They i vell the clocke, to any bulineffe that

We for befits the boure.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend

Shall be my prefident: As then got'A Millaine, He come by Neples : Drew thy fword, one firoke Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paielt. And I the King shall love thee.

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

Ses. O, but one word.

Enter Aries with Odesficke and Song. Arid. My Mafter through his Art forefees the danger That you (his friend) are in, and fends me forth (For elfe his project dies) to keepe them lining. Singriz Genzalozs arre.

Whis you bere do successive lie, Open-ey'd Cought asis His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care, Stake off flumber and boware. Awake, awake.

Ans. Then let vs both be sodzine. Gow. Now, good Angels preserue the King.

Ale. Why how now hos; awake? why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghaftly looking?

Gov. What's the matter ?

Seb. Whiles we stood here seening your repose, (Euen now) we heard a hollow burft of bellowing Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did'e not wake you? It strooke mine eare most terribly.

Ale. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, twasa din to fright a Monsters eare; To make an earthquake: fure it was the roate Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gen. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming. (And that a strange one too) which did awake me: I (hak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend, I faw their weapons drawne : there was a noyfe, That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard; Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further fearch

For my poore sonne.

Gon. Heavens keepe him from thele Beafts:

For he is fure i'th Island,

Alo. Lead away. (done. Arsell. Profeero my Lord, shall know what I have So (King) goe fafely on to feeke thy Son.

Scæna Secunda.

Encer Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyfe of Thunder beard)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne fuckes vp From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Profper fall, and make him By ynch-meale a difease : his Spirits heare me, And yet I needes must eurse. But they'll nor pinch, Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th inice, Norlead melike a fire-brand, in the darke Out of my way, vnleffe he bid em; but For every tride, are they fet vpon me, Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me : then like Hedg-hogs, which Lye rumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall; fometime om I All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues Dochisse meinto madnelle : Lo, now Lo, Here comes a Spirit of his, and to comment me Trocalo. For bringing wood in flowly: I'le fall flat, Perchance be will not minde me.

Tri. Heres neither buih, nor fhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, Theare it fing ith winde: yand fame blacke cloud, youd huge one, lookes like a foul bumbard that would shed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: youd fame cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man, or a fifth? dead or aliue? a fifth, hee fmels like a fifth: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

newest poore-John: a strange fills: were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of filver: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man i when they will not give a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to fee a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o' my troth : I doe now let loofe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt : Alas, the florme is come againe; my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine : there is no other flielter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with strange bedsellower: I will here throwd till the dregges of the forme be past.

Enter Stepheno singing. See. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore. This is a very feuruy tune to fing at a mans Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I; The Gunner, and his Male

Lou'd Mall, Meg. and Alarrian, and Margeris, Bus none of ws car'd for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a sang, Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:

She lon'd not the sanour of Tarnor of Pitch, Tet a Tailor might fcratch ber where ere she did iteb.

Then to Sea Boyes, and let ber goe havy. This is a feuruy tune too:

But here's my comfort.

Cal. Doe not torment me : oh.

Ste. What's the matter? Haue we druels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin faid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him

gine ground: and it shall be said so againe, while Stephare breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me : oh.

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

Cel. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my

wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wischt: lice shall taste of my Bottle: if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit : If I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him. and that foundly.

Cal. Thou do'ft me yet but little hurt; thou wilt 2non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper workes

Sie. Come on your wayes. open your mouth : here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that foundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:

It Chould be,

But hee is dround; and these are divels; O de-

fend nie.

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

Tn. Snphano.

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

Tri. Stephino: if thou beeft Stephano touch me, and speake to me; for I am Trinculo; be not ascard, thy

good friend Trinculo.

See. If thou bee'll Trmealo: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the leffer legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, thefearethey: Thou are very Trincula indeede i how cam'il chou to be the fiege of this Moone-calle? Can

he vent Trinculo's?

Trs. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-frok; but att thou not dround Sighano: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme over-blowne: I hid mee under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitanes scap'd?

Sie. Prethee doe not turne me about, my flomacke

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

Sie. How did'ft thou fcape?

How eam'st thou hither?.

Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ft hither: I elcsp'd rpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaved o'ceboord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, fince I was cast a shore.

Cal. 17e sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect, fortheliquorisnot earthly.

St. Heere: Iweare then how thou escap'dft.

Tri. Swoin aftore (man) like a Ducke: I can fwim like a Ducke i'le be sworne.

Sre. Here, kille the Booke.

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

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

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

Cal. Ha'ft thou not dropt from heauen?

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

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

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monfter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monfter: The Manith Moone?

A most poore creadulous Monster:

Well drawne Monfter, in good footh.

Cal. He shew thee every fertill ynch oth Island: and I will kille thy foote. I pretheebe my god.

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

Cal. He kille thy foot. He fweare my felfe thy Subject. Sie. Come on then : downs and fweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monfier: a most service Monfier: I could finde us my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kille.

Tri. But that the poote Monster's in drinke:

Anabhominable Monfer.

Cal. I'le show thee the best Springs : I'le plucke thee Bernes: l'le fish 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 most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of

a poore drankard.

Cal. I'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nots; show thee a layer nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

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

Caliban Sings drunbenly. Farewell Malter; farewell, farewell.

Tri, Ahowling Montter : a drunken Monfter, Cal. No more dams I'le make for fifb, Nor fetch in firmy, at requiring, Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dush,

Ban' ban' Casal, ban

Has anew Mafter, get a new Man. Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome highday, freedome. Exempt.

Sie. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Actus Tertius. Scana Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

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

Alir. Alas, now pray you and Profero, Worke oct so hard : I would the lightning had Burnt vp those Logs that you are enjoyed to pile: Pray fet it downe, and reft you: when this burnes T will weepe for having wearied you : my Father Is hard at findy; pray now reft your felfe,

He's

Hee's fafe for thefe three houres.

Fer. O most deere Mistris,

The Sun will fet before I fhall discharge What I must striue to do.

Mir. If you'l fit downe He beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,

He carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature, I had rather éracke my sinewes, breake my backe, Then you should such dishonor undergoe,

While I fit lazy by.

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

Pro. Poore worme shou art infected,

This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

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

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

Fer. Admir'd Miranda, Indeede the top of Admiration, worth What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time Th'harmony of their tongues, liath into bondage Brought my too diligent eate : for feuerall vertues Haue I lik'd feuerall women, neuer any VVith fo full foule, but some defect in her Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foile. But you, O you, So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created Ofeuerie Creatures best. Mir. I do not know

One of my fexe; no womans face remember, Saue from my glaffe, mine owne: Nor have I feene More that I may call men, then you good friend, And my decre Father : how features are abroad I am skillesse of; but by my modestie (The iewell in my dower) I would not wish Any Companion in the world but you: Nor can imagination forme a shape Befides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts I therein do forget.

Per. I am, in my condition A Prince (Mirenda) I dozhinke a King (I would not fo) and would no more endure This wodden flauerie, then to fuffer The flesh-flie blow my mouth : heare my soule speake. The verie instant that I saw you, did My heart flie to your seruice, there resides To make me flaue to it, and for your fake Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. Oheauen; Oearth, beare witnes to this found, And crowne what I professe with kinde event If I speake true : if hollowly, inuert VVhat best is boaded me, to mischiese: I, Beyond all limit of what else i'th world Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. Iam a foole To weepe at what I am glad of. Pro. Faire encounter

Of two most rare affections : heavens raine grace On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnwortlinesse, that darenot offer What I delire to give; and much leffe take VVhat I shall die to want : But this Is trifling, And all the more it seekes to hide it selse, The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning, And prompt me plaine and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marrie me; If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow You may denie me, but He be your seruant VV hether you will or no.

For. My Mistris (dceres) And I thus humble cuer.

Mr. My busband then?

Fer. 1, with a heart as willing As bondage ere of freedome : heere's my hand.

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

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeum.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be, VVho are furprized with all; but my revoyeing At nothing can be more: lle to my booke, For yet ere supper time, must I performe Much bufinesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda

Ester Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke warer, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin, Servant Monster? the folly of this lland, they fay there's but flue voon this lile; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

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

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

Sie. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in facke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I fwam ere I could recover the shore, fine and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt becomy Lieutenant Monster, or my Staudard.

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

Ste, VV cel not run Monfieur Monfier.

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

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

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

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

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

Cal

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

Cal. Loe, loe againe : bite him to death I prethee. See. Trinento, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutincere, the next Tree the poore Monfter's my subject, and he shall nonsuffer indignity.

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

Ste. Marry will I : kneele, and repeate it, I will fland, and fo finall Trinculo.

Enter Ariell inmifible.

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

Ariell. Thou lyell.

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

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

Trin. Why, I faid nothing.

Ste. Munithen, and no more : proceed. Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Ine From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ft) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

C.al. Thou fhalt be Lord of it, and lle ferue thee.

See. How now shall this be compass?

Canst thou bring me to the party? Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, lle yeeld him thee alleepe,

Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou heft, thou canft not.

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

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

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

Sie. Didft thou not fay he lyed?

Ariell. Thou lieft.

Ste. Do I fo? Take thou that,

As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. Idid not give the lie: Out o'yout wittes, and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:

A murren on your Monster, and the divell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

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

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

Ste. Stand farther : Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to fleepe: there thou maift braine him, Having first feiz'd his bookes : Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a flake Or cut his wexand with thy knife. Remember First to possesselis Bookes; for without there

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; no: hash oot One Spirit to command; they all do have him As rousedly as I. Rume but his Bookes . a He has braue Veenfils (for fo he calles them) Which when he ha's a hoofe, hee'l decke without And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter . he himfelfe Cals her a non-pareill : I neuer fawa woman But onely Sycorax my Dam, and the: But the as face furpaffeth Sremar. As great'll do's leafr.

Sie. Isit fo braue a Laffe ?

Cal. 1 Lord, the will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, faue our Graces : and Irmcale and thy felfe shall be Vice-royes : Doft thou like the plot Trunculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Sie. Giue me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee! But while thou liu'ft keepe a good tongue in thy head. Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be alleepe,

Wilc thou destroy him then?

Sie. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I cell my Mafter.

Cal. Thou mak'ft me merry; I am full of pleasure, Let vs be rocond. Will you troule the Carch You taught me but whileare?

Sie. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on Trincule, let vs fing.

Sings. Flort em, and cont em : and seems em, and flors em, Thought is free.

Cal That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the sume on a Taber and Pope.

See. What is this fame?

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

See. If thou beeft a man, shew thy felfe in thy likenes: If thou beeft a divell, take't as thou lift.

Trin. O forgive me my finnes.

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

Cal. Arethou affeard? Ste. No Monfter, not 1.

Cal. Benot affeard, the Isle is full of noyfes, Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hutt not: Sometimes a thouland twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long fleepe, Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and thew siches

Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe. Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,

Where I shall have my Musicke for nothing. Cal. When Profpers is destroy'd.
Sit. That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

Tris. The found is going away. Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Sre. Leade Monster, Wee'l follow: I would I could fee this Taberer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come? Ile follow Stephano.

Freday Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonfo Schaftian, Anthonio, Gonzado, Adream, Francisco, &c.

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

Al. Old Lord, I connot blame thee, Who, am my felfe attach'd with wearineffe To th'dulling of my spirits : Sit downe, and rest t Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer : he is droun'd Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Our fruftrate fearch on land : well, let him'goc.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's fo out of hope : Doe not for one repulle forgoe the purpole

That you resolu'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly. Ant. Let it be tonight,

For now they are oppress'd with trausile, they Will not, not cannot vie such vigilance

As when they are frefly.

Solemne and france Musicke : and Prosper on the sop (innifible:) Enser fesser all frange shapes , bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with genile altions of falutations, and muiting the Kingatre to ease, they depart. Seb. I fay to night : no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke. Gon. Maruellous (weet Muficke.

Alo, Giue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were thefe?

Seb. A living Drderie: now I will beleeve That there are Vincoines; that in Arabia There is one Tree, the Phænix throne, one Phænix At this house reigning there.

Ant. lie beleeue both : And what do's elfe want credit, come to me

And Hebesworne 'tis true: Travellers nere didlye, Though fooles at home condemne cm.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this naw, would they beleeve me? If I flould fay I faw fuch Islands; (For certes, thele are people of the Island) Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note Their manners are more gentle, kinde then of Our humaine generation you shall finde Many, nay almost any.

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

Are worse then diuels.

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

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

(macks. Seb. Nomatter, fince They have left their Viands behinde; for wee have sto-Wilt please you taste of what is here!

Alo. Not I. Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Who would believe that there were Mountaynecres, Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em Wallets of fielh? or that there were fuch men

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

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

Thunder and Lightning, Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings open the Table, and with a quient denice the

Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of finne, whom deftiny That hath to instrument this lower world, And what is in't : the never furfeired Sea, Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island, Where man doth not inhabit, you mongst men. Being most vnfit to live : I have made you mad; And even with fuch like valour, men hang, and drowne Their proper selves : you sooles, I and my sellowes Are ministers of Fate, the Elements Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs Kill the ftill clofing waters, as diminish One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniflers Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt, Your fwords are now too maffie for your strengths, And will not be vplifted : But remember (For that's my businesse to you) that you three From Millaine did Supplant good Prospero. Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent childe : for which foule deed, The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) have Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonfo They have bereft; and doe pronounce by me Lingring perdition (worfe then any death Can be at once) shall step, by step at tend You, and your wayes, whole wraths to guard you from, Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals V pon your heads, is nothing but hearts-fortow, And a cleere life enfuing.

He vanishes in Thunder : then (so soft Musicke.) Enter the Shapes againe, and dannee (with mockes and morres) and

carrying om the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, half thou Perform'd(my Ariell)a grace it had devouring: Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated In what thou had'ft to fay : fo with good life, And observation strange, my meaner ministers Their feuerall kindes have done: my high charmes work, And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp In their diffractions: they now are in my powre; And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun'd) And his, and mine lou'd darling.

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

Al. O,it is monftrous: monstrous: Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it, The windes did fing it to me : and the Thunder (That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd The name of Profper: it did base my Trespasse, Therefore my Sonne ith Ooze is bedded; and I'le feeke him deeper then ere plummet founded, And with him there lye mudded.

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

Ant. He be thy Second.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt (Like poylon given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the (pirits: I doe befeech you (That are of suppler soynts) follow them swiftly, And hinder them from what this extalie May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Execut ommes,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda. Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you, Your compensation makes amends, for I Haue given you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I live: who, once againe I render to thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Halt strangely stood the test : here afore heaven I ratifie this my rich guift : O Ferdinand, Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of, For thou shalt finde the will out-strip all praise And make it halt behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeue it

Against an Oracle. Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquistion Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter But If thou do'ft breake her Virgin-knot, before All fanctimonious ceremonies may With full and holy right, be minifred, No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barraine hate, Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew The vnion of your bed, with weedes fo loathly That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heede, As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope For quier dayes, faire Islue, and long life, With fuch loue, 25 tis now the murkiest den, The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion, Our worfer Genisu can, shall neuer melt Mine honor into lust, to take away The edge of that dayes celebration, When I shall thinke, or Phabas Steeds are founderd. Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely Spoke ;

Sit then, and talke with her, the is thine owne; What Arieli, my industrious servat Ariell. Enter Ariell.

Ar. What would my potent mafter ? here I am. Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last feruice Did worthily performe: and I must vie you In fuch another tricke : goe bring the rabble (Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place: Incite them to quicke motion, for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promile, And they expect it from me.

Pro. 1: with a twincke.

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

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

Ar. Well: I conceive.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not give dessirance Too much the raigne : the flrongest oathes, are fraw To th'fire ith' blood : be more abstenious, Or elfe good night your vow.

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

Pro. Well.

Now come my Arull, bring a Corossy, Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & portly. Sofe mufick No tongue : all eyes ; be filent.

Ir. Ceres, most bounceous Lady, thy rich Leas Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peafe; Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where live nibling Sheepe, And flat Medes thetchd with Scouer them to keepe: Thy bankes with proned, and twilled brans Which spungie Aprill at thy heft betrime; To make cold Nymphes chaft crownes; & thy brooms-Whole shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues, (groves; Being laffe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard, And thy Sea-marge flittile, and tockey-hard, Where thou thy felte do'll ayre, the Queene o'th Skie, Whole watty Arch, and meffenger, am 1. Bids thee leave thefe, & with her foueraigne grace, Imo Here on this graffe-plot, in this very place
To coine, and sport: here Peacocks stye amaine: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine. Enter Cers.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Mellenger, that nere Do'ft disobey the wife of sup iter: Who, with thy faffron wings, spon my flowtes Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres, And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ft crowne My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe, Rich fearph to my proud earth; why hath thy Queene Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contrast of true Love, to celebrate, And some donation freely to estate On the bles'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe, If Vewse or her Sonne, as thou do'it know, Doe now attend the Queene? fince they did plos Themeanes, that duskie Du, my daughter got, Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company, I have for fwome.

Ir. Of her locietie

Be not afraid : I met her deitie Cutting the clouds towards Paper: and her Son Doue drawn with her: here thought they to have done Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide, Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid Till Hymen: Torch be lighted : but in vaine, Marfes hot Minion is returnd againe, Her waspish headed some, has broke his arrowes, Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,

And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Highest Queene of State, Great lune comes, I know her by her gate.

Iu. How do's my bounteous lifter? goe with me To bleffe this twaine, that they may prosperous be, They Sing . And honourd in their I five.

> In Honor, riches, marriage, bleffing, Long continuance, and encreasing, Housely injes, be ft. Il upon you,

Lanc

Iuno fingt her bloffingt on you.
Earths increase, for your plentie,
Earths, and Carners, never empty.
Venes, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come toyou at the farthest,
In the very end of Harnost.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Cetes bloffing so in you.

Fer. This is a most maiesticke wision, and Harmonious charmingly: may 1 be bold

To thinke thefe spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to ena fr

My present fancies.

Fer. Let meliue here euer,

So rarea wondred Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradife.

Pro. Sweet now, filence:

Tuno and Ceres whisperseriously,

Juno and Ceres whilper leriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whifter, and fend iris on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald Nazades of y windring brooks,
With your fedged crownes, and euer. harmeleffe lookes,
Leave your crifpe channels, and on this greene-Land
Answere your fummons. Inno do's command.
Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

You Sun-buen'd Sicklemen of August weary, Come hether from the furrow, and be merry, Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on, And these first Nimphes encounter every one In Country sooting.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they some with the Nimphes in a gracefull dance cowards the end whereof, Ptospeto starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange bollow and confused noyse, they beautly varish.

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

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

Mir. Neuer till this day

Saw I him touch'd with anger, fo diffemper'd. Pro. You doe looke (my fon) in a mou'd fort, As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir, Our Reuels now are ended : These our actors . (As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre, And like the bafeleffe fabricke of this vision The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces. The folemne Temples, the great Globe it felfe. Yea, all which it inherit, flial' diffolue, And like this infubflantiall Pageant faded Leave not a racke behinde : we are such stuffe As dreames are made on; and our little life Is rounded with a fleepe : Sit, I am vext, Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled: Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie, If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell, And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke

For. Mer. We wish your peace.

To still my beating minde.

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

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleane to, what's thy pleafure?
Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ar. I my Commander, when I prefented Cores

Ar. I my Commander, when I prefented Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feat'd

Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Sayagain, where didft thou leave these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valout, that they smote the agree
For breathing in their saces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their project: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they priekt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, listed vp their noses
Aa they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calse-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their sraile shins: at last 1 left them
I'th' filty manded poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the sowle Lake
Ore-stunck their see.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to eatch these theeves. Ar. I go, I goe. Ext.

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

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, Gc. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trineulo, all wet. Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may

not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

Sr. Monster, your Fairy, wyou say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done lively become then playd the Jacks with the

Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

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

See. Sois mine. Do you heare Monster! If I should Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trim. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Goodmy Lord, give me thy favour stil,

Bepatient, for the prize lie bring thee too Shall hudwinke this mifehance: therefore speake foftly, All's husht as midnight yet.

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

Ste, There is not onely diffrace and diffonorin that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting: Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster. See, I will fetch off my bottle,

Though I be o're eares for my labour.

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

See. Giuc me thy hand,

Exit.

I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

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

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

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: weeknow what belongs to a frippery, O King Stephana.

B 2

Sie. Put off that gowne (Tranculo) by this hand He have that gowne.

Tre. Thy grace shall have it. (meane Cal. The dropsic drowne this soole, what doe you To doate this on such luggage flee's alone And doe the murther first; if he awake, From too to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,

Make vs frange fluffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monfler) Miffris line, in not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now lerkin you are like to lofe your haire, Exproue a bald lerkin.

Trem Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and levell, and's

like your grace.

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

Tri. Monster, come put some Linie vpon your fin -

gers, and away with the reft.

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

Ste. Moniter, lay to your furgers: helpe to beare this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or lleturne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Sie. 1, and this.

A norfe of Husters' beard. Enter disers Sprits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, husting them about , Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Suner : there it goes, Suber.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tytont, there: harke, herke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their toynts With dry Convultions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Car o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

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

Exems.

Actus quintus: Scæna Prima.

Enter Prospero (mhis Mogickerobes) and Ariel

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

Ar. On the fixt hower, at which time, my Lord

You faid our worke should cease.

Pro. Idid fay fo, When first Irais'd the Tempost: fay my Spirit, How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same sashion, as you gaue in charge,
Inthe say you left them; all prisoners Sit
In the Line-grow which weather-sends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay i but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzale, His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops From caues of reeds r your charm for frongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?
Ar. Mine would, Sit, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall

Hast thou (which art but nire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my feife,
One of their kinde, that rellish all as snarpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick,
Yer, with my nobler reason, gainst my surre
Doel take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne surrher: Goe, telease them Ares,
My Charmes I le breake, their sences the refore,
And they shall be themselues.

Ar. He fetch them, Sir. Pro. Ye Elucs ofhils, brooks, flading lakes & groves, And ye, that on the fands with princleffe foore Doe chase the ebbing-Neptune, and doe fite him When he comes backe : you demy-Poppers, that By Moone-snine doe the greene sowre Ringless make, Whereof the Ewe not bites : and you, whole passime Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reloyee To heare the folemine Curfewe, by whose ayde (Weake Massers though ye be) I have bedymn'd The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes, And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set rosting warre: To the dread rathing Thuader Haue I given fire, and rifted Imer flowt Oke With his owne Bolt: The ftrong bals'd promontorie Haue I made Chake, and by the Spurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Haue wak'd their neepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my fo potent Art. But this rough Magicke I heere absure : and when I have requir'd Some heavenly Musicke (which even now I do) To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did euer Plummet found Solemne min liche. Ile drowne my booke.

Heere enters Aticl before: Then Alonso with a franticke gefiere, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio on the manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle which Ptospero had made, and there frand charm'd: which Ptospero observing, frakes.

A folemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
To an vusetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vestelsses) boile within thy skull: there stand
For you are Spell-stope.
Holy Genzale, Honourable man,
Mine eyes evin sociable to the shew of thine
Fall sellowly drops: The charme dissolutes apace,
And as the morning steales upon the night
(Melting the darkenesses) so their rising sences
Begin to chase the ignorant sumes that mantle
Their cleerer reason. O good Genzale
My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow's; I will pay thy graces
Flow both in word, and deede: Most cruelly

Dida

Did thou Alonfo, vie me, and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebaftian. Flesh, and bloud, You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition, Expelld remorfe, and nature, whom, with Sebaftian (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere have kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
Vonaturall though thou art: Their understanding Begins to swell, and the approching tide Will shorely fill the ressonable shore That now ly foule, and muddy a not one of them That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Anell, Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell, I will discase me, and my selfe present As I was formetime Millame: quickly Spirit, Thou shalt ere long be free

Ariell fugs, and helps to attire brow.
Where the Bee fucks, there fuck I,
In a Comflips bell, I lie. There I coweb when Owles doe cree, On the Batts backe I doe flie after Sommer marrely. Merrely, merrely, Shall I live now. Vader the blossom that bangs on the Bow

Pro. Why that's my dainty . Ariel : I shall misse Thee, but yer thou shalt have freedome : so, so, so, To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art, There shalt thou finde the Marriners afleepe Vinder the Hatches: the Master and the Boot-swaine Being swake, enforce them to this place; And presently, I pre thee.

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

Gow. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement Inhabits heere: fome heavenly power guide vs Out of this fearefull Country.

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

Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no. Or some inchanted triflle to abuse me, (As late I have beene) I not know: thy Palle Bests as of flesh, and blood: and fince I faw thee, Th's ffliction of my minde amends, with which I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue (And if this be at all) a most strange story. Thy Dukedome I refigne, and doe entrest Thou perdon me my wrongs : But how shold Profpere Beliuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot Be measur'd, or consin'd.

Gove. Whether this be, Or be not, I'le not fweare. Pro. You doe yet tafte

Some subtleties o'th'lste, that will not let you Belceue things certaine : Wellcome, my friends all, But you, my brace of Lords, were I fo minded I beere could plucke his Highneffe frowne vpon you And lustifie you Traitors : at this time I will tell no tales.

Sed. The Divell speakes in bim: Pra No:

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

Alo, If thou beeft Profeers Give vs particulars of thy preservation, How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres fince Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I have lost (How tharp the point of this remembrance is) My deere loune Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir,

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

Pro. Liather thinke

You naue not fought her helpe, of whose soft grace For the like lolle, I have her loveraigne zid, And rest my felfe content.

Ale. You the like loffe?

Pro As great to me, as late, and supportable To make the deere loffe, have I meanes much weaker Then you may call to comfort you; for I Haue lost my daughter.

Ale. A daughter?

Oh heaucus, that they were living both in Nalpes The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed Where my fonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords At this encounter doe so much admire, That they devoure their reason, and scarce thinke Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words Are naturall breath: but how foeu'r you have Beene juftled from your fences, know for certain That I am Profess, and that very Duke Which was thrust forth of Milleme, who most strangely Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this, For 'cis a Chronicle of day by day, Not a relation for a break-fast, nor Befiring this first meeting : Welcome, Sir; This Cell's my Court : heere have I few acrendances, And Subjects none abroads pray you looke in: My Dukedonie fince you have given me againe, I will require you with as good a thing, At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Profess descouers Ferdinand and Meranda, play mg as Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falle.

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

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

Alo. If this proue A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne

Shall I twice loofe.

Set. A most high miracle.

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

Ale. Now all the bleffings Of a glad father, compatte thee about: Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!

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

That has fuch people in's.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?

Ale. What is this Maid, with whom thou was tak Your eld it acquaintance cannot be three houres: Is the the goddeffe that hath lever d vs,

And brought vs thus together:

Fer. Sif, the is morrall;
But by immorrall providence, the smine;
I chose her when I could not taske my Father
For his aduse: not thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millains,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Received a second hile; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it found, that I Must aske my childe for givenesse?

Fro. There Sir Rop.

Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with

A heavinesse that's gon.
Gen. I have inly wept.

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

Alo. I (ay Amen, Gonzallo.

Gon. Was Millame thrust from Millaine, that his Issue Should become Kings of Naples? O reloyce Beyond a common loy, and feest downe With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage Did Claribellher husband finde at Tunus, And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife, Where he himselfe was lost: Prospero, his Dukedome In a poore Isle: and all of vs., our felues, When no man was his owne.

Alo. Give me your hands; Let griefe and forrow fill embrace his hears, That doth not with you loy.

Gen. Beit fo. Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.

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

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

Ar. Sir, all this service Have I done since I went Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. Thefe are not naturall euens, they ftrengthen

From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And show we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but cuen now, with strange, and several noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our crim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship our Master Capting to eye here on a trice, so please you, Euen In a dreame, were we divided from them, And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) rhou finale be free
Alo. This is as fittinge a Maze, as ero mentrod,
And there is in this bufineffe, more then nature
Was ever conduct of a forme Oracle
Must rectific our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infest your minde, with beating on The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure (Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolve you, (Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolve you, (Which to you shall seeme probable) of every These happend accidents rill when, be cheerefull and thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit, Set Caliban, and his companions free: Vntye the Spell: How sares my grecious Sit? There are yet missing of your Companie

Some few odde Lads, that you remember not Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Sciphano, and Trinculo in their foline Apparell.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let No man take care for himselfe; for all is But fortune: Coragio Bully-Monster Corasio. Tre. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,

here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O Screber, these be braue Spirits indeede How fine my Master is? I am afraid He will chaltise me.

Seb. Ha, ha 1

Whatthings are thefe, my Lord Anthonio? Will money buy em!

Am. Very like : one of them

Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

200. Marke butthe badges of these men, my Lords.

Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-divell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall bepincht to death.

Alo. Is not this Stepbano, my drunken Butlet? Seb. He is drunke now;

Where had he wine?

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

Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last, That I feare me will never out of my bones: I shall not seare sty-blowing.

Seb. Who how now Stephano?

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

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sisha? Src. I should have bin a fore one then.

Alo. This is a firange thing as ere I look'don.
Pro. Heisas disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell, Take with you your Companions: as you looke To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. I that I will; and lie be wife hereafter,

And

And feeke for grace: what a thrice double Affe Was I to take this drunkard for a god !

And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goeto, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or sole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I inute your Highnesse, and your traine To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest. For this one night, which part of it, He waste With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it Goe quicke away: The flosty of my life, And the particular accidents, gon by Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne I'le bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to fee the nuptiall Or the feour decre-belou'd, folemnized, And thence retire me to my Millaine, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

Ale. I long
To heare the flory of your life; which must
Take the eare starngely.

Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promife you came Seas, auspicious gales,
And faile, so expedicious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farreoff: My Ariel; chicko
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neerel
Execut omnes.

EPILOGVE,

spoken by Prospero.

Nowmy Charmes are all oro-throwne, And what strength I have's mine owne. Which is most faint: now'tis true I must be beere confinde by you, Or fent to Naples, Let menot Since I baue my Dukedome got, And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell Insbis bare Island, by your Spell, Bus release me from my bands with the helpe of your good bands: Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes Must fill, or elfe my proiect failes, which was to please: Now I want Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant, And my ending is despaire, Vnlessel be relieu'd by praier Which pierces fo, that it affaults Mercy it felfe, and frees all faults. As you from crimes would pardon'd be, Let your Indulgence fer me free.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Allors.

Alonfo, K. of Naples: Sebastian his Brother. Prospero, the right Duke of Millsine. Anthonio his brother, the wfurping Duke of Millaine Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples. Gonzale, an honest old Councellor. Adrian, & Francisco, Lords. Caliban, a Saluage and deformed Saue. Trinculo, a lester. Stephano, a drunken Butler. Master of a Ship. Hoate-Swaine Marriners. Miranda, daughter to Profeeto. Arsell, anayrie spiris. Ceres luno Spirits. Nymphes

FINIS.

Reapers

THE



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A Elus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Prothems, and Speed

Valentina. Bale to perswade, my lopine Prothem: Home-keeping-youth, have ever homely wits, Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,

I rather would entrest thy company, To fee the wonders of the world abroad. Then (living dully fluggardiz'd at home) Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse. But fince thou lou'ft , love fill, and thrive therein. Even as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adew. Thinke on thy Prothers, when thou(hap'ly) (ceft Somerare note-worthy obieft in thy trausile. Wish me partaker in thy happinesse, When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger, (If ever danger doe environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy beadef-man, Valentine,

Val. And on a love-booke pray for my fuccesse? Pro. Vpon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee. Val. That's on some shallow Stone of deepeloue. How yong Leander croft the Hellesport.

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper love, For he was more then over-shooes in love

Val. 'Tistrue; for you are over-bootes in love, And yet you never fwom the Helefont

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay give me not the Boots. Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? (grones: Val. To be in love; where scome is bought with Coylooks, with hart-fore fighes: one fading moments With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth, Ifhap'ly won, perhaps a hapleffe gaine, If loft, why then a grievous labour won,

How ever : but a folly bought with wit, Or elfe a wit, by folly vanquished

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole. Val. So, by your circumftance, I feare you'll proue

Pro. Tis Loue you cavillat, I am not Loue. Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you; And he that is so yoked by a foole, Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers fay; as in the fweeteft Bud, The eating Canker dwels; fo eating Loue Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

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

Pro And thither will I bring thee Volentme. Val. Sweet Prothem, no: Now let vs take out leave: To Millame let me heare from thee by Letters Of thy successe in love; and what newes else Betideth here in absence of thy Friend: And I likewise will rifite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in Millsin. Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. Ext.

Pro. He after Honout hunts, lafter Loue : He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more; I love my felfe, my friends, and all for love ? Thou Inlin thou hast meramorphis'd me: Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time; Warre with good counsaile, fet the world at nought; Made Wit with muling, weake; hart fick with thought.

Sp. Sit Prothem : 'faue you : faw you my Mafter ? Pro. But now he patted hence to embarque for Millan.

Twenty to one then, he is fnip'd already, And I have plaid the Sheepe in looking him. Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often firay,

And if the Shepheard be swhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe &

Pro, I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or fleepe.

Fro. A filly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe. Pro. True: and thy Master a Sheep True : and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance. Pro. It shall goehard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I feeke my Mafter, and my Mafter feekes not me: therefore 1 am no Sheepe

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

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baa. Pro. But do'ft thou heare gou'ft thou my Letter to Inlia?

50.1

Sp. I Sir: I (2 lost-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (alac'd-Mutton) and the (alac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

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

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

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

Sp. Nay Sir, leffe then a pound shall serve me for car-

rying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake ; I meane 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 louer Pro. But what faid fhe ?

Sp. 1.

Pro. Nod-L why that's noddy.

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

Pro. And that fet together is noddy. Sp. Now you have raken the paines to fet it togs

ther take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter Sp. Well, I percejue I must be faine to beare with you

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me? Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly, Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my palness .

Pro. Beshrew me, but yon haue a quicke wie. Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your flow parfe. Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what

faid she. Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter

may be both at once delivered. Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what faid the?

Sa Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? could'ft thou perceive so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not fo much as a ducket for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me, that brought your minde; I feare she'll prone as hard to you in telling your minde. Gine her no token bur stones, for she's as hard as stecle.

Pro. What faid the, nothing ? Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains: (me; To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you have cestern'd In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your felfe; And fo Sir, I'le commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone to faue your Ship from wrack; Which cannot perish having thee aboarde, Being deftin'd to a drier death on shore? I must goe send some better Meffenger I feare my Inlia would not daigne my lines Receiving them from such a worthlesse post

Scana Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lantta.

Inl. But lay Lucetta (now we are alone) Would'A thou then counfaile me to fall in loss? Luc. I Madam, so you sumble not unbocdfully Int. Of all the faire refore of Gentlemens That every day with parle encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthieft love? Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile show my minne, According to my shallow simple skill.

In. What thinkit thou of the faire fir Eglamenre? Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fune; But were I you he never should bernine.

In. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio? Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so, In. What think's thou of the gentle Prothern?

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

In. How now? what meanes this passion at his name? Lu. Pardon deare Madam, tis a passing shame, That I (voworthy body as I am)

Should centure thus on lovely Gentlemen

In. Why not on Prothers, as of all the reft?

Lu. Then thus : of many good, Ithinke him belt.

Int. Your reason?

Lw. I have no other but a womans reason? I thinke him fo, because I thinke him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him? Zw. I: if you thought your love not cast away.

Inl. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me. Lm. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

Inl. His little speaking, shewes his love but small. La. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

Iel. They doe not love, that doe not shew their love.

Las. Oh, they love leaft, that let men know their love. Int. I would I knew his minde.

Ls. Peruse this paper Madarn. Isl. To Islia: say, from whom?

La. That the Contents will shew. Inl. Say, say: who gave it thee ?

La. Sir Valentines page: & fent I think from Prothers; He would have given it you, but I being in the way, Did in your name receive it : pardon the fault I pray.

Int. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker: Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whilper, and conspire against my youth? Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place : There : take the paper : fee it be return'd, Or elle teturne no more into my light.

Lu. To plead for loue, deserues more see, then hate. Ich Will ye be gon?

La. That you may suminate. Int. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;

It were a shame to call her backe againe, And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her. What foole is the, that knowes I am a Maid. And would not force the letter to my view? Stace Maides, in modesty, say no to that, Which they would have the profferer construe, I. He, fie : how way-ward is this foolish love; That (like a teffie Babe) will scratch the Nutle, And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod? How churlishly, I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly, I would have had her here? How angerly I taught my brow to frowne When inward toy enfored my beart to fmile? My pennance is, to call Lucetta backe And aske remillion, for my folly past.

What hoe: Lucetta. Ln. What would your Ladiship Int. Is't neere dinner time?

La. I would it were, That you might kill your from acke on your meat,

And not your Maid. In. What is't that you

Tooke up to gingerly?

In. Why didft thou floope then?

Lw. To take a paper vp, that I let falls Ind. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye, for those this it concernes. Lw. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,

Voleffe it haue a falfe Interpreter.

Inl. Some lone of yours, hach writ to you in Rime.

LN. That I might fing it (Madam) to a tune : Giue me a Note, your Ladiflip can fet

Int. As little by fuch toyes, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of Light O, Low.

Lin. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

In. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I : and metodious were it, would you fing it,

In. And why not you?

Lw. I cannot reach fo high.

In. Let's fee your Song

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there ftill; fo you will fing it out : And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

In You doe not?

Ly. No (Madam) tis too shame In. You (Minion) are too faucie.

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

Is. The meane is dround with you vnruly bale.

La. Indcede I bid the bafe fur Protbern. In. This babble fhall not henceforth trouble me ; Here is a coile with protestation :

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers iye: You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Las. She makes it fliage, but the would be beft pleas'd

To be so angred with another Letter.

In. Nay, would I were so angred with the same: Oh hatefull hands, to teare fuch louing words ; Injurious Walpes, to feede on fuch iweethony, And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your flings; lle kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde sulia: unkinde sulia, As in revenge of thy ingraticude, I throw thy name against the bruzing-flones, Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine. And here is writ, Lone wounded Prothess. Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed, Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd; And thus I fearch it with a foueraigne kiffe. Buttwice, or thrice, was Prothers written downe: Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away, Till I have found each letter, in the Letter, Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke, And throw it thence into the raying Sea. Loe, here'in one line is his name twice writ. Poore for lorse Prothens, passionate Prothens: To the sweet Inlia: that ile teare away: And yet I will not, fith so prettily He couples it, to his complaining Names; Thus will I fold them, one vpon another; Now kiffe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam : dinner is ready . and your feeber flaies.

In. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales bore? In. If you respect them; best to take them vo.

Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them dowee. Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.

In. 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 In, Come, come, will please you poe.

Scana Tertia

Enter Antonio and Parthing, Prothem.

Aut. Tell me Panthino, what fad talke was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyfier?

Pan. Twas of his Nephew Prothem, your Sonnes

Ant. Why: what of him?
P.m. He wondred that your Lordship Would suffer him, to spend his youth as home, While other men, of slender reputation Put forin their Sonnes, to feeke preferment out. Some to the warres, to try their fortune there; Some, to discover Islands farre away : Some, to the Audious V niverfities; For any, or for all these exercises, He faid, that Prothem, your fonne, was meet: And did request me, to importune you To let him ipend his time no more at home; Which would be great impeachment to his age, In having knowne no eravaile in his youth.

Am. Nor need'il thou much important me to that Whereon, this month I have bin hamering. I have confider d well, his loffe of time. And how he cannot be a perfect race, Not being tryed, and sutord in the world: Experience is by industry archieu'd, And perfected by the swift course of time: Then tell me, whether were I best to fend him?

Par. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthfull Valentine, Attends the Emperous in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well. (thinker, Pan. Twere good, I thinker, your Lordhip feathing There shall be precific Tiles, and Turnaments; Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,

And be in eye of every Exercise Worthy his youth, and nobleneffe of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis d: And that thou maift perceive how well I like it, The execution of it shall make knowne; Euen with the speediest expedition,

I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you Don Appropr, With other Gentlemen of good effective

Are iournying, to falute the Emperor, And to commend their feruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall Prethow go: And in good time: now will we breake with him.

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life, Here is her hand, the agent of her heart; Here is her oath for love, her honors paune; O that out Fathers would applaud our loues To feale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heauenly Inlin.

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

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

Am. Lendme the Letter: Let me fee what newes.

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.

Am. 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 fomething forced with his wish to Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed; For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time With Valcations, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives, Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be fo soone provided,

Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want's shalle sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on Panthmo; you shall be imployed,
To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shund the fire, for seare of burning And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to shew my Father Iuliae Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my love,

And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my loue.
Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth
The vaccetaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,

And by and by a clowd takes all away.

Pan. Sir Protheus, your Fathers call's for you,

Heisin haft, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is : my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exempt. Finis.

A Etus secundus: Scana Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on,

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:

Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing divine, Ah Silnia, Silnia.

Speed, Madam Silnia: Madam Silnia, Val. How now Sirha?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why fir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worthip fir, or elfe I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'llfill be too forward.

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

Val. Goeto, fir, tell me:do you know Madam Silnia? Speed, Shee that your worship loues?

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

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

Val. Are all thefe things perceiu'd in me? Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you Inay, that's certaine: for without you were to limple, none ellewould: but you are to without thele follies, that thelefollies are within you, and thine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that lees you, but is a Phylician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me:do'A thou know my Lady Silnia?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on fo, as the fits et supper?

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

Speed. Why fir, I know her not.

Val. Do'ft thou know her by my gazing on her, and

yet know'ft her not?

Speed. Is the not hard-fauour'd, fir? Val. Not so faire (boy) as well sauour'd. Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

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

Val. Imeane that her beauty is exquisite, But her sauour infinite.

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

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

Val. How efterm's thou me? I account of her beauty, Speed. You never law her fince the was deform'd.

Val. How long hath the beene deform'd? Speed. Euer fince you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her euer fince I faw her,

And full I fee her beautifull.

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

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

Val. What should I fee then?

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

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last mor-

You could not fee to wipe my shooes.

Speed. True fir: I was in loue with my Bed. I thanke you, you fwing d me for my loue, which makes mee the

bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I frend affected to her,

Speed. I would you were let, to your affection would cease.

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

Speed, And have you?

Val. I have.

Spread. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them.

Peace, here she comes.

Spord. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Pupper: Now will be interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Miftres, a thousand good-morrows,
Speed. Oh, "give ye-good-ev"n: heer's a million of

Sil. Sit Valentine, and forwart, to you two thousend.

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

Val. As you intoyed me; I have writ your Letter

Vato the fecret, nameles friend of yours: Which I was much vawilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I chanke you (gentle Servant) 'tis very Clerkly-Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:

For being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

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

Val. No(Madam) fo it fleed you. I will write

(Pleafeyou command) a thouland times as much;

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

Spead, And yet you will: and yet, another yet,

Vel. What meanes your Ladiship?

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

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Silw. 1, 1: you writ them Sir. at my request, But I will none of them: they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly:

Val. Please you, lie write your Ladiship another.
Sil. And when it's writ; for my sake read it ouer,

And if it please you, so : if not : why so :

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

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

Exil. Sil.

Speed. Oh left unfeene: inferutible: inuifible,
As a note on a mans face, or a Wether cocke on a fleeple:
My Master sues to her: and the bath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuise, was there ever heard a better?
That my master being scribe,

To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed, Nay: I was riming: 'tis you' have the reason.

Val. To doe what?

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

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your felfe: why, the woes you by a figure.
Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say

Ual. Why she hash not writ to me?
Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your leffe? Why, doe you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, beleeve me,

Speed. No believing you indeed for; But did you perceive her earnest?

Ual. She gaue menone, except an angry word.

Speed, Why she hatb given you a Letter.

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

Speed. And I letter hath she deliver'd, at there are end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed He warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her: and the in modefly, Or elfe for want of idle time, could not against reply, Or fearing els fowe meffeger, might her mind discover Herfelfhath taught her Loue himfelf, to write vnto her All this I foak in print, for in print I found it. (lovers Why muse you fir, 'tis dinner time.

Ud. I have dyn'd.

(done.

Speed. I, but hearken fir: though the Cameleon Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals: and would fame have meate: oh bee not like your Mistreffe, be moved, be moved.

Expert.

Scæna secunda.

Enter Prothem , Inlia, Partinen.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Iulia:

Ind. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.
Isl. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:

Keepe this remembrance for thy Inlin's fake.

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

Isl. And scale the bargaine with a holy kiffe.

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

Panh. Sir Prothem: you are flaid for. Pro. Goe: I come, I come

Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exper

Scana Tertia.

Enter Lesone, Parthien.

Launce. Nay, 'twill beethis howre ere I have done weeping: all the kinde of the Launcer, have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious forme.

Sonne, and am going with Sir Problem to the Imperialls Court : I thinke Crab my dog, be the fowrest natured dogge that lives : My Mother weeping : my Father wayling: my Sifter crying : our Maid howling : our Catte weinging her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curje shedde one teare : he is a stone, avery pibble stone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge :a Iew would have wept to have feene our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, looke you, wept her felfe blinde at my parting: nay, He shew you the manner of it. This shoce is my father : no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother : nay, that cannot bee fo neyther: yes; it is fo, it is fo : it hath the worler fole : this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother : and this my father : a veng'ance on't, there tis a Now fit, this staffe is my fifter: for, looke you, the is as white as a lilly, and as fmall as a wand a thus hat is Nan our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himfelfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my felfe': I; fo, fo: now come I to my Father; Father, your bleffing : now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kissemy Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Ohthat she could speake now, like a would-woman : well, I kisse her : why there'sis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my lifter; marke the moane the makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare . nor fpeakes a word : but see how I lay the dust with my testes.

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

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

unkindest Tide, that ever any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog.
Part. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loofe the flood, and in loofing the flood, loofe thy voyage, and in loofing thy voyage, loofe thy Mafter, and in loofing thy Mafter, loofe thy icruice, and in loofing thy feruice : doft thou flop my mouth?

Lann. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Fanth. Where should I loofe my tongue?

Lann. In thy Tale.

Pauth. In thy Taile.
Laun. Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Mafter, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares : if the winde were downe, I could drive the boate with my fighes,

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

I.an. Sir : call me what thou dar's.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Lun. Well, I will goc.

Farence.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silmia, Thuria, Spead, Duhe, Prochees.

Sil. Scruent.

Val. Miftris.

Spee. Master, Six Thuis frownes on you.

Val. 1 Boy, it's for love.

Spin. Not of you, Val. Of my Mistressethen. Spin. Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are fad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

The. So doe Counterfeyes. Val. So doe you

Thu. What seeme I that Lem nos?

Val. Wife.

The. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quost you my folly?

Val. I quostit in your lerkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, lle double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour? Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion.

The That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your ayre.

Val. You have said Sir.

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

Val. 1 know it wel fir, you alwaies end ere you begin. Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleme, & quickly thot off

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

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Yourselfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire, Sir Therie borrows his wit from your Ladiships lookes, And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

The. Sir, if you fpend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well fir : you have an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to give your followers: For it appeares by their bare Liucries That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:

Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard befet. Sit Valentine, your father is in good health, What fay you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,

To any happy mellenger from thence. Duk. Know ye Don Autonio, your Countriman? Val. I,my good Lord, I know the Gentleman

To be of worth, and worthy estimation And not without defert fo well reputed.

Dwk, Hath henot a Sonne?

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

Duk, You know him well ?

Val. I knew him as my felfe : for from our Infancie We have converst, and spent our howres together, And though my selfe have beene an idle Trewant, Omitting the fweet benefit of time To closth mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir Prothem (for that's his name) Made vie, and fairo aduantage of his daies: His yeares but yong, but his experience old. His head vn-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe And in a word (for far behinde his worth

Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde, With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman. Did. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,

As meet to be an Emperora Councellor t Well, Sir : this Gentleman is come to me With Commendation from great Potentates, And heere he meanes to fpend his time a while, I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he. Dak. Welcome him then according to his worth?

Silnia, I speake to you, and you Sir Thurio, For Valentine, I need not cite him to it, I will fend him hirher to you prefently.

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

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

Val. Nay fure, I thinke the holds them prisoners fill. Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind

How could he fee his way to feeke out you? Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes. Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all. Val. To see such Louers, Thuria, as your selfe, Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

Sil. Haue done, haue done : here comes y gentleman. Val. Welcome, deer Prothem : Mistris, I beseech you Confirme his welcome, with some special fauor.

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

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

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a servance Pro. Not fo, sweet Lady, but too meane a servant To haue a looke of fuch a worthy a Mistresse.

Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie: Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant. Pro. My dutie will I boaft of, nothing elfe-

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

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe. Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse. (you. Ther. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with Sd. I wait vpon his pleasure : Come Sir Tharie, Goe with me : once more, new Servant welcome;

He leave you to confer of home affaires, When you have done, we looke too heare from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon yout Ladiship. Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came? Pro. Your frends are wel, & have the much comended.

Val. And how doe yours: Pro. I left them all in health.

Fal. How does your Lady? & how thrives your love?

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

Val. 1 Prothem, but that life is alter'd now, I have done pennance for contemning Love, Whose high emperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones, With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore lighes, For in sevenge of my contempt of loue, Loue hath chas'd steepe from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine owne hearts forrow. O gentle Prothesu, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse There is no woe to his correction, Nor to his Service, no fuch loy on earth? Now, no discourse, except it be of love Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe, Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough; I read your forcune in your eye : Was this the Idoll, that you worship for

Val. Even She ; and is the pot a heavenly Saint

Pra. No; But their an earthly Paragon. Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Love delights in praises, Pre. When I was fick, you gaue me bitter pils,

And I must minister the like to you.

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

Pra. Except my Mistresse. Val. Sweet: except not any Except thou will except against my Loue.

Pra. Have I not reason to prefer mine owne? Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to: Shee shall be dignified with this high bonout, To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steale a kille, And of lo great a fauor growing proud, Disdaine to roote the Sommer-Iwelling flowre, And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why Dalmeine, what Bragadisme is this? Val. Pardon me (Prorbow) all I can is nothing, To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing: Shee is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.
Vel. Not for the world; why man, the is mine owne, And I as rich in having fuch a lewell As twenty Seas, if all their land were pearle, The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold. Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee, Because thou seeft me doate vpon my loue: My foolish Riuall that her Father likes (Onely for his possessions are so huge) Is gone with her along, and I must after, For Loue (thou know'st is full of icalousie.)

Pro. But the loves you? (howre. Val. I, and we are betroathd : nay more, our mariage With all the cunning manner of our flight Determin'd of : how I must climbe her giadow, The Ladder made of Cords, and all the mesus Plotted, and 'greed on for my happineffe. Good Prothers goe with me to my chamber, In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before : I shall en quire you forth-I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque Some necessaries, that I needs must vie,

And then Ile presently attend you. Val. Willyou makehaste?

Pro. I will. Euen as one heate, another heate expels, Or as one naile, by ftrength drives out another. So the remembrance of my-former Loue Is by a newer obied quite forgotten, It is mine, or Valentines praise? Her true perfection, or my falle transgrethon? That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus? Shee is faire; and fo is Iulia that I love,

(That

Exit.

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd, Which like a waxen Image 'gainst aftire Beares no impression of the shing it wes.) Me thinkes my zealet of Valename is cold, And that Houe him neat as I-was wont:

O, but I love his Lady too-too much.
And that sibe reason Houe him so little. How shall hooste on her with more adurce, That thus without aduice begin to love her? 'Tis but her picture I bave yet beheld, And that hath daze'd ray reasons light: But when Hooke on her perietions, There is no reason, but I shall be blindes is cancheckomy exing love, I will, I snot, to compesse her I le vie my skill.

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer,
Last. Why, I tell thee. I care not, though hee burne
simfelfe in Loue. If thou wist goe with me to the Ale-

himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alehouse: if not, thou are an Hebrew, a lew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak's me, Law. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy

Spee. Why?

Master.

Law Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Alewith a Christian : Will thou goe? Spee, At tny feruice.

Exessue

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty-welcome to Padua.
Laun. Fortweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for lam not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never vindon till hee be hang'd, not never welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: He to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of sine pence, thou shak have sive thousand welcomes: But sirks, how did thy Master part with Madam sulfa?

Last Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted

very fairely in ieft.

Spee: But shall she marry him?

Lan No.

sper. How then ? Itall he marry her?

Lan. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

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

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

Lon. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it

Stands well with her.

Spec. What an affe art thou, I understand thee not, Law, What a blocke art thou, that thou canth not? My stasse understands me?

Spee. What thou fail?

Lass. I and what I do too : looke thee, He but leane, and my Raffe understands me.

Sper. It frands under thee indeed.

Las. Why frand-vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

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

Law. Aske my dogge, if he fay I, st will i if hee fay no, it will: if hee fbake his taile, and fay nothing, it will.

Spec. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lea. Theu shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Spo. 'The well that I get it fo: but Lauren, how failt thou that their my mafter is become a notable Lour?' Lau, I neuer knew him otherwife.

Spee. Then how?

Lou. A notable Lubber : as thou reported him to

Sciena Sexia.

Emer Protheus folm

Pro. To leave my Julia; shall I be for sworned To love faire Silma; shall I be forsworne? To wrong my friend, I And be much for fworne. And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath Prouokes me to this three-fold periume. Loue bad mee fweare, and Loue bids me for fweare; O fweet-fuggesting Love, if thou hast fin'd, Teach me(thy tempred subject) to excuse it. At field I did adore a twinkling Starre, But now I worthip a celetiall Sunne Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken. And he wants wit, that wants refoluted will. To learne his wir, s'eachange the bad for better; Fie, fie, vnreuerend tong ve, to call her bad, Whose soucraignty so oft thou hast presend With twenty thousand soule-confirming oather, I cannot leave to love; and yet I doe : But there I leave to love, where I should love. Inlia 1 loofe, and Valentme 1 loofe, If I keepe them, I needs must loofe my felfe: If I loofe them, thus finde I by their loffe; For Valentone, my felfe : for Links, Sulma, I to my selfe am deerer then a friend, For Loue is full most precious in it selfe, And Silve (witneffe beauen that made her faire) Shewes fulia but a fwerthy Ethlope. I will forget that Julsa is alive . Remembring that my Loue to her is dead. And Valentine Ile hold an Enemie, Ayming at Silma as a Sweeter friend. I cannot now prove confrant to my felfe, Without some treachery vs'd to Valentime. This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder To climbe celeftiall Silvia's chamber window . My felfe in countaile his competitor. Now prefently He give her father notice Of their difguing and pretended flight: Who (all inrag'd) will banish Falsmine. For Thurw he intends thall wed his daughter, But Valentive being gon, He quickely croffe
By forne flie tricke, blunt Thorne's dull proceeding. Love lend me wings, to make my purpole fwift As thou haft lent me wit to plot this drift.

Exit.

Scæna septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Ind Countaile, Lucerra, gentle girle affift me, And cu'minkinde loue, I doe consure thee, Who strethe Table wherein all my thoughts Are vifibly Character'd, and engrau'd, To lefton me, and tell me fome good meane How with my honour I may undertake A sourney to my louing Prothems.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearifome and long ful. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble fleps.
Much leffe shall she that hath Loues wings to slie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Prothew

Lut. Better forbeare, till Prothem make returne.

Int. Oh, know'ft y not, his looks are my foules food?

Pitty the dearth that I have pined in,

By longing for that food fo long a time.

Didft thou but know the inly touch of Loue,

Thou wouldft as foone goe kindle fire with fnow

As feeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

LEC. I doe not feeke to quench your Loues hot fire, But qualifie the fires extreame rage Left it should burne about the bounds of reason.

Isl. The more thou dam'flit vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'fl) being flop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courie is not hindered,
He makes fweet mulicke with th'ensmeld flones,
Giuing a gentle kiffe to every fedge
He-ouet-taketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nookes he firstes
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course.
He be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a passime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Loue,
And there lle rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed foule doth in Elszeness.

Luc, But in what habit will you goe along ?

[al. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loofe encounters of lafeturous men
Gentle Lucena, fit me with fuch weedes

As may befeeme fome well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Luc. No girle, lie knit it vp in silken strings,

With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:

To be fantastique, may become a youth

Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

(chess

Lee, What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breelul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord) What compasse will you weare your Farthingale? Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (Lucetta.)

Luc. You must needs have the with a cod-peece (Ma lul, Out, out, (Lucerta) that wilbe illsauourd. (dzm)
Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you have a cod-peece to stick plns on.

Vhat thou think's meet, and is most mennerly.
But tell mc(wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?

I feare me it will make me feandalized.

Luc. If you thinke fo, then flay at home, and go bot.

Luc. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go :
If Prochow like your lourney, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:

I feare me he will fearee be pleas'd with all.

Inl. That is the least (Lucetta) of my feare a
A thousand oather, an Ocean of his teares,
And inflances of infinite of Loue,

Wattant me welcome to my Protosus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that we them to so base effect;

But truer starred did governe Protosus birth,

His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,

His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,

His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heavin he prove so when you come to him.

Int. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,
To be are a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my loue, by louing him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To sutnish me vpon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My good, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, In lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exquest,

Allus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Emer Duke, Thazio, Prothens, V dentrus, Lounce, Speed.

Duke Sir Thurse, give vs leave (I pray) a while,
We have some seress to confer about.
Now tell me Prathets, what's your will with me?

Now tell me Procless, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale, But when I call to minde your gracious fauours Done to me (vndeferuing as I am) My dutie pricks me on to veter that Which elle, no worldly good should draw from me: Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentme my friend This night intends to fleale away your daughter : My felfe am one made priuy to the plot. I know you have determin'd to bestow her On Thuris, whom your gentle daughter hates, And should she thus be stolne away from you, It would be much vexation to your age Thus (for my duties leke) I rather chole To crosse my friend in his intended drift, Then (by concealing it) heap on your head A pack of forrowes, which would preffe you downe (Being empreuented) to your timeleffe grave

Duke. Probem, I thank thee for thine honest care, Which to require, command me while I live. This love of theirs my felfe have often feene Haply when they have judg'd me fast afleepe, And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my lealous syme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I ever yet have shun'd)
I game him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hat now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceive my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an opper Towre,
The key whereos, my selfe have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be convay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have deuis'd a meane
How he her chambet-window will aftend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with It prefently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly.
That my discovery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

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

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sit Valenthie is comming, Duk, Sit Valenthie, whether away to fall?
Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Dak. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but fignifie

My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: fray with me a while, I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
Tis not vaknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thanks, to my daughter.

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

Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk No, trust me, She is yeeuish, fullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the reinnant of mine age
Should have beene cherish d by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolud to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
Forme, and my possessions she esteemes not.

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

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

Val. Win het with gifts, if the respect not words,

Dumbe I ewels often in their filent kinde
More then quicke words, doc moue a womans minde.

Dut, But the did fcome a prefent that I fent her,

Val. A woman forming froms what best counts her.
Send her another: neuer give her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-love the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if lest alone.
Take no repulse, what ever she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they have Angells saces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot wing worman,

Duk. But the I meane, is promised by her friends
Vato a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept feuerely from refort of men,
That no man hath accesse by day so her.

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

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept fafe,

That no man hath recourfe to her by night.

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

Dut. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built to theluing, that one cannot climbe it

Without opparant hazard of his life.

Ual. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast up, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serve to scale another Hero's towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it,

Duk. Now as thou are a Gentleman of blood Adulfe me, where I may have fuch a Ladder.

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

Duk. This very night; for Loue it like a childe

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By feauen a clock, ile get you fuch a Ladder.

Duk But harke thee; I will goe to her slone,

How shell I best concey the Ladder thicker?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare at

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare at Vadera cloake, that is of any length.

Duk A closke as long as thine will ferue the turne?

U.d. I my good Lord.

Duk Then let me fee thy closke.

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

Val. Why any cloake will forus the tum (my Lord)
Duk. How shall I sashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me seele thy cloake v pon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to Silma?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

At thought to harbors with my Silvia nightly,
And flanet they are to ene, that fend them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselse would tadge where (senteles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in the purchession restriction,
Whilt I (their King) that thin her them importante
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hash bless them,
Because my lesse doe want my servants forture.
I curse my selfe doe want my servants forture.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should has bour where them Lord should be.

What's here? Sileia, this night I will enfrancisfe these. Tis so : and heere's the Ladder for the purpose. Why Phacton (for thou are Merop) sonne) Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car! And with thy daring folly burne the world? Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Goe

Goe bale Intruder, over-weening Slave. Beltow thy fawning fmiles on equall mates And thinke my patience, (more then thy defert) Is priviledge for thy departure hence, Thanke me for this, more then for all the favors Which (all too-souch) I have bestowed on thee. But if thou linger in my Territories Longer then fwiftell expedition Will give thee time to leave our royall Court. By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the lone I cuer bore my daughter, or thy felfe. Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse, But as thou lou'ft thy life, make fored from bence.

Val. And why not death, rather then living tourness? To die, is to be banishe from my selse, And Salme is my felfe : banish'd from her Is felfe from felfe. A deadly benishment 1 What light, is light, if Silving be not feene? What ioy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Valeffe it be to thinke that the is by And feed upon the thadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no mulicke in the Nightingale. Voleffe I looke on Silous in the day. There is no day for me to looke voon. Sheeismy ellence, and I leave to be; If I be not by her faire influence Foster'd, illumio'd, cherish'd, kept alive. I flie noe death, to fire his deadly dooms, Tarry I heere, I but attend on death, But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

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

Las. So-hough, Soa hough Pro. What seeft thou? Lawr Him we goe to finde,

There's not a haire on's head, but i'is a Falorios,

Pro. Valentine Val No.

Pra Whothen? his Spirit?

Val Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing
Law. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike!

Pro. Who wouldft thou ftrike?

Los. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbeste.
Lus. Why Sir, lle strike nothing: 1 przy you. Pro. Sirha, I fay forbeare: friend Valentine, a word.

Val My eares are stope, & cannot hear good nevres, So much of bad already hath possess them.

Pro. Then in dumbe filence will I bury mine, For they are hatth, vn-suncable, and bad

Val. Is Silmia dead? Pre. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine indeed, for facted Silvia,

Hath the fortwome me? Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvis have for fwormense.

What is your newes?

Laz. Sir, there is a proct. restion, y you are vamilbed.

Pro. That shou art banish'as oh that's the newes, From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend, Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,

And now excelle of it will make me furfer. Doth Silvie know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, 1: and the hathoffsted to the doone

(Which you reger of france in effectuall force) A Sea of melung pearle, which some call searces Those as her fathers churlish force the rendered. With them you her knees, her humble felfe. Wringing her hands, whole whitenes to became them. As if but now they wased pale for woe; But neither bended knees, pure hands beld vp, Sad fighes, deepe groups, nor filmer-fleedding corres Could penetrate her vocompationate Sue 1 But Valence, if he be take, mult die, Belides, ber interceffion chaf d him fo When the for thy repeale was suppliant, That to close prilon be commanded her, With many butter threats of biding there.

Val. No more value the next word that thou foesk it Have some malignant power vpon my life : Iffo: I pray thee breath it in mine care,

As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pra. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe. And fludy helpe for that which thou lament ft. Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good; Here, if thou flay, thou canft not fee thy love ; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life : Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that And manage it, against despairing thoughts: Thy letters may be here, though thou art bence, Which, being west to me, shall be deliner'd Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue. The time now ferves not to expostulate. Come, He convey thee through the City-gate. Andere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concerne thy Loso-affaires: As thou lou'l' Silsas (though not tor thy felfe) Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee Launce, and if thou feeft my Boy

Bid him make hafte, and meet me at the North-gate. Fra. Goe firha, finde him out : Come Valentine.

Val. Oh my decre Sibna; hapleffe Valentone. Later. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I have the witte thinke my Masteris a kinde of a kname: but that's all one, if he be but one kname: He lives not now that knowes me to be in love, yet I sm in love, but a Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me : not who 'tis I lotte: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my felfe; and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid : for shee hath had Goffips : yet tis a maid, for the is her Masters-maid, and serves for wages. Shoe hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Caro-log of ber Condition. Imprimire, Shee can fetch and carry; why aborfe can doe no more; may, a horfe-cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is thee better then a lade. Item. She can milke, looke you, a (weet vertue in a maid with

Speed. How now Signler Lamer? what newes with your Mastership?

La With my Mastership? why, it is at Ses:

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

La. The black (toewer that ever thou heard?

Sp. Why man' how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inka.

Sp. Let me read them? La. Fie on thee Iolahead, then can treed

cleane hands.

So. Then lyeft: I can, La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee? Sp. Marry, Sp. Marry, the fon of my Grand-father.

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

Sp. Come foole, come : try me in thy paper.
La. There: and S. Niebolas be thy speed.

Sp. Inprimis the can milke.

La I that the can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the proverbe: (Biffing of your heart, you brew good Ale.)

Sp. Item, the can lowe.

La. That's as much as to say (Con fbe fo?)

Sp. Item the ean knit.

La. What neede a man care for a flock with a wench, When the can knit him a flocke?

Sp. Item, the can wath and fcoure.

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

Sp. Item, she can spin.

La. Then may I fet the world on wheeles, when the can fpin for her living.

Sp. Item, the hath many namelelle vertues.

La. That's as much as to fay Baffard vertue: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore have no names.

Sp. Herefollow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, thee is not to be falling in respect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-faft: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her foure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so thee sleepe not in her alke.

Sp. Item, the is flow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that fet this downe among her vices; To be flow in words, is a womans onely vertue. I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, the is proud.

La. Out with that too

It was Ener legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, The hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither : because I loue crusts.

sp. Item, fhe is curft.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, the will often praise her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, the shall: if the will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberall.

La. Ofher tongue the cannot; for that's writ downe the is flow of: of her purfe, thee thall not, for that ile keepe that: Now, of another thing thee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, thee hathmore haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: the was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more.

Sp. Item, the hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be the prope it: The concer of the falt, hides the falt, and therefore it is more then the falt; the haire that couers 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 monftrous : oh that that were our.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a march, as nothing is impossible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master flaies for thee at the North gate.

Sp. For me:

Li. For thee? I, who are though e hath stand for a better man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him?

La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turne.

Sp. Why didft not tell me sooner? pox of your love

La. Now will he be fwing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannerly flaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: lle after, to resoyce in the boyes correctio. Exemn.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Prosbers.

Du. Sir Thurio, feare not, but that the will love you Now Valentine is banish'd from her fight.

Tb. Since his exile the hath delpts'd me most. Forfworne my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts.
And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot.
How now fir Prothem, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pre. Gon, my good Lord.

Dw. My daughter takes his going grieuously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Dw. So I beleeve: but Thuriothinkes not so:
Prothem, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou half showne some signe of good defert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace, Let me not live, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know it how willingly, I would effect The match betweene fir Thurso, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Da. And alfo, I thinke, thou are not ignorant How the opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. I, and peruerfly, the perfeuers to:

What might we doe to make the girle forges
The love of Valentme, and love fit Thuris?

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

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Da. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be louth to doe?
"Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend,

Dr. Where your good word cannot advantage him, Your flander never can endamage 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 dispraise, She shall not long continue love to him: But say this weede her love from Valentme, It followes not that she will love fir Thurse.

Th. Therefore, as you wanted her love from him;
Leaft it should rauell, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, six Valentine.

Du. And Prosbew, we dare trust you in this kinde, Because we know (on Valentines report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone reuols, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you have accesse,
Where you, with Silvia, may conferre at large
For she is lumpish, heavy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sike) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasson,
To hate yong Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you fix Thurio, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle ber defires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

Dw. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poehe. Pro. Say that you the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your reares, your sighes, your heart: Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares Moift it againe: and frame some feeling line, That may discover such integrity: For Orphem Lute, was ftrung with Poets finewes, Whose golden touch could soften Reele and Rones; Make Tygers tame, and huge Leviathans Forfake vnfounded deeper, to dance on Sands. After your dire-lamenting Elegies, Visir by night your Ladies chamber-window With some sweet Consort; To their lastruments Tune a deploring dumpe : the nights dead filence Will well become such sweet complaining grievance: This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

De. This discipline, showes thou hast bin in love Tb. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise. Therefore, sweet Prochem, my direction-giver, Let va into the City presently To fort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke. I have a Sonner, that will serve the turne. To give the on-set to thy good aduise.

Dw. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,

And afterward determine our proceedings.

Dr. Euch now about it, I will pardon you. Exercis.

Adus Quartus. Scana Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certains Om-lawes. 1. One-L. Fellowes, franche fast: I see a passenger. 2 One. If there be sen, farinke not, but down with em.
3. Om. Stand fir, and throw with a you have about ye.
If not, we'll make you fit, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are undone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trausilers doe seare so much.

Val. My friends.

, Qui. That's not lo, fir : we are your enemes

a.Out. Peace: we'll heare him.

3.0m. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to looset
A man I am, croft'd with advertice:
My riches, are these poore babiliments,
Of which, if you should here dissurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2.0m. Whether travell you?

Val. To Verma.

1.Om. Whence came you?

Val. From Millians.

3.0 Mt. Have you long forourn'd there! (flad, Val. Some fixteene moneths, and longer might have If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. 1 4725.

2.Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearfe;
1kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or basetreachery.
1.0x1. Why necesspent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?

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

2.0se. Haue you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull trausile, therein made me happy, Or elfe I often had beene often miferable.

3.0 m. By the bare scalpe of Robin Hoods fat Fryer, This sellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1.0mt. We'll have him: Sirs, a word. Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theevery.

Val. Peace villaine.

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

Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3. Out. Know then, that fome of vs are Gentlemen,

Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from Verena banished,
For practifing to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

a.Our. And I from Marina for a Gentleman, Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

r.Om. And l, for such like petty crimes as these
But to the purpose: for we cite our saults.
That they may hold excus dour lawlesse lives;
And partly seeing you are beautiside
With goodly shape; and by your owne report.
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2.0 M. Indeede because you are a banish'd oran, Therefore, about the rest, we parley to you: Are you content to be our General!?

To make a vertue of necessity, And live as we doe in this wildernesse?

3.0 cm. What faift thou, wilt thou be of our confort?
Say I, and be the captaine of va all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1.0m

I.Om. But if thou scorne out cutefie, thou dyest. 2. Out. Thou shale not live, po brag what we have of-Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, (fer'd. Provided that you do no outrages On filly women, or poore pallengers. 3.0m. No, we detelt luch vile bale practifes. Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes, And show thee all the Treasure we have gor; Which, with our selves, all rest at thy dispose.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Prothess, Thurso, Iulia, Hoft, Musitian, Silvin.

Pro. Already have I bin falle to Valentine, And now I must be as vniust to Thuris, Vnder the colour of commending him, I have accesse my owne loue to prefer, But Silvia is too faire too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts; When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my fallehood to my friend; When to her beauty I commend my vowes, She bids me thinke how I have bin forfwome In breaking faith with Iulia, whom I lou'd; And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips, The least whereof would quell a louers hope , Yet (Spaniel-like) the more the spurnes my loue, The more it growes, and fawneth on her still; But here comes Thuris; now must we to her window, And give some evening Musique to her eare.

Th. Hownow, fir Prothem, are you crept before vs? Pro. I gentle Thurio, for you know that loue

Will creepe in serulce, where it cannot goe.

Th. I.but I hope, Sir, that you love not here. Pro. Sir, but I doe: or elfe I would be hence.

Tb. Who, Silvia?

Pro. 1, Siluia, for your lake.

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen Let's tune: and to o it lustily a while.

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

In. Marry (mine Hoff) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll have you merry: ile bring you where you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that you ask'd for.

In. Bueshall I bestehim soeake.

Ho. I that you shall.

In. That will be Mulique.

Ha. Harke, harke,

In. Is he among these?

He. I : but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Siluia? what is fle? That all our Swarnes commend ber? Holy faire and wife is fine. The beamen fuch grace did isnaber, that the might admired be. Is the kinde as the is faire? For beauty lines with kindus fe: Losse doth to ber eyes repaire To beho bies of bis blis deeffe :

And being belp'd, inhabits there. Then to Silma, let us fing, That Silvia is excelling; She excels each wortall thing Vpon the dull earth dwelling. To her let us Garlands bring.

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

In. You mistake : the Musitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.
In. Not so; but yet

So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.

Ho. You have a quickeeare (heast. 14. 1,1 would I were deafe it makes me have a flow

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Mufique.

In. Not a whit, when it iars fo. Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Mufique.

In. I : that change is the spight. Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.

In. I would alwaies have one play but one thing. But Hoft doth this Sir Prothess, that we talke on, Often refort vnto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what Launce his man told me; He lou'd her out of all nicke.

In. Where is Launce?

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

In. Peace, Rand afide, the company parts. Pro. Sir Thurso, feare not you, I will fo pleade. That you shall fay, my cunning drift excels.

7b. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint Gregories well.

Tb. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship, Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen) Who is that that spake?

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

Sil. Sit Prothem, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Prothem (gentle Lady) and your Servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You have your wish my will is even this, That presently you hie you home to bed: Thou subtile, periur d, false, disloyals man: Think'st thou I am fo shallow, so conceitless, To be seduced by thy flattery, That has't deceiu'd fo many with thy vowes? Returne, returne and make thy loue amenda: For me(by this pale queene of night I (weare)
I am for farre from grantlog thy requeft, That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite, And by and by intend to chide my felfe,

Even for this time I frend in talking to thee, Pro. I grant (sweet love) that I did love a Lady,

But the is dead.

In. Twere falle, if I should speake it;

For I am fure she is not butled.

Sil. Say that she be : yet Valentine thy friend Survives; to whom (thy felfe are witnesse) am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Prv.

Pro. Ilikewise heare that Valentine is dead.

Sul. And fo suppose am I; for in her grave Affure thy felfe, my loue is buried

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me take it from the earth.

Sil Goe to thy Ladies grave and call hers thence, Or at the leaft, in hers, sepulcher thine

Int. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be fo obdurate : Vouchsase me yet your Picture for my loue, The Picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe: For fince the substance of your verscht selfe Is elfe devoted, I am but a shadow; And to your shadow, will I make true loue.

Int. If twere a fubstance you would fuce deceive it,

And make it but a fliadow, as I am.

Sel. I am very loath to be your IdoH Sir; But, fince your falsehood shall become you well To worship shadowes, and adore salse shapes, Send to me in the morning, and ile fend it: And lo, good reft.

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

Iul. Hoft, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asseepe. Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir Prothew?

Ho. Marry, 20 my house: Truft me, I thinke 'tis almost day.

Int. Notfo: but it hath bin the longest night That ere I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia

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

Sil. Who cals?

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

Sil, Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow.

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

Sil. Oh Eglameure, thou art a Gentleman: Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not) Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant what deere good will I beare unto the banish'd Valensinet Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vaine Thurw (whom my very foule abhor'd.) Thy felfe half lou'd, and I have heard thee fay No griefe did ever come fo necre thy heart, As when thy Lady, and thy true-love dide; Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie; Sit Eglamoure: I would to Valentini To Manina, where I heare, he makes aboad; And for the waies are dangerous to palle, I doe defire thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repuse. Vige not my fathers anger (Eglamours) But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the inflice of my flying hence, To keepe me from a most vinhely match, Which heaven and fortune fill rewards with plagues. I doe def re thee, even from a heart As full of forrowes, as the Sea of fands, To beare me company, and goe with me ? If not, to hide what I have faid to thee, That I may venture to depart alone.

Egh Madam, I puty much your grievenees, Which, fince I know they vertuoufly are placed, I give consent to goe along with you, Wreaking as little what betidethme, As much, I wish all good befortune you. When will you goe?

Sil. This evening comming. Eg. Where shall I meete you? Sil. At Frier Patrickes Cell, Where I intend holy Confession.

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

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sit Eglamoser. Excens.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Inlia, Silvin.

Law When a mans fereint shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard; one that I brought up of a puppy : one that I lau'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 precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was fent to deliver him, as a pre-fent to Millins Silvia, from my Malter; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a soule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe bimselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: fure as I live he had fuffer'd fort : you shall judge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table : hee had not bin there (bleffe the marke) a piffing while, but all the chamber fmelt him : out with the dog (faces one) what cur is that (faies another) whip him out (faies the third) hang him vp (faies the Duke.) I having bin acquainted with the fruell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges : friend (quoth le) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) twas I did the thing you wot of : he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber : how many Mafters would doe this for his Servant ? nay, ile be fworne I have fac in the flockes, for puddings he hath floine, otherwise he had bin executed: I have flood on the Pillorie for Geele he hath kil'd, otherwise he had fufferd fort: thou think'st not of this now : nay, I remember the tricke you feru'd me, when I tooke my leave of Madam Silvia : did

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

Pro. Schefian is thy name: I like thee well, And will imploy thee in some service presently. In. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

Pro. Thope thou will.

How now you whor-fon pezant,

Where have you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Miftris Siluna the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what faies the to my little lewell?

Le. Warry she fares your dog was a cur, and tels you curriff thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But fre receiu d my dog? La. No indeede did she not:

Herehaue ! brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didit thou offer her this from me?

La. 1 Sir, the other Squirrill was floine from me

By the Hangmans boyes in the market place.
And then loffer d her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guitathe greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or nere returne againe into my fight. Away, I fay: flayeft thou to vexeme here;

A Slave, that Millan end, turnes me to thame ? Scheffran, I have corerrained thee,

Partly that I have neede of fuch a youth,
That can with forme diferetion doe my bufineffe a
For 'tisno trufting to yond foolish Lowt,

But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behaviour, Which (If my Augury deceme me not)

Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth :-Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee. Go presently, and take this Ring with thee

Deliuer it to Madam Silvia; She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me

Iul. It feemes you lou d not her, not leaucher token: She is dead belike?

Pro. Not fo: I thinke the lives,

Isl. Alas

Pro. Why do'ft thou cry alas?

Ist. I cannot choose but puty her.

Pro. Wherefore thould'ft thou purty her?

lul. Becaufe, enethinkes that the lou'd you as well As you dooloue your Lady Siluia

She dreames on him, that has for got her love,

You desto en her, that cares not for your loue. Tis pitty Loue, should be so contrary And thinking on st, makes macey alas.

Fro. Well: grue her that Ring, and the resultable.
This Letter: table her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heavenly Picture:
Your message done, hye home vote my chamber,

Where thou shale sinderne sad, and solitatio.

Let. How many women would doe such a message?

Alaspeore Problem, show hast ensement d

A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs,

Alespeore toole, why doe I putty him.

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me,

Because I love him, I must putty him.

This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me, To binde him to remember my good will

And now am I (vnbappy Mellenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine, To carry that, which I would have refus d To praife his faith, which I would have dilprais d. I am my Mathers true confirmed Loue, But cannot be true feruant to my Mather, Vnlesse I prove false traitor to my selfe Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly, As (heaven it knowes) I would not have him speed. Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you be my meane To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvie.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be the ?

Int. If you be the, I doe intrest your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sene on.

Sil From whom?

Jul. From my Mafter, Sir Prothem Madam.

Sil. Ob: he fends you for a Picture?

Inl. I, Madam.

Sil. Vrfula, bring my Picture there, Goe, give your Matter this: tell him from me One Iulia, that his changing thoughts forget Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

ful. Madam, pleafe you perufe this Letter; Pardon me (Madam) I have vnadvis'd Deliver'd you a paper that I should not; This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee les me looke on that againe.
Int. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke vpon your Mafters lines.
I know they are fluft with protestations,
And full of the provides they reliable will be

And full ofnew-found oathes, which he will breake As eafily as I due tearchis paper.

Inl. Madam, he fends your Ladiship this Ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me; For I have heard him say a shouland times, His Julia gaue it him, at his departure

Though his falle finger have prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Iulia so much wrong.

lul. She thankes you.

Sil. What sai'st thou i

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tendet her: Poore Genriewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'ft thou know her?

Ind. Almost as well as I doe know my selse. To thinke yoon her woes, I doe protest That I have wept a hundred severall times:

Sil. Belike the thinks that Protheus heth forfook her!
Iul. I thinke the doth: and that's her cause of forcow

Sd. Is the not paffing faire?

Ist. She hath bin fatter (Madam) then the is, When the did thinke my Mafter iou'd her well; She, in my independent, was as faire as you. But fince the did neglect her looking-glaffs, And threw het Sun-expelling Mafque away. The ayre bath flatu'd the rokes in her cheekes, And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, That now the is become as blacke as I.

Sil How tall was the &

Iul. About my flature: for at Penteroft, When all our Pageants of delight were plaid, Our youth got me to play the womans part, And I was trim'd m Madam Iulia gowne, Which serued me as sic, 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 weepe a good,

Far

The imo Genilemen of Verona.

For I did play a lamentable part. (Madam) twas Ariadre, pattioning For Thefw periury, and voiult flight; Which I so lively acted with my ceares: That my poore Millers moved therewithall, Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead, If I in thought felt not her very forrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth) Alas (poore Lady) defolace, and left; I weepe my felfe to thinke vpon thy words . Here youth: there is my purle; I give thee this For thy (weet Miffris take, because thou lou'll her. Fare-

Int. And the finall chanke you to 't, if ere you know A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her. I hope my Masters suit will be but cold, Since the respects my Mistris love so much. Alas, how loue can trifle with it felfe : Here is her Picture : let me lee, I thinke If I had fuch a Tyre, this face of :nine Were full as louely, as is this of hers: And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little, Vnlesse I flatter with my felfe too much, Her haite is Aburne, mine is perfect l'ellow, If that be all the difference in his love, Ile get me fuch a coulour'd Perrywig: Her eyes are grey as glasse, and to are muie: I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high; What should it be that he respects in her, But I can make respective in my selle! If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god. Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp, For 'cis thy riuall: O thou sencelesse forme. Thou shale be worship'd, kis'd, lou'd, and ador'd; And were there sence in his Idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stead. He vie thee kindly, for thy Mistris fake That vs'd me fo : or elfe by lone, I vow. I should have scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes, To make my Master out of love with thee. Exenut.

Adus Quintus. Scana Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia. Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie. And now it is about the very houre That Silvia, at Fryer Patricks Cell should meet me, She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres, Vnlesse it be to come besore their ume, So much they spur their expedition. See where the comes: Lady a happy evening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamonre)

Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;

I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not : the Forrest is not three leagues off,

If we recover that, we are fure enough.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Tharto, Protheus, Inlia, Dake, 76. Sit Prothem, what faies Silves to my fuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder theo the was And yet the takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What I that my leg is too long? Pro. No, chat it is too little.

Thu. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-Fro. But love will not be spurd to what it loather.

The, What faces the to my face? Fre. She faies it is a faire one.

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old laying is, Blacke men are Pearles, in beaucous Ladies cycs.

Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put our Ladies eyes, For I had rather winke, theo looke on them.

The Howlikes the my discourse: Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.

Jul. But better indeeile, when you hold you peace. Thu. What layes the to my valour?

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

Int. She needes not, when the knowes it cowardize. Ton. What faces the to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriu'd.

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

Thu. Considers the my Pollettions ? Pro. Oh. I: and pitties them.

Thin, Wherefore?

Inl. That such an Asse should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease. Inl. Here comes the Duke.

Dn. How now fir Prothem; how now Theris?

Which of you faw Eglamoure of late?

7bu. Not I. Pro. Norl.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Da. Why then

She's fled voto that pezant, Palentine, And Eglamoure Is in her Company; Tis true: for Frier Laurence met them both As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest: Him he knew well: and gueld that it was the, But being mask'd, he was not fure of it. Belides the did intend Confession At Paricks Cell this even, and there the was not. Thefe likelihoods confirme her flight from bence; Therefore I pray you frand, not to discourse, But mount you presently, and meete with me Vpon the rising of the Mountaine soote That leads toward Manua, whether they are Bed: Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and sollow me.

Thu. Why this it is, to be a pecuish Girle, That flies her fortune when it followes her: lle after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamoure, Then for the love of reck-leffe Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Salam love Then hate of Eglemenre that goes with her,

Int. And I will follow, more to croffe that love Then have for Silvis, that is gone for love. Exerge.

Scena Tertia.

Silver, Oct Laver. t.Om. Come, come be patient : We must bring you to our Captaine.

Sel. A thousand more mischances then this one Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away. 2 Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3 Ors. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs. But Moyfes and Valerius follow him: Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood, There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,

The Thicket is befet, he cannot scape. 1 Our. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue. Feare not : he beares an honourable minde,

And will not vie a woman lawlelly

Sil. O Vadentine , this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Prothem, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,

Val. How vie doth breed a habitin a man? This thedowy defert, unfrequenced woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Herecan 1st alone, un-seene of any, And to the Nighting les complaining Notes Tune my distrestes, and record my woes. O thou that dost inhabit in my breft, Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse, Less growing ruinous, the building fall, And lezue no memory of what it was, Repaire me, with thy presence, Silvia : Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine. What hallowing, and what stir is this to day? These are my mates, that make their wills their Law, Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace; They love me well: yet I have much to doe To keepe them from vnciuill outrages. Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?

Pre. Madam, this service I have done for you (Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him. That would have forc'd your honour, and your love, Vouchsafe me sor my meed, but one faire looke: (A smaller boone then this I cannot beg, And leffe then this, I am fure you cannot give)

Usl. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare: Lous, lend me patience to forbeare a while.

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Ist. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion, I would have beene a break-fast to the Beast. Rather then have falle Prothem reskue me : Oh beauen be judge how I loue Valentine, Whose life's as tender to me as my soule, And full as much (for more there cannot be) Thordetell falle periur'd Proben: Therefore be gone, follicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death Would I not undergoe, for one calme looke: Oh tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.

Sil. When Prothem cannot love, where he's belou'd: Read ouer Ialia's heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,

Descended into periury, to love me, Thou hast no faith lest now, vnlesse thou dit two, And that's farre worse then none: better have none. Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:

Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend. Pre. In Loue,

Who respects friend? Sil. All men but Prothem.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words Can no way change you to a milder forme : lle wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end, And loue you gainst the nature of Loue: force ye. Sil. Oh heaven.

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my delire.

Val. Rushan: let goe that rude vocivill touch, Thou friend of an ill sashion.

Val. Thou comon friend, that's without faith or love, For such is a friend now: treacherous man. Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye Could have perswaded me : now I dare not say I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disproveme: Who should be trusted, when ones right hand Is periured to the bosome? Prethem I am forry I must neuer trust thee more, But count the world a firanger for thy fake: The private wound is deepest : oh time, most accurst : 'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt consounds me; Forgive me Valentine: if hearty forrow Be a sufficient Ramome for offence I tender't heere: I doc as truely suffer,

As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid t And once againe, I doe receive thee honeft; Who by Repentance is not fatisfied, Is not of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd: By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appear'd: And that my loue may appeare plaine and free, All that was mine, in Sduia, I give thee.

Inl. Oh mevnhappy.
Pro, Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy!

Pro. How?let me see.

Why wag:how now? what's the matter?look up: Speak. Iul. O good fir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia: W (out of my neglect) was never done

Pro. Where is that ring?boy?
Ind. Heere tis a this is it.

Why this is the ring I gaue to Julia.

ful. Oh, ery you mercy fir, I have mistooke: This is the ring you fent to Siluie.

Pro. Buthow cam'it thou by this ring ?at my depart I gate this vnto Iulia.

Isl. And Iulia her felfe did giue it me, And Iulia her felfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Inlia? Iul. Behold her, that gave syme to all thy oathes, And entertain'd'em deepely in her heart.

How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote ? Oh Prothesse, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I have tooke vpon me Such an immodell rayment , if thame live In a difguste of love? It is the leffer blot modefly findes,

Women to change their shapes, then men their minds. Pro. Then men their minds firs true; oh heuen, were man

But Constant, he were perfect ; that one error Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'fins; Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins

What is in Siluia's face, but I may fpie More fresh in Inlia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come : a hand from either . Let me be bleft to make this happy close 'Twere pitty two luch friends should be long foes. Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.

Int. And I mine.

Ont-l. A prize: 2 prize: 2 prize.

Val. Forbeare, sorbeare I say It is my Lord the Duice. Your Grace is welcome to a man difgrac'd,

Banished Valentine

Duke. Sic Valentine?
Thu. Yonder is Silvia: and Silvia: mine.

Val. Thurso give backe; or elfe embrace thy death: Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Doc not name Silvia thine: if once againe, Verena shall not hold thee : heere she stands, Take but possession of her, with a Touch. I date thee, but to breath upon my Lone,

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I: I hold him but a foole that will endanger His Body, for a Girle that loues him not : I claime her not, and therefore the is thine.

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

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry, I doe applaud thy fpirit, Valentine, And thinke thee worthy of an Emprelle loce 1 Know then, I heere forget all former greefes, Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe, Plead a new frace in thy vo-rival'd merit, To which I thus Subscribe : Sir Valentine, Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd, Take thou thy Sunia, for thou half defend ther.

Val. I thank your Grace, 9 guft hath made me happy: I now befeech you (for your daughters fake) To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall, Are men endu'd with worthy qualities. Forgive them what they have committed here, And let them be recall'd from their Exile . They are reformed, civill, full of good,

And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou haft prevaild, I pardon them and thee: Dispose of them, as thou knows? their deserts. Come,let vs goe, we will include all iattes, With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare folemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Dute. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy. Date. What meane you by that faying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as vie palle along, That you will wonder what hath fortuned: Come Pretheu, 'tis your pennance, but to heare The flory of your Loues difecuered, That done, our day of marriage shall be yours One Feaft, one house, one mutuall happineste. Excunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia Valentine. 3 the two Gentlemen. Anthones: father to Protheus. Thurio: a feelish rinall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape. Host: where Inlia lodges. Out-lawes with Valerine. Speed: a clownish servant to Valentine. Launce : the like to Proshem. Panihion: seruant to Antonio Iulia beloved of Protocus. Siluia: beloved of Valentize. Lucetta: marghring-woman to lulic.

FINIS.



THE Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enser Suffice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistreffe Ford, Mistreffe Page, Simple.

Shallow.

For It Hugb, perswade me not: I will make a Star-So Chamber mattet of it, if hee were twenty Sir Iohn Falftoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of Glocester, Iustice of Peace and

Shal. I (Colen Slender) and Cuft-alorum.

Slen. 1, and Rate lorum too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselse Armigero, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero.

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

hundred yeeres.

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

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Exans. The dozen white Lowfes doe become an old Coat well : it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and fignifies Loue.

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

Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.
Eums. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eum. Yes per-lady : if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skires for your felfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one : if Sir John Falitaffe have committed disparagements vnto you, I amof the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you.

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

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

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were you againe, the Iword Chould end ic.

Enang. It is petter that friends is the fword, and end it : and there is also another device in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is Aure Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page which is pretty virginity.

Sim Mistris Anse Paget the has browne haire, and

spe. es small like a woman.

Euans. It is that fetry person for all the orld, as just as you will defire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire vpon his deathsbed, (Got deliuer to a loyfull refurrections) giue, when The is able to ouertake seuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our probbles and prabbles, and defire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistris Anne Page.

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leaue her seauen hundred

pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny. Slon. Iknow the young Gentlewoman, she has good

Enan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is

goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs fee honest M' Page: is Falftaffe there? Euan. Shall I tell you alge? I doe despise a lyer, as 1 doe despise one that is falle, or as I despise one that is not true : the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I beleech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M.
Page. What hos? Got-pielle your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's pleffing and your friend, and Iu-Rice Shallow, and heere yong Mafter Stender: that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M. Page. 1 am glad to see your Worships well 1 I thanke you for my Venison Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venisan better, it was ill killd : how doth good Mittreffe Page? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shat. Sir, I thanke you by yea, and no I doe. M.Pe. I am glad to see you, good Master Stender. Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard

fay he was out-run on Cosfall.

M.Pa. It could not beindg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse : you'll not confesse. Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault,'tit your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir : hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there bemore said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir Iohn Palstaffe heere?

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

Euan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake. Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)

M.Pa. Sir, be doch in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; Is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he liath; beleeue me, Robers Shallow Efquire, faith he is wronged.

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir lohn.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complaine of me to

the King?

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

Fal. But not kils'd your Keepers daughter? Shal. Tur, a pin: this iliall be answer'd.

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

Shal. The Councell shall know this.
Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counrell: you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Pausaverba; (Sit lohn) good worts.

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

Slew. Marry fir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, Bardelf, Nym, and Piftoll.

Bar. You Banbery Cheele. Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pift. How now, Mephoftophilm?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym, Slice, I say; panca.panca: Slice, that's my humor. Slen. Where's Simple my man? can you tell, Colen?

Ena, Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand; there is three V mpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my felfe) and the three party is (lastly , and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them. Enan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priese of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards othe vpon the cause,

with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Piftol.

Pif. He heares with eares.

Exam. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affect ations.

Fal. Piftoll, did you picke M. Slenders parle?

Slow. I, by these gloves did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe eife, of feauen groates in mill-fixpences, and two Edward Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of Tead Miller: by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Piffoll?

Eum. No, it is salfe, if it is a picke-purle.

Pift. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner : Sir Iolm, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of denial; froth, and foum thou lieft

Slen. By these gloues, then 't was he.

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

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

Fal. What fay you Scarlet, and John?

Bar. Why fir, (for my part) I fay the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fine sentences.

En. It is his five sences : fie, what the ignorance is. Bar. And being fap, fir, was(as they fay) casheerd : and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

Sien. I, you spake in Lattenthen to: but 'tis no matter; lle nere be drunk whilft I live againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke : if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that have the seare of God, and nor with drunken knaues.

Enan. So got udge me, that is a vertuons minde. Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Geottemen; you heate H.

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

Sten. Oh heaven: This is Miltreffe Amo Page.

M. Page Hownow Millers Ford?

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

Mr. Page. Wife, bid thefe gentlemen welcome. come, we have a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Coine gentle-men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vikindnesse.

Slen. Thad rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonners heere : How now Simple, where haue you beene ? I must wait on my selfe, must I ? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you:

Sim. Booke of Riddles ? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-cake vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortaight a-

fore Michaelmas

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ftay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as twere a tender, a kinde of render, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here: doe you underfland me?

Slow. Isir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so.

I shall doe that that is reason,

Shal. Nay, but vnderfland me.

Slow. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Ginceare to his motions; (Mr. Skender) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of le

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow faies : I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Enan. Butthatis not the question : the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

En. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. An Page. Slew. Why if it be fog I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips : for divers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth therfore precisely, ca you carry your good wil to maid?

Sh. Colen Abraham Slender, can you love her? Slew. I hope fir, I will do as it shall become one that

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

Shal. That you must : Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen, I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your

request (Colen) in 2ny reason.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee. (sweet Coz):

what I doe is to pleasure you (Coz :) can you loue the maid ?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content: but if you fay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissoluted, and dissolutely.

Es. It

Eu. It is a fery discetion-answere; saue the fall is in the ord, dissolutely : the ort is (according to our meaning) resolutely : his meaning is good.

Sh. I: Ithinke my Colen meant well.

Sl. I, or elfe I would I might be hang'd (la.) Sh. Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were yong for your fake, Mistris Anne.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires

your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)

Eu. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be absece at the grace.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir? SI. No, I thank you for footh, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, for sooth: goe Sirha, foe all you are my man, goe wast vpon my Cofen Shallow: a lustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead : but what though, yet Iliue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they

will not fit till you come.

St. I faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my thin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of sew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the small of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'dof.

St. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in England : you are afraid if you fee the Beareloofe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

SI. That's meate and drinke to me now: I have feene Sucker for loofe, twenty times, and have taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women have so cride and shrekt at it, that it past : But women indeede, cannot abide'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things,

Ma.Pa.Come, gentle M. Slender, come; we stay for you.

SI. He eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir come,come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way. Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

St. Millris Anne: your felle shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

51. Trucky I will not goefirst: trucky-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

SI. He rather be vnmannerly, then troublesome: you doe your felfe wrong indeede-la. Excunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Enans, and Simple.

En. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor Caine house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris Quickly; which is in the manner of his Nurle; or his dry-Nurle; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Walher, and his Ringer. Si, Well Sic.

En. Nay, it is petter yet : give her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintace with Miltris Anne Page; and the Letter is to defire, and require her to folicite your Masters desires, to Misteis Anne Page: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheele to come.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page.

Fal. Mine Hoft of the Garrer!

Ho. What faies my Bully Rooke? Speake Schollerly, and wifely.

Fal. Truely mine Heft; I must turne away some of my sollowers.

Ho. Discard, (bully Herceles) coshecre; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou're an Emperor (Cefar, Keifer and Pheazar) I will entertaine Bardolfe; he shall draw; he shall tap; said 1 well (bully Heltor?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Hoft.

Ho. I have spoke; let him follow: let me see thee froth, and line: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him: a Tapfter is a good trade. an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a fresh Tapster : goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I have defir'd : I will thrive.

Pift. O bale hungarian wight: wilt othe spigot wield NI. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor coceited? Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox : his

Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to feale at a minutes reft.

Pift. Conuay: the wife it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well firs, I am almost out at heeles. Psst. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Puft. Yong Ravens must have foode.
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne? Pift. I kenthe wight : he is of substance good.

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

Pift. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now Piffoll: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about : but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make love to Fords wife : I spie entertainment in her : shee discourses : shee carves: the gives the leere of invitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am Sir lohn Falftafs.

Pift. He hath fludied her will; and translated her will:

out of honefty, into English.

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

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

Pift. As many divels entertaine: and to her Boy fay I. Ni. The humor rifes; it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writime here a letter to her i & here another to Pages wife, who even now gave mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most judicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: fometimes my portly belly.

DZ

Piff. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O fine did to course o're my exteriors with fuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did feeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purle too, She is a Region in Guiana; all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies; and I will trade to them both : Goe, beare thou this Letter to Miltris Page; and thou this to Militis Ford; we will thriue (Lads) we will thrine.

P.A. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become. And by my fide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

No. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-

Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you thefe Letters tightly, Saile like my Pinnaffe to thefe golden fhores. hogues, hence, auaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe, Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe : feeke shelter, packe . Falftaffe will learne the honor of the age, French-thrift, you Rogues, my felfe, and skirted Page.

Pift. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore, Tester ile have in pouch when thou shalt lacke,

Bale Phrygian Turke.
Ni. I have opperations. Which be humors of revenge.

Pift. Wilt thou revenge? Ni. By Welkin, and her Star. Peft. Withwit, or Steeles

Ni. With both the humors, I:

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to Ford.

Pift. And I to Page shall eke vnfold

How Falftaffe (verlet vile)

His Doue will proue: his gold will hold, And his fost couch defile.

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense Ford to deale with poylon: I will possesse him with yellow -. nesse, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pife. Thouart the Mars of Malscontenss: I fecond thee: troope on.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Miftris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Dollar, Cains, Fenton

Qu. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Calement and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter Caise comming : if he doe (l'faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ra, Ilegoe watch

Qu Goe, and we'll have a poffer for't foone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest willing, kinde fellow, as ever fervant shall come in boule withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate: his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; hee is something pecuish that way : but no body but has his fault : but let that passe. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

2x. And Maller Stender's your Maller?

Si. Iforfooth

Qu. Do'she not weare a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife?

Si. No forfooth : he hath but a little wee-face ; with a little yellow beard ta Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A fofely-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How fay you : oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold up his head(as it were?) and first in his gaze?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

2n. Well heaven fend Ame Page, no worle fortune: Tell Master Parson Eugns, I will doe what I can for your Master: Anne is a good girle, and I wish -

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be thent : Run in here good young man : goe into this Cloffet : he will not flay long : what John Rugby? John: what John I say? goe John, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home : (and downe downe adowne a. orc.

Ca. Vat is you fing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloffet, vnboyteene verd: a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-

2-Box.

Qu. I forfooth ile ferch it you : I am glad hee went not in himfelfe: If he had found the

yong man he would have bin horne-mad Ca. Fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for chando, le man voi a le Court Lagrand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sit? Ca. Our mette le au mon pochet, de perch quickly: Vere is dat knaue Rugby?

Qu. What lohn Rugby, lohn:

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are lobn Rugby, 22d you are lacke Rugby: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: que a je oublie: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I villact for the varld I shall leave behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O Diable, Diable : vat is in my Closset?

Villanie, La-roone: Rugby, my Rapier.
24. Good Master be content.
Ca. Wherefore thall I be content-a?

Qu. The youg man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closse: dere

is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson Hugh.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forfooth: to defire her to -

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-2-your Tale.
Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid)

to speake a good word to Mistris Arme Page, for my Mafer in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeedo-la: but ile nere puemy finger

in the fire, and neede ast.

Ce. Sie Hugh lend-a you? Rughy, ballow mee fome paper: terry you alittell-a-while.

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had bin throughly moued, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholly : but notwithstanding man, Ile doe you your Mafter what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, \$ French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, feowze, dreffe meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my (elfe.)

Simp. Tis a great charge to come under one bodies

hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge : and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold have no words of it) my Mafter himselfe is in love with Miftris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know Am mind, that's

neither heere nor there.

Cains. You, lack Nape : give- a this Letter to Sir Hagh, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scuruy lack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make : - you may be gon : it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones 1 by gar, he Chall not have a stone to throw at his dogge.

Que. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caiss. It is no mattet'a ver dat : do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue Anne Page for my selfe ? by gar, I vill kill de Iack-Prieft; and I have appointed mine Host of de larteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selse have Anne Page.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well:

We must give folkes leave to prate: what the good-ier.

Cases. Right, come to the Cours with me: by gar, if
I have not Aune Page, I shall turne your head out of my

dore: follow my heeles Rugby.
Qui. You shall have An-fooles head of your owne: No, I know Aw mind for that : neuer a woman in Windfor knowes more of Ass minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heaven.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I cros? Come nesse the house I bash kon.

Fin. How now (good woman) how doft thou ? 2si. The better that it pleases your good Worship

Em. Whatnewes? how do'e pretty Mistris Anne?

Qui. In truth Sir, and thee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it. Fon. Shall I doe any good thighest theu? Shall I not

loefe my fuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithflanding (Master Person) He be sworne on a booke Live loves you : have not your Worthip a wart about your eye?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that?

Qui, Wei, thereby hangs a tale 1 goodfaith, it is such enother Max; (but (I detect) an honest maid as over broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that were ; X shall never laugh but in that maids company a but (indeed) thee is given too much so Allicholy and musing:

ney for thee: Let mee have thy voice in my behalfe : if thou feelkher beforeme, commend me

Ow. Will I? If sick that wee will: And I will tell your Worthip more of the Wort, the next time we have confidence, and of other woods.

Fox. Well, fare-well, I am in great hafte now. Que. Fare-well to your Worthip: truely an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans

minde as well as another do's : out vpon's : what have I

Actus Secundus. Scana Prima.

Ewter Mistru Page, Missiru Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Piffoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoft, Shallow.

Mist Page. What, have scap'd Loue-lesters in the holly day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? let the fee?

Aske me no reason why I losse you, for though Loue wife Reason for bis precisian, bee admits bim not for bis Counsailour. you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpathie: you are merry, fo am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpathie: on long facke, and fo do 1: would you defire better simparbie? Let it suffice thee (Mistres Page) at the teast of the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not fay pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, some me

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night; Or any hinde of light, with all he might, For ibec 10 fight. John Falftaffe.

What a Hered of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age

To thow himfelfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied Behausour hath this Flemish drunkard picke (with The Deuills name) out of my conversation, 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 Ile 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 fure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mil Ford. Militu Page, trust me, I was going to your

house

Mif. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you looke veryill.

Stif Ford. Nay, Henere beleeve that; I have to thew to the contrary.

Mif. Ford. Well : I doe then : yet I fay , " Juld fhew you to the contrary: O Mistris Page, give mee some counfails.

Mistage. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O women r if it were not for one trifling tefpech, I could come to fuch honour.

Mi. Page. Hang the triffe (woman) take the nonour what is it? dispense with trifles : what is It?

Mi.Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall

moment, or fo: I could be knighted.

Mi.Paga. Vihat thou lieft? Sir Alice Ford? thefe Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

WilFord. Wee burne day-light: heere ; read, read ; perceive how I might bee knighted, I that thinks the worfe of fer men, as long as I have an eye to make differemote of massliking : and yet hee would not fweare ;

praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and welbehaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would have fworne his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Pfalms to the tune of Green-Sceues: What tempest (I tros) threw this Whale, (with formany Tuns of oyle in his belly) a Thoare at Windfor? How shall I bee revenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his owne greace : Did you euer heare the like?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs : to thy great comfort in this myflery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter : but let thine inherit first, for I proiest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, write with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two : I had rather be a Giantelle, and lye under Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twentie lasciulous Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mif. Ford. Why this is the very fame the very hand:

the very words : what doth he thinke of vs?

Mif. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: He entertaine my felfe like one that I am not acquainted withall : for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would never have boorded me in this furie.

Ms. Ford. Boording, call you it? He bee sure to keepe

him aboue decke.

Mi. Page. So will I: if hee come under my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe : Let's bee reveng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting : give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till bee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Gartet.

Mi. Ford. Nay, I wil confent to act any villany against him, that may not fully the chatineffe of our honefty : oh that my husband faw this Letter : it would give eternall

food to his jealouse.

Mif. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from lealoufie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable difrance

Mif. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis Page. Let's consult together against this greafie Knight: Conse hither.

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

Psft. Hopeis a curtall-dog in some affaires:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why fir, my wife is not young.

Piff. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both youg and old, one with another (Ford) he loves the Gally-mawfry (Ford) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pift. With liver, burning hot : prevent: Or goe thou like Sir Alleon he, with Ring-wood at thy heeles : O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pift. The horne I fay : Farewell :

Take heed, have open eye, for theeves doe for by night, Take heed are former comes, or Cuckoo-birds do fing.

Away fir Corporall None

Beleeve it (Page) he speaker sence.

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

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor oflying: heahath wronged mee in some humors: I should have borne the humour d Letter to her : but I have a fword : and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he lours your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: Ifpeak, and I auouch; tis true 1 my name is Nim: and Fallaffe loves your wife : adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheefe : adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth's?) heere's a fellow

frights English out of his wits. Ford. I will leeke out Falflaffe.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue. Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not believe fuch a Casaran, though the Priest o'th Towne commended him for a true man,

Ford. Twas a good fenfible fellow: well.
Page. How now Meg?

Mist. Page. Whether goe you (Georges) harke you.
Mist Ford, How now ((weet Frank) why are thou melancholy?

Ford I melancholy? I am not melancholy i

Get you home : goe.

Mif. Ford. Faith, thou hall some crochess in thy head,

Now: will you goe Mistris Page?
Mis. Page. Have with you you'll come to dinner George ? Looke who comes yonder · thee shall bee our Messenger to this paltne Knight.

Mif. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shee'li fit it.
Mif. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne? Que. Iforfooth: and I pray how do's good Muftrelle Aune

Mis Page. Go in with vs and see: we have an boures talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?
For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not? Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang em Saues : I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it : But thefe that accuse him to his intent towards our wives, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of feruice.
Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,

Do's he lye at the Garter?

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

Ford. I doe not mildoubt my wife : but I would bee losth to turns them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot

be thus facisfied.

Pege. Looke where my ranung-Host of the Garter comes : there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so mertily: How now mine Hof?

Hoft. Hownow Bully-Rooke: thou're a Gentleman

Caucleiro Iustice, I say

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoft) I follow. Good-even, and twenty (good Mafter Page,) Mafter Page, wil you go with vs? we have sport in hand.

Hoft. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuflice : rell him Bully-

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Priest, and Casse the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Holt o'th Garrer: 2 word with you.

Hoft. What faift thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold is? My merry Hoft heth had the measuring of their weapons; and (! thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (be-leeue mee) I heare the Parson is no Lester: hathe, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Hoft. Haft thou no fuit against my Knightfmy guest-

Caualeire?

shal. None, I protest : but sle give you a pottle of burn'd facke, to give me recourse to him, and tell him

my name is Brooms: onely for a seft.

Hoft. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt have egresse and
regresse, (said 1 well?) and thy name shall be Broome. Is is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoft.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill

In his Rapiet.
Shal. Tut fir: I could have told you more: In these times you fland on diffance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what : 'tis the heart (Mafter Page)' çis heere, 'tis heere : I have feene the time, with my long-fword, I would have made you fowre tall fellower skippelike

Hoft. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Have with you : I had tather heare them feold,

then fight.

Ford Though Page be a secure soole, and stands so firmely on his wiver frailty; yet, I cannot pur-off my o-pinion so easily: the was in his company as Pages house: and what they made there, I know not, Well, I wil looke further into't, and I have a disguise, to sound Falftaffe; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if the be otherwife, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Scena Secunda.

Emer Falkaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe,

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Poff. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I,

with fword-will open.

Fal. Not a penny : I have beene content (Sir,) you thould lay my countenance to pawne: I have grated ypon my good friends for three Reprecues for you, and your Coach-fellow Nim; or elfe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones : I am demn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse Briges loft the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadft it not

Piff. Didft not thou fhere? hadft thou not fifteene

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason ; thinkst thou Ile endanger ray foule, grath? 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 Picks-basch; goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand upon your honor: why, (thou vaconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor precise: I, I, I my felfe fometimes, leauling the feare of beauen on

the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am taine to shuffile : to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, and your boldbesting oathes, under the shelter of your bonor ? you will not doe it? you?

Piff. I doerelent: what would thou more of man? Ribin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qm. Giue your worthip good morrow.

Qui. Not so and't please your worthip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. le be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was bome.

Fd. I doe beleeve the swearer; what with me? 200. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or

Fal. Two thouland (faire woman) and the youthlafe

thee the bearing.

Que. There is one Militelle Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my felfe dwell with M. Doctor

Fal Well, on; Mistreffe Ford, you fay.

Qui. Your worship saies very true : I pray your worthip come a little neerer this waies,

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne

people, mine owar people.

Que Are they to? heaven-bleffe them, and make them his Serusnes

Fal. Well; Mistresse Ford, what of ber?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worthip's a wanton : well : heaven forg:ue you, and all of vs, I pray-

Fal. Mittrelle Ford : come, Mittrelle Ford

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it : you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'ris wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at Windfor) could never have brought her to fuch a Conarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Genelemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach afeer Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, fmelling to sweet-ly; all Muske, and so rulhling, I warrant you, in sike and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and luger of the best, and the fairest, that would have wenne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my felfe twensie Angels given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in eny fuch fort, as they fay) but in the way of honesty : and I warrant you, they could never get her fo much as fippe on a cup with the prowdest 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 fales shoe to mee? be briefe my good

thee-Mereurie.

Que. Marry, the hath recelu'd your Letter ; for the which the thankes you a thousand times ; and the gives you to notifie, that her husband will be ablence from his house, betweene ten and eleven.

Fel. Ten, and eleven.

Qui. 1, for footh; and then you may come and fee the picture (the fayes) that you was of : Mafter Ford her hufband will be from home; alas, the fweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very icaloufie-man; fne leads avery frampold life with him, 1900d hert.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman

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

Que Why, you say well : But I have another mellenger to your worthip : Mistresse Page hath her beartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, thee's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (1 tell you) that will not misse you morning not evening prayer, as any is in Windfor, who ere beethe other: and thee bade me tell your worthip, that her husband is feldome from home, but the hopesthere will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you have charmes, la : yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my

good parts afide, I have no other charmes.

Qui. Bleffing on your heart foi's

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this : has Fords wife, and Pages wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed : they have not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed . But Miltris Page would defire you to fend her your little Page ot al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio to the little Page: and truely Master Page is an honest man . neuer a wife in Windfor leades a bester life, then the do's: doe what thee will, fay what the will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when the iift, rife when the lift, all is as the will : and truly the deserves it; for if there be akinde woman in Windfor, the is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie

Fal. Why, I will

Qn. Nay, but doe so then and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any cafe have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy never neede to vinderstand any thing ; for tis not good that children should know any wickednes; olde folkes you know, have discretion, 25 they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am youthy debter . Boy, goe along

with this woman, this newes diffracts me

Pift. This Punckers one of Capidi Carriers, Clap on more failes, puriee : vp with your fights: Gwe fire: fine is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old lacke) gothy wates: He make more of thy olde body then I have done : will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of fo much money, be now a gamer ? good Body, I thanke thee : let them (ay'tis groffely done, fo it bee faitely done. no

Bar. Sir lebusthere's one Mafter Brame below would faine speake with you, and be at quainted with you; and hath ferriyour worthip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. Brooms is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in : fuch Browner are welcome to mee, that ore' flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse Pord and Mifireste Page, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, va.

Fal. And you fir would you speake with met Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will ? give vs leave

Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue fpent mach, my name is Broome.

Fal. Good Mafter Broome, I desire more acquaintance

Ford. Good Sir John, I fue for yours . not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinkemy selfe in better plight for a Lander, then you are the which hath famething embold ed me to this unlesfored introlion for they lay, it money goe before, all wases doclye

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

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money herre troubles me : if you will helpe to beare it (Sit laba) take all, or halfe, for ealing me of the carriage,

Fal Sir, I know not how I may deserve to beeyour

Portet

Ford. I will tell you fir, if you will give mee the hes.

Fal. Speake (good Master Broom) Ishall be gladeo

be your Seruant,

Ford. Sit, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had never to good means as defire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover athing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne iniperfection : but (good Sir lon) 25 you have one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them untolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easter, fith you your selfe know how eastett is to be fuch en 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, beflowed much on her : followed her with a dozting observance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her : sec'd every flight occasion that could but nigardly give mee fight of her : not only bought many prefents to gine her, but have given largely to many, to know what shee would have given : briefly , I have pursu'd her, as Love hath purfued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am fure I have received none, vnlesse Experience bea lewell, that I haue purchasedatan infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say

chis,
"Loue like a shadew fles, when substance Loue par sues, " Pursung that that flies, and fising what pursues

Fal. Haue you receru'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford, Never

Fel. Hane you importun'd her to fuch a purpose?

Fal. Of what qualitie was yout love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erecledit.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?
For. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some fay, that though the appeare honeft to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her muth so farre, that there is snrewd construction made of her. Novi (Sir John) here is the heart of my purpole : you are a gentleman of eacellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admit-tance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow d for your many warslike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. OSir.

Ford, Beleeueit, for you know it : there is money, spendit, spendit, spendmore; spendall I have, onely

give me fo much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable fiege to the honesty of this Fords wife : vie your Art of wooing; win her to confent to you: if any man may, you may as foone as any. Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your

affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foule dares not present it selfe : shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselues, I could drive her then from the ward of her putity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too. too strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't,

Fal. Mafter Broome, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Fords wife.

Ford. Ogood Sir. Fal. I szy you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir Iohn) you (hall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistreffe Ford (Master Broome) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her affifant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I fay I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen : for at that time the iealious-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am bleft in your acquaintance: do you know

Ford Sit?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know himnot : yet I wrong him to call him poore : They fay rheiealous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife feemes to me well-fauourd: I will vie her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my haruest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, fir, that you might a-

uoid him, if you faw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-falt-hutter rogue; I wil flare him out of his wits : I will awe-him with my cudgell : it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds homs: Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me foone at night : Ford's a knaue, and I will aggrauate his stife : thou (Master Broome) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raseall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience : who faies this is improvident lealousie emy wife hath fent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? fee the hell of having a falfe woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but fland under the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names : Amaimon founds well : Lucifer, well : Barbafon, well : yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Divellhimselse hath not such a name. Page is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be ieslous: I will rather trust a Florning with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welsh-man with my Cheese, an Irosh-man with my Aqua-vitabottle, or s Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee rumi-

uates, then thee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heaven bee prais'd for my jealousie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on Falftaffe, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three houres too foone, then a mynute too late : he, fie, he : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Sceng Tertia.

Enter Cains, Rugby. Page, Shallow, Stender, Hoft. Cains. Inche Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caims. Varis the clocke, Iack Rug. 'Tis past the howre(Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meer,

Cai. By gar, he has faue his foule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (lack 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, fo as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (lacke) I vill tell you how I vill

Rug. Alas fir, I cannot fence. Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeste: heet's company.

Hoft. Bleffe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor Cains.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctors

Sim. 'Giue you good-morrow, fir.

Caise. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for? Hoft. To fee thee fight, to fee thee forgne, to fee thee trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee palle thy puncto, thy flock, thy reverle, thy diffance, thy montent: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? haBully? what saies my Esculapius? my Galzen?my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Can. By gar, he is de Coward-lack-Priest of de vorld:

he is not flow his face.

Hoft. Thou are a Castalion king-Vrinall : Helter of

Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, fixe or feuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-

Shal. He is the wifer man (M. Docto) the is a cuter of foules, and you a curer of bodies: If you should fight, you goe again the haire of your professions : is it not true, Mafter Page?

Page. Master Shallow; you have your selse beene a

great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I fee a fword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Churchemen (M. Page) wee have some salt of our youth in vs, we are the fons of women (M. Page.)

Page. 'Tistrue, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It wil be found fo, (M. Page:) M. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home : I am fworn of the peace: you have show'd your selfe a wife Physician, and Sir Hugh hath showne himselse a wife and patient Churchman: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoft. Par-

Hoft. Pardon, Guest-Iustice; a Mounseur Mocke-

Cal. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoft. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour

Cal. By gar, then I hane as much Mock-vater as da Englishman: scuruy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hoft. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)
Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoft. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoft. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoft. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest, and M. Page, & ceke Cavaleiro Sleader, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hoft. He is there, see what humor he is in 1 and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields; will it doe well? Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a

lack-sri-Ape to Anne Page.

Hoft. Let him die: theath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Progmere, I will bring thee where Miltris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feating; and thou shale wood he r : Cride-game, faid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat : by gar I loue you : and I thall procure's you de good Gueft : de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoff. For the which, I will be thy aductfary toward

Ame Page: Said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell faid. Hoft. Let vs wag then.

Cal Come at my heeles, lack Rugh.

Excust.

Adus Tertius. Scana Prima.

Enter Enans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Cains, Rugby.

Easts, I pray you now, good Master Stenders serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way have you look d for Master Caise, that calls himselfe Doctor

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: every way : olde Windfor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Enan. Imost schemently desire you, you will also looke that way

Sim. I will Er.

Eur, 'Pleffe my foule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I sm? I will knog bis Vrinalis about his knaues costard, when I have good oportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To see Maiers to whose sails: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will me make our Peds of Roses: and a shoosfond fragrant passes. To state lew: 'Mercie on mee, I have a great dispositions to cry,

Melodiona bords fing Madrigals . - When as I fat is Pa bilon : and a thousand vagram Posies. To Shalow, coc.

Sim. Youder he is comming, this way, Sir High. Enan. Hee's welcome: Tofballow Rouers, to whofe fals:

Heaven prosper the right : what weapons is he? Sim. No wespons, Sirs there comes my Master, Mr.

Shallow, and another Gentleman ; from Frogmere, ouer the file, this way.

Enan. Pray you give mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shall How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sien. Ab sweet Anne Page.
Page. 'Saucyou, good Sur Hugh.
Enan. Plesse you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word? Doe you fludy them both, M'. Parlon?

Page. And youthfull full, in your doublet and hofe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office. Mr. Parlon,

Euan, Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman; who (be-like) having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne granity and patience, that ever

Shal. I have lived foure-score yeeres, and vp ward : I neuer heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, fo

wide of his owne respect.

Enan. What is he?
Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Dodor Caise the renowned French Phylician.

Enor. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a melle of porredge.

Page. Why?

Eura. He has no more knowledge in Hibertures and Galen, and hee is a knaue befides : a cowardly knaue, as you would defires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with

him

Slen. Ofweet Ame Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them afunder : here comes Doctor Caim.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal Sodoe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoft. Disarme them, and let them question : let them keepe their limbs whole, and back our English.

Cai. I pray you let a mee speake a word with your eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Enan. Pray you vie your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward : de lack dog : John

Enes. Pray you let ve not be laughing-Rocks to other

mens humors : I defire you in friendship, and I will one vey or other make you amend: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable: lack Rugby: mine Hoft de larter: have ! not fray for him, to kill him i have I not at deplace I did

Eugh. As I am a Christians-foute, now looke you: this is the place appointed, He bee judgement by mine Hoft of the Garter.

Hoft. Peace, I lay, Gallia and Gaule, Fruich & Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. 1,

Cal. I, dat is very good, excellant

Hoft. Peace, I fay : heare mine Hoft of the Gatter, Am I politicke? Am I fubtle? Am I a Machioell? Shall Iloofe my Doctor? No, hee gives me the Potions and the Motious. Shall I loofe my Parfon? my Priet?
my Sir Hugh? No, he gives me the Ptoverbes, and the
No-verbes. Give me thy hand (Celeftall) fo Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both . I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iffue: Come, lay their fwords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow

Shal, Truft me, a mad Hoft : follow Gentlemen, ful-

Slen. O Sweet Anne Paye.

Cas. Ha'do I perceiue dai? Haue you make-a-de-fot

ofvs, ha, ha?

Ena. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-flog: I defire you that we may be friends : and let vs knog out praines together to be revenge on this fame scall-scuray-cogging-companion the Hoft of the Garter

Cas. By gar, with all my heart : he promsse to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceive me too.

Enan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Stender, Host, ENAMS, CAIM.

Mift. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your ma-

Rob. I had rather (forfooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courner.

M.Pa.O you are a flattering boy, now I fee you'l be a

Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you M.Pa. Truly Sir, to sce your wife, is she at home?

Ford. 1, and as idle as the may hang together for want of company. I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry. M.Pa. Be fure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M.Pa. Icannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my

husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name Rob. Sir Iobn Falftaffe.

Ford. Six John Falstaffe.

M.Pa.He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is fuch a league betweene my goodman, and he : 15 your Wife at Ford Indeed the is. (home indeed) M.Pa. By your leave fir, I am ficke till I fee her.

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eres? Hath he any thinking? Sure they fleepe, he hath no vie of them: why this boy will carrie a letter ewentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelve score : hee peeces out his wives inclination : he gives her folly motion and aduantage: and now the's going to my wife, & Falfraffer boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and Falstaffer boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then tortute my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the fo-feeming Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull Alteon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke gives me my Qu, and my affurance bids me fearch, there I shall finde Falstaffe: I shall be rather praised for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is there : I will go.

Shal. Page, tre. Well met M. Ford.

Forda Trust me, a good knotte; I have good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe M' Ford

Slen. And fo must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with Miltris Anne, And I would not breake with her for more mony Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a march betweene An Page, and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will Father Page. Pag. You have Mr Stender, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (M' Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cas I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me. my nursh.

a-Quickly tell me so mush,

Host. What say you to yong M' Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eics of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry to he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't,

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Power: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much : no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply : the wealth I have waits on my confect, and my confent goes nor that way.

Ford. I befeech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner : befides your cheere you shall have sport, I will shew you a monster: M. Doctor, you shall go, so shall you Mr Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freet woing at Mr Pager.

Cas. Go home lobn Rugby, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ilemake him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Scena Tertia.

Encer M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falftaffe, Ford, Page, Caimi, Enant.

Mift. Ford. What lohn, what Robert.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket-

Mif Ford. I warrant. What Robin I fay

Mif. Page. Come, come, come.

Mift. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M. Pag. Giue your men the charge, we must be belefe. M. Ford. Marrie, as I cold you before (lahn & Rabert) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houle, & when I fo-dainly call you, come forth, and (without any paule, or flaggering)take this basket on your houlders: o done, trudge with it in all haft, and carry it among the Whitefters in Dorcher 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 over and over, they lacke no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

(with you? M. Paga. Here comes little Robin. Mill. Ford How now my Eyas-Musker, what newes Rob My M. Sir Jobn 11 come in at your backe doore

(Mist. Ford, and requests your company,
M. Page You litte lack-a-lent, have you bin true to ve Reb. 1, He be sworner my Master knower not of your being heere send hath threatned to put me into everlafling liberty, if I cell you of it : for he (weares he'll turne

Mift. Pag. Thou et a good boy: shis lecrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new dou-

blet and hose. He go hide me.

Mi. Ford. Do so 1 go tell thy Master, I am alone 1 Mi-

Arts Page, remember you your Qn.
Mift Pag A warrant three, if I do not sa it, hille me. Mift. Ford. Go-too then : we'l vie this vnwholfome humidity, this groffe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from layes.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly lewell? Why now let me die , for I have liu'd long enough : This is the period of my ambition: O this bleffed boure.

Mif. Ford. Ofweet Six loha.

.Fal. Miltis Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mift. Ford) now thall I fin in my with; I would thy Husband were dead, lle speakent before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miff. Ford. I your Lady Sir Ioba? Alas, I should bee e

pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me fuch mother: 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 Venetisa

Mft. Ford. A plaine Kerchlefe, Sir labn:

My browes become nothing elfe, nor that well neither. Ful. Thou are a tyrant to lay fo : thou wouldft make

an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy soote, would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femicircled Farthingale. Ifee what thou west if Fostune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend : Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mil. Ford. Beleeue me, thei's no fuch thing in me.

F.d. Whatmade meloue thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee : Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like 2-manic of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like. Bucklers-berry in fimple time : I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deferu Alt.

M. Ford. Do not berray me fir, I fear you love M. Page. Fal. Thou might it as well fay, I louc to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the recke of

a Lime-kill.

Mif Ford. Well, heaven knowes how I love you,

And you shall one day finde it.

Fel. Keepe in thet minde, Ile deferueit. Mift Perd. Nay, I must rell you, so you doe; Or elle I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miftris Ford, Miftris Ford , heere's Miftris Poge et the doore, swesting, and blowing and looking wildely, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not feame, I will ensconce mer behinde

the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do fo, the's a very failing woman. Whats thematter? How now?

Mift . Page . O militis Ford what have you done ? You'r sham'd, y'are ouesthrowne, y'are undone for ever. M. Ford What's the matter, good militin Page!

M Page. O weladay, mil Ford, having an hooeft man to your husband, to give bim luch caule of suspition.

M. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

M. Page. What cause of suspition? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford, Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming becker (Woman) with all the Officers in Windfor, to for a Gentle man, that he fayes is heere now in the house; by your confent to take an ill advantage of his absence you are vadone.

M.Ford Tis not lo, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heaven it be not fo, that you have fuch a man heere; but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windfor at his heeles, to ferch for fuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your felfe cleere, why I am glad of it : but if you have a friend bere, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your fenfes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentlemen my deere friend: and I fewe not mine owne fhame fo much, as his perill. I had rather thema thousand pound he were

out of the house.

M. Page. For shame, never land (you had rather, and you had rather:) your busband's beere at hand, bethinke you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, bow have you decrived me i Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable flature, he may creepe in heere, and throw sowle linnen spon him, as if it were going to bucking : Or it is whiting time, fend him by your two men to Darcher Meade.

M.Ford, He s too big to go in there: what shall do? Fat. Let me fee't, let me fee't, O let me fee't:

He in. He in : Follow your friends counsell, He in. M. Page. What Sir John Fastaffe ? Are thele your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away : lerme creepe in heere : ile never-

M. Page. Helpe to couer yourmaster (Boy:) Call

your men (Mist. Ford.) You distembling Knight.

M.Ford. What Isha, Rabort, Isha; Go, take up these cloathes heere, quickly I What's the Cowle-staffe! Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landrelle in Dat

cher mezd : quickly, come.
Ford. Pray you come neresif I susped without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest, I deserve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreffe for looch?

M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with bock-washing.

Ford. Buckel would I could wash my selfe of & Bucks Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke : I warrant you Bucke, And of the feafoutoo; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd ro night, Ile cell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, alcend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out : He warrant wee'le vakennell the Pox. Let me flop this way firlt: 10,000

Page. Good mafter Ford, be contented:

You wrong your felfe too much.

Ford True (meller Page) vp Gentlemen. You shall see sport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Enans. This is fery fantasticall humors and icalousies.

Caim. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:

It is not icalous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) fee the yffue of his fearch.

Mist. Pagels there not a double excellency in this? Mift. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, That my husband is deceived, or Sir lobn.

Mift. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your

husband askt who was in the basket?

Mift. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest rascall : I would all

of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspition of Falft affs being heere : for I never faw him so große in his iezlousie till now.

Mift. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet have more trickes with Falftaffe : his dissolute difeafe

will fearfe obey this medicine.

Mif Pord Shall we fend that foolishion Carion, Mill. Queckly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mill Page. We will do it : let him be fent for to mot-

row eight a clocke to have amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compasse.

Mif. Page. Heard you that?
Mif. Ford. You vie me well, M. Ford? Do you? Ford, I, I do la.

M. Ford, Heaven make you better then your thoghts Ford. Imen.

Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M.Ford)
Ford. 1,1: I must be are it. Em Is there be any body in the house, &c in the cham-

bers, and in the coffers, and in the presses : heaven forgive my fins at the day of judgement

Casus. Be gar, nor Itoo . there is no-bodies

Page Fy, fy, M. Ford, are you not asham'd; What spicit, what divell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha your diffemper in this kind, for f welch of windsor castle.

Ford. Tis my fault (M. Page) l fuffer for it.

Enens. You luffer for a pad conscience : your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desures among five thoufand, and five hundred too.

Cas. By gar, I fee 'tis an honest woman.
Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner:come,come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray harrly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, Ihaue a fine

Hawke for the bulh. Shall it be fo :

Ford. Any thing.

Es. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie Calf there be one, or two. I shall make-a-theturd. Ford. Pray you go, M. Page.

Ena. I pray you now temembrance to motrow on the

lowfie knaue, mine Hoft,

Cas. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Ena. A lowfie knaue, to have his gibes, and his mockeries, Exempt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender,

Quickly, Page, Mist. Page. Fen: I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue, Therefore no more turne me to him (fweet Nan.) Anne. Alas, how then !

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe, He doth obie&, I am too great of birth, And that my flate being gall'd with my expence, I feeke to heale it onely by his wealth. Besides these, other barres he layes before me, My Riots past, my wilde Societies,

And tels me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

An. May be he rels you true FenNo, heaven fo speed me in my time to come, Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee (Anne:) Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew Then flampes in Gold, or fummes in fealed bagges, And 'us the very riches of thy felfe,

That now I ayme at.

An Genile M. Fenton, Ye: seeke my Fathers lone, still feeke it fir, If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither. Shal. Breake their talke Mistris Quickly, My Kinfman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, sud, tis but ventu-Shal. Benot dismaid. (ring.

Sken. No, she shall not dismay me :

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui.Hark ye, M. Sleuder would speak a word with you An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice: O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Que. And how do's good Mafter Fenson? Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz: Oboy, thou hadft a father.

Slen. I had a father (M An) my vncle can tel you good refis of him : pray you Vncle, tel Mift. Anne the reft how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. Miltris Anne, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glocestershire.

Shal, He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman. Slew. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds joynture.

Anne. Good Maister Shallow let him woo for himfelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort : the cals you (Coz) lle leane you.

Anne. Now Master Stender. Slen. Now good Mistris Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Sless. My will ? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie iest indeede : I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hesuen:) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen

An.

Anne. I meane (M. Slender) what wold you with me? Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you : your father and my vncle hath made motion: if it be my lucke, fo ; it not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske yout father, heere he comes.

Page. Now M. Slender; Lone bim daughter Anne. Why how now? What does Mr Fonter here ? You wrong me Sir, thus ftill to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of. Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient.

Milt. Page. Good M. Penten.comenor to my child.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me? Page. No, good M. Fenten.

Come M. Shallow: Come sonne Stender, in ;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.) Qui. Speake to Mistris Page. Fen, Good Mist. Page, for that I loue your daughter

In fach a righteous fashion as I do. Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will

An. Good mother, do not marry me to youd foole. Mift. Page. I meane it not, I fecke you a better hufband

Qui That's my maffer, M. Dollor.

An. Alas I had rather be fet quick i'ch eerth,

And bowl deo death with Turnips.

Mift. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how the loues you, And as I finde her, fo am I affected : Till then, farewell Sir, the must needs go in, Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Miftris : farewell Nan. Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you

cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian: Looke on M. Ferren, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee : and I pray thee once to night, Give my fweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Nove heaven send thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Mistis Anne, or I would M. Slender had her: or (in footh) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for fo I have promifd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenten. Well, I must of another estand to Sir lehn Falltaffe frem my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falftaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford. Fal. Bardolfe I fay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be feru'd such another tricke, Ile have my braines tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues flighted me into the river with as little remorfe, as they would have drown'de a

blinde bitches Puppies, friteene i'th litter and you may know by my fize, that I have a kinde of alacrity in finking : if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but hat the shore was shelvy and shallow: a death that I abhorte t for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene (wel'd? I should have beene a Mountaine of Mummic.

Bar. Here's M. Qmoth Sireo Speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had [wallow'd foowbals, for pilles to coole the ternes. Cali her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qni. By your leave: I cry you mercy? Giuc your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices 1 Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely. Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe : lie no Pullet-Spersme in my brewage. Hownow?

Que, Marry Sir, I come to your worthip from M. Ford. Fal, Mift. Ford! I have had Ford enough. I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault : the do's to take on with her men ; they mistooke their erection. promise

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womens Qui. Well, the laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to fee it : her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickely, the'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so : and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let ber confider his freilety, and

then judge of my merit.

Qwi. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saift thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sit.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miffe her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of M' Broom: he lent me word to flay within: I like his money well. Oh, heere be comes.

Ferd. Blesse you Sir. What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife,

Ford That indeed (Sir loba) is my bufineffe.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you, I was at her house the houre the appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?
Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. Brooms.

Ford. How so fir, did she change her determination? Fal. No (M. Brooms) but the peaking Curnuto her hufband (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy 1 and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and infligated by his difference, and (forfooth) to ferch his boule for his wives Love.

Ford What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

For. And did he fearch for you, & could not find you? Fal. You shall heate. As good lucke would have it, comes in one Mift. Page, gives intelligence of Fords approch : and in her invention, and Fords wives diffraction, they convey'd me into a bucke basket.

Ford

Ford. A Buck-basket? Fal Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, Soule Stockings, greafie Napkins, that (Mafter Broome) there was the rankest compound of vilianous smell, that ever offended no-

Ford. And how long lay you there?,
Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I have suffered, to bring this woman to cuill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basker, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miffris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the icalous knaue their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would have fearch'dit : but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a fearch, and away went 1 for foule Cloathes: But marke the fequell (Mafter Broome) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an incollerable fright, to be detected with a lealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be flopt in like a ftrong distillation with flinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greafe: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subject to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutchdish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ferge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; histing hot : thinke of that (Master Broome.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am forry, that for my sake

you have sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no

Fal. Master Broome: 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 haue received from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twist eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Isit? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew: you shall haue her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I scepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this 'tisto be married; this 'tisto haue Lynnen, and Buckbaskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me : 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purle, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But least the Divell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot avoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, lle be horne-

Allus Quartus. Scana Prima.

Enter Mistria Page, Quickly, William Euans. Mist. Pag. 1s he at M. Fords already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come so-

Mift. Pag. le be with her by and by : le but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Mafter comes; 'tis a playing day I fee: how now Sir Hugh, no

Schoole to day?

Ena. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui 'Bleffing of his heart.

Mist Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband faies my fonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him fome questions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come. Mist. Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answere your Master, be not afraid.

Ena. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

W.B. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Ena. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faire) William? Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, fure.

Euas You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapis) William?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (William?)

Will. A Peeble.

Ena. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remember in your

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good William; what is he (William) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. Singulariter nominatino hie hac, boc.

Eua. Nominatino hig ,bag ,bog : pray you marke : genitino hum: Well . what is your Accufatine-case?

Will. Accufauno hinc.

Ena. I pray you have your remembrance (childe) Accusation bing, hang, bog.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you. Ena. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the Facaline case (William?)

Will. O, Vocasino, O.

Eus. Remember William, Focarme, is caret.

Qu, And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbearc.

Mist. Pag. Peace.

Eua: What is your Gentsine cafe plur all (William?) Will. Genitine case?

Will. Genitue horum, harum, horum.
Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes cale; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if the be a whore.

Ena. For shame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to reach the childe fuch words : hee teaches him to hic, and to hae; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call borum; sie vpon you.

Ena. Oman

Eugni. O'inan, art thou Lungties ? Haft thou no vnderftandinge for thy Cafes, & the sumbers of the Genders? Thou are as foolish Chushian creatures, as I would defires.

Mi. Page. Pre thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shewmenow (William, some declensions of your

will. Forfooth, I have forgot.

En. Icis Qui, que, qued ; if you forget your Quies, your Ques, and your Queds you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was. En. He is a good (prag-memory: Estewel Mis. Page.

Mis. Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh: Get you home boy, Come we say too long. Exquat.

Scena Secunda.

Liner Falfloffe, Mift. Ford, Mift. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caim, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. Mi. Ford, Your forrow hath eaten vp my fufferance; I fee you are obsequious in your loue, and I profeffe requitall. to a haires bredth, not onely Mift. Ford, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and cereinony of it : But sreyou fure of your husband now?

Mif. Ford. Hee's a birding (Sweet Sir lohn.)

Mif. Page. Whathos, goffip Ford: what hos.

Mif. Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home belides your felfe ?

Mif Ford Why none but mine owne people,

Mis Page, Indeed? Mis Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mift. Pag. Truly, Lam fo glad you have no body here.

Mif. Fard. Why?
Mif Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde
lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankinde ; so curses all Eses daughters, of what complexion foeuer ; and fo buffettes himselfe on the for-head : crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, feem'd but tamenesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now : I am glad the fat Knight is not heete,

Mift. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him? Mift. Page. Of none but him, and sweates he was caried out the laft time hee fearch'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere ; now he shall see his owne foo. leric.

Mift. Ford. How neere is he Mistris Paget Mift. Pag. Hard by, at freet end; he wil be here anon. Mift. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mift. Page. Why then you are veterly fham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him : Better Chame, then murther.

Mif. Ford. Which way should be go? How should I beflow him ? Shall I put him into the basket againe?. F.d. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket;

May I not go out ere he come?

Off. Page. Alas : three of M. Fords brothers watch the doore with Piftols, that none shall iffue out : otherwife you might flip away ere hee came : But what make you heer :

Fal. What shall I do ? lie creepe vp into the chimney. Mist Ford. There they alwales vie to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Mill Ford, He will sceke thereon my word: Neyther Presse, Coffer, Chest, T. unke, Well, Vaulr, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note : There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. lle go out then.

Mift. Ford. If you goe out in your owne femblance, you die Sir John, voleffe you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mill Page. Alas the day I knownot, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him : otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devile fomething: noy extremitte,

rather then a mischiese.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brain-

ford.has a gowne about.

moft. Page. On my word it will ferue him: shee's as big as he is : and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir lohn.

Mift. Ford. Go, go, Sweet Sir lobn : Miftrin Page and

I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you

Araight: 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, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beare her.

Mist. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the divell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mift Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mift. Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and calkes of the basket too, howfoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to mette him at the doore with it, as they did laft time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently:let's go

dresse him like the witch of Brainford.

Mift. Ford. He first dited direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ftraight.

Mift. Page Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leave a proofe by that which we will doo, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not afte that often, ieft, and laugh,

Tis old, but true, Still Swine cats all the draugh. Mift. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you

fet it downe, obey him : quickly, dispatch. 1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp

3 Ser. Pray heaven it be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had liefe as beare fo much lead. Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. Page) have you any way then to vafoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascais, there's a knot : a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the divel be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho.

neA

nest cloathes you fend forth to bleaching,

Page. Why, this paffes M. Ford: you are not to goe loofe any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks : this is madde, as a

mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. Ford, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Miftris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do 1?

Mift. Ford Heaven be my witnesse you doe, if you

suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth firrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the eloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Ena. Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wines cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I fay. M. Ford. Why man, why !

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket : why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligence is true, my icalouse is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas

death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. Ford: This

wrongs you. Euans, Mr Ford, you must pray, and not follow the

imaginations of your owne heart: this is realousies. Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine. Ford. Helpe to fearch my house this one time:if I find

not what I feeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport : Let them say of me, as icalous as Ford, that fearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ferch with me.

M. Ford. What hos (Mistris Page,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the

Chamber

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe under the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & fuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I fay.

Mist. Ford. Nay, good (weet husband, good Gentle-

men, let him strike the old woman.

Mist. Page. Come mother Prat, Come giue me your

hand. Ford. Ile Prat-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out : Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mist. Page. Are you not asham'd? I thinke you have kill'd the poore woman.

Mift. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'cis a goodly credite

for you

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard under his musser.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I befeech you follow . fee but the issue of my lealousie : If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truit me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

Mist. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.
Mist. Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate him most vapittifully, me thought.

Mist. Page. Ile have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung

ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious service.

Mift Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the divell have him not m fee-simple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe.

Mist. Pord. Shall we tell our husbands how wee have

Mift. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ferape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the mini-

Mist. Ford. He warrant, they'l have him publiquely fham'd, and methinkes there would be no period to the ieft, should he not be publikely sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things coole.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoft and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane defires to have three of your horses: the Duke himselse will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoft. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court : let mee speake with the

Gentlemen, they speake English? Bar. I Sir? He call him to you.

Hoft. They shall have my horses, but He make them pay: He fauce them, they have had my houses a week at commaund : I have turn'd a way my other guefts, they must come off, lle sawce them, come.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Enans.

Eua. Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,

Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand

(In him that was of late an Heretike). As firme as faith,

Page. Tis well, 'tis well, no more: Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence, But let out plot go forward: Let our wives Yet once againe (to make vs publike (port) 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 fpoke of. Page. Howe to fend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

En. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers : and has bin greeuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there (hould be terrors in him, that he (hould not come: Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall have no de-

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him whe he comes,

And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

Mis Page. There is an old rale goes, that Horne the Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest) Dothall the winter time, at fill midnight Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes, And there he blafts the tree, and takes the cattle, And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine In a most hideous and dreadfull manner. You have heard of fuch a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed-Eld Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age This tale of Herme the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:

But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our deuise, That Faistaffe at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape, when you have brought him thether, What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Miff. Pa. That like wife have we thought vpon: & thus: Nan Page (my daughter) and my little fonne, And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreffe Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white, With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands; vpon a fodaine, As Falftaffe, flie, and I, are newly mer, I et them from forth a faw-pit rush at once With some diffused long: V pon their sight Weswo, in great amazednesse will flye : Then let them all encircle him about, And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight ; And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell, In their fo facred pathes, he dares to tread In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound, And burne him with their Tapers.

Mift. Page. The truth being knowne, We'll all present our selves; dis horne the spirit, And mocke him home to Windfor,

Ford. The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'il neu'r doo't.

Ena. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I will be like a lacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,

He go buy them vizards.

Mish. Page. My Nau shall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Tage. That filke will I go buy, and in that time Shall M. Slender steale my Nan away,

And marry her at Earon : go, fend to Faly affe flraight. Ford Nay, He to him agains in name of Brooms,

Hee'l tellme all his purpose: sure hee'l come.

Mif. Page. Feare not you that : Go get vi properties And tricking for our Fayries.

Enani. Let ve about it,

It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries. Mis. Page Go Mist. Ford. Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde s

Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will, And none but he to marry with Nan Page That Slender (though well landed) is an ideot: And he, my husband best of all affects: The Doctor is well monied, and his friends Potem at Court : he, none but he shall haucher, Though twenty thousand worthier come to craucher.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simple, Faiftaffe, Bardolfe, Enans, Caire, Quickly.

Hoff What wouldst thou have? (Boore) what? (thick skin) fpeake, breathe, difcuffe : breefe, fnort, quicke,

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir Iohn Fal-

Staffe from M. Slender.

Hoft. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his flanding-bed and truckle-bed : 'ri: painted about with the story of the Prodigall, steft and new go, knock and call : hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian vinto thee : Knocke I fay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: He be fo bold as fray Sir till the come

downe : I come to speake with her indeed.

Hoft. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John: Speake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoft, thine Ephelian cals.

Fal: How now, mine Hoft?

Holl. Here's a Bohemian-Tarrar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman : Let her descend (Bully) let her descend : my Chambers are honourable : Fie, priva-

Fal. There was (mine Hoft) an old-fat-woman euen

now with me, but the's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master Stender, sent to her feelug her go thorough the ffreets to know (Sir) whether one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what fayes the, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry thee fayes, that the very fame than that beguil'd Master Slender of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it. Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman

ber

her felfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they flet vs know

Hoft. 1: come: quicke. Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.) Hoff. Conceale them, or shou di'ft.

Sim. Why fir, they were nothing but about Mistris Anne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis,'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir? Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; fay the woman told me fo.

Sim. May I bisbold to fay fo Sir? Fal. 1 Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master

glad with these tydings.

Host. Thou are clearly thou are clearly (Sir John)

was there a wife woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Hoft) one that hath taught me more wir, then cuer I learn'd before in my life : and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my lear-

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.
Hoft. Where berry horfest speake well of them var-

letto.

Bar, Run away with the cozoners: for so soone às I came beyond Eaten, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a flough of myre; and fet spurres, and away; like three Germane-diuels; three Dollor Fass-

Hoff. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not fay they be fled : Germanes are honest men,

Exon. Where is mine Hoft? Hoft. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments : there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Jermans, that has cozend all the Hofts of Readins, of Maidenhead; of Cole-brooke, of horses and money : I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wife, and full of gibes, and viouting-stocks: and 'tis not conucnient you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Vet'is mine Hoft de l'arteere? Hoft. Here (Master Dottor) in perplexitie, and doubt-

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat : but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke de Immanie: by my trot: der isno Duke that the Courcis know, to come : I cell you for good will : adicu.

Hoft. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe : affift me Knight, ! am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn-

done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I have beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come to the eare of the Court, how I have beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene washed, and cudgeld, they would mele mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dride-peare : I neuer prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at Primero: well, if my winde were busiong enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come MON ?

Qui. From the two parties for footh.

Fal. The Diuelt take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I have suffer'd more for their fakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mane disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And have not they fuffer'd? Yes, I warrantsfeeciously one of them; Mistris Ford (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot fee a white spot about

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my felte into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Braineford, but that my admirable dexteritie of wir. my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu, Sir : let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will fay somewhat ! (goodhearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ferue heaven well, that you are fo

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exemms.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoft.

Hoft. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is

heauy: I will give over all,

Fen. Yet heare me speake : assist me in my purpose, And (as I am a gentleman) ile give thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your loffe.

Hoft. I will heare you (Mafter Fenton) and I will (at

the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you With the deare love I beare to faire Anne Page, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection, (So farce forth, as her selfe might be her chooser) Even to my wish; I have a letter from her Of fuch contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, to larded with my matter, That neither (fingly) can be manifefied Without the thew of both : fat Falft affe Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest lle show you here at large (harke good mine Host:)
To night at Hernes-Oke, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Faeris- Queene; The purpole why, is here : in which difguife VVhile other lefts are something ranke on foote, Her father hash commanded her to flip Away with Stender, and with him, at Eaton Immediately to Marry : She hath confented : Now Sir, Her Mother, (euen strong against that match And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their mindes, And at the Dearry, where a Prioft attenda Strait marry her: to this her Mothers ploc She seemingly obedient) likewise hath Made promile to the Doller : Now, thus it refts, Her Father meanes she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender fees his time To take her by the hand, and hid her goe, She shall goe with him: her Mothet hath intended (The better to devote her to the Doller; For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That

That quaint in greene, the shall be loose en-roab'd, With Ribonds-pendant, flating bout her head; And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe. To pinch her by the hand, and on that token, The maid hath given content to go with him.

Hoff. Which meaner the to deceive? Father, or Mo-

Fen. Both (my good Hoft) to go slong with mc: And heere it refts, that you'l procure the Vicar To flay for me at Church, twiat twelue, and one, And in the law full name of marrying, To give our hearts waited teremony.

Hoft. Well, husband your device; lle to the Vicar, Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I enermore be bound to thee; Besides, lle make a present recompence. Exemp

Allus Quintus. Scana Prima.

Enter Falfroffe, Quickly, and Ford

Fal. Prethee no more practing : go, He hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odde Numbers, either in natinity, chance; or death: away.

Qui. lle prouide you a chaine, and lle do what I can

to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold up your head & mince. How now M. Braome ! Maker Brooms, the matter will be knowne to night, or never. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shail see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her gesterday (Sir) as you told

me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Breense) as you fee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Mafter Brooms) like a poore-old-woman; that fame knaue (Ford hir hufband) hath the finest mad divell of lealouse in him (Ma-(tet Broome) that ever govern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuoully, in the chape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare not Goliah with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in haft, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geele, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you ftrange things of this knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand . Follow, ftraunge things in hand (M. Broome) follow.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Sleuder.

Page. Come, come : wee'll couch i'th Cafile-dirch, till we fee the light of our Fairies. Remember fon Slender, my

Slen. I forfooth, I have spoke with her, & we have anay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; the cries Budget, and by that

Shal. That's good too ! But whatteder cither your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her wall enough. It hath Prooketen a clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven profeer our sport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his horner. Lets away : follow me.

Scena Terria.

Exter Mift. Page, M. A. Ford, Cours.

Mist. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you fee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Desnerie, and dispatchis quickly : go beforeinto the Parker we two must go together.

Car. I know yat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist Page, Fare you well (Sir.) my husband will not reioyce so much at the abuse of Fall affe, as he will chase at the Doctors marrying my daughter : But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heartbreake.

Mist. Ford. Where is Nor now? and her troop of Far-

ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mill. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herces Oake, with object'd Lights; which at the very inflant of Faiftaffes and our meeting they will at once display to

Mift. Ford. That eannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lecbery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mif. Ford. The house drawes-on : to the Oake, to the Oake. Exeums.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Enans and Fairies.

Emans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you : Come, come, trib, trib. Excent:

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falfaffe, Miftris Page, Mittris Ford, Essu, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quitty, Slender, Fenton, Carne, Pistoll.

Fal. The Windfor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods affift me: Remember love, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Loue fet on thy hornes. O powerfull Love. that in some respects makes a Beast a Man : in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the love of Leda: O

omnipotent

omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goole: a fault done first in the forme of : beaft, (O loue, a beaftly fault:) and then another fault in the lemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowlefault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windfor Stagge, and the fattelt (I thinke) i'th Fortelt. Send me a coole tut-time (Iouc) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

CM. Ford Sir lobu? Art thou there (my Decre?)

My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes : let it thunder, to the tune of Greenefleeves, haile-kiffing Comfits, and fnow Eringoes: Ler there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter mee

M. Ford. Mistrls Page is come with me (sweet hart.) Fal. Diulde me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch : I will keepe my fides to my felfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands: Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heaven forglue out sinnes. Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.
Fal. I thinke the divell wil not have medamn'd, Least the oyle that's in me should fer hell on fire; He would neuer else crosse me thus. Enter Fairies.

Qui. Pairies blacke, gray, greene, and white, You Moone - shine reuellers, and shades of night. You Orphan helres of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Pairy Oyes.

Pift. Elues, lift your names : Silence you alery toyes Cricket, to Windfor-chimnies shalt thou leape Where fires thou find'st vprak'd, and hearths vnswept, There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry, Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die, Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

En. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid That ere the fleepe has thrice her prayers faid, Ralle vp the Organs of her fantalie, Sleepe the as found as earcleffe infancie, But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their fins, Pineh them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qu. About, about Search Windfor Castle (Elues) within, and out. Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on every facred roome, That it may stand till the perpetuall doome, In stare as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The feuerall Chaires of Order, looke you fcowre With luyce of Balme; and enery precious flowre, Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest, Withloyall Blazon, euermore be bleft. And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you fing Like to the Garters-Compasse, in a ring, Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let It be, More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see: And, Hony Soit Qui Mal-y. Pence, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending kneed Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie. Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke, Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke Of Home the Hunter, let vs not forget.

Enan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your feldes in order And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee To guide our Measure round about the Tree. Eut flay, I fmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heeuens defend me from that Welfh Fairy, Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pift. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd even in thy

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end; If he be chafte, the flame will backe descend And turne him to no paine : but if he ftart, It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pift. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire? Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in delire. About him (Fairies) fing a fcornfull rime, And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song. Fix on sinnefull phaneasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie: Lust us but a bloudy fire, kindled with enchaste defire;

Fed in heart whose stames affire, As thoughts do blow them higher and higher. Pinch him (Farries) musually : Pinch him for his villanie. Pinch him, and burne bim, and turne him about, Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-Shine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we have watcht you VVill none but Herne the Hunter serue your now: turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no highes. Now (good Sir John) how like you windfor wives? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose & Cuckold now? M. Broome, Falstaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Master Broome: And Mafter Broome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Forels, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr Brooms, his horses are

arrested for it. M. Broome. M. Ford. Six lobn, we have had ill lucke : wee could neuer meete: I will neuertake you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Asse. Fard. 1, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are ex-

Fal. And these are not Fairles:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, droue the groffenesse of the foppery Into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of the reeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euant. Sit Iohn Falstaffe, serue Got, and leave your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. VVell faid Fairy Hugh.

Enans. And leave you your lealouzies too, 1 pray

Ford

Ford I will never mistrust my wife againe, till those

art able to woo her In good English.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to prouent fo groffe ore-reaching as this? Am Tridden with a Welch Goate too! Shal I have a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were chosk'd with a peece of toalled Cheele.

En. Scele is not good to grue putter; your belly is al

Fal. Seele, and Putter? Haue Iliu'd to fand 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.

Mist. Page. Why Sie loka, do you thinke though wee would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head end shoulders, and have given our felues without seruple to hell, that ever the deuill could have made you our

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of fiex?

Mift. Page. A pufumon?

Page. Old, cold. wither'd, and of intollerable en-

Forde And one that is as flanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as lob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eurn. And given to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and Iwearings, and Starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Woll, I am your Theame : you have the flart of me, I am deiected : I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell , Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vie me

as you will. Ford. Marry Sir, weel bring you to Windforto one Mr Browne, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have bin a Pander : ouer and about that you haue fuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefoll Knight: thou shalt est a poffee to night at my house, wher I will defire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laugher at thee : Tell her M. Slea-

der hath married her daughter.

Mif. Page. Doctors doubt that ; If Aune Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour Cause wife.

Slen. Whos hoe, hoe, Father Page.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,

Haue you dispatch'd?

Slew. Disparch'd? He make the best in Glostershire know on'c: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what fonne?
Shun. I came yonder at Easter to marry Mistris Anne Page, and the's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would have fwing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene Anne Page, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong. Sim. What neede you tell me that? I think to, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not have had him.

Fage. Why this is your owne felly,

Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Sten. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and The cride budget, as Ame and I had appointed, and yes it was not Ame, but a Post-masters boy

Mill Page. Good George be not angry , I knew of your purpole : euen'd my daughter muo where, and indeede the is now with the Doctor at the Deantie, and there married.

Cas. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozoned. I ha married oon Garloon, a boy; our pelant, by gar. A boy, it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozened.

M. Page, VVby? did you cake her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tisa boy: be gar, Ile raile all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Aent? Page. My heart milgiues me, here comes M' Fraton. How now M' Fenton?

Ame Pardon good father, good my mother pardon Page. Now Millers:

How chance you went not with Mr Skender?

M. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fm. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in loue: The cruth is, the and I (long fince contracted) Are now to forether nothing can diffolue vs Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed, And this deceit looses the name of crafts Of disobedience, or vaduteous title. Since therein the doth enitate and thun A thousand irreligious curled houres

Which forced marriage would have brought spouher. Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no zemedie: In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state, Money buyes Landa, and wives are fold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand

to frike at me, that your Arrow hath glane'd Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven grue thee ioy, what caonot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Decre are chae'd.

Mift Page. Well, I will muse no forther : M' Featon, Heauen give you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs every one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire Sir lobe and all.

Pord. Let it be fo (Sit lebri)

To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris Ford. Extent



MEASVRE, For Measure.

A Elus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Efcalus, Lords.

Duke.

Scalu.

Efc. My Lord. (fold,

Duk. Of Gouernment, the properties to vnWould sceme in me t'affect speec. & discourse,

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science Exceedes (in that) the lifts of all advice My firength can give you: Then no more remaines But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them worke : The nature of our People, Our Cities Institutions, and the Termes For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in As Art, and practife, hath inriched any That we remember : There is our Commission, From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither, I fay, bid come before vs Angelo : What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare. For you must know, we have with speciall soule Elected him our absence to supply; Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue, And given his Deputation all the Organs Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it? Esc. If any in Vienna be of worth

To vindetgoe such ample grace, and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleafure.

Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee.
Heaven doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not i Spirits are not finely tonch'd
But to sinciflues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like athrifty goddesse, the determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aductife; Hold therefore Angelo:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our felfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in Vienna
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old Efealue
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be fome more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Dak. No more euasion:
We have with a leaven'd, and prepated choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers is felse, and leaves vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
Assime, and our concernings shall Importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well;
To th' hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commissions.

Of your Commissions,

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk, My hastemay not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priusly away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not rellish well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happinesse.

Exis.

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well, Esc. I shall defire you, Sir, to give me leave To have free speech with you; and it concernes me To looke into the bottome of my place: A powre I have, but of what strength and nature, I am not yet instructed.

Ang. Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction have
Touching that point,

Esc. Ile wait vpon yout honor.

Exeunt.
Scana

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vaits peace, but not the King

of Hungaries.

2.Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. 1, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? ewas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to ficale: There's not a Souldier of vsall, that in the thanki-giving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier diflike it.

Lwc. I beleeue thee : for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was faid.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

I. Gent. What ? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1. Genr. Ithinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not ? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controugelie: as for example; Thou thy felle are a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but apaire of Theeres be-

tweenevs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and

the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gen:. And thou the Veluet; thou are good veluct; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee : I had as liefe be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now!

Luc. I thinke thou do'ft : and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine owne confession, leame to begin thy health; bur, while I live forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gen. I think I have done my felfe wrong, have I not? 2. Gent. Yes, that thou half; whether thou are tainted,

or free. Enter Bawde

Luc, Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes, I have purchas d as many diseases vader her Roofe. Ascemeto

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare,

I.Gent. I, and more.

Lsc. A French crowne more.

I. Gost. Thou are alwayes figuring difeafes in me; but thou art full of error, lam found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would fay) healthy: but fo found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the mest

Band. Well, well: there's one yonder arrefled, and carried to prilon, was worth fine thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Barrd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

s. Gent. Claudio to prison ? tis not lo.

Board. Nay, but I know 'tis fo : I faw him arrested: faw him carried away , and which is more, within thefe three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it for

Att thou fure of this?

Band, I am too fure of it: and it is for getting Medem Julierra with childe.

Luc. Beleeve me this may be the promised to meete me two howtes fince, and he was ever precile in promile

2. Cent. Besides you know, it drawes somthing neese

to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamatio. Luc. Aways let's goe learne the truth of ir. Band. Thus, what with the war; what with the Iwest, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. Hownow? what's the newes with Enter Clowne.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prilon.

Bay. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River. Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No : but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Firms mult bee pluck'd downe.

Band, And what shall become of chose in the Citie? Clow. They shall stand for seed they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them

Band. But shall all our bouses of resort in the Sub-

urbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Miffris.

Band. Why heere's a change indeed in the Common-

wealth; what shall become of me?

Clow. Come : seare not you: good Counsellets lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that have worne your eyes almost out in the service, you will bee considered.

Bawd What's to doe heere, Thomas Papster i let's

withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouoft to prison: and there's Madam Iulier. Exount.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudie, Iulier, Officers, Lucio & 2. Gent. Cla. Fellow, why do'ft thou fnow me thus to th'world Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge. Clau, Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will,

On whom it will not (soe) yet fill tis inft. (straint, Luc, Why how now Claudio t whence comes this tecls. From too much liberty, (my L cio) Liberty As surfet is the father of much fart,

So every Scope by the immoderate vie Turnes to refersint : Our Natures dee pursue

Like

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane, A thirfly cuill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief haue the soppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, Claudio?

(la. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it fo,

Pro. Away, Sit, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend

Lucio, a word with you. Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lechery to look'd after?
Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpop a true contract

Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true control of the post of the post of the control of the post of the control of the post of the control of the control

Luc. With childe, perhaps?
Cla. Vnhappely, euen fo.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpfe of newnes
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Gouernot doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait seele the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
Istagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-scowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowfie and neglected Act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

LNG. I warrant it is: And thy head flands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in lone, may sight to ff: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done fo, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'mee (Lucio) doe me this kinde feruice:
This day, my fifter should the Cloyster enter.
And there receive her approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that the make friends
To the strict deputie: bid her felse as y him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse diales,
Such as move men: beside, she hath prosperous Are
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

I'm. I pray thee may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would ftand under greenous imposition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be forty should be thus foolishly loft, at a game of ticketacke: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two houres.

Exempt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk: No: holy Father, throw away that thought, Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue

Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee

To give meseret harbour, hath a purpose

More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends

Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duh, My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to havne affemblica
Where youth, and cost, whilesse bravery keepes.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and sirme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travaild to Poland,
(For so I have strewd it in the common ease)
And so it is received. Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Tri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws, (The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,) Which for this foureteene yeares, we have let slip Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers, Having bound vp the threatning twigs of birch, Onely to sticke it in their childrens fight For terror, not to vse: in time the rod More mock'd, then sear'd: so our Decrees, Dead to institution, to themselves are dead.

And libertie, plucks Instice by the nose; The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite ashware Goes all decours.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To valoose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Then in Lord Angelo.

Dak. I doe feare : too dreadfull : Sith'twas my fault, to give the people scope, 'T would be my tirrany to firike and gall them, For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done When euill deedes have their permissive passe, And not the punishment : therefore indeede (my father) I have on Angelo impos'd the office, Who may in th'ambush of my name, firike home, And yet, my nature neuer in the fight Todo in flander: And to behold his fway I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order, Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee Supply me with the habit, and inftruct me How I may formally in person beare Like a true Frier: Moe reasons for this action At our more leyfure, shall I render you; Onely, this one : Lord Angelo is precise, Stands at a guard with Enuie : scarce confesses That his blood flowes: or that his appetite Is more to bread then stone a hence shall we see If power change purpole: what our Seemers be,

EXIV. Scona

E.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisco a Nun.

Ifa. And have you News no farther priviledges? Num. Are not thefe large enough?

1/a. Yes truely; I speake not as deliring more, But rather wishing a more strick restraine Vpon the Sifterstood, the Votarists of Saint Clare. Lucio wither.

Luc. Hos? peace be in the place. Ifa: Who's that which cals?

Nun. It is a mans voice : gentle Isabella Turne you the key, and know his bufinesse of him; You may; I may not : you are yet vn fworne; When you have vowd, you must not speake with men, But in the presence of the Prioreste; Then If you speake, you must not show your face, Or if you show your face, you must not speake: He cals againe: I pray you auswere him.

If a. Peace and prosperitie: who is'e that cals?

Lue. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me. As bring me to the light of Ifabella, A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sifter To her unhappie brother Claudo?

114. Why ber vahappy Brother Let me aske, The rather for I now must make you know I am that Ifabella, and his Silter.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greete you; Not to be westy with you; he's imprison.

Ifa Woeme; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my felfe might be his ludge, He should receive his punishment, in thankes: He hash got his friend with childe.

1/4 Sir, make me not your forie. Lier. Tis true; I would not, though tis my familiar fin, With Maids to feeme the Lapwing, and to left Tongue, far from heart; play with all Virgins for I hold you as a thing co-skied, and Isinted, By your renouncement, an imortall spirit And to be talk'd with in fincerity, As with a Saint.

Ifa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me. Lie. Doe not beleeue it : fewner, and truth; tis thus, Your brother, and his louer have embrac'd; As those that feed, grow full as blossoming Time That from the Redues, the bare fallow brings To seeming foyfon: even to her plenteous wombe Expresses his full Tilth, and husbandry.

If a. Some one wish childe by him? my colen lelin?

Low Is the your colen?

Ifa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names By vaine, though apt affection.

Lec. Sheirs. Isa Oh, let him marry her. Lue. This is the point.

The Duke is very firangely gone from hence; Bore many gendemen (my felfe being one) In hand, and hope of a ction: but we doe learne, By those that know the very Nerves of State, His giving-out, were of an infinite diffance From his true meant deligne: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his sothocury) Governes Lord Angelo; Amen, whole blood Is very know-broth some, who never feeles The wanton flugs, and motions of the fence; But doth rebate, and blunt his parutall edge With profits of the minde . Studie, and fait He (to give feare to vie and libertie,
Which have, for long, run- by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act.
Vinder whole heavy fence, your brothers life
Falsinto forfest: he arrests him on it. And follower close the rigor of the Statute To make him an example : all hope is gone, Vnlesse you have the grace, by your faire praier To fosten Angelo: And that's my puth of busineste Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa Doth he lo, Steke his hie?

Luc. Has census'd him stready, And as I heare, the Prouott bath a warrant For's execution

Ifa. Alss: what poore Abilitie's in me, to doe him good. Luc. Allay the powre you have. Ifa. My power? alas, I doubt. Luc. Our doubts are traitors

And makes va loose the good we oft might wic, By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord Angelo And let bim learne to know, when Maidens fue Men give like gods: but when they weepe and kneele, All their petitions, are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them.

Ifa. Ile fee what I can doe. Luc Butspeedily. No longer staying, but to give the Mother Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you : Commend me to my brother : foone at night He fend him certaine word of my facceste,

Luc. I take my leave of you. Isa. Good fir, adieu.

Exten

Adus Secundus. Scana Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalsu, and servents, luftice. Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law, Setting u vp to feare the Birds of prey, And let it keepe one shape, till custome make is Their pearch, and not their terror.

Esc. 1, but yet

Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman Whom I would faue, had a most noble father, Let but your bonout know (Whom I beleeve to be most firait in vertue) That in the working of your owne affections, Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing, Or that the resolute acting of our blood Could have attaind th'effect of your owne purpose, Whether you had not sometime in your life. Er'd in this point, which now you censure him, And puld the Law vpon you,

Ang. Tis one thing to be tempted (Efacter)

Another

Another thing to tall : I not deny The Iury passing on the Prisoners life May in the sworne-twelue have a thiefe, or two Guiltler then him they try; what's open made to lustice, That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes That theeues do paffe on theeues? Tis very pregnant, The Iewell that we finde, we floope, and take't, Because we see it; but what we doe not see. We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it. Yournay not so extenuate his oftence, For I have liad fuch faults; but rather tell me When I, that censure him, do so offend, Let mine owne ludgement patterne out my death, And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye. Enter Pronoft.

Efc. Beit as your wiscdome will. Ang. Where is the Pronoft? Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. Seethar Claudio

Be executed by nine to morrow morning, Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd, For that's the vimost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive vs all: Some rife by finne, and fome by vertue fall: Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none, And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good penple in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vie their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring them

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poure Dukes Constable, and my name is Elbow; I doe leane vpon lu-Rice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?

Are they nor Malcfactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of. and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Efc. This comes off well : here's a wife Officer.

Ang. Goeto: What quality are they of & Elbow is your name?
Why do Ribou not speake Eibow?

Clo. He cannot Sit: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that ferues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sit? whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Elc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honelt wo-

Efc. Do'ft thou deteft her therefore?

Elb. I say fir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pitty of het life, for it is a naughty house.

Efe, How do'ft thou know that, Confiable?

Elb. Marry fir, by my wife, who, if the had bin a woman Cardinally given, might have bin accus'd in fornieation, adultery, and all vncleanlinesse there.

Efc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I fir, by Mistris Ouer-dons meanes: but as she spit in his face, fo flie defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so,

Elb. Proue it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Ffc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, the came in great with childe: and longing (fauing your honors reverence) for stewd prewyns; fir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time flood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours have feene fuch diffies) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Efe. Go too : go too: no matter for the dish fir.

Clo. No indeede fir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: hut, to the point: As I fay, this Mistris Elban, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I faid) for prewyns: and having but two in the difh (as I faid) Mafter Froth here, this very man; hauing eaten the refl(as I faid)&(as I fay) paying for them very honeftly: for, 25 you know Malter Froth, I could not give you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede. Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the forefaid prewyns.

Fro. 1, so 1 did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that fuch a one, and fuch a one, were pall cure of the thing you wot of, vnleffe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.
Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to Elbowes wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Co. Sir, your horfor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, hot you shall come to it, by your honours leave: And I beseech you, looke into Masser Frash here fir, a man of foure score pound a yeare; whose father died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Maller Frosb?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, fitting (as I fay) in a lower chaire, Sir. twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to fir, have you not?

Fro. I haue lo, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then : I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in Rassia When nights are longest there: He take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause;

Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. Exa. Esc I thinke no lesse; good morrow to your Lord-Thip. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes

wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once. Elb. I befeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to

Clo. I befeech your honor, aske me.

Efe. Well fir, what did this Gentleman to her?

clo. I befeech you fir, looke in this Gentlemans face; good Master Frotb looke vpon his honor; "tis for a good purpole: doth your honor marke his face?

E/c. I

Esc. I fir, very well

(10. Nay, I befeech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doc so.

Clo. Doth your honor fee any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ilc be supposed 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 Freib doe the Conflables wife any harme? I would know that of your

Eft. He's in the right (Constable) what fay you to it? Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woinzn.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected per-

fon then any of us all

216. Varlet, thou lyest thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo Sir, she was respected with him, before he mar-

ried with her.

Ef.. Which is the wifer here; Inflice or Iniquitie? Is

this true!

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hamiball; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or the with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore Duker Officer : proue this, thou wicked Hamiball, or ile have mine action of battry on thee.

Efc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might have

your action of flander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it : what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe ?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thouseest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou are to continue now thou Varlet, thou are to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Efc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Frotb. Yes, and 'c please you fir.

Efc. So: what trade are you of, fir?

Clo. A Tapster. a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Millrisname?

Clo. Mistris Ouer-doz.

Efe. Hath the had any more then one busband?

Clo. Nine, fit : Oner-don by the laft.

Esc. Nine? come bether to me, Master Froth ; Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with Tapfters; they will draw you Master Froth, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you. Fro. I thanke your worthip: for mine owne part, I

neuer come into any roome in a Tap-boule, but I am

drawne in.

Efe. Well : no more of it Master Froit : sareweil : Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapfter: what's your name Mr. Tapfter?

Clo. Pompey. Esc. What else?

Cle. Bum, Six.

Efe. Troth, and your burn is the greatest thing about you, fo that in the beafflieft sence, you are Fempey the

great; Pomyey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howfaeuer you colour it in being a Tapfter are you now come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly fir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live Pompey by being a best to what doe you thinke of the trade Pempey ? is it a lawfull

Clo. If the Law would allow it, fir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor is shall not be allowed in Ucona,

(10. Do's your Worthip means to geld and fplay all the youth of the City &

Esc. No, Pomy.7.

Cla. Truely Sir, in my poore opinica they will too't then: if your worthip will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I cantell your

It is but heading, and hanging.

Cle. If you bead, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads t if this law hold in Victure ten yeare, ile rent the fairest bouse in it after three pence a Bay: If you live to fee this come to patte, lay Pompo told you lo.

Ele. Thanke you good Pompey; and in requirell of your prophetie, harke you : l'aduile you let me oor finde you before meagaine vpon any complaint whatfoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I thail beat you to your Tent, and proue a finewed Cafer to you: in plaine dealing Pompey. I shall have you whipt; fo for this time, Pampey, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worthip for your good counsell;

but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Esc. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Constable show long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeere, and a halfe fit.

Efc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, rou had continued in it some time: you say sesuen yearestoge-

Elb. And a halfe fir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you to oft vpon's. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to scree it?

Elb. Faith fir, few of any wit in fuch matters : 25 they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Efc. Looke you bring mee in the names of forme fixe or feuen, the most sufficient of your perill.

Elb. To your World: pshoule fir?

Esc. To my bouse: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Inst. Eleven, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me. Infr. I humbly thanke you.

Efc. It grieves me for the death of Classico But there's no remedie:

luft. Lord sugdo is fevere.

Esc. le is but needfull. Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes fo, Pardon is full the nurse of second woe: But yet, poote Claudio; these is no remedie. Come Sig.

Exam. Scana

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Sernant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight. I'le tell him of you.

Prp. Przy you doe; Ile know His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Emer Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's tho matter Prouoft? Pro. Is it your will Claudio shall die to morrow? Ang. Did not I tell thee year hadft thou not order?

Why do'ft thou aske againe? Pro. Left I might be too rash: Vnder your good correction, I have seene When after execution, Judgement hath Repented ore his doome.

.ing. Goe to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or give vp your Place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon: What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Iulies? Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more firter place; and that with speed. Ser. Here is the lifter of the man condemn'd, Defires accesse to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister e Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid, And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood, If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted, See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd, Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes, There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Sauc your Honour. (will: Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your Ifab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,

Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your fuite.

If ab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre, And most defire should meet the blow of Justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must, For which I must not plead, but that I am

At watte, twist will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

If the I have a brother is condemn'd to die, I doe befeech you let it be his fault,

And not my brother.

Pra Heauen give thee moving graces. Ang. Condemna the fault, and not the actor of it, Why every fault's condemnd ere it be done: Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function To fine the faults, whole fine stands in secord, And let goe by the Actor. Ifab. Oh just, but seuere Law :

I had a brother then; heaven keepe your honour.

Lee, Give 't not ore fo : to him againe, entreat him, Kneele dovine before him, hang vpon his govine, You are soo cold s if you fould need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue defire it: To him, I say.

Ifab. Mufthe needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie. Ifab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him, And neither beauen, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.
Ifab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

1 fab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse, As mine is to him?

Ang Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.
Luc. You are too cold.

Ifab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word May call it againe : well, beloeue this No ceremony that to great ones longs, Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed (word, The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe Become them with one halfe fo good a grace As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he, You would have flipt like him, but he like you Would not have beene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.
Ifab. I would to heaven I had your potencie, And you were Ifabell : fhould it then be thus? No: I would tell what 'twere to be a ludge. And what a prisoner.

Luc. I. touch him: there's the vaine. Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law . And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alm, alar:

Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage best have tooke, Found out the remedie: how would you be, If he, which is the top of Judgement, should But indge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that, And merete then will breathe within your lips Like men new made.

Ang. Beyou content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother, Were he my kiniman, brother, or my fonne, It should be thus with him : he must die to morrow.

Ifab. To morrow? oh, that's fodaine,

Spare him, spare him: Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchins We kill the fowle of leafon : shall we serve heaven With leffe respect then we doe minister To our groffe.felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you; Who is it that hath di'd for this oftence?

There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well faid. Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath flept Those many had not dar'd to doe that cuill If the first, that did th' Edict infringe Had answer'd for his deed . Now 'tis awake, Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet Lookes in a glaffe that shewes what future cuils Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd, And so in progresse to be hate'hd, and borne, Are now to have no fuccessive degrees, But here they live to end.

1726. Yet thew some pittie. Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show lustice; For then I pittie those I doe not know, Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule

And

And doe him right, that answering one fouls wrong Lives not to act another. Be fatisfied; Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you must be of first that gives this sentence, And hee, that suffers Oh, it is excellent To have a Giants licength: but it is tyrannous To vie it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well faid.

15ab. Could great men thunder As love himfelfe do's, love would never be quiet . For every pelting petty Officer Would vie his heaven for thunder; Nothing but thunder : Mercifull hezuen, Thourather with thy fazrpe and fulpherous bott Splits the vn-wedgabl: and gnorled Oke, Then the foft Mertill : But man, proud man, Dreft in a little briefe authoritie Mostignorant of what he's most affur'd, (His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape

Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven, As makes the Angels weepe; who with our fpleenes, Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: be will relent, Hee's comming : I perceive's.

Pro. Pray heaven the wio him.

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with our felfe, Great men may iest with Saints : tis wit in them, But in the leffe fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou're i'th right (Girle) more o'that. Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,

Which in the Souldier is flat blafphemie. Luc. Art auis'do'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put thele layings vpon me? Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others, Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it felfe That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome, Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his, Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue Against my brothers life.

Aug. Shee speakes, and 'cis such sence That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe. Ang. I will bethinke me; come againe to morrow.
If a. Hark, how liebrioe you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me? If. I, with such gifes that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had mard all elfe.

Ifab. Not with fond Sickles of the teffed-gold, Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore As fancie values them: but with true prayers, That shall be up at heaven, and enter there Ere Sunne rife: prayers from preferued foules, From fasting Maides whose mindes are dedicate

To nothing temporal!

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow. Luc. Goeto: 'tis well; away. Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe. Ang. Amen. For I am that way going to temptation,

Where prayers croffe.

Ifab. At what hower to morrow, Shall I attend your Lordship? Ang. At any time fore-noone.

Ang. From thee : even from thy vertue. What's this? what's this is this ber fault, or mine? The Tempter, or the Tempted, who fins most i 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 flowre, Corrupt with vertuous lesson : Can it be, That Modesty may more betray our Sence Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough, Shall we defire so raze the Sandwary And pitch our euils there? oh he, he, he: What doft thou? or what are thos Magdo? Dost thou defire her fowly for those things That make her good? oh, let her brother hue: Theeues for their robbery have suthority, When Iudges steale themselves : what, doe Houcher, That I defire to heare her speake againe? And feast upon her eyes? what is't I drozene on? Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint, With Saints dost bait thy booke : most dangerous Is that temptation, that doth goad vi on-To finne, in louing vertue: never could the Strumper With all her double vigor, Art, and Neture

Scena Tertia.

When men were fond, I fmild, and wondred how. Exit,

Once fur my temper: but this vertuous Maid

Subdues me quite 1 Euer till now

Emer Duke and Pronoft. Duke. Haile to you, Prosoft, so I thinke you are. Pro. I am the Prouost : whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my oleft order, I come to visite the affliched spirits Here in the prison: doe me the common right

To let me fee them : and to make me know The nature of their crimes, that I may minister To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull Enter Isliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine, Who falling in the flawer of her owne youth, Hath blifterd her report: She is with childe, And he that got it, fentened: a young man, More fit to doe another fuch offence, Then dye for this.

Duk. When must be dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow. I have provided for you, stay a while And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the fin you carry? Ist. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently. Dr. He teach you how you that areign your confeices

And try your penitence, if it be found, Or hollowly put on.

Inl. He gladly learns.

Date. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Int. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him. Dek. So then it feemes your most offenes full all

Was mutually committed.

Int. Mutually.

Duk, Then was your fin of heavier kinde then bis.
Int. I doe confeile it, and repent it (Fasher.)

Du Tie

Dut. Tismeet lo (daughter) but least you do repent As that the fin hath brought you to this fhame, Which forrow is alwaies toward our selves, not heaven, Showing we would not spare hezuen, as we love it, But as we frand in feare.

Isl. I doe repent me, as it is an cuill,

And take the shame with joy. Duke. There reft :

Your partner (45 I heare) must die to morrow, And I am going with inflruction to him: Grace goe with you, Benedicke.

IN. Must die to morrow? chiniurious Louc That respits me a life, whose very comfort

Is still a dying horror.
Pro. Tis pitty of him.

Excuse

Exis.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo. An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray To leverall subjects: heaven hath my empty words, Whilft my Invention, hearing not my Tongue, Anchors on Ifabell: heaven in my mouth, as if I did but onely chew his name, And in my heart the firong and swelling euill Ofmy conception: the state whereon I studied Is like a good thing, being often read Growne feard, and redious: yea, my Grauitie Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride, Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume Which the ayre bests for vame : oh place, oh forme, How often dost show with they case, thy habit Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wifer foules To thy falfe feeming? Blood, thou art blood, Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne Tis not the Deuills Craft: how now? who's there? Enter Sernact.

Ser. One Isabell, a Sister, defires accesse to you Ang. Teach her the way : oh, heavens Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart, Making both it vnable for it felfe, And dispossessing all my other parts Ofnecessary fitnelle? So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds, Come all to help him, and so stop the syre By which her thould revive : and even fo The general subject to a wel-wish King Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondactie Crowd to his presence, where their va-taught love I full needs appear offence : how now faire Maid Emer Ifabella.

Ifab. I am come to know your pleasure, Ax. That you might know it, wold much better please Then to demand what tis : your Brother cannot live.

Ist. Even so: heaven keepe your Honor. Ang. Yet may be live a while : and it may be As long as you, or I : yet he must die.

154. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Men, I befeech you: that in his Reprieue (Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted That his foule ficken not

Ang. Ha? fie, thele filthy vices: It were at good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne A man already made, as to remit Their lawcie lweetnes, that do coyne heavens lenage In stamps that are forbid : "cis all as case, Fallely to take away a life true made, As to put mettle in restrained meanes To make a falle one.

Isb. Tis fet downe fo in heaven, bur not ja carch. dug. Say you forthen I shall poze you quickly. Which had you rather, shar the most just Law Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him Give vp your body to such sweet vncleannelle As the that he hath fleind?

Ifab. Sir, beleeue this.

I had rather give my body, then my foule.

Ang. I talke not of your foule : our compel & fins Stand more for number, then for accompt.

1546. How fay you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake Against the thing I say: Answere to this, I (now the voyce of the recorded Law) Pronounce a fentence on your Brothers life,. Might there not be a charitie in finne, To saue this Brothers life?

Iseb. Please you to doo's, He take it as a perill to my foule, It is no finne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleased you to doo't, at perill of your foule Were equall poize of finne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beghis life,ifit be finne Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my fuit, If that be fin, He make it my blome-praier, To haue it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me. Your lence purlues not mine: either you are ignorant, Or leeme lo crafty; and that's not good.

Ifab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wildome withes to appeare most bright, When it doth taxe it felfe: As their blacke Masques Proclaime an en-shield beauty cen times louder Then beauty could displaied: But marke me. To be received plaine, He fpeakemore groffe: Your Brother is to dyc.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is fo, as it appeares, Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine. Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to faue his life (As I lubscribe not that, nor any other, But in the loffe of question) that you his Sifter, Finding your felfe defir'd of fuch a person, Whole creadit with the Judge, or owne great place, Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles Of the all-building-Law: and that there were No earthly meane to faue him, but that either You must lay downe the tressures of your body, To this supposed, or else to let him suffer : What would you doe?

1946. As much for my poore Brother, as my felfe; That is : were I under the tearmes of death, Th'impression of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies, And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed, That longing have bin ficke forgere I'ld yeeld My body vp to theme.

Ang. Than

Ang. Then must your brother die. Ife. And twee the cheaper way: Better it were a brother dide at once, Then that a fifter, by redocming him Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not youther as cruell as the Semence,

That you have flander'd fo?

Ifa. Ignomic in ransome, and free pardon Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,

Is nothing him to fowle redemption,

Ang. You foun'd of late to make the Law a tirant, And rather prou'd the fliding of your brother

A merriment, then a vice.

1/a. Oh pardon me my lord, it of laks out To have, what we would have, We speake not what we meane; I lomething do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearely love.

My. We are all frafie. Ifa Else ket my brocher die, If not a fedarie but onely he Owe, and forced thy weaknells.

Ang. Nay, women referre fraile too. Which are as easie broke as they make formes: Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre In profiting by them : Nay, call vs ten times fraile, For we are loft, as our complexions are,

And credulous to falle princs.

Ang. I thinke it well : And from this testimonie of your owne lex (Since I suppose we are made to be no ilronger Then faults may thake our frames) let me be bold; I doatrest your words. Be that you are, That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none. If you be one (as you are well express
By all externall warrants) shew it now, By putting on the destin'd Liverie.

Ifo. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord, Les me entreste you speake the former language.

Mag. Plainlie conceiue I loue you. And you tell me that he shall die for't

Ang. He shall not Ifabell if you give me love ! Ifa. I know your vertue hath a licence in's, Which feemes a little fouler then it is, To plucke on others.

Ang. Belceue ine on mine Honor, My words expresse my purpose.

Ifa. Hat Little honor, to be much beloeu d, And most pernicious purpose : Seeming, seeming. I will proclaime thee Angelo, looke for t. Signe me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an out-firetcht throate He tell the world aloud What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee Isabell? My vnfoild name, th sufteereneffe of my life, My vouch against you, and my place ith State, Will so your accusation oues-weigh, That you shall stiffe in your owne report, And fmell of calumnie. I have begun, And now I give my fenfuall race, the reine, Fir thy confent to my flarpe appetite, Lay by all nicetic, and prolixious bluftes That banish what they see for : Redceme thy brother, By yeelding up thy bodie to my will,

Or elfe he must not onelie die the death, But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out To linguing fufferance : Answer me to morrow, Or by the affection that now guides me most lleproue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falle, ore-weighs your crue. Eart

Ifa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell thus,

Who would believe me ? O perilous mouther That beare in them, one and the felfefame tongue, Either of condemnation, or approofe, Bidding the Law make curthe to their will, Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite, To follow as it drawes. He to my brother, Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him fuch a minde of Honor, That had he twentie heads to tender downer On twentie bloodic blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp, Before his fuler should her bodie stoope To fuch abhord pollution. Then Wabellive chaste, and brother die: "More then our Brother, is our Chastitie. Ile tell him yet of Angelo's request,

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

And fit his minde to death, for his foules reft.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Proveft. Du. So then you hope of perdon from Lord Antho? Cla. The milerable have no other medicine But onely hope: I'have hope to live, and am prepar'd to

Duke. Beabsolute for death reither death or life Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life: If I do loofe thee, I do loofe a thing That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art, Servile to all the skyle_influences, That dost this habitation where thou keep it Hourely afflict: Meerely, shou art deaths foole, For him thou labourst by thy stight to shung And yet runst toward him still. Thou are not noble, For all th'accommodations that thou bearff, Are nurst by basenesse: Thou're by no meaner valiant, For thou doft feare the loft and tender forke Of a poore worme: thy heft of reft is fleepe, And that thou of prouoskit, yet groffelie fearit Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felfe. For thou exists on manie a thousand graines. That issue out of dust. Happie shou are not, For what thou haft not, still thou striu'ft to get, And what thou half forgetst. Thou art not certaine, For thy complexion shifts to stronge effe as, After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt peose, For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes; Thou bearst thy heavie riches but a journie, And death valoads thee; Friend hast thou none. For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire The meere effusion of thy proper loiner Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume For ending thee no fooner. Thou halt nor youth, nor age But as it were an after-dinners fleepe Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffed youth Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Exu.

Thou haft neither heate, aftection, limbe, nor beautie To make thy tiches pleasant: what's yet in this That beares the using of life? Yet in this life Lie hid moe thouland deaths; yet death we feare

That makes these oddes, all even.

Cle. I humblie thanke you.

Fo sue to live, I finde I seeke to dle, And lecking death, finde life : Let is come on. Esto Isabello.

lab. Whathout Peace heere; Grace, and good com-

panie. Pro. Who sthere & Come in, the wish deferues a welcome.

Duke. Deere fir, ere long lie vifit you againe.

Cls. Most bolle Sir, I chanke you.

16a. My bufineffe is a word or two with Claudia Dre. And verte welcom : looke Signtor, here's your fifter.

Duke. Prouofi, a word with you. Pro. As manie as you please.

Date. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be ronceal'd.

Cla. Now lifter, what's the comfort?

As all comforts are a most good, most good indeede, Lord Angele having affaires to heaven Intends you for his fwife Ambassador, Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger; Therefore your best appointment make with speed, To Morrow you fet on.

Class. Is there no remedie?

Ifa. None, but such remedie, as to sauca head To cleaue a heart in twaine:

Clan. But is there avie?

Ifa. Yes brother, you may live; There is a diuellila mercie in the ludge, If you'l imploreit, that will free your life. But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuali durance?

1/2. I inft, perpetuall durance, a reftrance Through all the worlds valudatie you had To a determin'd fcope.

Chas. But in what nature?

Ifa. In fuch a one, as you conferring too t, Would barke your honor from that trunke you herre, And !caue you naked.

Class. Let me know the point.
16. Oh, I do feare thee Classic, and I quite, Leaft thou a feauorous life shoulds' entertaine, And fix or feuen winters more respect Then a perperuall Honor. Dar'st thon die; The sence of death is most in apprehension, And the poore Beerle that we weade upon In corporall fufferance, finds a pang as great As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why give you me this hame! Thinke you I can a resolution fetch From flowrie rendernesse? If I must die, I will encounter darknesse as a bride,

And hugge icin mintarmes. If There space my brother : there my fathers grave Did vuer forth a voice. Yes, thou must die: Thou art too noble, to conferue a life In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie, Whose setted visage, and deliberate word Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet-a diuell: His filth within being cast, he would appeare

A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cls. The prenzie, Longelo?

Is. Oh 'iis the cunning Liverie of hell, The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke Claudios If I would yeeld him my virginitie Thou might (tbe freed?

Cla. Oh heavens, is cannot be.

Ifa. Yes, he would glu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him fill. This night's the time That I should do what I abhorte to name, Or elfe thou dieft to morrow.

Claw. Thou shalt not do't,

Ifa. O, were it but my life, I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance

As frankely as a pin.

Clan. Thankes deere Ifabell.

Ifa. Be readie Claudes, for your death to morrow.

Class. Yes. Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the Law by thinofe, When he would force it? Sure it Is no finne, Or of the deadly feven it is the leaft.

Ifa. Which is the leaft ?

Cls. If it were damnable, he being to wife, Why would he for the momentarie tricks Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh Ifabell

Ifa. What laies my brother? (In. Death is a fearefull thing. Ifa. And shamed life, a harefull

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where, To liz in cold obstruction, and to ror, This sensible warme motion, to become Aknesded clod; And the delighted fpirit To harb in fierie floods, or to recide In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice, To be imprison'd in the viewlesse winder And blowne with restlesse violence round about The pendant world : or to be worle then world Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thoughts Imagine howling, ris too hornble. The weariest, and most loathed worldly life That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a Peradise To what we feare of death.

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sifter, let me line. What some you do, to save a brothers life, Nature dispenses with the deede to farre, Thas it becomes a vertue.

Ifa. Oh you beaft, Oh faitirleffe Coward, oh dilhoneft wretch, Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice? Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life From thine owne fifters shame? What should I thinke, Heaven shield my Mother plaid my Father faire : For fuch a warped flip of wildernelle Nere iffa'd from his blood. Take my defiance, Die, perish: Might but my beading downe Represent thee from thy face, it should proceede. He pray a thousand praises for thy death, No word to faue thee. Ch. Noy beare me Mabell.

Is. Oh fie, fie; fie: Thy find's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie

Mercy to thee would proue it felfe a Bawd,

The best that thou diest quickly. Cla. Ohlierre me Ifabolla.

Duk. Vouchfase a word, yong fister, but one word.

Dak Might you differ fe with your leylure, I would by and by have forme speech with you i the satisfaction I would require, is likewife your owne benefit.

Ife. Thouse no superfluous leylure, my stay must be Aolen out of other effaires; but I will attend you while.

Dake Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you & your fifter. Augelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an affay of her vertue, to praclife his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therfore prepare your selfe to death : do not farisfie your tefolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my fifter pardon, I am fo out of love

with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.

Dute. Hold youthere: farewell. Prouoff, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promifes with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. Det The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is chezpe in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the foule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it ever faire: the affault that sagels hath made to you, Fortune hath convaid to my understanding; and but that frallty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to faue your Brother?

Jab. I am nove going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fome thould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is-the good Duke decein'd in Angelo : if ever he returne, and I can fpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his go-

uernment.

Duke. That shall not be much smiffe: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your acculation ; he made triall of you onelie. Therefore festen your eare on my aduitings, to the love I have in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a metited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euerreturne to have hearing of this bufineffe.

Ifab. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my

Spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefuil: Have you not heard speake of Mariana the fifter of Fredericke the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Ifa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words were

with her name.

Duke. Shee should this Angelo have married : was affisnced to her outh, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the folemnitie, her brother Fredericke was wrackt at Sea, having in that

perished vellell, the downy of his lifter i but marke how heatily this befell to the poore Gentlewomen, there the loft anoble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever most kinde and naturall a with him the portion and linew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combynate-husband, this well-freming Angelo.

If ab. Canthin be for did Angelo to leave her?

Duke. Left her in her teases, & dried not one of them with his comfort : I wallowed his vowes whole, precending in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which the yet weares for his fake; and he, a marble to her teases, is wellhed with them, but relents not.

Ifab. 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 line? But how out of this can thee a-

Duke. It is a rupture that you may exfuly healer and the cure of it not onely faues your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

1 fab. Sheve me how (good Father.)

Dak. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection : his voiust vokindenelle (that in all reason should have quenched her love) buth (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and voruly : Goe you to Angelo, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your felfe to this aduantage; first, that your flay with him may not be long : that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it and the place answere to conucuience : this being granted in course. and now followes all ; wee shall adule this wronged maid to fleed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felse hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother faued, your honor untainted, the poere Mariana adustinged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and trake fit for his attempt; if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. VVbat thinke you of it?

1/26. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Dak. It lies much in your holding vp: hafte you specdily to Angele, if for this night he intrest you to his bed, give him promise of fatisfaction: I will presently to S. Luker, there at the mosted-Grange recides this deie-Aed Mariera; at that place call vponme, and dispatch with Angele, that it may be quickly.

Ifit. I thank you for this comfort fare you well good father.

Enter Elbau, Clause, Officers.

8th. Nay, ifthere be no remedy for it, but that you will needer buy and fell men and women like beafts, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duke Oh beauens, what fluffe is heere.

Cless. Twas never merry world fince of two viuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law: a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to fignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing

E.P. Come your way fir: 'bleffe you good Father

Duk, And you good Brother Father ; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Lave; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir . for wee have found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have fent to the Deputie.

Deste. Fie, firrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The entil that thou caufest to be done That is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke What 'cis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From fuch a filthie vice : fay to thy felfe, From their abhominable and beaftly touches I drinke, I eate away my felfe, and live Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So ftinkingly depending & Go mend, go mend,

Clo. Indeed, it do's flinke in some fort, Sit

But yet Sir I would proue

Dube. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofs for fin Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prison Officer: Correction, and Instruction must both worke

Ere this rude beaft will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he has given him warning : the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-mafter : ifhe be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as fome would feeme to bee

From our faults, as faults from feeining free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb His necke will come to your wast, a Cord sir. Clo. Ispy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cafer? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pigmalions images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extra ding elutch'de What reply? Ha? What faift thou to this Tune, Matter, and Methode Is't not drown'd i'th laft raine? Ha? What szift thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vvay? Is it fad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Dute. Still thus, and thus: Rill vvorle?

Luc. How doth my decre Morfell, thy Mistris? Procurcs the Rill? Ha !

Clo. Troth fir, thee hath esten vp all her beefe, and

the is her felfe in the tub.

Lee. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be lo. Euer your fresh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an valun'd confequence, it must be fo. Art going to pri-Cla. Yesfeith fir.

Luc. Why 'tis not smille Pempey: farewell: goe fay I fent thee thether : for debt Pomper? Or how?

Elb, For being a baud, for being a baud.

Lac. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why tis his right. Baud is he doubt-leffe, and of antiquity too : Baud borne. Farwell good Pempey: Commend me to the prison Pempey, you will turne good husband now Pempey, you will keepe the house.

*Cle.I hope Sir, your good Worship wil bemy baile? Luc. No indeed will not Pompey, it is not the weat: I will pray (Powpey) to encrezse your bondsgeif you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truftie Pompey. Bleffe you Friat.

Dake. And you.

Lac. Do's Bridges paint fill, Pempey ? Ha?

Els. Come your waies fir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Line. Then Pompey, not now : what newes abroad Frier! What newes?

Elb. Come your waies fir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (Pempey) goe : What newes Frier of the Duke

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some lay he is with the Emperor of Ruffin: other Some, he is in Rome : but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoeuer, I wish

Luc. It was a mad fantesticall tricke of him to steale from the State, and vlurpe the beggerie hee was never borne to : Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his ablence : he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him . Something too crabbed that way, Proor.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and feueritie must cure is. Luc. Yes in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They fay this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vvay of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Date. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true : and he is a motion generative, that's infallible,

Dake. You are pleasant fir, and speake apace. Loc. Why, what a with leffe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to eake away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hondred Bastards, he would have peide for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the service, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duke. I never heard the obsent Duke much derolled

for Women, he was not enelin'd that wray.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd. Dake. 'Tis not possible.

Lnc. Who, not the Duke! Yes, your beggar of alig: and his wie was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dilh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Dake. You do him wrong, furely.
Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his; a fhis fellow wras the Duke, and I beleeve I know the cause of his worth-

Date. What (I prothee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teethand the lippes; but this I can let you underfland, the greater file of the Subic & held the Duke to be vvile.

Date. Wifer Why no question bushe was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow Duke. Either this is Envie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he heth helmed, must appon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teftimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statefman, and a Soldier : therefore you speake unskilfully : or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Zwe.

Lac. Sir,I know him, and I love him.

Date. Loue telkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Lac. Come Sir, I know what I know

Duke. I can hardly believe that, fince you know not what you speake. But if cuer the Duke returne (as our pralers are nemay) let mee defire you to make your an-fwer before him; If it bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call sppoo you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, welknown to the Duke. Dake. He shall know you berrer Sir, if I may live to

report you.

Luc. I feare you not

Duke. O you hope the Duke will return no more: or you imagine me to vnburtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. He behang'dfirst . Thouart deceiu'd in mee Frier. But no more of this Canft thou tell if Claudio

die to morrow, or no

Dute, Why should be die Sit?
Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunner dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this engenitur'd Agent will en-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrower must not build in his housecenes, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would never bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Martie this (Tendro is condemned for vntroffing Farwell good Friar, Iprethee przy for me : The Duke (1 fay to thee againe) would eate Muttoo on Fridales. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though the smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: (ay that I faid fo : Farewell. Ext.

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality Can centure scape i Back wounding calumnie The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong Can tie the gall vp in the landerous tong?

But who comes heere?

Emer Escales, Fronost, and Band. Efc. Go, away with her to prison.

Based. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man : good my Lord.

Efe. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of cleuen yeares continuance, may it

please your Honor.

Band. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information againft me, Miftris Kaie Keipe-dowe was with childe by in in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage : his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come Philip and lacob: I have kept it my felfe; and fee how bee gives about

to abuse me.

Ese. That fellow is a sellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison : Goe too, no more words. Prouoft, my Brother Angelo will not be after'd, Clandio must die to mortow: Let himbe furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. Ifmy brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. Soplease you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Efe. Good'enen, good Father Duke. Bliffe, and goodnesse on you. Est. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To vieit for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In special businesse from his Holinesse,

Efr. What newes abroad ith World?

Date. None, butthat there is so great a Featuor on goodnelle, that the diffolution of it must cure it, Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be conflant in any undertaking. There is featfe truth enough aliue to make Societies lecure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wifedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is eueric daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what difposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that about all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe. Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather teroyeing to see another merry, then merrie at apie thing which profest to make him respice A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to his events, with a praier they may prove presperous, & let me delire to know, how you finde Claudio prepar'd? I am made to voderftand, that you have lent him vifita-

Duke. He professes to have received on sinifer measure from his ludge, but most willingly humbles himfelfe to the determination of Iuflice : yet had he framed to himfelfe (by the infiration of his frailty) manie deceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good leifure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Efc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I have 19bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremel faore of my modeflie, but my brother-Iuflice have I found fo scuere, that he bath forc d me to tell him, hee is indeede

Iuffice.

Date. If his owne life, Answere the straintesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to falle he hath fentene'd himfelfe.

Efc. I am going to visit the prilozer, Fare you well. Dake. Peace be with you, He who the fword of Heaven will bezre, Should be as holy, as feneare r Patterne to himselfe to know, Grace to fland, and Vertue go: More, nor leffe to others paying, Then by felfe-offences weighing. Sharne to him, whole cruell Briking, Kils for faules of his owne liking: Twing trebble theme on Angelo, To vec demy rice, and let his grow. Oh, what may Man within him hide, Though Angel on the outward fide? How may likenelle made in crimes, Making practife on the Times, To draw with yelle Spiders firings Most ponderous and subfantial things? Craft against vice, I must applie. With Argelo to night shall ive His old betroathed (but despited:) So disguise shall by th'disguised Per with falshood, false exacting, And performe an olde contracting.

Eig ARTE

Exu.

Alus Quartus. Scona Prima,

Enter Mariana, and Boy finging.

Song. Take, ob take those lips away, that fo fweetly were for fworne, And those eyes - the breake of any lights thes doe missead the Morne Bus my killes bring agasno, bring againe, Scales of love, bus feat d in vaine, feat d in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy long, and hafte thee quick away, Here comes a man of comfort, whole aduice Hathoften still'd my brawling discontent. I ery you mercie, Sir, and well could with You had not found me here fo mulicall. Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so, 21 y mirth it much displeas d, but pleas d my woe

Dak. Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme To make bad, good; and good provoake to harme. I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much voon this time have I promis'd here to

Mer. Youhaue not bin enquir'd after . I have fat here all day

Enter Isabell

Dwk. I doe constantly believe you : the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance alittle, may be I will call vpon you anone for some advantage to your Celfa

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

Note: Very well met, and well come:

What is the newes from this good Deputies Ifab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke, Whose westerne fide 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 have I made my promise, upon the Heavy midle of the night, to call vpon him. Dat, But shall you on your knowledge find this way? Ifab. I have t'anea due, and wary note vpon't, With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,

The way twice ore.

In action all of precept, he did show me Duk. Are there no other tokens

Betweene you 'greed, concerning her observance? Isab. No : none but onely a repaire ith' darke. And that I have possess him, my most stay Can be but briefe: for I have made him know, I have a Servant comes with me along That flaies vpon me; whose perswasion is, I come about my Brother.

Dak. Tis well borne vp.

I have not yet made knowne to Mariana

Enter Mariona.

A word of this : what hos, within; come forth, I pray you be acquainted with this Maid, She comes to doe you good.

Ifab. I doe defire the like.

Dak, Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and have found it. Date. Take then this your companion by the hand

Who hath a florie readic for your care: I shall actend your leifure, but make haste The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke ande. Dute. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eles Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dreame, And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed? Enter Marsana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterptrze vpon her father, If you aduite it.

Dake. It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.

Ma. Little haue you to fay When you depart from him, but fost and low, Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Dut. Not gentle daughter, feate you not at all: He is your husband on a pre-contract To bring you thus together 'tis no finne, Sith that the Juffice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceir . Come, let vs goc. Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to low. Exerni

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proxoft and Clambe.

Pro Come hicher fisha; can you cut off a mans head? Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can. But if he be a married man, he's his wives head, And I can never cut off a womans head,

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die Classdio and Barnardine: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to affift him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyues tif not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an unpittied whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be alswfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. Whathos, Abborfon: where's Abborfon there? Enter Abborson.

Alh. Doe you call fir ?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow In your execution : if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, wie him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you : he hath beene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale.

Clo. Pray fir, by your good fauor . for furely fir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call fir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abh. L

Abb. ISir, a Mifterie.

clo. Painting Sir, I have heard fay, is a Misterie; and your Whores fir, being members of my occupation, vefing painting, do prove my Occupation, a Milteriesbut what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abb. Sie, u is a Mifterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe. Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your trae man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough : So everie true mans appartell fits your Theefe.

Enter Procest.

Pro. Are youngreed?
Clo. Sir, I will feruehim: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth ofiner aske forgivenelle.

Pro. You firsh, provide your blocke and your Aze

to morrow, foure a clock.

Abb. Come on (Bawd) I will inftruct thee in my

Trade : follow.

Clo. I do defire to learne fit : and I hope, if you have occasion to vie me for your ownernracy you thall finde me y'are. For truly fir, for your kindoeffe, I owe you a good turne.

Pro. Call hether Barnardine & Claudio: Th'one has my pitie; not a lot the other, Being a Murcherer, though be were my brother. Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death, Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barrandine.

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, 23 guiltlesse labour, When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,

He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him? Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise? Heaven give your spirits comfort: by, and by, Ihope it is some pardon, or repreeue For she most gentle Chudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Date.

Dake. The best, and wholsoms spirits of the night, Inuellop you, good Prouoft: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None fince the Gurphew rung.

Duke. Not Isabell)

Pro. No.

Date. They will then ere be long Pro. What comfort is for Claudie? Duke. There's fome in hope. Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not fo, not fo: his life is paralel d Buen with the firoke and line of his great luffice He doth with holie abstinence subdue That in himselse, which he spurres on his powre To qualifie in others : were he meal'd with that Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous, But this being fo, he's iust. Now are they come. This is a gentle Prouofi, fildome when The Reeled Gaoler is the friend of men: How now? what coile ? That foirir's possest with hast, That wounds th'validing Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he mus stay vouil the Officer Anse to let him in : he is call dvp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for Claudio yet?

But he must die to morrow?

Fre. None Sir, nanc.

Dute. As pecre the dawning Prouoft as it is, You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely

You fomething know : yet I beleeve there comes No countermand: no such example have vier Belides, vpon the verse fiege of luftice, Lord Angelo hath to the publike care Profest the contrarie.

Emer a Moffenger.

Daly. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And herre comes Claude's pardons Mef. My Lord hath fent you this note,

And by mee this further charge;

That you (were not from the smallest Article of it. Neither in time, matter, or other circumftance. Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by Rich fin, For which the Pardoner himselfe is in : Hence hath offence his quicke celence. When it is borne in high Authority. When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's fo exterided, That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.

Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you: Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remisse In mine Office, a wakens mee

With this vinwonted putting on, methinks firangely. For he hath not vs'd it before.

Dick. Pray you leds heare.

The Laur.

What forcer you may be are to the contrary, let Cleadic be exocuted by fours of the clocke and in the afterzoone Bernatdroe: For my better fatufattion, let roce hove (Loudso) head for me by frue. Les ibu be duely perfor med wribe thought that more depends on at, then we must jet delwer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will enfirere it &

What lay yo to this Sir?

Drive. What is that Barnarday, who is to be zecoted in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurft vp & bred, One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not eather deliver'd him to his libertie, or executed him! I

haue beard it was ever his manner to do fo. Pro. His friends fill wrought Represent for him: And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord Augelo, came not to an undoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pra Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe. Date. Hath he borne himselfe pentendy in prison

How feemes he to be touch'd i Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken fleepe, careleffe, wreakleffe, zad four eleffe of what's past, prefent, or to come: lafenfible of morrality, and desperarely morrall.

Duke. He wants advice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to efeape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies encirely drunke. We have verie oft awak't him, as if to carrie him to execution and haw'd him a feeming werrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Drieg.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoft, honefly and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning; I will lay my selfe in hazard: Clandio, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater furfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentene'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but soure daies respit; for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesic.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?
Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it. Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, under penaltie, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Cleudio's, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my miltuctions 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 discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great difguifer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and fie the beard, and fay it was the defire of the penitent to be fo bat'de before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath. Dake. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the De-

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke abouth the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duce. Not a refemblance, but a certainty; yet fince I fee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all seares out of you. Looke yousir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. 1 know them both.

Duke: The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon oner-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'unfolding Starre calles up the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easise when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnar durst head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne: Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Emer Clowne.

Clo. I am as well sequeinted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris

Oner-dons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong Mr Rash, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine seore and seuencene pounds, of which hee made flue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr Capper, at the suite of Master Three-Pile the Mercer, for some soure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have ver heere, yong Dizze, and yong Mr Despevors, and Mr Cappersparre, and Mr Starve-Lacker the Rapper and dagger man, and yong Drop-beire that kild lustic Pudding, and Mr Fortblight the Tilter, and brave Mr Shootie the great Traveller, and wilde Hasse-Canne that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortle more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now so the Lords sake.

Enter Abborson.

Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardice hether.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine, you thust rife and be hang'd, Mr Barnardine.

Abh. What hoa Barnardine.

Barvardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyle there? What are you?

Cle. Your friends Sir, the Hangman!
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

And that quickly too.

Clo: Pray Mafter Barnerdine, awake till you areex, ecuted, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abb. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, firrah?

Cle. Verle readie Sir.

Ber. How now Abborfon?

What's the newes with you?

Abb. Truly Sir, I would defire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Ber. You Rogue, I have bin drinking all night,

I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir; for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may fleepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do weigh now thinke you?

Duke. Sir induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduste you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Dake. Oh fir, you must: and therefore I befeech you Looke forward on the journie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you have anie thing to tay to me, corne to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouest.

Dale. Vafit to lice, or die: oh gravell heart.

3

After

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner? 'Duke. A creature vapre-par'd, vameet for death, And to transport him in the minde be us,

Were damnable,

Pro. Heere in the prison, Bather. There died this morning of a cruell Feavor, One Regozme, a most notorious Pirate, A man of Claudio's yeares; his beard, and head Iust of his colour. What if we do omit This Reprobate, til he were wel enelin'd, And facisfie the Deputie with the vilage Of Rapozune, more like to Claudio?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides . Dispatch sepresently, the house drawes on Prefixe 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) presently: But Barnardine must die this afternoone, And how shall we continue Claudio, To saue me from the danger that might come,

If be were knownealiue

Duke. Let this be done, Put them in secret holds, both Barnardone and Claudio, Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting To youd generation, you shall finds Your lafetie manifested.

Pro, I am your free dependant. Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo Now will write Letters to Angelo, (The Propost he shal beare them) whose contents Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home : And that by great Injunctions I am bound To enter publikely: him He defire To meet me at the confectated Fount, A League below the Citie; and from thenee, By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.

We shal proceed with Angelo.

Enter Pronoft. Pro. Heere is the head, He earrie it my felfe. Dake. Convenient is it : Make a swift resurne, For I would commone with you of fuch things, That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ilemake all speede.

I [abell within.

Ezir

Isa Peace boa, be heere.

Dake. The conque of Ifabell. She's come to know, If yet her brothers pardon be come hither: But I will keepe her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

1/2. Hoa, by your leaue. Dake. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Ifa. The better given me by fo holy a man, Hath yet the Deputio fent my brothers pardou?

Duke. He hath released him, Ifabell, from the world, His head is off, and fent to Angelo.

Ifa. Nay, but it is not fo. Dake. It is no other,

Shew your wifedome daughter in your close parience. Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies. Duk. You shal not be admitted to his fight. Isa. Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Isabell,

Injurious world, most damned Angelo

Dute. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a lot, Forbeare it therefore, give your cause to heaven, Marke what I say, which you shalfinde By eucry sillable a faithful veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie you: eyes, One of our Covent, and his Confessor

Grues methis instance : Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angels.

Who do prepare to weete him at the gres, There to give vp their powre: If you can pace your wif-In that good path that I would wish it go, And you shal have your bosome on this wretch, Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,

Ifa. I am directed by you.

And general Honor.

Dak. This Letter then to Friet Peter give. Tis that he fent me of the Dukes returne: Say, by this token, I defire his companie At Mariana's house to night. Her cause, and yours He perfect him withall, and he shall bring you Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home. For my poore selle, I am combined by a facred Vow, And shall be absent Wend you with this Letter: Command thefe fretting waters from your eies With a light heart; trust not my holie Order If I peruert your courfe : whose heere?

Enser Lucia

Luc. Good reuen; Frier, where's the Prouoft? Dake. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie Isabella, I am pale as mine heart, to fee thine eyes fo red : thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran : I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fet mec too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth Ifabell I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantaffical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had lined.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do : he's a better woodman then thou tak'ft him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.
Loc. Nay tartie, Ile go along with thee,

I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Dake. You have told me too many of him already fir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Weach with childe.

Dake. Did you such a thing?

Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal flicke

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forfwear it, They would elie have married me to the rotten Medler. Date. Sir your company is fairer then honeft, refl you

well. Lucio. By my troth lie go with thee to the lanes end: if bandy talke offend you, we'el have very litle of it: nay

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus. Efa. Every Letter he bath writ, hath difuouch'd other.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisedome bee not tainted : and why meet him at the gates and reliver ou rauthorities there?

Ese. Ighesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Efc. He showeshis reason for that:to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against

Ang. Well: I befeech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, lie call you at your house : give notice to fuch men of fort and fuite as ace to meete him.

Efc. I shall fir : farcyonwell.

Ang. Goodnight. This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vapregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid, And by an eminent body, that enfore d The Law against it? But that her render shame Will not proclaime against her maiden loffe, How might the tongue me? yet reason dares her no For my Authority beares of a credent bulke, That no particular scandall once can touch But it confounds the breather. He should have siu'd Saue that his riocous youth with dangerous fense Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge By fo receiving a dishonor'd life With ransome of such shame: would yet he had lived Alack, when once out grace we have forgot Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. Em.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duhe and Frier Peter. Dake, Thefe Letters at fit time deliuer me. The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot, The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction And hold you ever to our specials drift, Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that As caule doth minister : Goe call at Flania's house, And tell him where I stay a give the lake notice To Valencius, Rowland, and to Craffus, And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate: But fend me Flaum firft.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. Enter Varrues.

Duke. I thank thee Variou, thou half made good half, Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle Varrisu.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Meriana. Ifab. To speak so indirectly I am loath, I would say the truth, but to accuse him so That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to dook . He faies, to vaile full purpole. Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Ifab. Befides he tells me, that if peradoenture He speake against me on the adverse side. I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Frier Pale Isab. Oh peace, the Frur is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have fuch vantage on the Date He shall not palle you:

Twice have the Trumpets founded.

The generous, and graueft Citizens Haue hent the gates, and very necre toon The Duke is entring :

Therefore hence away.

Excuest.

Actus Quintus. Scana Prima.

Emer Duke, Varriou, Lords, Angelo, Eferdes Lecto. Cuirens at fenoral doores.

Dak. My very worthy Colen, fairely met, Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to fee you Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both: We have made enquiry of you, and we heare Such goodnelle of your luftice, that our foule Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes Forerunning more requitall,

Ang. You make my bonds fill greater,

Dut Oh your defert speaks loud, &t I should wrong it

To locke it in the wards of cover bosome When it deserves with characters of braffe A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time, And razure of oblinion : Gine we your hand And let the Subject fee, to make them know That outward curtefies would faine proclaime Fauours that keepe within : Come Escalea You must walke by vs, on our other band. And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Ifabella.

Peter. Now is your time Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue faid a Maid) Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye By throwing it on any other obica, I ill you have heard me, in my true complaint, And given me luftice, luftice, luftice, luftice.

Dak. Relate your wrongs: In what, by whom? be briefe: Here is Lord Angelo shall gine you Iustice, Reucele your selfe to him.

Ifab. Oh worthy Duke, You bid me sceke redemption of the divell Heare me your selfe : for that which I must speake Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd, Or wring redreffe from you: Heare me : oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme: She hath bin a fuitor to me, for her Brothes Cut off by course of Justice.

Ifab. By course of Justice.

Ang. And the will speake most bitterly, and firange. Ifat. Most

Ifab. Most strange : but yet most truely wil I speake, That Angelo's fortworne, is it not ftrange? That Angelo's a murtherer, is't not ftrange? That Angelo is an adulterous thiefe, An hypocrite, a virgin violator, Is it not ftrange? and ftrange? Dute. Nay it is ten times frange?

Ifa. It is not trues he is Angelo. Then this is all as true, as it is strange; Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth To th'end of reckning.

Dake. Away with her : poore foule She speakes this in th'infirmity of sence.

1/4. Oh Prince, I consure thee as thou beleeu'st There is another comfort, then this world, That thou neglect me not, with that opinion Thus I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible That which but seemes valike, 'tis not impossible But one, the wickedft caitiffe on the ground May feeme as shie.as grave.as iust, as absolute : As Angelo, even to may Angelo In all his dreffings, caracts, ritles, formes, Be an arch-villaine : Beleeue it, royall Prince If he be leffe he's nothing, but he's more, Had I more name for badnesse. Duke. By mine honesty

If the be mad, as I beleeue no other, Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense, Such a dependancy of thing, on thing, As ere I heard in madneffe.

Ifab. Oh gracious Duke

Harpe not on that; not do not banish reason For inequality, but let your reason serue To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid, And hide the falle feemes true.

Duk, Many that are not mad Haue fure more lacke of reason:

What would you fay?

Isab. I am the Sister of one Claudio, Condemnd upon the Act of Formication To locse his head, condemn'd by Angelo.

I, (in probation of a Sisterhood) Was fent to by my Brother; one Lucio

As then the Messenger. Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace: I came to her from Claudio, and defir'd her, To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo

For her poore Brothers pardon.

Ifab. That's he indeede. Duk. You were not bid to speake.

Nor wish'd to hold my peace. Duk. I wish you now then,

Pray you take note of it: and when you have A bulinesse for your selfe: pray heaven you then Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Date. The warrant's for your felfe: take heede to't. 1506. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Lec. Right.

Dek. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong To speake before your time: proceed,

Isab. I went

To this pernicious Cairiffe Deputie. Dak. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardonit, The phrase is to the matter.

Diske. Monded againe : the matter : proceed.

Ifis. In briefe, to fet the needlesse processe by s How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd, How he refeld me, and how I replide (For this was of much length) the vild conclusion I now begin with griefe, and shame to viter. He would not, but by gift of my chafte body To his concupifeible intemperate luft Release my brother; and after much debatement, My listerly remorfe, confutes mune honout, And I did yeeld to him : But the next mothe betimes, His purpole furfetting, he fends a warrant For my poore brothers head.

Dube. This is most likely.

Ifab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (Speak'ft, One, By heaven (fond wretch) knowl not what thou Orelfe thou art fuborn'd against his honor In hatefull practife : first his Integritie Stands without blemish : next it imports no reason, That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himselfe; if he had so offended He would have waigh'd thy brother by himselfe, And not have cut him off: fome one hathfet you on: Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

Ifab. And is this all? Then oh you bleffed Ministers above Keepe one in patience, and with ripened time Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp In countenance: hezuen shield your Grace from woe As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleaued goe.

Duke. I know you'ld saine be gone: An Officer: To prison with her: Shall we thus permit A blaffing and a scandalous breath to fall, On him to neere vs? This needs must be a practice: Who knew of your intent and comming hisher?

Ifa. One that I would were heere. Frier Laim ich. Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:

Who knowes that Lodowicke?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, tis a medling Fryer, I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord, For certaine words he spake against your Grace In your retirment, I had fwing'd him foundly.

Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike And to fet on this wretched women here

Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.

Luc. But yesternight my Lard, she and that Fryer I faw themat the prilon : a fawcy Fryar,

Is very scaruy fallow.

Peter. Bleffed be your Royal! Grace: I have flood by my Lord, and I have heard Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute, Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her As the from one vngot.

Dice. We did beleeve no leffe.

Know you that Frier Ladowark that the speakes of? Peter. I know him for a man divine and hely, Not scuruy, nor a temporary medler As he's reported by this Gentleman: And on my truft, a man that never yet
Did (as be vouches) mif-report your Grace.
Lee. My Lord, most villanously, beleeve it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himleile: But at this instant be is ficke, my Lord:

Of

Of a ftrange Feauor : vpon his meere request Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint Intended gainst Lord Angelo, came I hether To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know Is true, and falle': And what he with his oath And all probation will make up full cleare Whenfoeuer he's convented : First for this woman, To suftifie this worthy Noble man-So vulgarly and personally accus'd, Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes, Till the her selfe confesse it. Duk. Good Frier, ler's heare it :

Doeyou not smile at this, Lord Angelo? Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles. Give vs some seates, Come cosen Angelo, In this I'll be impartiall : be you Iudge Of your owne Caufe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake. Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face Vntill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord.

Duke. Areyous Maid?

Mar. No my Lord. Duk. A Widow then ?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Det. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, the may be a Puncke : for many of

them. are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife. Duk, Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himfelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere 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 filence, would thou wert fo to. Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord Angelo.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord. Shee that Iccuses him of Fornication, In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband, And charges him, my Lord, with such a time, When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes With all th'effect of Loue,

Ang. Charges the moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk, No? you fay your husband

Mer. Why iuft, my Lord, and that is Angelo, Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body, But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes Ifabels.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face. Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske. This is that face, thou cruell Angelo

Which once thou fworst, was worth the looking on: This is the hand, which with a vowd contract Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body That tooke away the match from I sabell,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house In her Imagin'd person.

Dake. Know you this woman? Luc. Carnallie she saies,

Dat Sirha, no more.

Lec. Enoug my Lotd.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman, And five yeres fince there was some speech of marriage Betwixt my felfe, and her: which was broke off, Partly for that her promis'd proportions Came short of Composition: But in chiefe For that her reputation was dif-valued In leuitie: Since which time of five yeres I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her Vpon my faith, and honor, Mer. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words fro breath,

As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue, I am affianced this mans wife, as firongly As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord, But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house, He knew meas a wife. As this is true, Let me in fafety raife me from my knees,

Or else for ever be confixed here A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now, Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of suffice, My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue These poore informall women, are no more But instruments of some more mightier member That fets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord To finde this practife out.

Duke. I, with my heart, And punish them to your height of pleasure. Thou foolish Friet, and thou pernicious woman Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes, Though they would swear downe each particular Saint, Were testimonies against his worth, and credit That's feald in approbation? you, Lord Efcolus Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd. There is another Frier that fet them on,

Let him be fent for. Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed Hath fer the women on to this Complaint; Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly: And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth, Doe with your injuries as feemes you best In any chastifement; I for a while Will leave you; but sir not you till you have Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Exit. Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly : Signior Lucie, did not you fay you knew that Frier Lodowick to be a

dishonest person?

Luc. Cucullus non facit Monachum, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath fpoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Esc. Call that same Isabell here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to question, you shall see bow He handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc. Say you?

Lus. Marry fir, I thinke, if you handled her privately

She would fooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke, Pronost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way : for women are light at mid-

Efc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,

Denies all that you have faid.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the Promoft.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum

Efc. Come Sir, did you fet these women on to flander Lord Angelo? they have confes'd you did.

Duk. Tisfalle.

E/c. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the divell Be formetime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke?'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The Duke's in vs : and we will heare you speake,

Looke you speake iustly.

Dut. Boldly, at leaft. But oh poore foules, Come you to fecke the Lamb here of the Fox ; Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too : The Dake's vniust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeale, And put your triall in the villsines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Est. Why thou vareuerend, and vahallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou halt fuborn'd these women. To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the winesse of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him : we'll towze you loynt by joynt, but we will know his purpofe:

What? vniuft?

Duk. Benot so hot : the Duke dare No more Aretch this finger of mine, then he Darerackehis owne; his Subject am I not, Nor here Provinciall: My businesse in this State Mademe a looker on here in Vienna, Where I have feene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew : Lawes, for all faults, But faults fo countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

· Efc. Slander to th' State: Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you rouch against him Signios Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-

pare, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the found of your voice, I metyou at the Prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke.

Duk. Most notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you lo Sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him

Dak. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you indeede spoke so of him, and much more, much worle.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow i did not I plucke thee by the note, for thy speeches?

Duk, I protest, I love the Duke, as I love my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Efc. Such a fellow is not to be talk d withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the Provost? avisy with him to prison . lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak no more : away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk, Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists be? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come sir, come sir; so fish, why you bald-pated lying rascall-you mast be hooded must you? thow your knaues vilege with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: wall't

Duk, Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad it a Dube. First Prouest, let me bayle these gentle three : Sneake noraway Sir, for the Fryer, and you. Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Dat, What you have spoke, I pardon: fit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'ft thou or word, or wit, or impudence. That yet can doe thee office ? If thou ba'ft Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out,

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltire then my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be undiscerneable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre divine, Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Sellion hold vpon my fhame, But let my Triall, bemine owne Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Dak. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly. Doe you the office (Fryer) which confummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him Prouoft. E. Efe. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor.

Then at the Arangeneffe of it. Duk. Come hisher Ifabell,

Your Frur is now your Prince: As I was then Advertyfing, and holy to your bufineffe, (Not changing beart with habit) I am still, Atturnied at your feruice.

Isab. Oh give me pardon That I, your vassaile, have imploid, and pain'd

Your vnknowne Souerzigntie.

Duk, You are pardon'd Ifabel: And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know firs at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to faue his life : and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre, Then let him so be loft : oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celeritie of his death, Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here, Whose falt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well defended honor : you must pardon For Mariana's fake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother, Being criminall, in double violation Offacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant for your Brothers life, The very mercy of the Law cries out Most audible, euen from his proper tongue. An Angelo for Claudio, death for death. Hafte ftill paies hafte, and leafure, answers leafure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure : Then Angele, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'it deny, denies thee vantage. We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke Where Claudio Hoop'd to death, and with like hafte. Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord, I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Dak. It is your husband mock't you with a husband, Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit : elfe Imputation, For that he knew you, might teproach your life And chooke your good to come: For his Possessions, Although by consutation they are ours; We doe en-state, and widow you with all, To buy you abetter husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord, I craue no other, nor no beeter man.

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar: Gentlerny Liege. Dube. You doe but lonse your labour. Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mer. Oh my good Lord, fweet ifabell, take my part, Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,

I'll lend you all my life to doe you feruice. Duke. Against all sence you doe importane her, Should she kacele downe, in mercie of this fact,

Her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake,

And take her bence in horror. Mar. Ifabell:

Sweet Ifabel, doe yet but kneele by me, Hold up your hands, fay nothing : I'll speake all. They say best men are moulded out of faults, And for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: So may my husband. Oh Ifabel: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudie's death.

Lookeifit please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my Brother liu'd : I partly thinke, A due sinceritic gouerned his deedes, Till he did looks on me: Since it is lo, Let him not die : my Brother had but lustice, In that he did the thing for which he dide. For Angelo, his A& di I not ore-take his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meesely my Lord.
Dut. Your suite's vnprofitable: fland vp I say: I have bethoughe me of another fault.

Proxoft, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded fo. Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,

Give vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord, I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, Yet did repent me after more aduice, For teltimony whereof, one in the prison That should by private order else have dide, I have referv'd alive.

Duk. What's he?
Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadft done so by Clandio: Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Esc. I am forry, one so learned, and so wife As you, Lord Angelo, have stil appear'd, Should flip fo groffelie, both in the hear of bloud And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that fuch forrow I procure, And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart, That I crave death more willingly then mercy , 'Tismy deferring, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Fronost, Claudio, Iulietta.

Dake. Which is that Barnardine? Pro. This my Lord.

Dake. There was a Friar told me of this man. Sinha, thou are faid to have a stubborne foule That apprehends no further then this world, And fquar'ft thy life according : Thou're condemn'd, But for those earthly faults, I quit them all, And pray thee take this mercie to provide For better times to come: Frier advise him, I leave him to your hand . What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sau'd, Who should have di'd when Clandio lost his head,

As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his fake Is he perdon'd, and for your louelie fake Give me your hand, and fay you will be mine, He is my brother too: But fitter time for that: By this Lord Angelo perceives he's fafe, Methinkes I fee a quickning in his eye: Well Angelo, your euill quits you well. Looke that you love your wife : her worth, worth yours I finde an apt remission in my selfe: And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon, You firha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward, One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man: Wherein haue I fo deferu'd of you

That you extoll me thus? Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick : if you will hang me for it you may : but I had ra-

ther it would please yon, I might be winpt.
Dodg. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after. Proclaime it Prouost round about the Citic; If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow (As I have heard him sweare himselfe there's one vokom he begot with childe) let her appeare, And he shall marry her : the nuptiell finish'd, Lea'alm be whipt and hang'd.

Lac. I befeech your Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said ouen now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recumpence me, in making

me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Measure for Measure.

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou Chalt marrie her. Thy flanders I forgive, and therewithall Remit thy other forfests : take him to prifon, And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is prelling to death,

Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it. She Claudio that you wrong'd, looke you restore. I oy to you Mariana, love her Angelo: I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue. Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodnelle,

There's more behinde that is more grasulate. Thanks Prouoft for thy care, and secrecie, We shall imploy thee in a worthier place. Forgiue him Augelo, that brought you home The head of Ragozine for Claudio's, Th'offence pardons it felfe. Deere Ifabe 3, I have a motion much imports your good, Whereto if you'll a willing care incline; What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

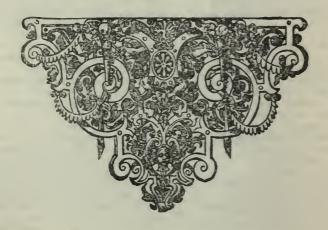
The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio : the Duke. Angelo, the Deputte. Escalus, an aucient Lord. Claudio, a gong Gentleman. Lucio, a fantastique. 2. Other like Gentlemen. Prouoft.

Thomas. Elboro, a simple Constable. Froth, a foolifb Gentleman. Clowne. Abhorson, an Executioner. Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner. I sabella, sister to Claudio. Mariana, betrothed to Angelo Inlies, beloned of Claudio. Francisca, a Nun. Mistris Ouer-don, a Band.

FINIS.





The Comedie of Errors.

A Elus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephelus, with the Merchant of Siracula, laylor, and other accendance.

Marchant.

Rocced Salinus to procure my fall,

And by the doome of deathend woes and all,

Duke. Merchant of Siracufa, plead no more.

I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;

The enmity and discord which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke, To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen, Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lines, Haue feal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds, Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes: For fince the mortall and intestine iatres Twixt thy feditious Countrimen and vs. It hath in folenne Synodes beene decreed, Both by the Siracufians and our felues,: To admit no trafficke to our adverse townes: Nay more, if any borne at Ephefus Be feene at any Siracufian Marts and Fayres : Againe, if any Stracusan borne Come to the Bay of Epbefus, he dies: His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose, Vnlesse a thousand markes be levied To quit the penalty, and to ransome him : Thy fubitance, valued at the highest rate, Cannot amount vuto a hundred Markes, Therefore by Law thou are condemn'd to die. Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,

My woes end likewife with the evening Sonne.

Duk. Well Siracufian; fay in briefe the caufe
Why thou departed from thy native home?

And for what caufe thou cam's to Epbefus

Mer. A heuuler taske could not have beene imposid,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my forrow gives me leave.
In Swazusa was I bome, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I livid in ioy, our wealth increess
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium, till my sactors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was no fixe moneths olde,
Besote her selfe (almost aefainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare) Had made provision for her following me. And foone, and fafe, arrived where I was : There had the not beene long, but the became A toyfull mother of two goodly fornes: And, which was firange, the one so like the other, As could not be diffing wish'd but by names. That very howre, and in the felfe-fame Inne, A meane woman was delivered Of fuch a burthen Male, twins both alike : Those, for their parents were exceeding poore, bought, and brought vp to attend my fonnes. My wife, not meanely prowd of two fuch boyes, Made daily motions for our home returne: Vnwilling Tagreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord. A league from Epidamium had we faild Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme: But longer did we not retaine much hope; For what obscured lightshe heavens did grant, Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes A doubtfull warrant of immediate death, Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd, Yer the incessant weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what the saw must come, And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare, Forthme to feeke delayes 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 linking ripe to vs My wife, more carefull for the latter borne, Had fattned him vnto a small spare Mast, Such as lea-faring men prouide for stormes : To him one of the other twins was bound, Whil ft I had beene like heedfull of the other. The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I, Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt, Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast, And floating straight, obedient to the streame, Was carried towards Corintb, as we thought. At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth, Disperse those vapours that offended vs, And by the benefit of his wished light The feas waxt calme, and we discouered Two shippes from farre, making amaineto vs: Of Carines that, of Epidarus this, But ere they came, oh let me fay no more, Gather the sequell by that went before. Duk. Nay forward old man, dee not breake off fo,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee. March. Oh had the gods done lo, I had not no n Worthily tearm'd their mercilette to vs : For ere the ships could more by twice five leagues, We were encountred by a mighty rocke, Which being violently borne vp, Our helpefull thip was splitted in the midft; So that in this valuat divorce of vs, Forcune had lefe to both of vs alike, What to delight in, what to forrow for, Her part, poore foule, feeming as burdened With leffer waight, but not with leffer woe, Was carried with more speed before the winde, And in our fight they three were taken vp By Fishermen of Coristo, as we thought. At length another thip had leiz'd on vs , And knowing whom it was their hap to faue, Gaue bealthfull welcome to their flup-wrackt gueffa, And would have refe the Fishers of their prey, Had not their backe beene very flow of faile; And therefore homeward did they bend their course. Thus have you heard me four'd from my bliffe, That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, To tell fad ftories of my owne mishaps.

Dute. And for the take of them thou forrowest for Doe methe fauour to dilate at full,
What have befeloe of them and they till now.

Alerch. My yangele boy, and yet my eldelt care, At eighteene yeeres became inquisitive After his brother; and importund me That his attendant, fo his case was like, Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name Might beare him company in the quest of him: Whom whil fil laboured of a load to fee, I hazarded the loffe of whom I lou'd. Five Sommers have I spene in farthest Greeze, Roming cleane through the bounds of Afia, And coasting homeward, came to Ephesia Hopeleffe to finde, yet loth to leave vnfought Or that, or any place that harbours men : But heere must end the story of my life, And Imppy were I in my timelie death, Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplesse Egess whom the sales have trested To beare the extremitte of dire mishap:
Now trust the, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they msy not dispuill,
My soule should sue as adoptate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be reess?
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yes will I sauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, lie limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephasse,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Laylor, take him to thy custodie.

Itsler. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth Egean wend,
But to procrassinate his livelesse end.

Exeum

Enter Antipholo Erwei, a Marchant, and Department.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamismo,
Left that your goods too foone be conflicate:

This very day a Syrampian Marchant la apprenended for a rivall hore, And not being able to ony out his life, According to the flatute of the towne, Dies are the wearie funne for in the West: There is your mortic that I had to keepe.

Ane. Goe beare it to the Centance, where we hoft and flay there Dremo, till I come to thee; Within this houre it will be dinner time, Till that Ile view the memore of the towne, Perule the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then returne and ficepe within mine Inne, For with long trausile I am fifte and viewie. Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your worl, And goeindeed shauleg fo good emeane.

Exis Drosslu,

Ant. A truftie villaine fir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melencholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry lefts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and diae with me?

E.Mar. Is mindred fir to certaine Marchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit: I crave your pardon, foone at fine a clocke, Pleafe you, lie meete with you upon the Mart, And afterward confort you till bed time My prefent businesse cals me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loofe my felfe, Andwander up and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne continu.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get i
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean feekes another drop,
Who failing there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnfeene, inquifitine) confounds himfelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnheppies) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromie of Ephefies. Here comes the almanacke of my true date: What now? How chance thou an resum'd to form

E.Dro. Return'd fo foone, rather approacht too face:
The Capon burns, the Pig fals from the fpit;
The clocke hath frucken twelve upon the bell:
My Miffris made it one upon my cheake:
She is fo hot because the meate is colde:
The meatest colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no flormacke:
You have no flormacke, having broke your fast:
But we that know what this to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Sop in your winde fir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the many that I gaue you.
E.Dro. Oh fixe pence that I had a weniday lan,

To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper: The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ast. I am not in a sporting histor now:
Tell me, and deliy not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, bow dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you iest fir as you fit at dinact:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall beposindeede.

For sheavill scoure your fault voon my page: Methinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke, And fizike you home without a messenger.

zint. Come Dramio, come, thefe iefts are out of feston, Referve them till a merrier hours then this:

Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E.Dro. To me fir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ans. Come on fir knaue, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

E.Dro. My charge was but to fatch you so the Mart

Home to your house, the Phanix fir, to dinner;

My Mistris and her fifter staies for you.

Ant. Now & I sin a Christian answer me, In what fafe place you have bellow'd my monle; Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours That stands on tricks, when I am vndispas'd: Where is the thousand Markes thou hadil of me?

E.Dro. I have some markes of yours vpou my pate: Some of my Militis 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.

Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slave hast thou? E. Dro. Your wor ships wife, my Mistris at the Phanix; She that doth fast till you come home to dinner: And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ans. What wilt thou flout me thus vuto my face

Being forbid? There take you that fir knaue. E. Dro. What meane you fir, for God sake hold your Nay, and you will not fir, lle take my heeles.

Execus Dromio Ep. Ant. Voon my life by some devile or other, The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They fay this towne is full of colenage: As nimble luglers that deceive the eie: Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde: Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie: Difguiled Cheaters, prating Mountebankes; And manie such like liberties of sinne: If it prove fo, I will be gone the fooner: He to the Centaur to goe feeke this flaue, I greatly feare my monie is not fafe.

Exit.

Altus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Amirholis Screptus, with Luciana ber Sifter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the flave return'd, That in such haste I fent to seeke his Master?

Sure Luciana it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him, And from the Mart be's formewhere gone to dinner? Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret; A man is Maker of his libertie : Time is their Master, and when they see time,

They'll goe or come; if lo, be patient Sifter. Adr. Why should their libertle then ours be more? Luc. Because their bufinesse stull lies out soore.

Air. Looke when I serve him to, he takes it thus. Line. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but after will be bridled fo.

Lise. Why, headstrong liberty is lashe with woe There's nothing situate voder heavens eye, Luc hath his bound in earth, in fea, in skie. The beafts, the fifnes, and the winged fowles Are their males subjects, and at their controlles: Man more divine, the Master of all these, Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry feas, Indued with incellectuall fence and foules, Of more preheminence then fish and fowles Are massers to their females, and their Lords: Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This feruitude makes you to keepe viswed. Luni. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed. Ad, But were you wedded, you wold best fome fway Luc. Ere l'learne loue, Ile practise to obey.

Ad. How if your husband flart some other where? Luc. Till he come home 2 gaine, I would forbeare.

Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though fhe paule, They can be meeke, that have no other cause: A wretched foule bruis'd with aduerfitie, We bid be quiet when we heare it crie. But were we burdned with like waight of paine. As much, or more, we should our sclues complaint ? So thou that half no vakinde mate to greeue thee, With viging helpelelle patience would releeue and; But if thou live to fee like right bereft.

This foole-beg a patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well I will many one day but to trie:

Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie,

Exter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie mafter now as hand? E. Dro. Nay, hee's actoo hands with mee, and that my two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didit thou speake with him? knowll thou his minde?

E. Dre. I,I,he cold his minde vpon mine eare, Beshrewhis hand, I scarce could understand it.

Lue. Spake hee fo doubtfully, thou couldst not feele

his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly. I could too well feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could fearce understand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home? It seemes he hash great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Missresse, fure my Master is home mad. Adri. Plozne mad, chon villaine?

E.Dro. I meme not Cuckold mad.

But fure he is flarke med: When I defe'd him to come home to dinner, Heask'd me for a hundred markes in gold: 'Tiz dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your mest doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he: Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he; Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine? The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth be My mitterffe, fir, quoth I: hang vp thy Miftreffe: I know not thy miftreffe, out on thy miftreffe.

Luci. Quoth who?

E.Dr. Quoth my Mafter, 1 know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due voto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou flave, & fetch him home. Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home e Por Gods fake fend some other messenger.

H S Adri. Backe

Adri. Backe flave, or I will breake thy pate a-croffe. Dro. And he will bleffe y croffe with other beating ? Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating pelant, etch thy Master home.
Dro. Am I foround with you, as you with me, That like a foot-ball you doe fourneme thus a You fourne me hence, and he will fourne me hither, If I last in this service, you must ease me in leather.

Last. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face. Adri. His company must do his minions grace, Whil'ft I at home starue for a metrie looke . Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooks From my poore cheeke? then he hash wasted it. Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit, If voluble and tharpe discourse be mar'd, Vakindnesse blunts it more then marble hard. Doe their gay vestments his affections baite? That's not my fault, hee's mafter of my flate. What ruines are in me that can be found, By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground Of my defeatures. My decayed faire, A funnic looke of his, would foone repaire. But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale, And feedes from home ; poore I am but his stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming fealousie; sie beat it hence. Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with fuch wrongs dispence :

I know his eye doth homage other-where, elfe, 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 Iewell best enamaled Will loofe his beautie: yet the gold bides fill That others touch, and often touching will. Where gold and no man that hath's name, By falfhood and corruption doth it shame a Since that my beautie cannot please his eie, He weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond fooles ferue mad Jeloulie?

Enter Antipholis Errots.

Aut. The gold I game to Dromio is laid up Safe at the Centaur, and the heedfull flaue Is wandred forth in care to feeke me out By computation and mine hofts report. I could not speake with Dramo, fince at first I fent him from the Mart? fee here he comes. Enter Dromio Stracufia.

How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd? As you love ftroakes, to ieft with me againe : You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold? Your Mistrelle sent to have me home to dinner? My house was at the Phanix? Wast thou mad, That thus fo madlie thou did didft answere me?

S.Dro. What answer fir ? when spake I such a word? E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre fince. S. Dro. I did not see you fince you fent me hence Home to the Contact with the gold you gave ras.

Aut. Villaine, thou didft denie the golds receit, And toldit me of a Mistresse, and a dinner, For which I hope thou feltif I was displess'd.

S. Dro: I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine, What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me? Aut. Yea, dost thou icere & flows me in the teeth? Thinkst I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. Beast Dro.

S.Dr. Hold fir, for Gods fake, now your iest is earnest,

Vpon what bargsine do you give it me?

Aurob. Because that I farmiliarle sometimes Doe vie you for my foole, and chat with you. Your fawcincile will iest upon my loue, And make a Common of my ferlous howres, When the funce shines, let foolish gnats make sport, But creepe in crannies, when he hides his bearnes: If you will iest with me, know my afred, And fashion your demeanor to my lookes, Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you stiff you would leave batte ring, I had rather have it a head, and you vie these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or elfe I shall feek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray fir, why am I beaten?

Am, Doft thou not know?

S. Dre, Nothing fir, but that I am besten.

Am. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I fir, and wherefore; for they fay, every why hath a wherefore.

Am. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore,

for viging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever anie man thus beaten out of lesson, when in the why and the wherefore, is ocitiver rime nor reason. Well fir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me fit, for what?

S. Dra. Marry fit, for this something that you game me

Ant. He make you amends next, to give you nothing for fomething. But fay fit, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No fir, I thinke the mean wants that I have

Am. In good time Ers wher's that?

S. Dro. Bafting.

Ant. Well fir, then 't will be drie.

S.Dro. If it be fir, I pray you can none of it.
Aut. Your reason?

S. Dro. Loft it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie baffing.

Am. Well fir, learne to left in good time, there's a time for all things.

S.Dro. I durst have denied that before you vvere fo

Ams. By what rule fir?

S. Dro. Marry fir, by a releas plaine as the plaine bald pace of Fether time himselfe.

Am. Let's heare it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his helre that growes bald by nature.

Ans. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the loft haire of another man.

Am. Why, is Time furth a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Beczule it is a bleffing that hee bestower on beafts, and what he hath scanted there in haire, her hath ginen them in wit.

Aus. Why, but theres manie a man both more haire then wit.

S. Dre. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose

Am. Why thou didft conclude heiry men plain dezlers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the fooner loft; yet he loo-fesh it in a kinde of iollitie.

An. For what reason.

S. Dro. For two, and found ones to.

An. Ney

Au. Nay not found I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not fure in a thing falfing.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to faue the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prou'd, here is no

time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did fir: namely, in no time to recover haire loft by Nature.

An. But your reason was not subfantiall, why there

is no time to recover.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himselse is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but fost, who wafts vs yonder.

Exter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I. Antipholas, looke strange and frowne, Some other Mistreffe hath thy sweet aspects: I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow, That never words were mulicke to thine care, That never obiect pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste. Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee. How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it, That thow are then estranged from thy selfe? Thy felfe I call it, being strange to me: That undividable Incorporate Am better then thy decre felfes better part. Ah doe not teare away thy felfe from me; For know my loue : as easie maist thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulfe, And take vnmingled thence that drop againe Without addition or diminishing, As take from me thy felfe, and not me too. How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke, Shooldit thou but heare I were licencious? And that this body confectate to thee, By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate? Wouldit thou not spit at me, and spume at me, And hurle the name of husband in my face, And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow, And from my falle hand cut the wedding ring, And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow?
I know thou canft, and therefore fee thou doe it. I am possest with an adulterate blot, My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust: For if we two be one, and thou play falk, I doe digest the poison of thy flesh, Being strumpered by thy contagion Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed, I live distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Antip. Pleadyou to me faire dame? I know you not: In Ephefau I am but two houres old As farange vnto your towne, as to your talke,

Who every word by all my wit being scan'd, Wants wit in all, one word to underfrand. Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to vie my fifter thus? She sene for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio? Drom. By me.

Adr. By thee, and this thou didft returne from him. That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Didyou connerse fir with this gentlewoman: What is the course and drift of your compact?

S.Dro. I sir? I neuer saw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,

Didft thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

S. Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life. Ant How can she thus then call vs by our names?

Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. Howill agrees it with your grauitie, To counterfeit thus grofely with your flaue, Abetting him to thwatt me in my moode; Beirmy wrong, you are from me exempt, But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt. Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine : Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine : Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state, Makes me with thy firength to communicate: If ought possetse thee from me, it is drosse, Viurping luie, Brier, or idle Mosse, Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion, Infect thy fap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her theame;

What, was I married to her in my dreame? Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this? What error drives our eies and cares amisse? Vntill I know this fure vncertaintie, He entertaine the free'd fa'lacie.

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the servants spred for dinner. S.Dre. Oh for my beads, I croffe me for a finner. This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights, We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights; If we obay them not, this will infue: They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blow.

Lue. Why prat'st thou to thy felfe, and answer'st not? Dromie, thou Dromie, thou fnaile, thou flug, thou fot.

S.Dra. I am transformed Mafter, am I not? Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S.Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape. Mr. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape. Luc. If thou are chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe. S.Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse. Tis fo, lam an Affe, elfe it could never be. But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole, To put the finger in the eie and weepe; Whil'ft man and Mafter laughes my woes to fcome : Come fir to dinner, Dromlo keepe the gate : Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day, And shrive you of a thousand idle prankes: Sirra,ifany aske you for your Master, Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter: Come lifter, Dronnio play the Porter well.

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell? Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduifde: Knowne vmo these, and to my selfe disguisde: He fay as they fay, and perseuer so: And in this mist at all adventures go.

S.Dro. Mafter, shall I be Porter at the gate? Adr. I, and let none enter leaft I breake your pate Luc. Come, come, Antipholas, we dine to late.

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antiphotos of Ephofose, bis men Dromo, Angelacks Goldfonth, and Balthefor the Merchant

E. Ants. Good fignior Angels you must excuse vs all, My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howes; Say that I lingerd with you at your shop. To see the making of her Cathanet. And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villaine that would face me downe. He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him. And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold. And that I did denie my wife and house;

Thou drunkard thou, what didft thou meane by this?

E. Dro. Say what you wil fit, but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to fhow;
If \$\overline{g}\$ skin were parchment, & \$\overline{g}\$ blows you gave 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 fuffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kicke, and being at the spalle,

You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an alle, E. An. Y'are led fignior Balthazar, pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcom here. Ball hold your dainties cheap fur, & your welcom deer. E. An. Oh fignior Balthazer, either at fielh or fish.

A table full of welcome, makes scatce one dainty dish.

Bel. Good meat fir is comon that enery churle affords.

Aut. And welcome more common, for that's nothing
but words.

Bul. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mertic feaft.

Ants. I, to a niggardly Hoft, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hard.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E.Dro. Mand, Briget, Marian, Cifley, Cillian, Gina. S.Dro. Mome, Milthorfe, Capoo, Concombe, Idiot, Patch,

Either get thee from the dore, or he downe at the hatch:
Doft thou coniuse for wenches, that he calft for such fiore,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master

flayes in the firect.

S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left hee catch cold on's feet.

E. Ans. Who talks within there? hos, open the dore.

S. Dro. Right fit, He tell you when, and you'll tell me whetefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my diener: I baue not din'd to day.

S Dro. Not to day here you must not come againe when you may.

Anti. What are thou that keep fit mee out from the howfe I owe?

S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromeo.

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame If thou hadft beene Dronus to day in my place,

Thos wouldn't have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an alle.

Eno Lias.

Luce. What a coile is there Dranio? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Mafter in Luce.

Luce Faith no, her cornestoo late, and forell your Mafter.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Prouerbe.

Shall I fet in my flaffe.

Luce. Have at you with another, that's when f can
you tell?

5. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hash an-

(wer'd him well.

Auts. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in

Arts. Doc you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you

S. Dra Andyou said no.

E.Dro. So come helpe, well ftrooke, there was blow for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in. Luce. Can you tell for whose sake! E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard,

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. Youll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.

Luce What needs all that, and a paire of flocks in the towner?

Erser Adriana.

Acr. Who is that at the doore & keeps all this noise to S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with varuly boies.

Must. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.

Adn. Your wife fir knaue? go get you from the dore. E. Dre. If you went in paine Master, this know wold goe fore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere fir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.

Baliz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They fland at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither,

Mars. There is fomething in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E.Dro. You would say so Master, if your gamments were thin.

Your eake here is warme within: you fland here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and fold.

Asr. Go fetch me femething, lie break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and lie breake your knaues pate.

E.Drs. A man may breake a word with your fir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It scemes thou want it breaking, out upon thee

hinde.

E.Dre. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray the s les me in.

S. Drs. I, when fewire have no feathers, and fifth issue

Au Well, Ile breeke in: go borrow me a crov. 6. Dre. A crow without feather, Mafter means you fo; For afish without a finne, ther's a fowle without afether, If a crow help vs in fires, wee'll placke a crow together.

Ans. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow. Baleb. Haue patience fir, oh let is not be fo, Heerein you warre against your reputation, And draw within the compette of suspect Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife. Once this your long experience of your wisedome, Her fober vertue, yeares, and modeltie, Plead on your part force caufe to you waknowne; And doubt not fie, but the will well excuse Why at this time the dores are made against you. Be sul'd by me, depart in patience, And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner, And about evening come your felle alone. To know the reason of this strange restraint : If by firong hand you offer to breake in Now in the flirring paffage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rowt Against your yet ungalled estimation. That may with soule intrusion enter in, And dwell vpon your grave when you are dead; For flander lives vpon luccession;

For ever howe'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You have prevail'd, will depart in quiet, And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie: I know a wench of excellent discourse, Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gende; There will we dine : this woman that I meane My wife (but I protest without defert) Hath oftentimes vpotsided me withall : To her will we to dinner, get you home And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made, Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine, For there's the house: That chains will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife) Vpon mine hostesse there, good fir reake haste: Since mine owne doores resule to entertaine me, Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me. Ang. Hemeet you at that place some house hence.

Anti. Do fo, this iell shall coft me some expence.

Enter Iuliena, with Antipholom of Siracufia. Inila. And may it bothat you have quite for got A husbands office! Thall Antiphoku Eurn in the foring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my fifter for her wealth,
Theo for her wealths-sake vie her with more kindarile: Orifyculike elfe-where doch by ftealth, Mulite your falle lous with fome flow of blindnesse: Let not my lifter read it in your eye: Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orstor: Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyable: Apparell vice like vertues harbenger: Beare a faire presence, though your heart De tainted, Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint, Be fecret falle: what need the be acquainted? What simple thisse brage of his owne attaine? Tis double wrong to truene with your bed, And let her read it in thy lookes at boord s Shame hath a baftard fame, well managed, t brow live ne driv beldwob el ches bll Alar poore women, make vanot beleeve (Being compall of stedit) that you love vs,

Though others have the arme, shew vs the sleeve We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs. Then gentle brother get you in againe; Comfort my fifter, cheere her, cell her wife; Tis hely sport to be a listle vaine, When the forest breath of flatterle conquers firife. S. Ami. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else !

know not; Norby what wonder you do hit of mine: Leffe in your knowledge, and your grace you show not. Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine. Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake t Lay open to my earthic groffe conceit Smothred in cerors, feeble, shallow, weake, The foulded meaning of your words deceit: Against my soules pure truth, why labour you, To make it wander in an vaknowne field? Are you a god? would you create me new? Transforme me then, and to your powre He geeld But if that I am I, then well I know, Your weeping fiftee 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 fweet Mermaide with thy note, To drowne me in thy fifter floud of teares: Sing Siren for thy felfe, and I will dote: Spread ore the filter wates thy golden baises; And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie: And in that glorious supposition thinke, He gaines by death, that hath fuch meanes to die: Let Love being light, be drowned If the finke.

Lac. What are you mad, that you do resson so? Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know. Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Am. For gazing on your beames faire fun being by. Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your fight.

Ant. As good to winke fivees love, as looke on night. Luc. Why call you me love? Call my fifter fo.

Ant. Thy lifters lifter. Luc. That's my lifter.

Ant. No: it is thy felfe, mine owne felfes better part: Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart; My foode, my fortune, and my fweet hopes aime; My fole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.

Luc. All this my lifter is or elfe should be. Art. Call thy felfe fifter fweet, for I em thee: Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life; Thou haft no husband yes, no: I no wife: Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh fost fir, hold you fill: He ferch my fifter to get her good will.

Enter Dremio, Stracufia.

Am. Why how now Dromio, where run's thou fo fall?

S.Dro. Doeyouknow me fir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my felfe?
Am. Thou are Dromie, thou are my man, thou are

thy felfe.

Dro. I am an affe, I am a womens man, and befides

my felfe.

Ans. What womans man? and how befides thy

Dro. Merrie fir, besider my felfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will

Ans. What

Esvir.

Anti. What elaime laies fie to thee?

Dro. Marry fir, fuch claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I beeing a beaft the would have me, but that the being a verie beaftly creature layer claime to me.

Orte, What is the?
Dro, A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say he reuseence, I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is the a wondrous

Anti. How doll thou meane a fact marriage?

Dro. Marry fu, she's the Kitchin wench, & al greafe, and I know not what vie to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If the lives till doome fday, the's burne a weeke longer then the whole World

Anti. What complexion is the of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like fo cleane kept: for why? the Iweats a man may goe ouer-shooes in the grame of la

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dre. No fir, 'sis in graine, Noahs flood could not

Auts. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir : but her neme la three quariers, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ams. Then the beares forme hiedih?

Drs. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: the is iphericall, like a globe: I could find our Countries in her.

Aste. In what part ofher body flands Ireland? Dro. Marry fir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges,

Ant, Where Scotland?
Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Am. Where France?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. Hook'd for the chalkle Cliffer, but I could find no whitenesse in them, But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the falt theume that ranne betweene France, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine

Dra. Faith I faw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where Anserica, the Indies?

Dro. Oh fir, vpon her nofe, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphites, declining their rich Afped to the hot breath of Spaine, who fent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.

Anta Where stood Belgia, the Neiberlande?

Dro. Oh fir I did not looke fo low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee Drossio, [wore I was affur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my thoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breft had not beene made of faith, and my heart of Recle, the had transform'd me to a Curaill dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Ani. Go hie thee presently post to the sode, And if the winde blow any way from there, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barks put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me t If everie one knowes vs, and we know nowe, Tistime I thinke to trudge, packe, and be pooe.

Dro. As from a Beare a man goodd run for life, So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere, And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence : She that doth call me busband, even my feule Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire fifter Possest with such a gentle soucraigne years, Of fuch inchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe: Bux least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong, He stop mine esses against the Mermaids sone

Enter Angelowith the Chaire.

Ang. M. Antipholus.

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well fir, loe here's the chaine, I thought to have tane you at the Porpentine, The chaine volinish'd made me flay thus long.

Anti What is your will that I shal do with this? Ang What please your selfe fir: I have madeit for

Anie Madeit for me fir, I bespoke it not.

Mag. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and plezse your Wife withall, And forne at Supper time He vist you, And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ann. I pray you fir receive the money now, For feare vou ne're fee chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man fir, fare you well. E But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine, That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine I fee : man heere needs not line by fhifts, When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts : He to the Mart, and there for Dremis Rey, If any ship put out, then straightoway Ern

Actus Quartus. Scans Prima.

Ester a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know fince Pentecoft the fum is due, And fince I have not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Perfis, and want Gilders for my voyage Therefore make present fanisfaction, Or Heattach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even iust the sem that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Amphine And in the instant that I mer with you, He had of me a Chaine, at fise a clock? I shall receive the money for the same. Pleafeth you walke with me downe so his houle, I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too

Inter Antiphelus Ephef. Dremio frenz the Continens. Offi. That labour may you faue: See where he comes.

And buy a ropes end, that will I beltow Among my wife, and their confederates, For locking me out of my doores by day : But foft 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.

Eph. Aus. A man is well holpe up that trufts to you, I promifed your presence, and the Chaine, But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me: Relike you thought our love would last too long If it were chain'd together : and therefore came not.

Gold. Satting your merrie humor : here's the note How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect, The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion, Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more Then I stand debted to this Gentleman, I pray you fee him presently discharg'd, For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie: Besides I have some businesse in the towne, Good Signior take the stranger to my house, And with you take the Chaine, and bidmy wife Disbutse the summe, on the receit thereof, Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold Then you will bring the Chaine to her your

Auri. No beare it with you, least I come not time ebough.

Gold Well fir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?

Aut. Andif I have not fir, I hope you have:

Orelfe you may returne without your money Gold. Nay come I pray yon fir, give me the Chaine: Both winde and tide flayes for this Gentleman, And I too blame have held him heere too long.

Ami. Good Lord, you vie this dalliance to excuse Your breach of promise to the Porpenime, Lihould have chid you for not bringing it, Butlike sthrew you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre fleales on, I pray you fir dispatch.
Gold. You heate how he importunes me, the Chaine. Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony. Gold Come, come, you know I gaue it you even now. Either fend the Chaine, or fend me by some token.

Am. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath, Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me fee it.

Mer. My businesse cannot brooke this dallisnee,

Good fir fay, whe'r you lanswer me, or no:

If not, He leave him to the Officer.

Ash I answer you? What should I answer you. Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine. Ant. Loweyou none, till I receive the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre fince.

dar. You gave menone, you wrong mee much to lay fo.

Gold. You wrong me more fir in denying it.

Consider how it stands upon my credit. Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obeyme

Gold. This touches me in reputation. Either conferr to pay this furn tor me, Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Confent to pay thee that I never had : Arrelt mefaclish sellowifthoudar th.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer. I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorne me so apparantly.

Offic. I do arrest you fir, you heare the suite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee balle. But firrah, you shall buy this sport as deere. As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, fir, I shall have Law in Ephofms. To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dramio Sira. from the Bay. Dro. Master, there's a Barke of Epidamiuns, That staies but till her Owner comes aboord, And then fie the beares away. Our fraughtage fir, I have convei'd aboord, and I have bought The Oyle, the Balfamum, and Aqua-vitz. The ship is ip her trim, the merrie winde Blowes faire from land : they flay for nought at all, But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

An. How nowe a Madman? Why thou pecuish theep

What Ship of Epidamium Staies for me.

S. Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier wafrage Ast. Thou drunken flave, I fent ther for a rope, And told thee to what purpose, and what end. S.Dro. You fent me for 2 ropes end as soone.

You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Aue. I will debate this matter at more leifore And teach your eares to lift me with more heedes To Adriana Villaine hie thee Araight: Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie, There is a purse of Duckers, let her lend it : Tell her, I am arrested in the streete, And that shall baile me : hie thee saue, be gone, On Officer to prison, till it come.

S. Dromio. To Adriana, that is where we din'd, Where Dowsaball did claime me for her husband, She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse, Thither I must, although against my will: For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill Exis

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee foe Might'st thou perceive austeerely in his eie, That he did plead in earnest, yea or no: Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merrily? What observation mad'st thou in this cafe ? Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right. Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere. Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what faid he? Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me. dar. With what perswasson did he tempt thy loue? Lac. With words, that in an honest suit might mouc.

First, he did praise my beautic, then my speech.
Adr. Did ft speake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beleech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me fill. My congue, though not my heart, shall have his will. He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where. Vicious, vngende, foolish, blunz, vnkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmsticallin making w orfe in minde.

Lie. Who would be ieslous then of fuch 2 one?

No euill loft is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I fay : And yet would licrein others eies were worfe: Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away; My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purfe, sweet now make hafte.

Lec. How hast thou loft thy breath?

S. Dro. By running falt.

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tattar limbo, worle then hell:

A divell in an everlasting garment hath him; On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele.

A Feind, a Fairie, pictilesse and ruffe :

A Wolfe,nay worse, a sellow all in busse:

A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermads The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well, One that before the Iudgmet carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the cale.

Adr. What is he artested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose svice he is arested well; but is in a fuite of buffe which rested him, that can I rell, will you fend him Mistris redemption, the monte in his deske.

Adr. Go fetchit Sister : this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he voknowne to me should be in debt :

Tell me, was he arested on a band? S.Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone: It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one. Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neue here.

S. Dre. Ohyes, if any house meete a Scricant, a tumes backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how foodly do'ft thou realor.?

S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to feafen.

Nay, he's a theefe too : have you not heard men fay, That time comes stealing on by night and day? If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way, Hath he uot reason to turne backean hours in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Dromio, there's the monie, beare it fireight, And bring thy Master home imediately. Come lifter, I am preft downe with conceiz: Conceit, my comfort and my inlurie. Exit.

Enter Antiphelia Siracufia. There's not a man I meete but doth falute me As if I were their well acquainted friend, And euerie one doth call me by my name : Some tender monie to me, some invite me; Some other give me thankes for kindnesses; Some offer me Commodities to buy. Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silker that he had bought for me, And therewiths! tooke measure of my body Sure these are but imaginarie wiles, And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromos Sar.

S.Dro Mafter, here s the gold you fent me for : what haue you got the pidure of old Adam new apparel'd?

MAI What gold is this? What Adam do'ft thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you fir like an euill angel, and bid you forfake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Bale. Viole in a cale of leather; the man fir, that when genilemen are tired gives them a fob, and refts them: he fir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giver them suites of durance: he that fets vp his rest to doe mote exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Mui. What thou mean'ft an officer?

S. Dro. I fir, the Serieant of the Band : he that brings any man to answer is that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and faces, God give you good reit.

Ant. Well fir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone? S. Dro. Why fir, I brought you word an houre fince, that the Barke Expedicion put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to terry for the Hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you fent for to delive:

Ans. The fellowis diffract, and fo am I, And here we wander in illusions : Some bleffed power deliver vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Mafter Antipholis . I fee fir you have found the Gold-fmith now . Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt menor.

S. Dro. Mafter, is this Miftris Sabar?

Ant. It is the diueil.

S. Dro. Nay, theis worfe, theis the divels dam: And here the comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to fay, God make mealight wench: It is writcen, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne : ergo, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Car. Your man and you are maruailous merrie fir.

Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
S.Dro. Master, if do expe@spoon-messe, or bespeake along spoone,

Am. Why Drona?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spoose that must eare with the divell.

Am. Audid then frend, what rel'st thou one of sup-Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse: (ping) I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dioner, Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd, And He be gone fir, and not trouble you.

S.Dra. Some divels aske but the parings of ones raile,

a rufn, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherriefone : but she more conetous, wold have a chaine: Mafter be wife, and if you give it her, the divell will hake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you fir my Ring, or else the Chaine,

I hope you do not meane to cheate me fo?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go. S. Dro. Flie pride faies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that

Cer. Now out of doubt Antipholos is mad, Else would he neuer so demeane himselse, ARmg he hath of mine worth force Duckets, 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, Belides this present inflance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance. Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doores against his way: My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke, Heruth'd into my house, and tooke perforce My Ring away. This course I fittest choose, For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephof. with a lailor.

Ao. Feare me not than, I will not breake away, Ile give thee ere I leave thee fo much money To warrant thee as I am refled for. My wife is in a wayward moode to day, . And will not lightly truft the Mellenger, That I should be attach'd in Ephelis, I tell you 'twill found harffily in her eares.

Enser Dromio Eph.wish a repes end. Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie. How now fir? Have you that I fent you for?

E.Dro. Mere's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ami. But where's the Money?

E. Dra. Why fir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.
Ast. Five hundred Duckets villaline for a rope? E. Dro. He serue you fir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home? E. Dre. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am Trerum'd

Ant. And to that end fir. I will welcome you.

Offi. Good fir be parient. E. Dro. Nay 'tis for meto be patient, I am in aduerlitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands. Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse fir, that I might not feele your blowes

Auti. Thou are sensible in nothing but blowes, and lo is an Affie.

E. Dro. I am an Affe indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I have ferned him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with besting: I am wak'd with it when I fleepe, tais'd with it when I fit, driven our of doores with it when I got from home, welcom'd home with it when I teturne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Emer Adriana, Luciana, Contrixan, and a Schoolmafter, call d Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming you.

E. Dro. Mistris respice finem, respect your end, or ra. ther the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Am. Wilt thou still talke? Beats Dro. Cart. How fay you now! Is not yout husband mad?

Adri. His inciuility confirmes no lesse: Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjurer, Establish him in his wue sence againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how tharpe he lookes. Car. Marke, how he trembles in his extafie.

Prich. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ast. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare. Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hons'd within this man, To yeeld possession to my holie praires, And to thy state of darknesse bie thee Straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace: I am not 182d. Adr. Oh that thou wet't not, poore diffressed soule. Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?

Did this Companion with the faffron face Reuell and feast it at my house to day, Whil'it vpon me the guiltie docres were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house. Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home

Where would you had remain'd vntill this time, Free from these flanders, and this open shame.

Anri. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what foyest thou !

Dro. Sir footh to fay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out? Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut

Am. And did not the her felfe reuile methere? Dro. Sans Fable, fhe her felfe renil'd you there.

Anti. Did nor her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and (come me?

Dro. Certis fhe did, the kitchin veffall fcorn'd you. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence? Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witherle,

That fince have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adv. Is't good to footh him in these cronsraries? Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,

And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie. Aw. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to atrest

Adr. Alas, I fent you Monie to redeeme you, By Drenn heere, who came in halt for it.

Dre. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might But furely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Am. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets. Adri. He came to me, and I deliver dit.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did: Dre. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,

That I was fent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possess, I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,

They

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They must be bound and laide in some darke roome Aur. Say wherefore didft thou locke me forth to day,

And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle M' I receiu'd no gold : But I confesse fir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'ft falle in both

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all. And art consederate with a damned packe,

To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me But with these nailes, He plucke out these false eyes, That would behold in methis shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde bim: Heestrines

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come

neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is ftrong within him Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks. Ant. What will you murther me, thou failor thou? I am thy priloner, wilt thou fuffer them to make a ref-

Offi. Mafters let him go : he is my prisoner, and you

shall not have him.

Purch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too. Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?

Halt thou delight to fee a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himselfer

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee, Beareme forthwith vnto his Creditor, And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it. Good Master Doctor sce him fafe convey'd Home to my house, oh most wnhappy day.

Ant. Oh most vnhappie strumpet. Dre. Mafter, I am heere entred in bond for you.

Aut. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad

Dre. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the divell.

Luc. God helpe poore foules, how idlely doe they

Adr. Go beare him hence, fifter go you with me: Say now, whole fuite is he arrested at i

Exernt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan Off. One Angels a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adv. 1 know the man: what is the fumme he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets.

Adr. Say, how growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did belpeake a Chain for me, but had it not. Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day Came to my house, and tooke awey my Ring, The Ring I faw vpon his finger now, Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be fo, but I did neuer fee it. Come lailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is, I long to know the truth hecreof at large

Enter Antipholus Stracufia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loofe agains. Adr. And come with naked swords, Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe. Runne all out. Of. Away, they I kill vs.

Exeuns omnes, as fast as may be, frighted. S. Ant. I fee these Witches are affraid of swords S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch out Auffe from thence :

I long that'we were fale and found aboord.

Dro. Faith flay heere this night, they will forely do vs no harme: you faw they speake vs faire, give vs goldme thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to flay heere still, and turne

Ant. I will not flay to night for all the Towne, Therefore away, to get our fluffe aboord.

Attus Quintus. Scana Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am forry Sir that I have hindred you, But I protest he had the Chaine of me, Though most dishonestly he doth denie it. Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citle?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation fix, Of credit infinite, highly belou'd, Second to none that lives heere in the Citie: His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Mer Speake foftly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholou and Dromio againe. Gold. Tis fo : and that felfe chaine about his necke, Which he forswore most monstrously to have. Good fir draw neere to me, lle speake to him: Signior Amipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble, And not without some scandall to your selfe, With circumflance and oaths, so to denie This Chaine, which now you weare fo openly. Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend, Who but for flaying on our Controverfie, Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day: This Chaine you had of the, can you deny it? Aut. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forfwore it too. Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it? Mer. These eares of mine thou knowst did bezr thee:

Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'st To walke where any honest men resort. Act. Thou are a Villaine to impeach me thus,

He prove mine honor, and mine honeftie Against thee presently, if thou dar's Rand: Mir. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They drew. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezengt other: Ad. Hold, hurt him not for Godlake, he is mad, Some get within him, take his fword away: Binde Drangio too, and beare them to my house.

S.Dre. Runne mafter run, for Gods fate take a house, This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

Exami to the Priorie.

Enter

Erser Ladie Abbelle

Ab. Be quiet people; wherefore throng you hither?

Ad. To fetch my prote diffracted husband hence,

Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,

And beare him home for his recoverie.

Cold. I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am forry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heavie, sower sad,

And much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoone his passion

Now here into astronomics of rause

Ne re brake into extretnity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea, Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye Stray'd his affection in valawfull love, A finne prevailing much in youshfull men, Who give their eies the liberty of gazing. Which of these sorrows is he subject 100?

Adv. To none of these, except in be the last,

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why fo I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

At. As roughly as my modeftie would let mi

At. And in assemblies 200.

At. I, but not enough.

Adv. It was the copie of our Conference, In bed he flept not for my vrging it, At boord he fed not for my vrging it: Alone, it was the subject of my Theame: In company I often glanced it:

Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad. The venome clamors of a lealous woman, Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth. It feemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing, And thereof comes it that his head is light. Thou failt his meate was fawe'd with thy vpbralding, Vuquiet meales make ill digestions, Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred, And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madneffe? Thou layest his sports were hindred by thy brailes Sweet recreation bart'd, what doth enfue But moodie and dull melancholly, Kinfman to grim and comfortleffe dispaire, And at her heeles a huge infectious troope Of pale diftemperatures, and foes to life? In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest To be difturb'd, would mad or man, or beaft: The consequence is then, thy lealous fits Hath feat'd thy husband from the vie of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildely.
When he demean'd himfelfe, rough, tude, and wildly,
Why beare you thefe rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe, Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your fernants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for fanctuary,

And it shall priviledge him from your hands.
Till I have brought him to his wits agains.
Orloofs my labour in affirming it.

Or loose my labout in affaying it.

Adr. I will arrend my husband, behis murle,

Diet his fickneffe, for it is my Office, And will have no atturney but my felfe, And therefore let me have him home with me.

A5. Be patient, for I will not let him firre, Till I haue vs'd the approoned memes I haue, With wholfome firrups, drugges, and holy prayers To make of hims formall man againe: It is a branch and parcell of nine oath, A charitable durie 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 befeeme your holineffe

To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Bequiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity

Adv. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his secte,

And never rise vntill my teares and prayers

And never rife yould my teares and prayers Haue won his grace to come in person hither, And take persoree my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at flues
Anon I'me fure the Duke himfelfe in person
Comes this way to the metancholly vale;
The place of depth, and forrie execution,
Behinde the directes of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mar. To see a reverent Siracustam Merchant, Who put valuckily into this Bay Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne, Beheaded publikely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we wil bet old his death Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephefus, and the Merchant of Stracufe bare bead, with the Headfman, & other Officers.

Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely;
If any friend will pay the fumme for him,

He shall not die, so much we render him.

Adr. Iustice most facred Duke against the Abbesse

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,

It cannot be that the hath done thee wrong. Adr. May it please your Grace, Antiphola my husbad, Who I made Lord of me, and all I had, At your important Letters this ill day, A most ourragious fit of madnesse tooke him: That desp'rately he hurried through the streete, With him his bondman, all as mad as he, Doing displeasure to the Citizens, By rushing in their houses : bearing thence Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage didlike. Once did I get him bound, and fent him home, Whil'ft to take order for the wrongs I went, That heere and there his forie had committed, Anon I wotnot, by what strong escape He broke from those that had the goard of him, And with his mad attendant and himfelfe,

Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly pent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shutter the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to setch him out,

And will not futter ve to fetch him out,

Nor fend him forth, that we may beare him henre.

I Therefore

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe. Duke. Long lines thy husband feru'd me in my wars

Date. Long fince thy husband feru'd me in my wa And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word, When thou didt make him Mafter of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. Go fome of you. Knocke at the Abbey gate, And but the Lady Abbeffe come to me: I will determine this before I flirre.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and soue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids arow, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sinder of off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M' preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a soole:
And sure (vnlessey of send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conturer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,

And that is falle thou doft report to vs.

Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tel you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to dissignte you:
Cry within.

Harke, harke, i heare him Mistris: file, be gone.
Duly. Come fland by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witherfe you, That he is borne about invisible, Even now we hous'd him in the Abbry heere. And now he's there, past thought of humane resson.

Enser Antipholus, and E. Dromicof Ephefas.

(flice, E. Ans. Inflice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-Euen for the service that long since I did thee, When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke Deepe scarres to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me instice.

CHE, Far. Vilefle the feare of death doth make me dote, I fee my fonne Amphelia and Dromo.

E. Antifulfice ((weet Prince) against y Woman there:
She whom thou gau'il to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,

Even in the Arength and height of intuite:
Beyond imagination is the wrong

That the thir day both themeletic throwns on me.

Dide. Discour how, and thou that finde me ind.

E. Ant. This day (great Dake) the shut the doores

While the with Harlors feefted in my house.

Dade. A greenous fault: fay startan, didft thou fo?

Air. No my good Lead. My felfe, he, sad my fifter,
To day did dire together: fo befall my foule.
As this is fals he burthens me withall.

Luc. Nere may Hooke on day, nor fleepe on night, But the tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O persur'd women! They are both feetworne,

In this the Medman inftly chargeth them.

E. Am. My Léege, I smaduifed what I fay,
Neither diffurbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rafh prouosk'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wifer mad.

This woman lock dime out this day from dimer; That Goldfrich there, were he not pack'd with her, Could winesse it . for he was with me then, Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine, Promifue to bring it to the Porpeoune, Where Balibafar and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and be not comming thither, I went to feeke him. In the freet I met him, And in his companie that Gentleman There did this penur'd Goldsmith sweeze me downe, That I this day of him recent'd the Chaine, Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which, He did arrell me with an Office: did obey, and fent my Pelant home For certaine Duckers: he with none return d. Then fairely I bespoke the Officer To go in person with me to my house. By th' way, we met my wife, her fifter, and a rabble more Of vilde Confederates: Along with them They brought one Pinch, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine; A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke, A third-bare lugler, and a Fortune-teller, A needy-hollow-ey'd-fharpe-looking-wretch; A living dead man. This pernicious flave, Forfooth tooke on him as a Conjurer : And gazing in mice eyes, feeling my pulle, And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me, Cries out, I was polleft. Then altogether They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence, Add in a darke and dankish vault at home These lest me and my man, both bound together, Till gnawing with my teeth my bondin funder, gain'd my ficedome; and immediately Ran hether to your Grace, whom I befeech To give me ample leusiaction For shele deeps shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he divid not at home, but was lock'd one.

Duke. But had he fuch a Chaine of thee, or no? Gold. He had my Lord, 25d when he rea in heere, These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine, Heard you consesse you had the Chains of him. After you first for swore it on the short. And thereupon I drew my sword on you. And then you seed into this Abbey here. From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Am. I neuel came within these Abbey wals, Nor ener dian thoudraw thy sword on me: I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven: And this is false you burshen me withall.

Daly. Why what an latricate impeach is this? I thinke you all have drunke of Cares cup: If here you hous'd him, heere he would have bin. If he were mad, he would not pleade fo coldly: You say he dis'd at home, the Goddfmith heers Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you? E. Dr. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-

Csv. He did, and from my finger fracht that Ring. E. Lett. The true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her. Dwig. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere? Cort. As fore (my Liege) as I do fee your Grace. Duks. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbessehie.

ther. I thinke you are all mated, or flathe mad.

Exic

Exic one to the Abbeffe.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word: Haply I fee a friend will faue my life, And pay the fum that may deliver me.

Dide. Speake freely Stracefian what thou wile. Fath. Is not your name fir call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this houte I was his bondman fir, But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords, Now am I Dromis, and his man, vnbound. Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me. Dro. Our selves we do remember sir by you:

For lately we were bound as you are now. You are not Pinches patient, ate you fit?

Farber. Why looke you frange on me? you know

E. Aut. I never faw you in my life till now. Fa.Oh! griefe hath chang'd me fince you faw me laft, And carefull houres with times deformed hand, Haue written ftrange defeatures in my face : But tell me yet, doft thounot know my voice? Aur. Neither.

Fat. Dromio, not thou? Dre. No truit me fir, nor 1. Fa. 1 am sure thou do??

E. Dromio. I fir, but I am sure I do not, and what soeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.

Farb. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue In feuen short yeares, that heete my onely sonne Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares? Though now this grained face of mine behid In fap-confuming Winters drizled fnow, And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp: Yet hath my night of life fome memorie: My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left; My dull deafe ezres a little vie to heare: All these old witnesses, I cannot erre Tell me, thou art my sonne Antipholms.

Ant. I never faw my Father in my life. Fs. But seuen yeares since, in Siracusa boy Thou know's we parted, but perhaps my sonne,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Am. The Duke, and all that know me in the City, Can witheffe with me that it is not fo.

Ine'te law Scacufa in my life

Duke. I tell thee Stracustan, twentie yeares Have I bin Patron to Antipholas. During which time, he ne're faw Siracufa: I feethy age and dangers make thee dotz.

> Enter the Abboffe with Antipholus Siracufa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold amanmuch wrong'd.

All gather to sce them. Adr. I secewo husbands, or mine eyes deceive me Duke. One of these men is genius to the other: And so of these, which is the naturall man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sit am Dromio, command him eway. E. Dro. 1 Sir am Dromio, pray let me fray.

S. Ans. Egemert thou not or elfe his ghoft.

S. Drom. On my olde Maffer; who hath bound him

Abb. Who everbound him, I will lose his bonds, And gaine a husband by his liberti e: Speake olde Egem, if thou bee'ff the man That hadft a wife once call'd Emilia, That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes? Oh if thou bee'ft the same Egeon, speake: And speake voto the fame Emilia

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning Rorleright: Thele two Ampholm, thele two lo like, And thefe two Dromie 1, one in femblance: Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea, Thefe are the parents to thefe children, Which accidentally are met together.

FA If I dreame nor, thou are Amilia. If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.

Abb. By men of Epidamium, he, and I, And the twin Dromes, all were taken up; But by and by, rude Fishermen of Corinib By force tooke Dromio, and my fonne from them, And me they left with those of Epidomium. What then became of them, I cannot tell: I, to this fortune that you fee mee in.

Duke. Aurphobuthou cam's from Corine fielt. S. Ant. No fir, not I, I came from Stracufe. Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which. E. Ant. I came from Cormib my most gracious Lord E.Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned Vnckle. Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day? S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.

Adr. And are not you my husband? E. Am. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ans. And so do I, yet did she call me so: And this faire Gentlewoman her fifter heere Did call me brother. What I told you then, I hope I shall have leisure to make good, If this be not a dreame I fee and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine fir, which you had of

S. Am. I thinke it be fir, I denie it not. E. Aut. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me. Gold. I thinke I did fir, I deny it not. Adr. I fent you monie fir to be your baile By Dromto, but I thinke he brought it not.

E. Dro No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you. And Drossio my man did bring them me: I fee we fill did meete each others man, And I was cane for him, and he for me, And therenpon their errors are arole.

E. Am. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere. Dake. 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 checra

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchfafe to take the paines To go with vs into the Abbey heere And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes And all that are affembled in this placer That by this simpachized one dates error Hous litter'd wrong, Goe, keepe vs companie,

100

The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make so il satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in travaile, Of you my sonnes, and cill this present houre. My heavie butthen are delivered.
The Duke my husband, and my children both, And you the Kalenders of their Nationry, Go to a Gossips seast, and go wishmee, After so long greese such Nationitie.

Duke With all my heart, lie Gossip at this seast.

Excust corners. Manet the two Dromio's and

S.Dre. Mast. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord? E A. Drezzio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarks S Dro. Your goods that lay at host fir in the Centaur. S.Am. Helpeakes to me, I am your master Drozzo. Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, resource with him.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your mafters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dianer:
She now shall be my fifter, not my wife,
E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, not my brother:

E D Methinks you are my glaffe, & normy brocher: Ifee by you, I am a sweet-fac dyouth, Will you walke in to see their goshipping.

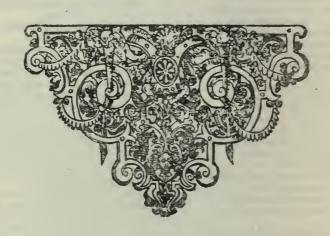
S. Dro Not I fit, you are my elder.

E. Dra. That's a question, how shall we trivia.

S. Dro. Weel draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou first

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the worldlike brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another
Execun

FINIS.





Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen bis wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a meffenger.

Leonato.

Learne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arra-gon, comes this night to Messina. Mess. He is very necre by this: he was not three Leagues off when I lest him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you loft in this action?

Meff. But few of any fort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers : I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Meff. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the seats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle beere in Messina, wil be very

much glad of it.

Meff. I have alreadie delivered him letters, and there appeares much loy in him, even so much, that toy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meff. In great measure

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from

the warres, or no?

Meff. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of Padua
Mess. Ohe's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bils here in Messina, & challeog'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too

much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not

Meff. He hath done good service Lady in these wars. Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it : he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent Romacke.

Meff. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he

Meff. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, fluft with all honourable vertues.

Best, It is fo indeed, he is no leffe then a stuft man:

but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is akind of metry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her : they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one : fo that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselse warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reafonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new (worne brother.

Mess. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it cuer changes with & next block.

Mef. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mef. He is most in the company of the right noble

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a difeafe: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd

Meff. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l oe're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot I anuary.

Mel. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio. Benedicke, Balthafar. and lobn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, forrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. Youembrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonare. Her mother hath many times told me fo.

Bened Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full Benedicke, we may gheffe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her felfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, the would not have his head on her thoulders for al Messina, as like him as the is.

Beas. I wonder that you will fill be talking, fignior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Difdaine ! ere you yet

liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to seede it, 23 Signior Benedicke? Curresse it selse must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then Is curtefic a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard

heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious Surer, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog batke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Bens. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate

Scratcht face.

Best. Scratching could not make it work, and twere fuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Bea. A bird of my tongue, is better than 2 beaft of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Bent. You alwaies end with a ladestricke, I know

ou of old.

Pedro. This is the fumme of all: Leonato, fignior Claudio, and fignior Benedicke; my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine vs longer: I date sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I own you all

ductie.

lobn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I chanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

CLAL Benedicke, didft thon note the daughter of fig-

Bene. Inoted her not but I lookt on her.

Class. Is the not a modest yong Ladie?

Bine. Doe you question me ar an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Clav. No, 1 pray thee speake in sober sudgement

Plane: Why yearth me thinks thee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affootd her, that were shee other then she is, the were vnbandsonse, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Cleu. Thou think'ft I am in sport, I pray thee tell ine

truely how thou lik's her.

Time. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clas. Can the world buie fuch a jewell?

Een. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting tacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall arran take you to goe in the song?

Class. In mine eie, the is the sweetest Ladie that ever

Hookt on.

Bene. I can fee yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possess with a surie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I bad sworne the contrarie, if Haro vould be my wife.

Bene. If come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with fulpition? Chall I neuer fee a batcheller of three foore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou will needes thruft thy necke into a yoke, weare, the print of it, and figh away fundaies: looke, den Padro is returned to feeke you.

Enter don Pedro, lohn the bastard

Pedr. What secret hathheld you here, that you followed not to Leonatoes?

Bened. I would your Grace would confiraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Een. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be fectet us a dumbeman, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) here is in love, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with Hero, Leonatoes short daughter.

Clan. If this were fo, so were it vitted.

Bevel Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not fo, nor 'twas not fo: but indeede, God forbid it should be fo.

Class. If my possion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is verte well worthie.

Clan. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought.

Clas. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.
Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I

pesse a. inc.

Clan. That I loue her, I feele, Pedr. That the is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how thee should be loued, not know how shee should be worthie, it the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me. I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie,

Clue. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That

Ben. That a woman conceiled me, I thanke her: that fhe brought nice vp, Ilikewije gine her most humble thankes; but that I will have a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuifible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mithrust any, I will doe my felfe the right to trust none : and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchellor.

Pedro. Ishall see thee ere I die, looke pale with lone. Bene. With anger, with ficknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love : prove the ever I loofe more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp as the doore of a brothel-house for the figne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ener thou dooft fall from this faith,

thou wilt prone a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the thoulder, and cal'd Adam

Pedra. Well, as time shall trie: In time the fsuage

Bull dorh heare the yoake.

Bene. The Lauge buil may, but if ever the fentible Benedicke beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and fer enem in my forchead, and let me be vildely painted, and infuch great Letters as they write. heere is good horfe to hire : let them fignifie under my figne, here you may fee Benedicke the married man.

Class. If this frould euer happen, thou wouldft bee

horne mad.

Pedra. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this Chorrly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the noures, in the meane time, good Signior Benedicke, repaire to Leomatoes, commend me to him, and tell him I will rot faile him at supper, for indeede ha hath made great prepara-

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me forfuch en

Emballage, and fo I commut you.

Class. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I

had it

Pedro. The fixt of July. Your louing friend, lemedick. Bene. Nay mocke not, mockenot; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but flightly balted on neither, ere you flour old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so ! leave you

Chin, My Llege, your Highnesse naw may doe mos

Pedra. My love is thine to teach, teach ithus bow, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Leffon that may do thee good.

Class. Hath Leonate any fonne my Lord? Pedro. No childe but Hero, the's his oney heire.

Dost thou affect her Claudso?

Clau. Omy Lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look a vpon her with a fouldiers eie, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand Than to drive liking to the name of loss: Butnow I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts House left their places vacant: in their roomes Come thronging foft and delicate defires All prompting mee how faire yong Horais, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warren

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently, And tire the hearer with a booke of words: Is thou dost love faire Hero, cherish it, And I will breake with her: wast not to this end, That thou beganft to twift fo fine a flory?

Class. How sweetly doe you minister to love, That know loues griefe by his complexion! But lest my liking might too fedaine feeme, I would have falu'd it with a longer treatife.

Ped. What need & bridge much broder then the flood? The fairest graunt is the necessitie: Looke what will ferue, is fir: 'tis once, thou lovelt.

And I will fit thee with the remedie, I know we shall have revelling to night,

I will assume thy part in some disguise. And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosome Ile vnclatpe my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong incounter of my amorous tale:

Then after, to her father will I breake, And the conclusion is, thee shall be thine, In practife let vs put it prefently.

Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato. Lee. How now brother, where is my colen your fon: bath he provided this muficke?

Old. He is very busic about It, but brother, I can tell

you newes that you yet dreams not of.

Lo. Are they good!

Old, As the events framps them, but they have a good couer : they show well outward, the Prince and Count Claudio walking in a thick pleashed aliey in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince difcovered to Claudio that hee loved my niece your doughter, and meent to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and inflantly breake with you

Lie. Hath the follow any wit that told you this? Old. A good sharps fellow, I will fend for him, and

question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it at a dreame, till it ap. peare it felfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that the may be the better prepared for an answer, if per adventure this beetrue: goe you and tell her of it: coo-lins, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vie your skill good cofin have a care this buferime. Enter Sir John the Baft and and Com ade his companion

Con. What the good yeeze my Lord, why aze you

thus out of measure lad?

lob. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds therefore the fadnesse is without limms.

Con. You should heare reason.
Isha. And when I have heard it, what blessing brin geth it?

Con. If not a prefent remedy, yet a patient fufferance Ich. I wonder that thou (being as thou fairt thou are borne vnder Saturne) goeft about to apply a morall me dicine, to a mortifying mischiefe : I cannot hide what I am : I must bee fad when I have cause, and smile at no mansiefts, est when I have fromacke, and wait for no mant leifure: fleepe when I am drowfie, and tendon no mans bufineffe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Can. Yes, but you must not make the full how of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you have of

late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your felfe, it is needful that you frame the feafon for your

owne harveft.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a role in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to tob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be faid to be a flattering honest man) It must not be defined but I am a plaine dealing villaine. I am trufted with a muffell, and enfranchifde 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 means time, let me be that I am , sad feeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vie of your discontent? John, I will make all vic of it, for I vicht onely. Who comes here? what newer Borachio?

Enter Borachie.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonaro, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Ishn. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischiese on 7 What is hee for a foole that betrothes mimfelfe to

unquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand. John. Who, the most exquisite Clandio?

Bor. Euenhe!

John. A proper fquier, and who, and who, which way bookes he?

Bor. Mary on Horo, the daughter and Heire of Lee-

Jobn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was Imoaking a multy toome, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in fad conference: I whipt behind the Ar ras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince fould wooe Hero for himselfe, sud hauing obtain'd her, gius her to Count Claudio.

John Come, come, let vs thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young statt-vp bath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my feife every way, you are both fare, and will affift

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let ve to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Box. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exempt.

A aus Secundus.

Enter Locusto, bis brother, bis wife, Hero bis daughter, and Beatrice bis nesse, and a kinfman.

Leonato. Was not Count I ohn here at supper? Brother. I law him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, Inquer can fee him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after. Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made lust in the mid-way betweene him and Benedicks, the one is too like an image and fairs mething, and the other too like my Ladies eldest fonne, enermore tacling

Leon. Then halfe fignior Benedicks tongu: in Count Johns mouth, and halfe Count Johns metancholy in Sig-

nior Benedicks face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foor vnckle, and money enough in his purie, fuch a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neve get thee a

husband, if thou be fo shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith shee's too curst.

Beat. Too curft is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods fending that ways for it is feid, God fender earst Cow thors hornes, but to a Cow too curst he fer ds none.

Lem. So, by being too curst, God will fend you no

Bear. Iust, if he fend me no husband, for the which bleffing, I am at him vpon my knees every morning and evening : Lord, I could not endure a busband with a beard on his face. I had rather lie in the woollen.

Lemate. You may light upon a husband that bath no

beard.

Barries. What should I doe with him? decffe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman?he that hath a beard, is more then a youth : and he that hath no beard, is leffe then a man : and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leffe then a man, I am not ferhim: therefore I will even take fix epence in ear nest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into heli.

Lem Well then, goe you into hell.

Bear No, but to the gate, and there will the Devil meete mee like an old Cuckold wit homes on his head, and fay get you to heaven Beetrice, get you to heaven, heere's to place for you maids, so deliver I vp my Apes, and away to S. Peter: for the heavens, bee thewes mee where the Batchellers lit, and there live was as merry as the day slong.

Brother, Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your

father.

Beatres. Yes faith, it is my colens dutie to make cun fie, and fry, as it please you: but yet for all that cofin, lex lum be chandlome fellow, or elle make an other curfic. and fay, ather, as it pleafe me.

Leonan. Well neece, I hope to fee you one day fitted

with a hubond.

Beatrice Not till God make men of some other mertall then eath, would it not grieve a woman to be overmattred with a peece of vallant dust to make account of her life to adod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: Adams sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinted.

Leon. Drughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe selicit you in that kinde, you know your en-

fwere.

Beatries. The fault will be in the muficke cofin, if you be not woed a good time: if the Prince bee too impor. tant, tell him here is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answee, for heare me Haro, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is a Scorch ijgge, a measure, and a cinquepace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotchingge (and full as fartasticall) the wedding manerly modelt, (as a measure) ull of state & sunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he finkes into his grave.

Lesnata. Colinyou apprehend palling farewdly. Bearrice. I have a good eye wackle, I can fee e Church by daylight.

Lean. The revellers are entring brother, make good

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedecke, and Balthafar, or dumbe lobe. Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend? Hera. So you walke fofily, and looke (weetly, and lay northing, I am yours for the waike, and especially when I walke away

Pedro. With me in your company. Hero. I may lay lo when I pleafe.

Pedro. And when please you to lay so?

Here. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute should be like the cafe.

Pedro My visor is Philemons tooke, within the bouse

is Loue.

Here. Why then your vifor should be that the.

Fedro. Speake low if you speake Loud. Bene. Well, I would you didlike tre

Mar. So would not I for your owner fake, for I have mame ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I lay my prayers alowd.

Ben. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen. Dier. God match me with a good dauncer.

Bait. Amen

Mar. And God keepe him out of my light when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is answered. Vrfula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Enebonio.

Anth Ataword, Iamnos

Vrsula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counserfet him.
Vrfu. You could neuer doe him to ill well, wheffe you were the very man: here s his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. Ar a word I am not.

Urfala. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felfe ? goe to, mumme, you are be, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Not will you not tell me who you are ?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales : well, this was Signior Benedicke that faid fo.

Bene. What's he?
Bent. I am fure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeue me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?
Beat. Why he is the Princes leafter, a very dull foole, onely his gitt is, in deuiling impossible flanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleafeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beathim: I am fure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded and

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile rell him what you fay.

z. Do, do, beel but breake a companion or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laughtd at) strikes him into melanchoily, and then there's a Partridge wing fatted, for the foole will cate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.
Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Musicks for the dasse.

John Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and bath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one vifor remaines.

Borachio. And that is Claudes, I know him by his ben-

sing.

John Are not you fignior Emedicket

Clan. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie necre my Brother in his lone, he is ensmor d'on Here, I pray you dissivade him from her, the is no equall for his birth : you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

lobs. I heard him (weare his affection.

Em. Sodid I too, and he swore he would marrie her

to night.

Idm. Come, let vs to the banquet. Exment Clan.

Clau. Thus answere I in name of Benedicke But heare thefe ill newes with the eares of Claudio: Tis certaine to, the Prince woes for himfelfe: Friendship is constant in all other things, Sauc in the Office and affaires of love: Therefore all hearts in love vie their owne tongues. Let cuerie eye negotiare for it felfe, And trust no Agent : for beautic is a witch, Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood ? This is an accident of housely proofe, Which I missrusted not. Farewell theretors Hero.

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count Claudie.

Class. Yea, the fame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Class. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your own bafinesse, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gare land off? About your necke, like an V furers chaine? Or vader your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hash got your Hero.

Class: I wish him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they fel Bullockes: but did you chinke the Prince wold have ferued you thus?

Class I pray you leave me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that stole your meste, and you'l beat the post.

Class. If it will not be, Ilelezue you.

Ber. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges: But that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, & natknow me : the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vndershattitle, because I am merrie: yea but so l'am ipt to do my selfe wrong: I sur not so reputed, it is the bale (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that putt's the world into her person, and so gives me our: well, lie be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you

Bone. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forlaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-loyed with finding a birds neft, fliewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression ? the

transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amiffe the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worne himselfe, and the rod hee might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have folne his birds neft.

Pedro. I will but teach them to fing, and reftore them

Bene. If their finging answer your saying, by my faith

you fay honestly.

Pedra. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shet is much

wrong'd by you.

Bene, O the misusde me past the indurance of a block; an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have anfwered her: my very vifor began to assume life, and scold with her: free told mee, not thinking I had beene my felfe, that I was the Princes lefter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling iest vpon iest, with such impossible conuciance vponme, that I food like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me : shee speakes poynyards, and every word flabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, the would infect to the north flatte ; I would not matry her, though she were indowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgrest, she would have made Hercules have turnd fpit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernal! Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would conjure her, for certainely while she is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a fan Quary, and people sinne upon purpose, because they would goe thither, lo indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudis and Beatrice, Leonate, Hero.

Fedre. Looke heere the comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any fervice to the worlds end? I will goe on the flightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can devife to fend me on : I will feech you a tooth-picker now from the further inch of Alia: bring you the length of Prefter Ichns foot: fetch you a hayre of the great Chams beard: doe you any embaffage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment

Pedre. None, but to defire your good company. Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I leve not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue.

Padr. Come Lady, come, you have loft the heart of

Signior Benedicke. Brate. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me ? while, and I gaue him vie for it, a double heart for a fingle one, marry

once before he wonne it of mee, with faile dice, therefore

your Grace may well fay I haue lost it.

Pedro. You have put him downs Lady, you have put him downe.

Beas. So I would not be should do me, my Lord, left I fhould prooue the mother of fooler : I have brought Count Claidie, whom you lent me to leeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wheefore are you said Cland. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? licke ! Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Bear. The Count is nelther lad, not licke, nor merry, nor well: but civili Count, civil as an Orange, and fome-

thing of a lealous complexion.

Pedro. If sith Lady, I thinke your blezon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is falle: heere Cieudio, I have woord in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give

Lesna. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hash made the match, & all grace

fay, Amen to it.

Zeatr. Spezke Count, tis your Qu,

Cland. Silence is the perfecteft Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could fay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my felfe for you, and dost vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cofin, or (if you cannot) frop his mouth with a kille, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beatr. Yearny Lord Ithanke it, poore soole it keepes on the windy fide of Care, my coofin tells him in his eare that he is in my beatt,

Clas. And to the doth coofin.

Bie. Good Lord for alliance : thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am fun-burn'd, I may fit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Best. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, valeffe I might have another for werking-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare everie day : but I bescech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prose. Your filence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born

in a merry hovere.

Beatr. No fure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a flarre daunft, and under that was I borner cofine God give you loy.

Lemae. Neece, will you looke to these things I told

you of?

Lest. I cry you mercy Vacle, by your Graces pardon. Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.
Leon. There's little of the melantholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepes, and not euer fad then: for I have heard my daughter fay, fhe hath often dreams of vahappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indute to heare tell of a husband. Lemate. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her woders

out of fuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick, Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married. merried, they would talke themfelues madde.

Prince. Counte Claudio, when meane you to goe to Church?

Class. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue have all his rites

Leonard. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a just feuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue

all things answerminde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of Hercules labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedicke and the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such affistance as I shall give you direction.

Leonata, My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee

ten nights watchings,

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle Here?

Here. I will doe any modelt office, my Lord, to helpe my cona to a good husband.

Prin. And Benedick is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cofin, that thee shall fall In love with Benedisks, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on Beredicke, that in despight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee fhall 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 lousgods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. Exis.

Enter Ishn and Borachio.

lob. It is fo, the Count Claudio final marry the daugh-

Born. Yearny Lord, but I can croffe it.

Ichn. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am ficke in displeasure to him, and what focuer comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Ber. Not honeftly my Lord, but so couertly, that no

dishonesty shall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere fince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Here.

John. Iremember.

Bor. I can at any unscasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this mar-

riage? Bor. The poylon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, sparenot to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Ciardio, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero

John. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vexe Claudie, to vadoe Here, and kill Lemate, looke you for amy other iffue ?

John. Onely to despight them, I will endeauour any

thing.

Bor. Goethen, finde me a meete howre, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Here loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a love of your brothers honor who bethmade this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cofen'd with the femblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleeve this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call Margaret, Here; heare Margaret terms me Claudio, and bring them to fee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the mesnetime, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of Herses disloyaltie, that igalousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation ouesthrowne.

John. Grow this to what adverte iffue it can, I will put it in practife: be cunning in the working this, and

thy fee is a thousand ducases.

Ber. Bethou conflant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Lobin. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage.

Enser Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already fir.

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man feeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaulours to love, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in love, & such a man is Claudio, I have known when there was no muficke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walkt ten mile afoot, to fee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantafficall banquet, iust fo many strange dishes: may I be so converted, & fee with thele eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not : I will not bee fwome, but love may transforme me to an oyster, but He take my oath on it, till he have made an oyfter of me, he shall never make me such a foole; one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wife, yet I am well: another vertuout, 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 He none : vertuous, or He neuer chespen her : faire, or Ile neuer looke on her : milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell : of good discourse :an excellent Musitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and lacke Wilfers.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the evening is,

As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.

Pris. See you where Benedicke hath hid himselfe?

Class. O very well my Lordithe muficke ended, Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come Balthafar, wee'll heare that fong again. Balib. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce, To flander muficke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witnesse still of excellency,

Much adoe about Nothing.

To flander Musicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witnesse fill of excellencie, To put a strange face on his owne perfection, I pray thee fing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will fing, Since many a wooer doth commence his fuit, To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woods,

Yet will he fweare he loues. Prince. Nay pray thee come, Orlf thou wilt hold longer argument,

Doeit in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting. Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,

Note notes for footh, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine sire, now is his foule ravishe, is it not strange that st.cepes guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well, a home for my money when all's disce.

The Song.

Sighno more Ladies, figh no more, Men were deceivers ener, One foote in Sea, and one on fbere, To one thing constant never, Then figh not fo but let them goe, And be you blishe and bornie. Conserting all your founds of wee, Into bey nony mony.

Song no mere ditties, fing no mos, Of dumps fo dull and bear; The fraud of men were ener fo, Since summer first was leaving. Then figh not fo, Ac.

Prince. By my troth a good fong. Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou fingst well enough for a Shife.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have nowld thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad vovce bode no mischiefe, I had as liefe haue heard the night-tauen, come what plague could have come at-

Prince. Yearnarry, dost thou heare Batthafar? I pray thee get vs fome excellent mufick : for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. Ext Balthafar. Frince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonars, what was it you told me of to day, that your Nicce Beantee was in love with fignior Benedicke?

Cla. OI, stalke on, stalke on, the foule fits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would have loued any man.

Leon. No nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Sigmor Benedicke, whom shee hath in all outward behauiours feemed euer to abhorre.

Bone, 1s't possible? fits the winde in that corner? Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that the loves him with an inraged affe-Clions it to past the infinite of thought.

Prince .- May be the doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough,

Lean. O God! connterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as the difcouers it.

Why what effects of passion shewes the Cland. Base the hooke well, this fift will becen

Leon What effects my Lord? Thee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how

Class. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you ? you arnaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene intincible against all allaults of affection.

Lea. I would have fwome It had my Lord, especially

agains Benedicke.

Bene I should thinke this a gull, but that the whitebearded fellow speakes it : knapery cannot sure buce himfelfe in fuch reverence,

Cland He hath tane th'infestion, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath thee made her affection knows to Bear. diche !

Leonato. No, and sweares the neuet will, that a ber

tomient.

Claud. Tis erve indeed, so yourdanghter laies : Iball I, faics the that have to oft encountred him with fcome, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This faies thee now when thee is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will the fix in her Imorke, till the have were a theest of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Class. Now you talke of a freet of paper, I remember

a pretty left your daughter told vs of

Leon, O when the had writ it, & was reading it ouer, We found Benedicke and Become borveene the Cheete.

Class That.

Leon. Ofhe tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her felf, that the should be so immodell to write, to one that shee knew would Bout her : I measure bim, faies the, by my owne spirit, for I should flout bim if bee writ to mee, yea though I love him. I should.

Class. Then downe upon her knees the falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, reares her hayre, praies, curles, O

fweet Bexedicks, God give me parience.

Leon She doth indeed, my daughter faies fo, and the extafie hath fo much overborne her, that my daughter is formtime afeard the will doe a desperate out-rage to her felfe, it is very true.

Prine. It were good that Benedicke knew of it by fome

other, if the will not discover it.

Class. To what end ! he would but make a sport of it,

and torment the poote Lady worfe.

From And he should, it were an almes to hang him. Thee's an excellent tweet Lady, and (ont of all suspected.) the is vertuous.

Claudio. And the is exceeding wife.

Prince. In every thing, but in louing Benedicke.

Lean. Omy Lord, wiledome and bloud combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that bloud hach the victory, I am forry for her, as I have suft cause being her Vncle, and her Guardian,

Prince. I would thee had bestowed this dougeon mee, I would have daft all other respects, and made her halfe my felfe: I przy you tell Eenedicke of ic, and heare

what he will fay.

Lean. Were it good thinke you?

Class. Herothinkes furely the wil die, for the saies the will die, if hee loue her noe, and thee will die ere thee make her love knowne, and the will die if hee wood her, rather than thee will bate one breath of her accustomed croffeneffe.

Prin. She doth well, if the should make tender of her love.

love, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for theman (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines. Class. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wife.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like

Lean. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As Heltor, I affure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may fee hee is wife, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Less. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a

quarrell with feare and trembling

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God. howfoeuer it feemes not in him, by fome large leafts hee will make: well, I am forry for your niece, shall we goe fee Benedicke, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weste it out

with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart

out first,

Prin Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue Bonedicke well, and I could wish he would modefully examine himselfe, to see how much he is voworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready. Class. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer

trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothere dotage, and no fuch matter, that's the Scene that I would fee, which will be mecrely a dumbe fhew : let vs fend her to call him into dinner,

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was fadly borne, they have the truth of this from Hero, they feeme to pittie the Lady: it feemes her affections have the full bent : love me? why it must be required : I heare how I am cenfur'd, they fay I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceive the love come from her : they fay too, that the will rather die than give any figne of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending : they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reprooue it, and wife, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in love with her, I may chance baue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I hauerail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter i a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour ? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should live till I were maried, here comes Beatrice: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.

Reas. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message
Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a knives point, and thoake a daw withall : you have no stomacke fignior, fare you well.

Bone. Ha, against my will I am fent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to fay, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes : if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her piaure.

Allus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrfula.

Here. Good Margaret tunne thee to the parlour, There shalt thou finde my Cofin Beatrite, Proposing with the Prince and Claudio Whilper her care, and tell het I and Prisla. Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, fay that thou over-heardft vs, And bidher Reale into the pleached bower, Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne, Forbid the funne to enter : like fattourites , Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride, Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her To liften our purpose, this is thy office, Beare thee well in it, and leave vs alone.

Marg. He make her come I warrant you prefently. Here. Now Vrfula, when Bestrice doth come, As we do trace this alley vp and downe, Our talke must onely be of Benedicke, When I doe name him, let it be thy part, To praise him more then ever man did merit, My talke to thee must be how Benedicke Is ficke in love with Beatrice : of this matter, Is little Gupids crafty atrow made, That onely wounds by heare-fay: now begin, Enser Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrics like a Lapwing runs Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

The pleasant'it angling is to fee the fifth Cut with her golden ores the filuer streame, And greedily denoure the treacherous balte; So angle we for Bearrice, who even now, Is couched in the wood-bine coverture, Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her care loofe nothing, Of the falle (weete baite that we lay for it a No truely Vrfula, the is too difdainfull, I know her spirits are as coy and wilde, As Haggerds of the rocke.

Orfula. But are you fure, That Benedicke loues Beatrice so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord. Vrf. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam ? Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,

But I perswaded them, if they lou'd Benedicke,

lo wish him wrastie with affection, And never to let Bearnes know of lt.

Vrfula. Why did you to, doth not the Gentleman Deferue as full as forcunaros bed,

As ever Bearies Thall couch upon?

Here. O God of loue! I know he doch deferue, As much as may be yeelded to a man . But Nature neuer fram d womans heart, Ofprowder ftuffe then that of Beatrice Disdaine and Scorneride sparkling in her eyes, Mif-prizing what they looke on, and her wit Values le selle so highly, that to her All matter elle fecmes weake: fhe cannot loue, Nor take no shape nor proced of affection, Shee is lo felfe indeared

Vrfula. Sure I thinke fo, And therefore certainely it were not good She knew his love, left the make sport at it

Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man, How wife, how noble, yong, how rarely teatur'd. But the would spell him backward: if faire fac'd She would sweare the gentleman should be her fifter If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke, Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed : Iflow, snagot very vildlie cut i If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes. If filent, why a blocke moved with none So turnes the every man the wrong fide out, And neuer gives to Truth and Vertue, that Which simplenede and merit purchaseth.

Prfu. Sure, fure, such carping 18 110t commendable. 2010. No not to be so odde, and from all fashions, As Bestrees is, cannot be commendable, But who dare tell her fo ! if I should speake, She would mocke me into ayre, O the would laugh me Out of my felfe, presseme to death with wit, Therefore let Benedicke like couered fire, Consume away in lighes, waste inwardly. It were a better death, to die with mockes, Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urfu. Yet tell her of it heare what shee will say. Here. No rather I will goe to Benedicke, And counsaile him to fight against his pastion, And truly Ile deuise some honest flanders, To staine my conn with, one doth not know, How much an ill word may imperson liking.

Urfa. O doe not doe your cofin fuch a wrong, She cannot be so much without true judgement, Having so swift and excellent a wit As the is prilde to have, as to refule So rare a Gentleman as figulor Benedicke.

Here. He is the onely man of Italy,

Alwaies excepted, my deare Clandio. Vrfu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame, Speaking my fency: Signior Benedicke, For shape, for bearing argument and valour, Goes formost in report through Italy.

Here. Indeed he hath an excellent good name. Urfu. His excellence dideame it ere he had it:

When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why everie day to morrow, come goein, He show thee some attires, and have thy counsell, Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Vrfn. Shee's tane I warrant you, We have caught her Madame?

Here. If it proue fo, then louing goes by heps,

Some Capid kills with accowes, some with traps. Beat, What fire is ut mine earcs? can this be true? Stand I condemn d for pride and fcorne fo much? Contempt, stewell, and maiden pride, adew, No glory lives behinde the backe of fuch. And Benedicke, love on, I will require thee, Toming my wilde heart to thy louing hand i If thou doft loue, my kindszefie fhall incite thes To binde our loues up in a holy band For others fay thou dost deferue, and I Beleeue it better then reportingly. Exa.

Eurer Prince, Claudio, Benedichs, and Leonaro. Prince. I doe but flay till your marriage be contemmate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Class. He bring you chither my Lord, if you? rouch-

fafe me.

Prm. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new glosse of your marriage, as to show a childe his new cost and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with Benedicke for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the fole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Capids bow-firing, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his congue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his conque speakes.

Bene. Gallages, lam no: as I haue bin. Leo So say I, methinkes you are sadder

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be fad, hewarts money.

Bene. I have the tooth-sch.

Prin. Drawit.

Bene. Hangit.

Cloud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards. Prin. What? figh for the tooth-ach.

Lean. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Dene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but bee that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in loue.
Prov. There is no appearance of funcie in him, valesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises as to bee a Detchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: valeffe hee have a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no fook for fancy, as you would have it to sppcare

Class. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no beloeving old figner, a brushes his has a mornings, What should that bode?

Priss. Hath any man feene him at the Barbers?

Class. No, but the Barbers man both beene feen with him, and the olde ornament of his checke hath alreadie Rufe tennis balls.

Lean Indeed belookes yonger than hee did, by the loTe of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Civit, can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to fay, the fweet youth's io

Prom. The greatest note of it is his melancholy Class, And when wes he woose to weath his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they fay of him.

Clas. Nav, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept late a line firing, and now govern'd by floas.

Prince.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude,

Clan. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him

Prin. Sheeshall be butied with her face vpwards.
Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old fignior, walke aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wife words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about Beatrice: Class. 'Tis cuen fo, Isro and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two Beates

will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Baf. My Lord and brother, God faue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baft. If your leifure feru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. Inprinate?

Baft. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare. for what I would speake of concernes him.

Prin What's the matter

Basta. Meanes your Lordship to be martied to mortow

Pris. You know he does.

Baff. I know not that when he knowes what I know. Claz, If there be any impediment, I pray you difeo-

Bast You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare herenfter, and syme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (1 thinke, he holds you well, and in dearenelle of heart) hath holpe to effect your enfuing marriage: furely fute ill fpent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prim. Why, what's the metter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances fnortned, (for the liath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is difloyall.

Clase, Who Here?

Baft. Even thee, Leevasces Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero

Class Duloyell?

Baft. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say the were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it : wonder not till further warcanta goe but with mee to night, you shal fee her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her : But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Cland. May this be fo? Prine. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confessenot that you know : if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have feene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I fee any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold

wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wood for thee to obtains her, I will

ioyne with thee to difgrace her.

Baft. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it eaidly but till night, and let the issue thow it felfe

Prin. O day vintowerdly turned!

Claud. Omischiese ftrangelie thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well preuented! so will you lay, when you have feene the fequele. Exit.

Enter Dogbery and his comparener with the wesch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?
Vag. Yes, or elfe it were pitty but they should suffer Caluation body and foule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegizance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Voges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour

Dogbery.

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch. 1 Hugh Ote-cake fix, or George Sea-toole, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleft you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answere . well, for your fauour fir, why give God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of fuch vanity, you are thought beere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch : therefore beare you the Brithorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prin-

waich 2. How if a will not fland?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verger. If he will not fland when he is bidden, her is none of the Princes subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes Subjects : you shall also make no soile in the freetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know

what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot fee how fleeping fould offend: only have a care that your bills be not folne; well, you are to call at all the Althouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How If they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them along till they are fober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Wateb. Well fir. Dogo. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vettue of your office, to be no true man : and for such kinde of men, the leffe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not

lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd : the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a threfe, Is, to let him show himfelfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Ver. You have bin alwaies cal'd a mereiful ma partner. Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much

more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her fill it.

Watch. How if the nurse be affecpe and will not

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

Kerser Tis venetrue.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you confiable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may flaichim.

Verger. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fine shillings to one on't with some man that knowes the Statues, he may staichim, marrienot without the prince be willing for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and ic is an offence to flay a man against his will.

Verger. Birladie I thinke it be fo.

Dog. Ha,ah ha, well masters good night,and there be anie niatter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counfailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour

Wateb. Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go fit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about fignior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew.be vigitant I befeech you. Excust.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor What, Conrade?

Warch. Peace,fir not.

Bor. Conrade I lay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Ber. Mas and my elbowitcht, I thought there would a scabbe sollow.

Con, I will owe thee an answere for that, and now Forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it driffels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, veter all to

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of Den John 3 thousand Duestes.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanic should be so deare? Bor. Thou hould'it rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will,

Con. I wonder atit.

Ror. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell. Bor. I meane the fathion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the soole's the soole, but feelt thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: Lremember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie? Con. No, twas the vaine on the house.

Bor Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddly a turnes about all the Hota blouds, betweene source ene & fine & chirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Tharases fouldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priefts in the old Charch window, sometime like the Shauen Hacules in the fmircht worm eaten tapeftrie, where his cod-peece feemes as maffie as his club.

Con All this I fee, and fee that the fashion weater out more apparrell then the man; but are not thou thy felfe giddle with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of

thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wood Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Here, the leanes me out at her miltris chambe:vvindow, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince Claudio and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master Don lobn, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter,

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hera?
Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio, but the diuell my Master knew the was Margaret and partly by his oather, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any flander that Don loba had made, away event Claudso enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he faw o're night, and fend her bome againe vvichout a husbaud.

Warch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand. Wareb. 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve have here recovered the most dangerouspeece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth,

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them. I know him, a vveares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

Wateb. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, neuer speake, Tve charge you, let vs o-

bey you to goe with vs

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vvcele obey you.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Urfula

Hero. Good Vrfula wake my cofin Beatrue, and defire her to rife ..

Urfn. I will Lady.

Her And bid her come hither.

Vrf. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better. Bero. No pray thee good Meg, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not to good, and I vverrant your cofin will fay fo.

Bira. My cosin's 2 soole, and thou art another, ile vvearenone but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner : and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millames gowne that they praise fo.

Bero. O that exceedes they fay.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd withfilter, set with pearles, downe fleeues, fide fleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on'r.

Bero. God

Here. God give meetey to weste it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Alaga. Twill be heavier foone, by the walght of a

man

Horo. Fie vponthee, are not alham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me ley, fauing your reverence a husband : and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, He offend no body, is there any harme in the besuier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady Beasrice elfe, bere the comes.

Enter Bestrics.

Maro. Good morrow Coze.

Beat, Good morrow sweet Here.

Horo. Why how now? do you speake in the fick tune?

Bear. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a

burden,) do you ling it and lledance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband have fisbles enough, you'll looke he fhall lacke no barnes.

210. O diegitimate construction! I scorne that with

my heeles.

Best. Tis almost five a clocke cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband? Braz. For the letter that begins them ali, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more fayling by the starre,

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God fend every one their harts deine.

Hera. These gloves the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfum

Best. I am fluft cofin, I cannot freell.

Mar. A maid and fluft! there's goodly catching of calde.

Beas. O Godhelpe me, God belp me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Idar. Ever fince you left it, doth not my wit become

merarely? Esst. It is not feene enough, you should weare it in

your cap, by my troth I am licke.

Mer. Get you some of this diffill'deardure benedittus end lay is to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualnt. Mrs. There thou prickft her with a chillell

Bost. Basedilles, why benedilles? you have formemo-

rall in this becediffing.

Mer. Morall? to by my troth, I have no morall meathing, I meant plaine holy thiffell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not fuch a foole to thinke what Ilift, nor Ilift not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedicks was fuch another, and now is he become a man, he fwere hee would never marry, and yes now in delpight of his beart be extes his meat without gradging, and how you may be conserted I know not but me thinkesyou looke with your eies as other women doe.

Boat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a falle gallop. Enter Vrfula.

Vrfula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, fignice Benedicks, Don John, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to drelle mee good coze, good Mez,

good Vrfula.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headbarangh. Leanato. What would you with mee, honest neigh-

Const. Dog. Mary fir I would have some confidence with you, that decemes you neately.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you fee it is a bufie tirue with me,

Conft. Dog. Mary this it is fir. Headb. Yes in truth it is fir.

Lewn. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges fir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would defire they were, but infaith honest as the skip betweene his browes.

ifeed. Yes I thank God, I am as honeft as any man li-

ulog, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Can. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Lean. Reighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleates your worthip to fay forbut we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as redious as a King I could finde in my heart to besiow it all of your worship

Leon. All thy tediousuesses on me, sh?

Conf. Dog. Yes, and twere a thousand times more than tise for I heare as good exclamation on your Worthip as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to beare it.

Head. And form I

Lem. I would faine know what you have to lay.

Marry fir our watch to night, excepting your worthips prefence, haus take a couple of as atrant

knaues as any in Mcdina.

Con.Dog A good old man fir, hee will be talking as they fay, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to fee : well faid yfaith neighbour Verges , well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horfe, one must ride behinde, on honest toule yfaith fir, by my trath he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to bee worthipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too fhort of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Con. Dog. One word fir , our warch fir have indeede comprenended two aspitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worthip.

Leas. Take their examination your felfe, and bring it me, I am now in great hafte, as may appeare vnto you.

Couft. It shall be suffigance (Exte. Drinke some wine ere you goe : fare you well. Messinger. My Lord, they stay for you to give your

daughter to her husband. Lem. He wait vponthem, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Soaease, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaode: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wifely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: K 3

heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to fet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile.

Allus Quartus.

Unter Prince, Bastard, Leonaso, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonaro. Come Frier Francie, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duries afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claw. No.

Leo. To be married to her : Frier, you come to mar-

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you on your Soules to vtter it.

Cland Know you anie, Hero? Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Cian. O what men date do ! what men may do! what men deily do!

Bene. How now ! interiections? why then, some be

of laughing, as ha, ha,he.

Class. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave. Will you with free and vnconstrained soule Give me this maid your daughter?

Lear. As freely sonne as God did give her me. Cla. And what have I to give you back, whole worth

May counterpoile this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, valeffe you render her againe. Clen. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes: There Leonato, take her backe againe.

Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend, Shee's but the figne and femblance of her honout: Behold how like a maid the blushes heere? O what authoritie and fnew of truth Can cunning finne couer it felfe withall! Comes not that bloud, as modelt evidence,

To withesse simple Vertue? would you not sweeze All you that fee her, that the were a maide, By these exterior shewes? But she is none: She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed: Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonate. What doe you meane, my Lord? Class. Not to be married,

Not to knit my foule to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you In your owne proofe, Have vanquishe the relistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginitie. (bes, Claw. I know what you would say: if I have knowne You will fay, she did imbrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No Leanure I never tempted her with word too large, But as a brother to his fifter, fbewed Bashfull finceritie and comely love.

Hero. And feem'd I ener otherwife to you?

Class. Out on thee feem ng, I will write against it. You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe, As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne But you are more intemperate in your blood, Than Venu, or those pampred animalia,

That roge in lauage sensualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wider Lean Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prm. What should I speake?

I ftand diffionour'd that have gone about, To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Lean. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame? Bast. Sirthey are spoken, and these things are true. Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hers. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, Stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother? Is this face Heroes? are our ever our owne?

Lean, All this is fo, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daugh-And by ther fatherly and kindly power, That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Les I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe. Hero. OGod defend me how am I befet,

What kinde of catechizing call you this? Class. To make you answer truly to your name. Here, Is it not Here > who can blot that name

With any suft reproseh?

Claud. Marry that can Here, Heroit selfe can blot out Heroes vertue. What man was he, talkt with you yesternight, Out at your window betwitt twelve and one? Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Here. Italks with no man at that howre my Lord Prince. Why then you are no maiden. Lemate, I am forry you must heare : vpon mine honor , My felfe, my brother, and this grieued Count Did fee her, heare her, at that howre last night, Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window, Who hash indeed most like a liberall vullaine, Confest the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

Ichn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord, Not to be spoken of,

There is not chastitie enough in language, Without offence to veter them: thus pretty Lady I am forry for thy much milgouernment.

Cland. O Hero! what a Hero hadft thou beene If halfethy outward graces had beene placed About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart? But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell Thou pure implety, and implous puritic, For thee Helocke vpall the gates of Loue, And on my eje-lids shall Coniecture hang, To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme, And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?
Best. Why how now cofin, wherfore link you down? Baft. Come, let vs go: thefe things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits vp.

Bess. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinks, helpe vnole, Hero, why there Vacle, Signer Benedete, Frier. Leonard. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame That may be witht for.

Zia. How

Reatr. How now colin Hero? Fre. Have comfort Ladie. Loen. Doft thou looke vp?

Frier. You, wherefore thould the als?

Lam. Wherfore? Why doth not every earthly thing Cry shame upon her? Could she heere denie The storic that is princed in her blood? Do not live Hars, do not ope thine eyes: For did I thinke thou wouldft not quickly die, Thought I thy spirits were fronger then thy shames, My felfe would on the reward of reproaches Strike arthy life Grieu'd I, I had but one? Chid I, forthat at frugal Natures frame? O one too much by thee: why had I one? Why ever was't thou louelie in my cies? Why had Inot with charitable hand Tooke vp a beggars iffue at my gates, Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamic, I might have faid, no part of it is mine ! This shame derives it selfe from vnknowne loines, But mine, and mine I tou'd, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on mine fo much, That I my felfe, was to my felfe not mine:

To her foule tainted flesh. Bea. Sir, fir, be patient : for my part, I am fo arthred

in wonder, I know not what to fay.

Into apit of Inke, that the wide fea Hash drops too few to wash her cleans againe,

Valewing ofher, why the, O the is falne

And falt too little, which may feefon give

Bea. O on my foule my colin is belied. Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night? Bes. No truly : not although entill last night, I have this twelvemouth bin her bedfellow.

Leva. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made Which was before berr'd up with tibs of iron Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie, Who lou'd ber fo, thee speaking of her foulnesse, Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me alittle, for I have onely bene filent fo long, and given way vnto this course of facture, by noting of the Ladie, I have markt.

A thousand blushing apparitions, To ftert into her face, a thousand innocent fhames, In Angel whiceneffe beare away those bluffers And in her cie there hath appear'd affre To burne the errors that these Princes hold Against her maiden truth. Call mea foole, Trust not my reading, nor my observations, Which with experimental feale doth warrang The tenure of my booke: trust not my age, My renerence, celling, nor diumitie, If this fweet Ladie ize not guildeffe heere,

Vnder some biting error. Leo. Friar, it connot be: Thou feell that all the Grace that the hath left,

Is, that the wil not adde to her damnation, A frame of periury, the use denies it : Why feek'ft thou then to cover with excufe, That which appeares in proper nakednesse!

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accused of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none: If I know more of any man alise Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let all my finnes lacke mercy. Omy Father, Prove you that any man with me convert,

At houses vameete, or that I yesternight Maintain'd the change of words with any creature, Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some Arange misprisson in the Princes. Ben. Two of them have the verie bent of honer, And if their wisedomes be missed in this:

The practife of it lives in lobe the baffard, Whole spirits toile in frame of villanies.

Leo. I know not : if they speake but truth ofher, These hands shall teere her: If they wrong her honour, The proudest of them shall wel heare of it. Time hath not yet to dried this bloud of mine, Norage lo este up my invention, Nor Fortune made fuch hauocke of my meaner, Normy bad life refi me fo much of friends, But they shall hade, awak'd in such a kinde, Both firength of limbe, and policie of minde, Ability in meaner, and cholfe of friends, To quitme of them throughly.

Fri. Pause awhile: And let my counfell fway you in this cafe, Your daughter heere the Princesse (lest for dead) Let her awhile be fecretly kept in, And publish it, that the is dead indeed: Maintaine a mourning oftentation, And on your Families old monument, Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rives, That appensine vino a buriall.

What shall become of this? What wil this do? Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe, Change slander to remorfe, that is some good, But not for that dreame I on this strange course, But on this trausile looke for greater birth; She dying, as it must be so maintain'd, Vpon the instant that she was accus'd, Shal be Ismented, pittled, and excus d Of every heaser : for it fo fals out, That what we have, we prize not to the worth, Whiles we enloy it; but being lack'd and loff. Why then we racke the value, then we finde The versue that pollession would not thew vs Whiles it was ours, fo will st fare with Clardio: Whenhe that heare the dyed upon his words, This dea of her life shall weetly creepe Intohis fludy of imaginesion And every lovely Organ of her life, Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite: More moung delicate, and ful of life, Into the eye and prospect of his foule Then when the liu'd indeed : then that he mourne, If ever Love had interest in his Liver, And with he had not fo accused her: No, though he thought his accusation true: Let this be fo, and doubt not but successe Wil fashion the event in better shape, Then I can lay it downe in likelihood. But if all syme but this be levelld felfe, 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 besits her wounded reputation, In forne reclusiue and religious life, Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and injuries,

Bow. Signior Leonaro, let the Frier eduise you, And though you know my inwardnesse and love Is very much voto the Prince and Claudio.

Yes, by mine honor, I will deale in this. As fecretly and iuflie, as your foule Should with your bodie

Low. Being that I flow in greefe,

The finallest twine may lead me.

Frier. Tis well confented, prefently away, For to Arange fores, Arangely they Araine the cure. Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day

Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. Exit Bene. Lady Bearries, haue you wept all this while?

Yes, and I will weepes while longer.

Bene. I will not defire that,

Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.

Bone. Surelie I do beleeue your fair cofin is wrong'd. Best. Ah, how much might the man deferue of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to thew forh friendthip?

Best. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it #

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe love nothing in the world fo well as you,

is not that ftrange;

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but belieue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, noe Ideny nothing, I am forry for my coulin.

Bers. By my fword Beatrice thou lou'st me.

Best. Doenot sweare by it and ear it.

Bone. I will sweare by it that you love mee, and I will makehim eat it that fayes I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no lawce that can be deuiled to it, I protest I loue thee.

Bear. Why then God forgive me,

Best. What offence sweet Beatrice &

Best. You have stayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteft I loved you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.
Bent. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to proteft.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for three.

Bess. Kill Claudia.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world. Beat. You killime to denie, sareweil.
Bens. Tarrie sweet Beatrice.

Best. I am gone, though I am herre, there is no lowe in you, nay I pray you lee me got

Bene. Leatrice.

Beas. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll bestriends first Bees. You dare easter be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villaine, that hath flandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man ! what, beare her in hand vertill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation encouered flander, enmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would ear his heart in the marker-place.

Bene. Heare me Bearice.

Seet. Talke with a man out at a window ; a proper

Bene. Nay but Beatrice.

Best. Sweet Hare, theis wrong'd, thee is flandered, the is vindone.

Bene. Best ?

Beat. Princes and Counties I farehe a Princely westsmonie, a goodly Count, Comfelt, a sweet Gallant surelie, Othar I were a man for his fake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my lake! But manbood is melted into curfics, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into congue, and trim unca too . he is now as valiant as Herceles, that only tells a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with withing therfore I will die a woman with gricuing.

Bene. Tarry good Beatrice, by this, hand I love thee.
Beat. Vie it for my love force other way then fwea-

ring by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your louis the Count Clands

hath wrong'd Here?

Beat. Yea, 25 fore 25 I have a thought, or a foule. Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I

will kiffe your hand, and fo leave you : by this band Clasdo shall render me a deere account : as you heare of me, to thinke of me . goe comfort your cooks, I must lay the is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Conflables, Borachio, and the Towns Clothe in general.

Keeper, Is our whole diffembly appeard:

Couley. Os Roole and a cushion for the Sexton

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my parmer.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition

Sexten. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before mafter Confrable.

Kemp. Yes marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. Berachio.

Kew. Przy write downe Berachie. Yours fure.

Con. I am a Gentleman fir, and my name is Comrade. Ree. Write downe Master gentleman Conrade: mai-flers, doe you serve God: maisters, it is proved alreade: that you are little better than falle knaves, and it will goe neere to be thought fo thortly, how answer you for your Celues ?

Con. Marry fir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I affure you, ber I will goe about with him : come you hither fire, a word in your care fir, I lay to you, it is thought you are falle

Bor. Sir, I fay 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?

Sear. Mafter Conflable, you goe not the way to caamine, you must call forth the watch that are their se-

Kemp. Yearnarry, that's the efter way let the watch come forth : masters, I charge you in the Princes name, aceule thefe men.

Watch 1. This man faid fir, that Don loin the Princes brother was a villaine,

Kemp. Write down, Prince lebe a villaine: why this la flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora, Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him fay elfe?

Watch a. Mary that he had received a thousand Dukates of Des John, for accusing the Lady Here wrongKoup. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.

Sexson, What elfe fellow

Wach 1. And that Count Classis did means upon his words, to difgrace Here before the whole affembly, and not marry her.

Komp. O villainelthou wile be condemn'd into euerlasting redemption for this.

Section. What elfe? Watch. This is all.

Season. And this is more mafters then you can deny, Prince loba is this morning fecretly stolne away : Here was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and spon the griefe of this fodainely died : Master Con-Rable, let thele men be bound, and brought to Lavace, I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of Coxcambe. Kow. Gods my life, where's the Sexton let him write downertie Princes Officer Coxcombe: come, binde them thou naughty variet.

Cooley. Away, you are an affe, you are an affe.

Kemp. Doft thou not suspect my place? doft thou not suspecting yeares? Other hee were heare to write mee downe an affe! but mafters, temember that I am an affe: though it benot written down, yet forget not y I am an affer No thou villaine, y are full of piety as shall be proud vpon thee by good witnesse, I am a wife fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a honthoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loffes, and one that hath two nownes, and every thing handforme about him: bring him away: O that I had been write downe an affe!

Adus Quintus.

Erster Leonate and his brother.

Brester. If you goe on thus, you will kill your felfe, And 'tis not wifedome thus to lecond griefe,

Against your selfe

Loss, I pray thee ceafe thy counfails Which falls into mine earer as profidelle, As water in a frae: give not me countaile, Nor let no comfort delight mine care, But fuch a one whole wrongs doth face with mine. Bring me a father that so lou'd his childs, Whole loy of her is over-whelmed like mine, And hid him (peake of patience, Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine, And let it amswere every straine for straine, As thus for thus, and fuch a griefe for fuch, In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme a If fuch a one will smile and stroke his beard, And forrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone, Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke, With candle-walters: bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience: But there is no fuch man, for brother, men Can countaile, and speake comfort to that griefe, Which they themselves not feele, but casting it, Their counsaile turnes to pession, which before,

Would glue preceptiall medicine to rage, Fetter frong madneffe in a filken thred Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words, No, no, tis all mens office, to speake patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow t Bot no mant vertue nor sufficiencie To be fo morall, when he shall endure The like himselfe : therefore glue me no counsaile, My griefs cry lowder then advertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ. Leonero. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud For there was never yer Philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ake patiently, How ever they have writ the flile of gods, And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Breeker. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your felie,

Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon There thou speak freeson, nay I will doe so. My foule doth tell me, Herois belied And that shall Claudso know, so shall the Prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Bras. Here comes the Prince and Claudeo haftily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Class. Good day to both of you. Lean. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We have forme hafte Leonoto.

Les. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,

Are you to hafty now? well, all is one. Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs. good old man Brot. If he could rive himselfe with quarrelling,

Some of vs would lie low.

Cland. Who wrongs him? Less. Marry & dost wrong me, thou diffembler, thou: Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy (word,

I feare thee not. Claud Marry bestrew my hand, If It should give your age such cause of feare, Infaith my hand means nothing to my fword.

Leause. Tufh, tufh, man, neuer fleere and reft at me, I speake not like a dorard, nor a soole, As under priviledge of age to bragge, What I have done being youg, or what would doe, Were I not old, know Clandio to thy head, Thou halt so wrong'd my innocent childe and me, That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by, And with grey baires and bruile of many dates, Doe challenge thee to triall of a man, I fay thou haft belied mine innocent childe Thy flander hath gone through and through her heart, And the lies bursed with her ancestors Oing tombe where never foundall fleps, Sawe this of hers, fram'd by thy villante. Clued My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudes, thine I fay.

Prm. You say not right old man. Lean. My Lord, my Lord, He proue it on his body if he dare

Despight his nice fence, and his active practile, His Male of youth, and bloome of luftihood

Clesd. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leo. Canft thou to daffe me? then haft kild my child,

If thou kilft me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed, But that's no matter, let him kill one first :

Win

Win me and weape me, let him answere me, Come follow me boy, come fir boy, come follow me Sir boy,ile whip you from your foynling fence, Nay, as I am a gentlemen, I will.

Leon. Brother.
Brot. Content your felf, God knows I lou'd my neece, And the is dead, flander d to death by villaines, That date as well answer a man indeede, As I d ate take a ferpent by the tougue, Boyes apes, braggarts, lackes, milke-fops.

Leen Brother Anthony.
Brot. Hold you content, what man I know them, yea And what they weigh, even to the vimoft feruple, Scambling, out-facing, falhian-monging boyes, That lye, and cog and flout, deprave, and flander, Goe antiquely anothow outward hidiousnesse, And speake of halfe a dozen dang rous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durk. And this is all.

Leon, But brother Authonie.

Ant. Come, us no matter,

Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri.Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience My heart is forry for your daughters death: But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing Bue what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon My Lord, my Lord. Prin. I will not heare you Enter Benedicke.

Les. No come brother, away at will be heard.

Excunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will finart for it. Prin. See, sec, here comes the man we went to feeke. Clau. Now fignior, what newes?

Dev. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome fignior, you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Clas. Wee had like to have had out two notes frape

off with two old men withoutteeth.

Prin. Leannie and his brother, what think's thoughad wee fought, I doubt we should have beene too youg for

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came

to feeke you both

Class. We have beene up and downers feeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine have it besten away, wilt thou vic thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it? Prin. Doeft thou we see thy wit by thy fide?

Class, Neuer any did fo, though verie many have been beside their wit, I will bid theo drawe, as we do the mia-Arels, draw to pleasure vs.

Prin. As I am an houeft man he lookes pale, art thou

ficke, or angrie?

Clan. What, courage man: what though carekil'd a cat, thou half mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was broke crosse,

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke hebe angrie indeede.

Clas. If he be he knowes how to turne his girdle. Ben. Shall I speake a word in your care?

Clau. God bleffe me from a challenge.

Ein. You are a villaine, lieft not, I will make it good how you date, with what you dare, and when you date: dorne right, or I will proteft your cowardife: you have kill'da sweece Ladie, and her death shall fall heavie on you let me heare from you.

Clas. Well, I will meete you, fo I may bave good

cheare.

Prin. What a feast a feast?

Clan. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carve most curioully, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcocketool

Ben Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes eafily.

Prom. He tell thee how Beatrice prais d thy wit the other day: I faid thou hadft a fine withrue faier fine, a fine little one : no faid I, a great wit . right faies face, a great groffe one: nay faid I, a good wit: luft faid the it horta no body : nay faid I, the gentleman is wife : certain faid fhe, a wife gentleman : nay faid I, be hath the tongues : that I beleeve faid thee, for hee fwore a thing to me on munday night, which he forfwore on tuelday morning: there's a double rongue, there's two tongues : thus did thee an howre together trans-shape thy particular verproprest man in Italie.

Cland. For the which the wept beartily, and faid thee

car'd not

Prin. Yea that the did, but yet for all that, and if thee did not hate him deadle, thee would love him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Class. All, all, and morecuer, God faw him when he

was hid in the garden.

Frin, But when shall we fet the sausge Bulis homes on the fenfible Bouedicks head?

Class. Yes and text under-neath, heere dwells Best-

diety the married man.

Ben. Fareyou well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your goffep-like humor, you breake teffs as braggards do their blades, which God be thank ed hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courteiles I thank you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother the Baftard is fled from Meffres : you have among you, kill'de sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Pein. He is in earneft.

Class. Io most profound earnest, and He warrant you, for the love of Bestrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thez.

Clas. Most fincarely.

Prox. What a prectie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hole, and leaves off his wit

Enter Conftable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He le then a Giant to an Ape, out then is an Ape a Doctor to fuch a man.

Pros. But fost you,let me be, plucke vp my heart, and

be sad, did he not say my brother was fied?

Conft. Come you fir, if inflice cannot tame you, thee shall nere weigh more reasons in her beliance, pay, and for be a curfing hypocrite once, you must be look to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Be-

Cies. Harken after their offence my Lord, Pris. Officers, what offence have thefe men done Con Marrie

Couft. Mercie fir, they have committed falle report, moreover they have spoken vnerutha, secondarily they are Clanders, fixe and laftly, they have belyed a Ladio thirdly, they have verified vaius things, and so conclude

they are lying knaues.

Prin. Piril 1 sake thee what they have done, thirdlie I eske thee vohat's their offence, first and lattlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their

Charge.

Ches. Rightlie reasoned, and In his owne division, and

by my troth there's one meaning well futed.

Prim. Who have you offended mafters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vaderflood, what a your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no fatther to mine anferere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill aice: I have decrived one your veriseies: what your wife-domes could not discover, these shallow sooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confelling to this man, how Don lolar your brother incenfed me to flander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought iato the Orchard, and faw me court Adorgares in Heroes germents, how you difgrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villanie they have voon record, which I had rather feale with my death, then repeate ouer to my fhame: the Ladie is dead upon mine and my masters falle acculation : and briefelie, I delice nothing but the surrard of a villaine.

Prise. Runs nor this speech like yron through your

bloud?

Clau. I have drunke poison whiles he were'd le. Prin. But did my Brother fee thee on to this? Bor. Yez, and paid me richly for the practile of it. Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of weacherie, And fled he is upon this villanie.

Class. Sweet Here, now thy smage doth appears

In the rare femblance that I lou'd it first.

Conft. Come, being away the plantiffes, by this time our Section hath reformed Seguest Leanato of the matter : end mafters, do not forget to specific when time & place thall ferue, that I am an Affe.

Con. 2. Here, here comes mafter Sogniar Leonato, and

the Sexios too.

Enter Leonato.

Loon, Which is the villaine? let me fre his citt, That when I note mother man like him, I may swoide him: which af thefe is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on we. haft kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea,euen I alone.

Les. No not fovillaine, thou belieft thy felfe, Here fland a paire of honourable men, A third is fled that had a hand in it; Lihanke you Princes for my daughters death, Record it with your high and worthie deedes, Twee brausiy done, if you bethinks you of ic.

Cleu. I know not have to pray your patience, Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your felfe, Impole me to what penante your invention Can by upon my finne, you find I nos,

But in midaking.

Proc. By my foule nor I. Andyer to facisfie this good old man, I voould bend under anie heavie voaighe,

That heele enloyne me to.

Lean. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live. That were impossible, but I preie you beth, P'ellelle the people in Mefficishere. How innocent the died, and if your love Can labour aught in fad inuention, Hang her an epitaph vpen her toomb, And ling it to her bones, ling it to night: To morrow morning come you to my house, And fince you could not be my fonne in law, Be yet my Nephew : my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copie of my childe that's dead, And shealone is heire to both of ve, Give her the right you frould have gir'n her cofun-And so dies my reuenge. Class. O noble fir !

Your overkindnesse doth wring teares from me, I do embrace your offer, and dispose

Lean. To morrow then I will expect your comming, To night I take my leave, this naughtie man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who I beleeve was packe in all this wrong, Hired to it by your brothes.

Bor. No by my foule she was not, Plot knew not what the did when the spoke to me, But alwaies hath bin just and vertuous,

In anie thing that I do know by her.

For beneaforth of poore (lastic.

Conft. Moreover fir, which indeede is not under white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee aile, I befeech you let it be remembred in his punishmene, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they fay he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hathys'd folong, and never peied, shat now men grow hard-harred and will lend nothing for Gods fake : prais gou examine him vpon that point.

Ecen. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines. Conft. Your vvorship speakes like a most thankefull

and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leas. There's for thy paines.
Conft. God faue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge theo of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Conf. I leave an arrant knaue with your worthip, which I befeech your worthip to correct your felfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worthip, I with your worthip evell, God reftere you to health, I humblis give you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it a come neighbour.

Leon. Vnull to morrow morning, Lords, ferewell.

Brus, Ferewell my Lords, vve looke for you to mor-

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To nightile mourne with Hero:

Leon. Bring you thele fellowes on, weel talke with Asorgenet, how her acquaintance grew with this levid fellow.

Enter Benedicke and Morgaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris Margaret, deserte well at my hands, by helping mee to the Tpeach of Bro.

Mar. Will

Mer. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of

Bene. In so high a flile Margares, that no man living shall come ouer it, for in most cornely with thou defer-

Mar. To have no mais come over soe, why, shall lake wales keepe helow flaires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers folles, which his, but hurt not.

Breez A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hust a woman : and fo I pray thee call Beatrice, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give vs the (words, wee have bucklers of our

Bene. If you vie them Margaret, you must put in the plkes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Bearice to you, who I thinke hath legges. Exit Margarite.

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that fits about, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserve. I meane in linging, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of panders, and a whole booke full of these quondam carper-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verfe, why they were never to truely turned over and over as my poore felfe in love : marrie I cannot shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but bable, an innocent rime: for scome, borne, a hard time : for schoole foole, a babling time: veric ominous endings, no, I was not borne under a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in sestiuall tearmes: Enter Beatrice.

sweete Beatrice would'it thou come when I cal'd

thee?

Best. Yes Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Rene. O fray but till then.

Bear. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and Claudio.

Bone. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse

thee

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is notiome, there-

fore I will depart vnkift.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thywir, but I must tell thee plainely, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shorely heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didft thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd fo politique a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue in-

deede, for I love thee against my will

Beat. In fpight of your heart I think, 2las poore heart. If you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wife to woos peaces-

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bone, An old, an old infrance Bearice, that live in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not ercel in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall leveno longer in monuments, then the Bels ring & the Widdow Wecpes.

Beat. And hove long is that thinke you

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in the wine, therfore is it most expedient for the wife, il Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contratie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my felfe will bezre witnesse is peule worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cofin ?

Best. Verieill. Bene. And how doe you? Beat, Verleill too.

Enter Urfula

Bem. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leave

you too, for here comes one in hafte.

Vrf. Madam, you must come to your Vacle, you ders old coile at home, it is proouted my Ladie Hero hath bin fallelie accuste, the Prince and Claudio mightilie abuste, and Don John is the author of all, who is fied and gone: will you come prefentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newer Signion?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies : and moreover, I will goe with thee 20 thy Vacles. Excuse.

Enter Claudio, Prince and three or foure with Tagers.

Class. Is this the monument of Leavers? Lord It is my Lord. Epriaph. Done to death by flanderous wagnes, Was the Hero that bere lies : Death in guerdan of ber mrong Gives ber fame which vener dies : So the life that died with Shame, Lives in death wuh glorious fame. Hang thou there upon the tambe, Praising her when I am dombe.

(12. Now mulick found & ling your folema hymne

Song. Pardon goddesse of the night, Those that stewards wirgin knight, For the which with fongs of wee, Round about her tombe they goe : Midnight affift our mone, belos ou to figh and grove. Heavily, beauty. Graves yamue and yeelde your dead, Till dearb be vitored, Heavenly, beavenly.

(this right. Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do Prin. Good morrow malters, put your Torches out, The wolves have prejed, and looke, the gentle day Before the wheeles of Phæbus, round about Dapples the drowfie East with spots of grey:

Thanks to you all, and leave vs, fare you well. Class. Good morrow mafters, each his feverall way. Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,

And then to Lemmoes we will goe.

Clau, And Hymen now with luckier iffue speeds, Then Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. Enter Leonaso, Bene. Marg. Vrfula, old man, Frier, Hero. Prier. Did I not tell you fhe was innocent?

Lee. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her, Vpon the errore that you heard debated: But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although against her will as it appeares, In the true course of all the question.

Old Well, I am glad that all things fort fo well. Bow. And fo am I, being elfe by faith enforc'd

To call young Chardio to a reckoning for it. Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by your felues, And when I fend for you, come hisher mask'd; The Prince and Claudie promis'd by this howre To vifit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter, And gine her to young Claudio. Exems Ladies.
Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance. Boss. Frier, I mult intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Pare. To binde me, or vadoe me, one of them: Signfor Leonato, truth it is good Signior, Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Lee. That eye my daughter lem ber, 'tis most true.

Bose. And I doe with an eye of love require her.

Leo. The fight whereof I thinke you had from me, From Claudis, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bened, Your answer fir is Enigmaticall, But for my will, my will is, your good will May fland with ours, this day to be conioyn'd, In the flate of honourable marriage, In which (good Frier) I shall defire your helpe.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Pemce and Clandio, with attendants. Prm. Good motrow to this faire affembly. Lee. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Clandie 1 We heere strend you, sre you yet determin'd, To day to marry with my brothers daughter? Claud. He hold my minde were she an Ethiope.

Lee. Coll her forth brother, heres the Frier ready. Prin. Good morrow Benedike, why what's the matter? That you have such a Februarie face,

So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.

Cland. I thinke he thinkes vpon the fausge bull: Tuth, feare not man, wee'll tip thy homes with gold, And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,

As once Europa did at lufty lone

When he would play the noble beaft in love.

Ben. Bull Isne fir, had an amiable tow, And some such firange bull leapt your fathers Cow, A got a Calfe in that fame noble feat, Much like to you, for you have lust his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vefula. Cla. For this I owe youthere comes other recknings.

Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

Les. This same is she, and I doe give you her. Cla. Why then the's mine, tweet let me fee your face. Lear. No that you shal not, till you take her hand, Before this Frier, and (weate to marry her.

Class. Giue me your hand before this holy Friez,

I am your husband if you like of me.

Here. And when I liu d I was your other wife, And when you lou'd, you were my other husband. Class. Another Here!

Here. Nothing certainer. One Here died, but I doeline, And furely as I liue, I am a maid.

Priv. The former Hero, Fiero that is dead.

Lean. Sheedied my Lord, but whiles her flander liv'd

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie, When after that the holy rites are ended, He tell you largely of faire Herses death : Meane time let wonder seeme familiar, And eothe chappell let vs presently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice? Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bese. Doonot you loue me?

Eeat. Why no no more then reason,

Bone. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & Classdie, have beene deceined, they Iwote you did.

Bost. Doenot you love mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then resson.

Ecat. Why then my Cosin Margaret and Urfold

Are much deceived, for they did (weste you did.)

Bene. They fwore you were almost ficke for me. Bent. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me. Bene, 'Tis no matter, then you doe not love me?

Best. No truly, but in friendly recompenes.

Lean. Come Colin, I am fure you love the gentlema. (Lim. And Ile be sworne vpon's, that he loues her,

For heresa paper written in his hand, A halting former of his owne pure braine,

Fashloned to Beetrice.

Hero. And heeres another, Writin my colins hand, solne from her pocket Containing her affection vnto Benedicke.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts : come I will have shee, but by this light I take thee for pittle.

Bear. I would not dente you, burby this good day, I reeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life, for I was told, you were in a confumption

Leon. Peace I will ftop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou Benedicke the married man?

Bene. He tell thee what Prince 12 Colledge of wittecrackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doft thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a. gainst it, and therefore never flout at me, for I have faid against it: for manls a giddy thing, and this is my con-clusion: for thy part Glandie, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinfman, live vnbruis'd, and love my coufin.

Cla. I had well hop'd y wouldft have denied Beatres, ? I might have cudgel d thre out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of questio thou wilt be. if my Coula do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wines heeles,

Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my vvord, therfore play mulick. Prince. thou art sad, get thee a vvise, get thee a vvise, there is no faff more reverend then one tipt with horn. Emer. Mef.

Meffen. My Lord, your brother folm is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to Meffine.

Bow. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile denife thee braue punishments for him: Arike vp Pipers Dance L FINIS.



Loues Labour's lost.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longasil, and

Ferdinand.

Et Fame, that all himeafter in their lives, Live registred spon our brazen Tombes, Live regitted spon our brizzen I ombes,

And then grace vs in the diffrace of death. when spight of cormorans deupuring Time, Th endeuour of this prefent breath may buy: That honour which shall bete his sythes keene edge, And make vs heyres of all eternitle Therefore braue Conquerours, for fo you are, That warre against your owne affections, And the huge Atmis of the worlds defires. Our late edict shall strongly stand in force, Natur fhall be the wonder of the world. . Our Court shall be a little Achademe, Still and contemplative in living Art You three, Berowne, Damaine, and Longavill, Haue swome for three yeeres terme, to live with me : My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those flatutes That are recorded in this scedule heere. Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names: That his owne hand nray fitike his honour downe, That violaces the smallest branch heerein : If you are arm'd to doe, as Iwome to do.

Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to, Longarik, I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast: The minde shall banquet, though the body pine, Fat paunches haue leane pates : and dainty bits, Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Damane. My louing Lord, Dumme is mortified, The groffer manner of thele worlds delighes, He throwes vpon the groffe worlds bafer flaues. To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and dic, With all the aliving in Philesophie.

Beronne. I can but say their protestation over, So much, deare Liege, I have already fwome, That is, to live and findy herre three years. But there are other firich observances : As not to fee a woman in that terme, Which I hope well is not enrolled there. And one day in a weeke to touch no foode: And but one meale on every day befide: The which I hope is not enrolled there And then to sleepe but three houses in the night, And not be seene to winke of all the day. When I was wont to thinke no harme all night, And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well it not enrolled there. O, these are borren taskes, too hard to keepe, Notco see Ladies, Rudy, faft, not Reepe.

Ford. Your oath is pall, to palle away from thefe. Berow. Let me fay no my Liedge, and if you pleafe, I onely fwere to fludy with your grace, And flay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that Brown, and to the reft.
Brow. By yea and nay fir, than I swore in left. What is the end of Audy, let me know ?

Fer. Why that to know which elfe wee should not

Ber. Things hid & berd (you meane) fro comon feufe Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence. Bera Come on then, I will sweare to fludie so, To know the thing I am forbid to know: As thus, to fludy where I well may dine, When I to fall expressely am forbid. Or Rudie where to meet some Mistrelle fine, When Mistrelles from common sense are hid. Or having swerne too harda keeping oath, Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth. If Rudies gaine be thus, and this be fo, Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know, Sweare me to this, and I will nere fay no

Ferd. These be the flops that hinder fludit quite, And traine our intellects to vaine delight,

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most veine Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine, As prinefully to poste vpon a Booke, To leeke the light of truth, while truth the while Doth failely blinde the eye-fight of his looke : Light freeking light, doth light of light beguile: So ere you finde where light in darkenelle lies, Your light growes darke by lofing of your eyes. Studie me how to please the eye indeede, By fixing it vpon a fairer eye Who dazling fo, that eye (hall be his heed, And give him light that it was blinded by. Studie is like the heavens glorious Sunne, The: will not be deepe fearch'd with fawcy lookes: Small have continuall plodders ever wonne, Saue base authoritie from others Bookes. These earthly Godsathers of heavens lights, That give a name to every fixed Statte, Have no more profit of their fhining nights, Then those that walke and wornot what they are. Too much to know is to know sought but lame: And every Godfother can give a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to Rop all good preceeding. Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.

The Spring is neare when greene goeffe are a breeding.

Dum How followes that? Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Duxy Interson nothing. Ber. Something then in time.

Ferd. Berowne is like an envious fneaping Frost,

That bites the first borne infants of the Spring. Ber. Wel, saf I am, why should proud Summer boast, Before the Birds have any cause to sing? Why should I toy in any abortive birth? At Christmas I no more defire a Rofe, Then wish a Snow in Maves new fangled showers: But like of each thing that in season growes. So you to fludie now it is too late, That were to clymbe ore the house to valoske the gaze.

Fer. Well, he you out : go home Berowne : adus Ber. No my good Lord, I have sween to stay with you. And though ! have for barbariline spoke more, Then for that Angell knowledge you can fay, Yet confident Ile keepe what I have sworne, And bide the pennance of each three yeares day. Give me the paper, let me reade the same, And to the strictest decrees He write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame. Ber. Isem. That no woman shall come within a mile

of my Court

Hath this bin proclaimed? Low Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's fee the penaltie. On pains of looking her tongue. Who douis'd this penaltie?

Lon. Marry that did I

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

A dangerous law against gentilitie. Atom, If any man be feene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such publiqueshame as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.

Ber. This Article my Liedge your felfe must breshe, Por well you know here comes in Emballie The French Kings daughter, with your felfe to speake: A Maide of grace and complease maieflie, About surrender vp of Aquitaine.
To her decreps, sicke, and bed-rid Father Therefore this Article is made in vaine, Or vainly comes th'admired Princesse hither.

Fer. What fay you Lords? Why, this was quite forgot

Ber. So Studie cuermore is overshot, While it doth stedy to have what it would, It doth forget to dee the thing it should: And when it hath the thing it hunteth most, Tis won as townes with fire, fo won, fo loft.

For. We must of force dispense with this Decree, She must lye here on meere necessitie.

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forswome Three thousand times within this three yeeres space: For enery man with his affects is borne Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me, I am forfwome on moere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name, And he that breakes them in the least degree, Stands in attainder of eternall shame. Suggestions are to others as to me: But I beleeve although I feeme fo loth, I am the last that will last keepe his oth. But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is banted With a refined trauailer of Spaine, A manin all the worlds new fashion planted, That hath a mint of phrases in his breine : One, who the rausicke of his owne vaine tongue, Doth ranish like inchanting harmonie: A msn of complements whom tight and wrong Haue choic as empire of their mutinic. This childe of fancie that Armado hight, For intezim to our fludies shall relate, In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight. From tawnie Spaine lost in the worlds debate. How you delight my Lords, I know not I, But I protest I love to heare him lie, And I will wie him for my Minstrelfie.

Esro. Armado is a most illustrious wight, A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight. Low. Cefeard the swaine and he, shall be our sport, And to to Rudie, three yeeres is but fhort.

Emer a Confable with Costard with a Letter

Conft. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Com. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for lam his graces Tharborough: But I would fee his own person in fielh and blood,

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeor some, Arme commende you: Ther's villanie abroad this leaser will tell you more.

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching diee

For. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Ber. How low focuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Low. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant vs patience.

Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.

Lon. To heare meekely fir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.

Ber. Weil fir, be it as the Rile shall give ve cause to clime in the merrineffe.

Clo. The matter is to me fir, 25 concerning laquenella. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner !

Clo. In manner and forme following fir all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and formle following. Now he for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

Ber. For the following fir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defeud the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

clo. Such is the harplicitie of man to harken after the fless.

L 2

For. Great

Ferdinand

Rear Deputie, the Welkins Vicegorent, and fole born-Inger of Nauat, my fonder earthe God, and bodies fo-Bring patrone:

Coft. Not a word of Collardyet.

Ford. Sonu.

Coff. It may be lo. but if he fay it is fo, he is in telling true, but fo.

Claw. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens lecrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is belieged with fable coloured melantholie, I did commend the blacke oppressing bumour to the most whole-Some Phylicke of thy health-giwing agre : And as I am a Gentleman, betooks my folfo so walke: the time when? about the fixe boure, when bealt smoll grafe, birds beil pecke, and men fit downe to that nowilb ment which is called supper: So much for the time When. New for the ground which i which I meane I walkt upon, it is yellped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where ? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous enems that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which beere show viewest, beholdest, surmayoft, or seeft But so the place Where ? It it andeth North North-cast and by East from the West corner of thy crarious knotted garden : There did I fee that low fori ted Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clown Meet) that unletered small knowing soule, (Clow Met) that shallow vesfall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, bigbe Coflatd, (Clow. O me) forted and conforted tontrary totby e-Stablished proclaymed Edia and Continet, Cannon : Which with, o with, but with the I passion to say wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childrof our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my ener efteemed dutie prices me on have fent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment by the fivest Graces Officer Anthony Dulla man of good repute, carriage, bearing, or estimation. Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

Ford. For laquenesta (fo is the weater vessell called) which I apprehended with the aftrefaid Smaine, I keeper her as a vessell of thy Lawes surre, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring ber to triall. Thine in all complements of denoted and beart burning best of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Fer Ithe beit, for the worlt But fiers, What fay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Cle. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of ir.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow I was taken with none fir, I was taken with a

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.
Clo. This was no Damosell neyther fir, shee was a

For It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin. Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

For. This Maid will not ferue your turne fir. ?

Clo. This Maide will fetue my turne fir.

Km. Sir I will pronounce your featence: You Chall fast a Weeke with Branne and water,

Cle. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and

Kin And Don Armado Shall be your keeper. My Lord Berowne, see him deliver'd ore, And goe we Lords to put in pradice that, Which each to other hath lo ftronghy fworne.

Bere. Ile lay my boad to any good mans bat, These pathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne

Sirra, come on.

Clo. I fuffer for the truth fir : for true it is , 1 was tahen with laquenessa, and laquerressais a true girle, and therefore welcome the lovine cup of prosperitie, affbair on may one day smile againe, and vntill then fit downer forrow.

Enter Armsdo and Mabbin Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ligne fir, that he will looke lad.

Brag. Why? sadoesse is one and the selfe-same thing

Boy. No no, O Lord fir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender Immenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working pay tough figneur.

Erag. Why tough ingness? Why tender luneral?
Toy Why tender luneral? Why tender luneral? Why tough figneur? Why tough figneur?

Brag. Ispoke it tender lunerall, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough figneur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.
Bey. How meane you fir, I pretty, and my faying apt? or I apt, and my faying prettie

Brag. Thou preuy because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag And therefore apr, because quicke. Boy. Speake you this in my praise Mafter?

Brag. In thy condigne praise. Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What that an Eele is ingenuous.
Roy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe fay thou art quicke in answers. Thou heat'ff my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd fur.

Brag. I loue not to be croft.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, croffes love not

Br. I haue promis'd to fludy in yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre fr.

Brag. Impossible.
Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Brs. I am ill at reckning it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy, You are a gentleman and a gamester fir.
Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a complest man.

Boy. Then I am fure you know how much the groffe fumme of deuf-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth smount to one more then two.
Boy. Which the base vulgas call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why fir is this fuch a peece of frady? Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Bog. To proue you Cypher,
Brag. I will hecreupon confesse I am in love : and as it is bate for a Souldier to love; fo am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Defire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtie. I thinke fcome to figh, me thinkes I should out-sweare Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweete Hercules : more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let thein be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his

backe like a Porter; and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong joynted Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier as much as thou didft mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampfons love my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Master. Brag. Of what complexion.

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion!
Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I have read fir, and the best of them too. Brog. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to have a Love of that colour, methinkes Sampfon had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was to fir, for the had a greene wit. Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red. Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd vnder luch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue affift

Brog. Sweet innocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If shee bemade of white and red, Her faults will nere be knowne: For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred, And feares by pale white showne: Then if the feare, or be to blame, By this you shall not know, For fill her cheekes possesse the same, Which native the doth owe:

A dangerous time mafter against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the

Begger ?

Boy. The world was very gullty of fuch a Ballet fome three ages fince, but I thinke now tis not to be found or if it were, it would neither ferue for the writing, northe

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digreffion by force mighty president. Boy, I doe love that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde Coffard: The descrues

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Mafter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in ioue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench. Brag. I lay fing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Couft. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Costard (afe, and you must let him take no delight, not no penance, but hee must fast three daics a weeke: for this Damfell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Brag. I do betray my felfe with blushing: Maide. Man.

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by

Brag. I know where it is fituate. Mai. Lord how wife you are !

Brag. I will tell thee wonders. Ma. With what face?

Brag. Houe thee.

Mai. So I heard you fay.

Brag. And so farewell.
Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come laquenetta, away.

Excust. Brag. Villaine, shou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well fir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full Romatke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Takesway this villaine, thut him vo. Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp fir, I will fest being

Boy. No fir, that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if ever I do fee the merry dayes of defolation that I have feene, some shall fee.

Boy. What shall some fee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master Moth . but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be Glent in their words, and therefore I will fay nothing : I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore J can be quiet.

Brag. I doe affect he very ground (which is bale, whereher shoop (which is baler) guided by her foote (which is baself) doth tread, I shall be fortworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is fallly attempted? Love is a famuliar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excel-lent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Capids But Shaft is 100 hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my tunie; the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his difgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valour, rust Rapier, bee fill Drum, for your manager is in love; yea hee loveth. Affish mesome extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deutse Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Finis Allas Prantes

Adus Secunda.

Enter the Princuffe of France with three attending Ladres and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madans Summon up your dearest Spirits Confider who the King your father fends To whom he feeds, and what a his Emballie Your felfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme, To partee with the fole inheritour Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchleffe Nauarre, the plea of no leffe weight Then Aquatame, 2 Downe for 2 Queene. Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces deare, When she did starue the generall world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. Good L. Boyes, my beauty though but mean. Needs not the painted flourish of your praise Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, Not vetred by bafe fale of chapmens 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 praise of mine, But now to taske the tasker, good Boyer,

Prin You are not ignorant all-telling fame Doth noyle abroad Namar hath made a vow. Till painefull fludie shall out-weare three yeares, No woman may approach his filent Courts. Therefore to's feemeth it a needfull courfe, Before we enter his forbidden gares, To know his pleafure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthinesse, we single you, As our best mouing faire soliciter Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On serious bufinesse craning quicke dispatch, Importunes personall conference with his grace Hafte, fignific fo much while we attend, Like humble vilig'd fucers his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo. Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Long avill is one.
Prine, Know you the man?

1 Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast, Betweene L. Perigort and the beautious heire Of lagues Fauconbridge folemnized. In Normandse faw I this Longanill, A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The oncly loyle of his faire vertues gloffe, If vertues gloffe will flaine with any foile, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will. Whole edge hath power to cut whole will fill wills, It should none spare that come within his power

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ift fo? Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know. Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow. Who are the rest?

2. Lad. The yong Damaine, 2 well eccomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved. Most power to doe most harme, least knowing Il 1 For he hash wit to make an Ill fnape good. And fospe to win grace though the had no will I faw him at the Duke Alanfors once. And much too little of that good I law, Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Roffa Another of thefe Students at that time, Was there with nim, as I have heard a cruth. Beraune they call him, but a merrier man, Within the limit of becomming mirth, I neuer fpent an houses talke withall. His eye begets occasion for his wit, For every objed that the one doth catch The other turnes to a mirth-moving tell Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor) Delivers in such aprand gracious words, That aged cares play creuant at his cales, And yonger hearings are quire rausshed. So sweet and voluble is his discourse

Frim. God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in love? That cuery one her owne hath gamished, With such bedecking ornaments of praise

Ala. Heere comes Bord

Enter Bojet.

Pris. Now, what admittance Lord? Bojet. Nauer had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, Were alladoren to meete you gentle Lady Before I came . Marrie thus much I have lrarnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field Like one that comes heere to befrege his Court, Therefecke a dispensation for his oath : To let you enter his Inpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longanill, Dumains, and Burgare.

Heere comes Navar

New. Faire Princeile, welcom to the Court of Navar Prm. 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 bafe to be

Nam You shall be welcome Modam to my Court. Prm. I wil be welcome then, Condu & me thicher. Nan Heare me deare Lady, I have fworne an oath.
Prin. Our Lady helps my Lord, he'll be for fworne. Nam Not for the world faire Madam, by my will. Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els

Now. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is. Prin. Were my Lord fo, his ignorance were wife, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I heare your grace hath (wome our Houseekeeping: Tis deadly finne to keepe that oath my Lord, And finne to breake it: But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold, To reach's Teacher III befeemeth me. Youchfule to read the purpole of my comming.

And lodainly resolve me in my suite.

Now. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll proupperior'd if you make me fray. Berew. Did not I dance with you in Brebent once? Rofa. Did not I dence with you in Brahast once?

Ber. Iknow you did.

Rofa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Refa. Tis long of you y four me with fuch questions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot pe speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire. Ber. What time a day? Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske.

Bir. Now faire befall your maske. Rofa. Faire fall the face it covers. Ber. And fend you many louers.

Rosa. Amen, lo you benone.

Rer. Nay then will I be gone.

Kim. Madame, your father heere doth incimate, The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes, Being but th one halfe, of an intire fumme, Disburfed by my father in his warres. But fay that he, or we, as neither have Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpald A hundred thousand more : in surery of the which, Orie part of Aquitains is bound to vs, Although not valued to the moneys worth. If then the King your father will restore But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied, We will give up our right in Agait ame, And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie: But that it feemes he little purpofeth, For here he doth demand to have repaie, An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes, To have his title live in Aquitame.
Which we much eather had depart withall, And have the money by our father lens, Then Aquisans, so guelded es it is.

Deare Princesse, were not his requells so farre From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make A yeelding gainst fome reason in my brest,
And goe well fatisfied to France agains.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,

And wrong the repuzztion of your name,

In lo enfeeming to confesse receys Of that which hath fo faithfully beene paid.

Ein. I doe proteit Inever heard of it, And if you proue it, He repay it backe,

Or yeeld up Aquitaine.

Pris. We attell your word: Boyer, you can produce acquittances For fuch a lumme, from special Officers, Of Charles his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me lo.

Bojer. So pleuse your Grace, the packet is not come Where that and other specialities are bound,

To morrow you shall have a fight of them. Kin. Ichall fulficeme; at which enterview, All liberall reason would I yeeld unto: Meane time, receive fuch welcome at my hand, As Honour, without breach of Honour may Make tender of, to thy true worthineffe. You may not come faire Princeffe in my fates, But heere without you shall be fo received,

As you faall deeme your felfe lodg'd in say heart, Though to deni'd farther harbour in my house:

Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and sare well, To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Pros. Sweet health & faire defires confort your grace. Ris. Thy own with with I thee, in every place. Exit. Bey. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart, La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,

I would be glad to fee it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone. La. Pe. Is the soule ficke?. Boy. Sicke at the heart.

Ia.Re. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good? La.Ro. My Philicke friet I.

Boy. Will you prick't wish your eye. La Ro. No popm, with my knife. Boy. Now God faucthy life.

La.Ro. And yours from long living. Ber. I cannot flay thanks-giving.

Exit.

Enter Demane.

Dam. Sir, I pray you a word: Whee Lady is that fame? Boy. The heire of Alanfon, Refalin her name. Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well. Leag. I befeech you a words what is the in the white? Boy. A woman somtimes, if you law her in the light. Long. Perchance light in the light: I defire her name Boy. Shee hash but one for her felfe,

To define that wereas shome.

Long. Pray you fir, whole daughter? Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard. Long. Gods bleffing a your beard. Boy. Good fit be not offended,

Shee is an heyre of Faulconbridge. Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a molt sweet Lady. Boy. Not vnlike fir, that may be.

Exit Long.

Enter Beronne.

Bor. What's her dame in the cap.

Boy. Katherize by good hap. Esr. Is the wedded, or no.

Esy. To her will fix, or fo.
Bor. You are welcome fir, adiew.

Bey. Fare well to me fir, and welcome to you: Exit. La Ma. That lest is Bereisse, the mery madecap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a ieft.

Boy. And every refibure word.

Fri. It was well done of you to take him as his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:

And wherefore not Ships? Boy. No Sheepe (fiveet Lamb) valeffe we feed on your La. You Sheep & I pasture : shall that finish the ies?

Boy. So you grant passure for me.
L4. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though several they be. 80. Belonging to whom?

La To my fortunes and me.

Prim. Good wits withe langling but gentles agree. This civil warre of with were much better vied On Navar and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Be. If my observation (which very seldome lies By the hearts still shetorloke, disclosed with eyes) Deceiue me not now, Never it infected.

Prin. With what?

To. With that which we Loucisinvide affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire, Bo. Why all his benzulouse got had defire.
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough defire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud

Loues Labour's lost.

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed. His tongue all impatient to speake and not see. Did (lumble with hafte in his eie-fight to be, All sences to that sence did make their repaire, To feele onely looking on fairest of faire Me thought all his fences were locks in his eye, As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. Who tendring their own worth from whence they were Did point out to buy them along as you past His faces owne margent did coare fuch amazes, That all eyes faw his eies inchanced with gazes. Ile give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,

And you give him for my fake but one louing Kiffe. Prin. Come to our Pauillion, Boyer is disposde Bro. But to speak that in words, which his cie hath dif-I onelie have made amouth of his eie,

By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie. Lad. Ro. Thou are an old Loue-monger, and speakest

skilfully.

Lad. Ma. He is Capids Grandfather, and lezroes news of him.

Lad 2. Then was Venus like her mother, for hor father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

Las. No.

Boy. What then, do you fee? Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are roo hard for me.

Exegnationnes

Ales Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy. Song.

Bie. Warble childe, make pallionate my fenfe of hearing

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key, give enlargement to the fwaine, bring him festinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French broule? Bra. How means ft thou, breuling in French?

Boy. No my complex master, but to ligge off a rune at the tongues end, caname to it with the facte, humour it with turning vp your ele: figh a note and fing a note, fometime through the throats: if you fwallowed love with finging, love forestime through: note as if you four typ love by finelling love with your hat penthouselike ore the shop of your cies, with your armes cross on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a felt, ce your hands in your pocket, like a mon after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a fnip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that men are affected to thefe?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?
Beg. By my penne of observation.

Brug. But O, but O.
Boy. The Hobbie-borfels forgot.

Brs. Cal fithou my loue Hobbi-herie.
Br. No Mafter, the Hobbie-herie is but & Ceit, and and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But have you forgot your Loue?

Brog. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by been?

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Mafter : ell those three I will

Breg. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A men, if I lut (and this) by in, and without, vpon the instant : by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her : in heart you love her, because your beart is in love with her : and out of beart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy ber.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A mestage well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embasiadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What faiest thou?

Bey Marrie fir, you must fend the Affe vpon the Horse for he is verie flow gazed : but I zoe.

Brag. The way is but fhore, away.

Boy. As swift 25 Lead fie. Breg. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, it not Land

enertall heavie, dull, and flow? Bey. Minnime boaest Master, or rather biefer and

Brad. I lay Lead is flow.
Esy. You are too swift fir to say so. Le that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete Imake of Rhetorike, He reputes me a Cannon, and the Buller that's he: I shoote thee at the Swaine,

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra, A most scute luvenall, voluble and free of grace By thy favour fweet Welkin, I must figh to thy face. Most rude melancholie, Valour gives ther place. My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne,

Pag. A wooder Mafter, bere's a Coffant broken in a Chin.

Ar. Some enigues, lone riddie, come, thy Lawy

Cis. No egma, no riddle, no lower, no falue, in thee male fir. Or fir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan : no lessey, no descry, no Salue fir, but a Plantan.

dr. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy fillie thought, my spleene, the heating of my lunges proubles me to rediculous laryling: O purden the my fiars, doth the inconfiderate take false for lang, and the word leseny for a false?

Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not lossed 8 (plaine faline?

Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue er discourse to casks Same obscure precedence that hath tofore bin fains Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my Loney.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee, Were fill a oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vitill the Goose came out of doore, Staying the oddes by adding fours.

Pag. A good Lease, ending in the Goole: would you र्व अवकार अधिक Cla The Boy hath fold him a bargaine, a Goole, that's

1 25

Sir, your perny-worth is good, and your Goofe be fat To fell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loofe: Let me fee a fat Lenney, I that's a fat Goofe.

Ar. Comehitherscome hither : How did this argument begin?

Boy. By faying that a Cofford was broken in a thin.

Then cal'd you for the Lourey

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan :

Thus came your argument in Then the Boyes fat Liviney, the Goole that you bought, And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a Coftand broken in a fhiu?

Pag. I will tell you fencibly.
Clow, Thou halt no feeling of it Moth, I will speake that Leaney.

I Coftard running out, that was fafely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin. Arm. Sirea Costard, I will infranchise thee.

Closs. O, marrie me to one Francu, I fmell forme Len-

ney, some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at 11bertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, refrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,

and let me loose

Arm. I give thee thy libertie, let thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impole on thee nothing but this : Beare this fignificant to the countray Maide Lequenetta: there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. Mab, follow,

Pag. Like the fequell I.

Signeur Coftordadevi. Exis.
Clow. My sweets ounce of mans field, my in-conte

Icw . Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Laune word for three-farthings : Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d.no, lie give you a remuneration: Why? Is carries is remuneration: Why? Is Is a Birer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and fell out of this word.

Enter Beronne.

Ber. O my good knoue Coft and, exceedingly well met Clow. Pray you fir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coft. Marrie fir, halfe pennie farthing.

Zer. O. Why then threefarthings wo rih of Silke.

Coff. I thanke your worship, God be wy you. Ber. Oftay flaue, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue. Doe one thing for ma that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you have it dous fir? Bar. O this after-noone,

Clo. Well, I will doe it fir : Fare you walk

Ber. Othou knowest not what it is

Clo. I shall know fir, when I have done ic. Ber. Why villaine thou must know fit &.

Cla. I wil come to your worthing to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone.

Harke flaue, it is but this:

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a genele Ladie : When tongues fpeak sweetly, then they name her name, And Rofatine they call her, ashe for her : And to her white hand fee thou do commend This seal'd-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe. (16. Gardon, Olweste gardon, better then remune.

mtion, a leuenpence-farthing better : moft fweete gar. don. I will doe it fir in print : gardon, remunetation.

Ber. O, and I for footh in love, I that have beene loves whip? A verie Beadle to a humerous figh : A Criticke, Nay, s night-watch Constable, A domineering pedant ore the Boy, Then whom no mortall to meganicent. This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Roy, This fignior lunies gyant drawfe, don Cupid, Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of foldedormes, Th'annointed fourmigne of fights and groanes: Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents: Dread Prince of Placeats, King of Codpeeces Sole Emperator and great general! Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.) And I to be a Corporall of his field, And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope. What? I love, I fue, I feeke a wife, A woman that is like a Germane Cloake, Still a repairing a ever out of frame, And never going a right, being a Watch : Busbeing watche, that it may fill goe right. Nay, to be persurde, which is worst of all. And among three, to love the worst of all, whitly wanton, with a veluet brow. With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes. I,and by heaven, one that will doe the deede, Though Argue were her Eunuch and her gorde And I to figh for her, to warch for her, To pray for her, go to it is a plague That Curid will impose for my neglect, Of his alonghey dreadfull little might. Well, I will love, write, figh, pray, thue, grone, Some men multioue my Lady, and forme lone.

A dus Quarens.

Enser the Princelle, a Forsetter, her Ladies, and ber Lorde

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,

Against the steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu, Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minder Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch, On Saterday we will return to France. Then Forrefter my filend, Where Is the Bulh That we must stand and play the murcherer in?

Fur Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice, A Stand where you may make the fourest shoote.

Di. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote, And thereupon thou speak si the fairest st free.

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant . o.

Qu. What, what First praise me, & then again say no. O shore his a pride Not faire? alacke for woe

For. Yes

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now, Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow. Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true: Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherlt. Qu. See, fee, my beautie will be fau'd by merit, O herefie in faire, fit for thefe dayes, A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise. But come, the Bow : Now Mercie goes to kill, And shooting well, is then accounted ill: Thus will I faue my credit in the shoote, Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't: If wounding, then it was to shew my skill, That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill. And out of question, so it is sometimes : Glory growes guiltie of detelied crimes, When for Fames fake, for praise an outward part, We bend to that, the working of the hart.

The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill. Boy. Do not curst wives hold that selfe-sougralgntie Onely for praile fake, when they striue to be

Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford, To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth. Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her sellow, by the rest that have

no heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest? Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest : it is so, truth is truth. And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wir, One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit. Are not you the chiefe woma? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will fir? What's your will? Clo. I have a Letter from Monfier Berowne,

To one Lady Rosaline.

Qu O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine. Stand a fide good bearer.

Bojet, you can carue, Breake vp this Capon.

Boyer. I am bound to serue.

This Letter is mistooke : it importeth none here: It is writ to laquenetta.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heaven, that thou are faire, is most infallible: true that thou are beauteous, truth it selfe that thou are louely : more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King Copherma fet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly fay, Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O bale and obscure vulgar; videlifer, He came, See, and ouercame : hee came one; see, two; couercame three: Who came ? the King. Why did he come ? to fee. Why

did hefee? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is vidoric: On whose side? the King: the caption is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuprial!: on whose fide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I commend thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreste thy loue? I will, What, Malt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy felfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy cuerie part.

Thine in the dearest designa of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare, Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray: Submissiue fall his princely seeze before, And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou firine (poore foule) what art thou then? Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that Indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better !

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the file. Qu. Elic your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile. Boy. This Armado is a Spanwad that keeps here in court A Phantalime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu Thousellow, a word. Who gave thee this Letter?

Clove. I told you, my Lord.
Qu. To whom should st thou give it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Ledy. Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Cle. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,

To a Lady of France, that he call'd Refalme. Qu. Thon hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away. Here sweete, put vp this, twill be thine another day.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter ?

Rosa, Shall I teach you to know. Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rofa. Why the that beares the Bow. Finely put off. Bey. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie. Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rofa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not

meate. Finely put on indeede.
Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyer, and shee Arikes at the brow.

Bojer. But she her selfe is hit lower :

Haue I hit her now.

Refa. Shall I come upon thee with an old faying that was a man when King Propin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Bojet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene Gaineyer of Bristaine was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Rofa. Thou canft not his it, his it, his it, Thou can't not his is my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannor, another can. Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit It. Mar. A marke marueilous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke : a marke faies

my Lady.

Let the mark have a pricke in't, to mest at, if it may be. Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out. Clo. Indeede a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand

is in.

Cla Then will thee get the volhoot by cleaning the

Ma. Come, come, you talke greafely, your lips grow foule

Clo. She's too bard for you at pricks, fir challenge her to boule.

Beg. I feare too much rubbing : good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my foule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe. O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit, When it comes fo smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, So fit.

Armather ath to the fide, O a most dainty man. To fee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan. To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will

(weate: And his Page atother fide, that handfull of wit, Ah heauens, it is most patheticali nit. Sowla, sowla.

Shoote within.

Enter Duli, Holofernes , the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nas. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testi-

mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (25 you know) fanguis in blood, ripe as a Pornwater, who now hangeth like a lewell in the eare of Celo the Ikie; the welken the heaven, and snon falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the foyle, the land, the earth.

Curas. Nath. Truely M. Holoferner, the epythithes are fweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I affure

ye, it was a Bucke of the first bead.

Hol. Sir Nathoniel, hand credo. Dul. Twas not a hand credo, twas a Pricket.

Hal. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of infinuation, as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as it were replication, or rather offenture, to show as it were his inclination after his vndreffed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather volettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to infert agains my band credo for a Deare.

Dul. I faid the Deare was not a boul credo, 'twas a

Hol. Twice fod simplicitie, bir collin, O thou monfler Ignorance, how deformed dooft thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bredia a booke.

He hath not cate paper as it were: He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animal! onely fensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are fet before vs, that we thankfull should be : which we tafte and feeling, are for those parts that doe fruclifie in vs more then he

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiferect, or a foole;

So were there a patch fet on Learning, to fee him in a Schoole.

But omne bene fay I, being of an old Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that love not the winde.

Disk. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cains birth; that's not five weekes old as yet?

Hol. Distifima goodman Dull, distifima goodman

Dul. What is dillima?

Nath. A title to Phibe, to Luna, to the Moone. Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was (score.

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the

Exchange.

Exeunt.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I fay th'allusion holds

in the Exchange.

Dal. And I fay the polution holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old : and I fay befide that, twas a Pricket that the Princefle kill'd.

Hol. Sit Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call d the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. Holefernes, perge, foit shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Prince Se peoft and pricks a prettie pleasing Pricket, Some fay a Sore, but nos a fore, sill now made fore with shooting The Dogges did yell, put ell in Sore, then Sorell iumps from thicket: Or Pricket fore, or elfe Snrell, the people fall a boating.

If Sore be fore, then ell to Sore, makes fifsie fores O forell:

Of one fore I an hundred make

by adding but one more L.

Nath. Attre talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouritht in the wombe of primater, and delivered 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 praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth

Nath. Me berele, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they Shall Shall want no ir ilruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put is to them. But Vir fept qui peuca logiutur, & loule Feminine Saluteth va.

Enter Laquemerta and the Clowne.

laqu. God glue you good morrow M. Perfon. Noth. Mafter Person, quasi Person And Mone sheuld be perft, Which is the one?

Clo Marry M. Schoolemafter, hee that is fikeft to a

hogihead.

Nah. Ofperfing a Hogshead, 2 good luRer of cenceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enoughfora Swine it is pretrie, it is well.

Ingu. Good Master Passon be so good as seade mee this Letter, it was given mee by Coftord, and fent mee from Don Armatho . I befrech you reade it.

Nath, Facile precor gellide, quando pecas omnia fab umbrasuminas, and so forth. Ah good old Mestuan, I may speake of thee as the traveiler doth of Veuice, vemchie, vencha, que non se vude, que non seperreche. Old Manrum, old Muntum. Who understandesh thee not, ve ve follamifa: Vnder pardon fir, What erethe contents or rather as Horrace fayes in his, What my foule verses.

Hol. I fir, and very learned

Naib. Let me heare a ftaffe, a ftanze, a verle, Logo do-

If Loue make me for fwome, how shall I fweare to love? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not so beautie vowed. Though to my felfe for fwom, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee'were Okes, to theelike Ohers

Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures live, that Art would compre-

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee comend, All ignorant that foule, that fees thee without wonder. Which is to me fome praise; that I thy parts admire; Thy eye forms lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is mafique, and fweet fire. Celeffiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong, That fings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped You finde not the apostraphas, and so misse the

accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poefie cares: O-widdies Nafe was the man. And why in deed Nafe, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of invention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But Damofella virgue, Was this directed to you?

lag. I he from one mountier Bername, one of the

Arange Queenes Lords.

Nach. I will overglance the Superscript. To the frow-white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto

Tour Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Six Holofernes, this Berowne is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Leiter to z fequent of the firanger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, had miscarried. Trip and goemy (weets, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King it may concerne much after not thy complement, I lorgine thy deene, adve.
Maid. Good Coffard go with me:

Six God (sue your life.

Coff. Have with thee my girle. Hel. Sir you have done this in the leave of God very

religiously rand as a certaine Father feith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colours. ble colours. But to returne to the Verlez, Did they please you he Nathaulel?

Nort. Meruellous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repett) is thall prease you to gratifie the table with a Grace-I will on my priviledge I have with the perents of the forestaid Childe or Pupill, undertake your bien venuro, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither sawouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beforch your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for locietie (faith the text)

is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I do innite you too, you shall not say me ney : paces

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to out recreation. Exeunt.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bera. The King hels hunting the Deare, I am courfing my felfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, fet thee downe forrow; for so they say the scole said, and so say I, and I the soole: Well proved wir. By the Lord this Loue is as madas Alax, it hils sheepe, it kils mee, I a theepe: Well proved agains a my lide. I will not love; If I do hang me : yfaith I will not. O but her eye : by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe lour, and it hath taught mee to Rume, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mellicholie. Well, the hath one a my Sonners already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole fent it, and the Lady hathit: fweet Clowne, fweeter Foole, sweetes Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grene.

He stands afide. The King entreit.

Kin. Aymee!

Ber. Shot by heautmproceede fireet Capid, then haft thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left papain faith

King. So (wester kille the golden Sunne gives not, To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse have smor. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes. Nor thines the filter Moone one halfe to bright; Through the transperent bosome of the despe As doth thy face through terres of mine give light: Thou shin'st in every tearethat I doe weepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Do but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will show:

Put

But doe not love thy felfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glaffes, and fill make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how farre dolt thou excell, No thought captininke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall she know my griefes? He drop the paper. Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longasile. The King Steps aside. What Longauill, and reading : liften eure.

Ber. Now in thy likenelle, one more foole appeare. Long. Ay me, I am forfworme.

Ber. Why he comes in like a perture, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, fweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the mame.

Lon. Am I the first haue been periut'd fo? (know, Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,

The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicitie.

Low. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O (weet Maria, Empresse of my Loue, These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hole,

Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This same shall goe. He reades the Did not the beauenly Rhetoriche of thine spe. Hereades the Sonnet. Gainst whom the world cannot hold aroument Perfuade my heart to this false perinrie? Vowes for shee broke deserme not punishment. A Woman I for wore, but I will proue, Thou being a Goddeffe, I for swore not thee. My Vow was earthly, then a beauculy Lowe. Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diffrace in one. Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is. Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doeft shine, Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee is is: If broken then, it is no fault of mine : If by me broke, What foole is not fo wife To loofe an oath, to win a Paradife?

Ber. This is the liver veine, which makes flesh a detry. A greene Goole, a Coddelle, pure pure Idolatry. God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumanne.

Lon. By whom shall I fend this (company?) Stay. Bere. All hid, all hid, an old infant play, Like a demie God, here fit I in the skie, And wretched fooles fecrers heedfully ore-eye. More Sacks to the myll. O heattens I have my wish, Dumame transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine Kate.

Bere. Omost prophane concombe. Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Berei By earth the is not corporall, there you lye. Dem. Her Amber haires for toule hath amber coted

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.

Dam. As vpright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day

Ber. I at some daies, but then no sume must shine.

Duin. O that I had my with?

Lan. And I had mine

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, fo I had mine : I a not that a good word? Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer the

Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be. Ber. A Feuer in your bloud why then incision Would let her out in Sawcors, fweet misprision. Dum. Once more He read the Ode that I have writ. Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit

Dumane roades his Sonnet.

On a day, alach the day: Love, whose Month is every May, Spied a blossome passing faire Playing in the wanton agre . Through the Veluet, loudes the woods. All unferne, can possage finde. That the Lover ficke to death Wilb birefelfe the beauens breath. Agre (quoth be) the cheekes may blowe, Ayre, would I might trisimph fo. But alacke my hand is fiverne, Nere to plucke thee from thy throne: Vow alacke for youth vimneete; Youth fo apt to plucke a sweet. Doe not call it finne in me That I am for sworme for thee. Then for whom Iou would fwente, Iuno bia an Ethiop were, And denie himfelfe for Love. Turning mortall for the Love.

This will I feed, and something else more plaine. That shall expresse my true-loues fastung paine. O would the King, Berowne and Longwill. Were Louers too, ill to example ill Would from my forehead wipe a periur d note: For none offend, where all alike doe done.

Lon. Dumanie, thy Loue is farre from charitie, That in Loues griefe desir's focietie: You may looke pale, but I should blush I know, To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin. Come sir, you blosh : as his, your case is such, You chide at him, offending twice as much. You doe not love Maria? Longande, Did never Sonnet for her lake compile; Nor never lay his wreathed armes athware His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart, I have beene closely shrowded in this bush And marke you both, and for you both did blifh. I heard your guilty Rimes, of feru'd your fashion: Saw lighes reeke from you, noted well your pallion. Aye me, fayer one I O lowe, the other cries I On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes You would for Paradife breake Faith and troth, And love for your Loue would infringe an oath. What will Berowne fag when there he shall heare Faith infringed, which fuch zeale did sweare. How will he (come?how will he spend his wis? How will be triumph, leape, and laugh at it? For all the wealth that ever I did fee I would not have him know fo much by me.

Bers. Now step I forth to whip hypocrifie. Ah good my Lledge, I pray thee pardon me. Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reprous These wormes for louing, that are most in loue? Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares. There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be perior'd, 'the hatefull thing a Tuth, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting. But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

All

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot i You found his Moth, the King your Moth did fee! But I a Beame doe finde in each of three. O what a Scene of fool'ry baue I feene, Of fighes, of grones, of forrow, and of teene: O me, with what ftrict patience haue I far, To fee a King transformed to a Gnat? To fee great Hercules whipping a Gigge, And profound Salomon tuning a lygge? And Neffer play at pulh-pin with the boyes . And Criticke Tymon laugh at idle toyes Where lies thy griefer O cell me good Dumaine; And gentle Long and, where lies thy paine? And where my Liedges ! all about the breft:

A Candlehoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy left. Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you. I that am honest, I that hold it finne To breake the vow I am ingaged in. I am betrayed by keeping company With men, like men of inconstancie. When shall you fee me write a thing in time? Or grone for loane? or fpend a minutes time, lu pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand, a foor, a face, an eye : a gate, a flate, a brow, a breft, a waste, a legge, a limme.

Kon Soft, Whithera-way fo falt? A true man, or a theefe, that gallops fo. Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go

Enter laqueneta and Clowne.

14qu. God bleffe the King. Kin. What Present haft thou there? Cla. Some certaine treason. Kin. What makes treason heere?

Kiz. If it merre nothing neither, The treason and you goe in peace away together lagu. I befeech your Gracelet this Letter be read,

Our person mis-doubts it : it was treason he said. Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. He reades the Letter.

Kin. Where hadft thou it? Isqu. Of Coftard.

King. Where hadft thou it?
Cof. Of Dun Adramadio. Dun Adramadio.

Ken. How now, what is in you? why doft thou tear it? Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy : your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did move him to pession, and therefore let's

Dum. It is Berowns writing, and heere is his name. Ber. Ah you whorefon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What:

Ber. That you three sooles, lackt mee soole, to make up the melie.

He, he, and you : and you my Liedge, and I. Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserve to die. O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even

Berow True true, we are sowre : will these Turtles

Kin. Hence firs, away.

Cle. Walk afide the true folke, & let the traytors fray.

Bir. Sweet Lords, Sweet Louers, Olet Vs umbrace, As true we are as flesh and bloud can be, The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will thew his face: Young bloud doch not obey an old decree. We cannot croffe the cause why we are borne t Therefore of all hands must we be for fwome.

King. What, did thefe tent lines show some love of thine ! Polatra.

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who fees the heavenly That , like a rude and fausge man of Inde.) At the first opening of the gorgeous East, Bowes not his vasfall head, and strooken blinde. Killer the bale ground with obedient breath What peremptory Eagle-fighted eye Dares looke vpon the heaven of her brow. That is not blinded by her maieflie!

Kin. What zeale, what furie, bath infpir'd thee now? My Loue(her Mistres) is a gracious Moone, Shee (an attending Starre) Carce feene a light

Ber. My ever are then no eyes, nor I Beroune O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night, Of all complexions the cul'd fourraignty, Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke, Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity, Where nothing wents, that want it felle doth feeke. Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, Fie painted Rethoricke, Ofhenceds it not, To things of fale, a fellers praise belongs: She palles prayle, then prayle too thort doth blotwithered Hermite, finescore winters worde, Might shake off fiftie, looking to ber eye: Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne, And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancie. O'tis the Sunne that maketh all things thine.

King. By heaven, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie. Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word divine? A wife of fuch wood were felicitie. O who can give an oth? Where is a booke? That I may tweste Beauty doth beauty lacke, If that the learne not of her eye to looke a No face is faire that is not full fo blacke.

Kin O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell, The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night: And beauties creft becomes the heavens well

Ber. Divels soonest tempt resembling spurits of light. O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt. It mournes, that painting viurping haire Should rauish doters with a falle aspect: And therfore is the berne to make blacke, faire. Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes, For native bloud is counted painting now: And therefore red that would awayd dispraise, Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke. Lon. And fince her time, are Colliers counted bright. King. And Æthups of their sweet complexion crake. Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light. Ber. Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine, For feare their colours (hould be washe away

Rim. Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine.

He finde a fairer face not walkt to day.

Ber. He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here. Kin. No Divell will finght thee then so much as shee. Duma. I never knew man hold vile fluffe so deere. Las. Looke, heer's thy love, my foot and her face fee. Ber. Oil the streets were paued with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for fuch tread. Dumas O vile, then as the goes what vpward lyes? The freet fould fee as fhe walk'd over head. Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love? Ber. O nothing to fure, and thereby all forfwome. Km. Then leave this chet, & good Berown now prove Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne. Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill. Long. O fome authority how to proceed, Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the diuell. Dum. Some falue for periutle. Ber. O'ais more then neede. Haue ar you then affections men at armes, Confider what you first did sweare ento:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youthSay, Can you sast? your stomacke are too young: And abstinence ingenders maladics. And where that you have vow'd to fludie (Lords) In that each of you have for sworms his Booke. Can you fill dreame and pore, and thereon looke For when would you my Lord, or you, or you, Have found the ground of studies excellence, Without the beauty of a womans face ; From womens eyes this doctrine I derive, They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems, From whence doth spring the true Promethean bres Why, vniuerfall plodding poylons vp The nimble spirits in the atteries, As motion and long during action tyres
The finnowy vigour of the trauailer. Now for not looking on a womans face, You have in that fortworne the vie of eyes i And studie too, the causer of your vow. For where is any Author in the world, Teaches such beauty as a womans eye: Learning is but on adjunct to our felfe, And where we are, our Learning like wife is; Then when our felues we fee in Ladies eyes, Wich our felues. Doe we not likewife fee our learning there? Owe have made a Vow to studie, Lords, And in that you we have for fwom a our Bookess For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you? In leaden contemplation have found out Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes, Of beauties rutors have inrich'd you with: Other flow Arts Intirely keepe the braine: And therefore finding barraine practizers. Scarce thew a haruest of their heavy toyle. But Love firft learned in a Ladies eyes, Lives not alone emured in the brains: But with the motion of all elements. Courfes as fwift as thought in every power, And gives to every power a double power. Aboue their functions and their offices. It addes a precious fesing to the eye: A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde. A Louers eare will heare the loweft found When the suspicious head of thest is sope Loues feeling is more for and fentible Then are the tender homes of Cockled Snayles. Loues tongue proues dainty, Bachus groue in tatie, For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules? Still climing trees in the Hefporides Subtill as Sphink, as fweet and musicall,

As bright Apollo's Luce, Arang with his haire. And when Loue fpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods, Make heaven drowfie with the harmonie. Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write, Vntill his lake were tempred with Loues lighes: O then his lines would rauish sauage eares, And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie. From womens eyes this doctrine I derive They sparcle full the right promethean fire, They are the Booker, the Arta, the Achedemes. That shew, containe, and noutish all the world. Else none at all in ought proues excellent Then fooles you were these women to forsweare: Or keeping what is fworne, you will proue fooles, Por Wisedomes take, a word that all men loue: Or for Loues lake, a word that loues all men. Or for Mens Iske, the anthor of these Women. Or Womens fake, by whom women are Men. Let's once loofe our oathes to finde our felues, Or elfe we loofe our felues, to keepe our oathes t It is religion to be thus forfworne, For Charity it felfe fulfills the Law: And who can feuer love from Charity.

Kin, Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field. Ber. Aduance your flandards, & vpon them Lords. Pell, mell, downe out them : but be first aduis'd, In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by, Shall we resolve to woe these girles of France? Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs desife,

Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither, Then homeward every men accech the hand Of his faire Mistresse, in the asternoone We will with some strange passime solsce them : Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape, For Rouels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres, Fore-runne faire Loue, Arewing her way with flowers.

Kin. Away away, no time thall be omitted,

Thet will be time, and may by va be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone fowed Cockell, reap'd to Corne, And Inflice alwaies whitles in equal manure: Light Wenches may proue plagues tomen for sworae, If to, our Copper buyes no better tresfurc.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Circare and Dull.

Pedant. Savis quid fufficit.
Curat. I praile God for you fir, your reasons at dinner have beene therpe & sententious:pleasant without sourrillity, witry without effection, sudacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and firange without hereine: I did converse this quandum day with a companion of the trings, who is intiruled, nominated, or called,

Red. Non homorum tenquoin ie, His humour is losty, his discourse peremptorie: his longue filed, his eye ambitious, his gare maiesticall, and his generall behaviour vame ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too effected, loo odde, as n were, too pere. grinat, as I may call it

Curat. A most lingular and choise Epichat,

Draw our his Telle-book.

Peda. He drawerh out the threed of his verbofitie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantalima, such insociable and poynt devide companions, such tackers of ortagriphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should sey doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debrid e be, not der the clepeth a Calf, Canfe: halfe, hauferneighbour vocatur nebourznelgh abreuisted ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable it infinuareth me of infamie : we inteligu domine, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cira. Laus deo, bene intelligo. Peda. Bome boen for boon preficier, a little scrutche, twil ferue.

Emer Brogert, Bey.

Gurns. Vides me quis venes?

Peda. Video, or gaudio.

Brog. Chirra.
Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brog. Men of peace well incountred. Ped. Most militarie in falutation.

Boy. They have beene at a great feast of Languages,

and folne the ferape.

Clow. Othey have liu'd long on the almes-basket of words! I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus : Thon art eafier swallowed then a flapdra-

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Breg. Mounfier, are you not lettred?
Page. Yes, yes, he reaches boyes the Home-booke: What is Ab feeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, pzerrota with a home added.
Pag. Ba most feely Sheepe, with a home a you besse

his learning.
Peda. Quis quis, thou Confonant?

Pag. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repest them: a e L.
Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it a u.

Brag. Now by the Ble wave of the mediceranium fweet tutch, a quicke venc we of wit, Inip Inap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intelled, true wit.

Pege. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wir-old,

Peda What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Homes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant : goe whip thy

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip shows your Infamie vision cita's gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Cine. And I had but one penny in the world, thou Mouldst have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-eggeof discretion. O & the heavens were fo pleafed, that thou were but my Baffard; What a lovfull father would thou make mee? Goe to, thou hall it addungel, at the fingers ends, so they fay.

Peda. Oh I smell falle Latine, dought for enguern.
Brog. Artf-mangroumbular, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Chargboule on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda Or Mors the hitl.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe for question.

Bra. Strit is the Kings most sweet pleasure and effection, to congressulate the Princeffe at her Paulion, la the pofferiors of this day, which the rude multistude call

Ped The posterior of the day, most generous le, is lisble, congruenz, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, chole, fweez, and spr I doe affure you

fir, I doe affure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe affure ye very good friend : for what is inward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe besoech thee remember thy currelie. I beleech thre apparell thy head t and among other importunate & most terious defignes, and of great import indeed too t but let that paffe, for I must cell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) fometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus callie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine special honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath scene the world : but let that pade; the very all of all iss but fracet heart, I do implore fecrecie, that the King would have mee present the Princelle (Iweet chucke) with some delighafull oftencation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, anderstanding that the Curate and your sweet felf are good at fuch eruptions, and fod sine breaking out of myrth (25 it were) I have acquainted you withall, so the end to crave your allifonce.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Halofurus, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee rendred by our affistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine

Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to prefere them?

Pede. lofus, your felfe:my felfe, and this gallant gencleman Indas Machabetes; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) Thall paffe Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

Brag. Pardon fir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, bee is not fo big as the end of

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hereulee in minoritie; his enter and exit shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpofe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: foil any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done Harcules, now thou crutheft the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gra-Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my felfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Pedu, We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, 20 Antique. I befeech you follow.

Ped. Viegood-med Dullythou hast spoken no victo all this while.

Drill. Nor vederstood none neither his.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. He make one in a dence, or fo: es I will play

on the taber to the Worthles, & let them dance the hey. Ped. Most Dulhhonest Dulhto our sport away. Exm.

Enter Lindies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in. A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Lookyou, what I

have from the louing King,
Rofe. Madam, came nothing elfesting with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,

As would be cram'd up in a theet of paper Write on both fides the leafe, margent and all, That he was faine to scale on Supids name.

Rofa. That was the way to make his god-head wax : For he hath beene flue thouland yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a farewed valappy gallowes too.
Rof. You'll note be friends with him, a kild your fifter. Kath. He made her melancholy, and, and heavy, and to the died : had the beens Light like you, of fuch a merele nimble fireing spirit she might a bin a Grandam ere the died. And to may you: Fore light heart liucs long.
Rof. What's your darke meaning moule, of this light

word?

Kas. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ref. We need more light to finde your meening out Kar, You'll marre the light by taking it in fnuffe: Therefore He darkely end the orgument.

Rof. Look what you doe, you doe it fill i'th darke. Ker. So do not you, for you are a light Wench. Rof. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me. Rof. Great reason : for past care, is full past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a fet of Wit well played.

But Rosaline, you have a Favour too? Who sensit? and what is it?

Res, I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours. My Fanour were as great, be witnefferhis. Nay, i have Verfes too, I thanks Berowne, The numbers true, and were the numbring too I were the fairest goddesse on the ground. I am compard to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hash drawnemy picture in his letter

2. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise Qu. Besutrous as Inche: a good conclusion.
Kac. Faire es a text B. In a Coppie booke.

Rof. Ware penfels. How? Let meuor die your debtor, My red Dominicall, my golden letter. Other your face were full of Ocs.

Qu. A Pox of charieft, and I beforew all Shrower. But Katherier, what was fent to you

From faire Dumama?

Kat, Madame, this Glove. Qu. Did he not fend you twaine: Kar. Yes Madame: and moreover,

Some thousand Vesses of a faithfull Louer. A huge translation of hypocrific Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent Longawle.

The Letter 15 too long by halfe a mile.

24 I thinkeno leffe: Doft thou wish in heare The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.

Quee. We are wife girles to mocke our Louers fo. Ref. They are worle fooles to purchase mocking so. That fame Berowns le torturs ere I goe. O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke, How I would make him fawne, and begge, and feeke. And wait the fesion, and observe the times, And spend his prodigall with in booteles rimes. And these his feruice wholly to my deuice, And make him proud to make me proud that lefts. So persouns like would I o'resway his state, That he shold be my foole, and I his face.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are eatcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, foilie in Wisedome hetch'd a Hath wifedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole, And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Rof. The bloud of youth burns not with fuch excelle,

As gravities revolt to wantons be.

Mar. Pollie in Fooles beares not fo frong a note, As fool'ry in the Wife, when Wit doth dote: Since all the power thereof is doch apply, To proue by Wit, worth in implicitie.

Enter Boyer.

Qu, Heere comes Boyer, and mirth in his face. Boy. OI am flab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

y. Thy newes Royes ?

Arma Wenches arme, incounters mounted are, Againflyour Peace, Loue doth approach, difguis'd : Armed in orguments, you'll be furpria'd. Muster your Wits, stand in your owne desence, Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qx. Saint Dennis to S, Cupids What are they, That charge their breath against vs? Say scout fav Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccemore,

I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre: When lo to interrupt my purpos dreft, Toward that shade I might behold addrest, The King and his companions: warely I Role into a neighbour chicket by, And over-heard, what you shall over-heare: That by and by disgule'd they will be heere. Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page: That well by heart hash con'd his embaffage, Action and accent did they teach him there. Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare. And ever and anon they made a doubt, Prefence maiefricall would put him out a For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou sees Yet feere not thou, but fpeake oudsciously. The Boy teply'd, An Angell is not evill:
I hould have fear'd her had the beene a deuill. With that all laugh'd, and dap'd him on the shoulder, Making the bold wage by their praifes bolder. One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and fwore, A better speech was never spake before Another with his finger and his thumb, Cry'd vis, we will doo'c, come what will come. The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down a he fell . With that they all did tumble on the ground, With fuch a zelous laughter fo profound,

That in this fpleene ridiculous appeares,
To cheeke their folly passions solemne teares.

Que. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appeared thus,
Like Musecunes, or Russians, as I gesse.

Their purpose is to parlec, to court, and dance, M 3

And

And every one his Love-feat will advance, Voto his feuerall Mistrelle: which they'll know By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow

Queen. And will they for the Gallants Mall be taskt; For Ladies; we will every one be masks, And not a man of chem shall have the grace Despight of lute, to fee a Ladies face. Hold Rofalme, this Favour thou shalt weare, And then the King will court thee for his Deare : Hold, take thou this my fweet, and give me thine, So shall Berowne take me for Refaline. And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these removes.

Rofa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in fight. Kash. 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 onely my intent. Their severall counsels they vnbosome shall, To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall. Vpon the next occasion that we meete, With Vilages displayd to talke and greete.

Rof. But shall we dance, if they delire vs too't? Quee. No, to the death we will not mous a foot, Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace : But while'the spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that concempt will kill the keepers heart, And quite divorce his memory from his part

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt, The rest will ere come in, if he be out Theres no fuch sport, as sport by sport orethrowne: To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne. So shall we stay mocking entended game, And they well mockt, depart away with shame. Sound

Boy. The Trompet founds, bemaske, the maskers

Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the rest of the Lords desquised

Page. All haile the richest Beauxies on the earth. Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata. Pag. A bely parcell of the farrest dames that ever turn'd ther backes to mortall viewe

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag. That ener turn dibeir eyes to mortal viewes

Boy. True, out indeed Pag. One of your factours bearenly spirits wouch fafe Nos so beholde

Ber. Onceto behold, rogue Pag Once to behald with your Swine bearned eyes,

Wish your Sunne beamed eyes. Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,

You were best cell it Daughter beamed eyes

Pag They do not marke me, and that brings me aut.

Bero Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

Rofa What would these Arangers?

Know their mindes Bojet. If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will That fome plaine man recount their purpoles. Know what they would?

Boyer What would you with the Princes! Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle vifitation.

Rof. What would they, fay they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation. Rofa Why that they have, and bid therh to be gon.

Boy. She fates you have it, and you may be gon. Kin. Say to her we have meafur'd many miles ,

To tread a Measure with you on the grasie. Boy They lay that they have measur'd many amile

To tread a Measure with you on this graffe

Rofa. It is not fo. Aske them how many inches Is in one mile? If they have meafor d manie, The measure then of one is easilie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have meafur'd miles, And many miles , the Princelle bids you tell, How many inches doth [1] vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we meafure them by weary fleps.

Boy. She heares her feife Rosa. How manie weariesteps, Of many wearie miles you have ore-gone, Are numbred in the travell of one mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you. Our ducie is fo rich, fo infinite, That we may doe it full without accompt.

Vouchfafe to shew the funshine of your face, That we (like fausges) may worship it.

Rosa. My sace is but a Moone and clouded too. Km. Bleffed are clouds, to doe as fuch clouds do. Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine, (Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Rofa. Ovaine peticioner, beg a greater matter, Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Rm. Then in our messure, vouchfafe but one change. Thou bidft me begge, this begging is not ftrange.

Rofa. Play mulicke then: ney you must doe it soone. Not yet no dance: thus change: like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus e-Aranged?

Rofa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now Gree's changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man. Rofa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legger should doe is.

Rof. Since you are Arangers, & come here by chance. Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then? Rofa. Onelie to part friends.

Curtie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends. Kin. More measure of this measure benot nice.

Rofa. We can afford no more at such a price. Kin. Prife your selves: What buyes your companie?

Rofa. Your absence onelie Kin. That can neuer be,

Rofs. Then cannot we be bought and fo adue, Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat. Ref. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee. Qu Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Zer. Nay then two treyes, en if you grow lo nice Methegline, Wort, and Maintley; well runne dice: There's halfe a dozen fweets.

Qu Seventh (weet adve,fince you can cogg, Be play no more with you.

Ber. One word in ferret. Qu. Let it not be sweet. Ber Thou green'st my gall.

Queen.

Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete.

Du. Will you vouchfase with me to change a word?

Mar. Nameit.

Dum. Falze Ladie:

Mar. Say you lo ? Paire Lord : Take you that for your faire Lady.

Du. Please it you,

As much in prluace, and He bid adieu.

Mar. What, was your vizaed made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske Mar. O for your reason, quickly six, I long. Long. You have a double congue within your mask.

And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe.

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutcheman: is not Veale a Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie] Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word. Mar. No, lie not be your balfe:

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your felfe in thefe thespe

Will you give hornes chast Ladie? Donot so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow. Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat foftly then, the Butcher heares you cry-Bojet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the Razors edge, invilible: Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Aboue the lense of sence so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings, Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things

Rofa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.

Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure fcoffe. King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Mulcouits. Are thefe the breed of wits fo wondred at?

Bojer. Tagers they ere, with your sweete breathes

Rofa. Wel-liking wits they have, groffe, groffe, fat, fat. Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?

Or ever but in vizards thew their faces: This pert Berowne was out of count'nance guite.

Rofa. They were all in lamentable cases.

The King was veceping ripe for a good word. Qu. Berowne did sweare himselfe out of all suite. Mar Dumaine was at my serutce, and his sword: No point (quoth I:) my feruant fraight was mute.

Ka. Lord Longavill faid I came ore his hare .

And trow you what he call'd me?

Qualme perhaps. Kat. Yes in good faith. Qu. Go fickneffe as thou art.

Rof. Well, better wits haue worne plain flature capa, But well you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

Qu. And quicke Berowne hath plighted faith to me,

Kai. And Long will was for my letuice borne. Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as baske on tree. Boyer. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue care,

Immediately they will againe be heere In their owne shapes : for it can neuer be,

They will digen this harth indignitie.

Qu, Will they returne? Boy. They will they will, God knowes, And leape for loy, though they are tame with blower: Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire, Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

2a. How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee under-

flood.

Boy. Paire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud: Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne, Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Auant perplexitie: What shall we do. If they returne in their owne shapes to wo !

Roja. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduls'd, Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd : Let we complaine to them what fooles were heare, Disguis dlike Muscouites in shapelesse geare : And wonder what they were, and to what end Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pan'd: And their rough carriage fo ridiculous, Should be presented at our Tent to ys.

Bajer. Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand. Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Enter the King and the reft.

King. Faire fir, God faue you. Wher's the Princesse? Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any service to her? King. That the vouchfafe me zudience for one word. Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. Exit. Ber. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons peafe, And veters it againe, when four doth pleafe. He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares. At Wakes, and Wastels, Meetings, Markets, Faires. And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know, Haue not the grace to grace it with such show. This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue. Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eu. He can carue too, and lifpe: Why this is he. That kift away his hand in courtefie. This is the Ape of Forme, Monfieur the nice, That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice In honorable tearmes: Nay he can fing A meane most meanly, and in Vihering Mend him who can : the Ladies call him sweete. The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete. This is the flower that smiles on everie one. To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone. And consciences that wil not die in debt, Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued Boyes.

King. A blifter on his sweet tongue with my hars, That put Armothoes Page out of his part.

Exter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behaulour what wer't thou, Till this madman (how'd thee? And what art thou now?

Ring. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day, Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
On. Then wish me better, I wil give you leave. Kmg. We came to visit you, and purpose now To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it than.

Qu. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow: Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The vertue of your ere must breake my och. 2. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke: For vertues office neuer breakes men troch, Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure As the vofallied Lilly, I proteft, A world of totmeats though I should endure, I would not yetld to be your houses guest : So much I have a breaking cause to be

Of heaueoly oaths, vow d with integritie. Kin. O you have lin d in detalation heere. Valcene, vauisited, much to out shame.

Qu. Not formy Lord, it is not fo I sweare, We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game. A melle of Ruffians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Rulsians?

Ou I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state. Rofa. Madem Speake true It is not formy Lord:

My Ladie (to the manner of the dates) In currefie gives undeferuing praife. We foure indeed confronted were with foure In Russia habit: Herrethey stayed an house, And talk'd apace . and in that house (my Lord) They did not bleffe vs with one happy word. I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke, When they are thirfne, fooles would faine have drinke

Ber. This ieft is drie to me. Gentle sweete, Your wits makes wife things foolish when we greate With eies best feeing, heavens fierce eie; By light we loofe light ; your capacitie Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,

Wife things feeme foolish, and rich things but poore. Rof. This proues you wife and rich : for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of poucrtie. Rof. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to fnatch words from my tongue. Ber. O, lam yours and all that I possesse.

Rof. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot give you leffe.
Ref. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard? Why demand you this?

Rof. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case, That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Km. We are discried, They'l macke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs confesse. and turne it to a left.

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes (adde?

Rose Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke you pale?

Sea-licke I thinke comming from Mulcouie. Ber. Thus poure the flars down plagues for periury. Can any face of braffe hold longer out? Heere fland I, Ladie dart thy skill arme, Bruile me with scorne, confound me with a flout. Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit: And I will wish thee never more to dance, Nor never more in Russian habit waite. O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd, Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boses tongue Nor never come to vizate to my friend, Nor woo in rime like a blind-barpers fongue, Taffatz phrases, filken tearmes precise, Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedanticall, thefe fummes fies, Haue blowne me full of maggot oftentation I do forsweare them, and I heere protest, By this white Glose (how white the hand God knows) Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest In ruller year, and honeft kerfie noes. And to begin Wench, fo God helpe me lew, My love to thee is found for cracke or flan Rosa Sans. Sans, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke Of the old rage : beare with me, I am ficke, lle leave it by degrees · foft, let vs fee Write Lordhaus mercu on vs. on those three, They are infected, in their hearrs it lies They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes: These Lords are visited, you are not free: For the Lords tokens on you do I fee.

Qu.No, they are free that gaue thefe tokens to vs. Br. Our flates are forfest, sceke not to vndo va. Rof. It is not fo; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you. Ref. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your felues, my wit is at an end. King. Teach vs fweete Madame, for our rude mani. greliion, some faire excuse.

2". The faitest is confession. Were you not heere but enen now, difguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was. Qu. And were you well aduit'd? Bin. I was faire Madem.

Qu. When you then were heere,

What did you whilper in your Ladies eare :

King. That more then all the world I did respect her 2u. Wheo thee thall challenge this, you will reied King. Vpon mine Honor ao.

Qu. Peace pesce, forberre: your oath once broke, you force not to forfwere.

King. Despile me when I breake this outh of mine. Qu. I will, and therefore keepe is. Rofaline,

What did the Kulsian whilper in your eare? Ref Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare As precious eye-light, and did value me About this World: adding thereto moreover, That he would Wed me, or cife die my Lover.

Qu. God groe thee toy of him the Noble Lord Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame? By my life, my troth,

I never swore this Ladie such an oth.

Rof. By heaven you did, and to confirme it plaine, you gave me this : But take it fir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give, I knew her by this lewell on her sleeve.

Qu. Pardonme fir, this lewell did the weare, And Lord Berowne (I chanke him) is my deare What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber, Neither of either, I remit both twaine. I fee the tricke on't: Heere was a confent, Knowing aforehand of our merriment, To dash it like a Christmas Comedie. Some carry-tale, some please man, some slight Zante, Some mumble-newes, some treneber-knight, som Dick That smiles his checke in yearer and knowes the wick To make my Lady laugh, when the s dispos'd;

Told

Told our intents before : which once disclos'd, The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we Following the fignes, woo'd but the figne of the. Now to our periurie, to adde more terror, We are againe forfworne in will and error, Much vpon this tis; and might notyou Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue? Do not you know my Ladies foot by th fquiet? And laugh vpon the apple of her eie And frand betweene her backe fir, and the fire, Holding a treucher, iesting metrilie? You put our Page out: go, you are alowd. Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd. You leere vpon me, do you? There's an cie Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this car-

reere bene run.

Ber. Loc, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enser Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'it a faire fray. Clo. O Lord fir, they would kno, Whether the three worthies shall come in or no. Ber. What, are there but three?

Cle. No fir, but it is vara fine,

For euctic one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Cle. Not fo fir, under correction fir, I hope it is not fo. You cannot beg vs fir, I can affure you fir, we know what weknow: I hope fir three times thrice fir.

Ba. Is not nine. Clo. Vader correction fit, weeknow where-vatill it doth amount.

Ber. By Ione, I alwaies tookethree threes for nine. Claw. O Lord fir, it were pittle you fhould get yout living by reckning fir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord fir, the parties themselves, the actors fir will thew where votill it doth amount : for mine owne part, Iam (as they fay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) Pompion the great fir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of Pompey the great : for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to fland for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare, Clo. We will turne it finely off fir, we wil take some

King. Berowne, they will fhame us:

Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'els some policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now; That iport best pleases, that doth least know how. Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents: Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth. Ber. A tight description of our sport my Lord,

Enter Brazgart

Brag. Annointed, I implote so much expence of thy | queror: you will be scrap d our of the printed cloth for

royall sweet breath, as will vitter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man setue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch: For I proteft, the Schoolmafter is exceeding fantafticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they fay) to Forsuna delaguar, I wish you the peace of minde most royall cupplement,

King, Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;

He presents Hellor of Troy, the Swaine Pamper & great, the Parish Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules. the Pedant Indas Machabeiu: And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change habites, and present the other five.

Ber. There is five in the first shew. Kin. You are deceived, tis nor so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieff, the Foole, and the Boy,

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe, Cannot pricke out fine fuch, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The thip is under faile, and here the coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am. Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. I Pompey am. Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well faid old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee, Clo. f Pompey am, Pompey furnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great lis: Pompey furnam'd the great:

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat :

And eranailing along thu coast, I heere am come by chance, And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of France.

If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

La. Great thankes great Pompey Clo. Tis not fo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey produes the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I livid, I was the worlder Com. mander:

By East, West, North, & South, I fred my conquering might My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alifander.

Boiet. Your nose saics no, you are not :

For it stands too right.

Ber, Your noie smels no, in this moft tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dilmaid:

Proceede good Alexander.

Cur. When in the world I listed, I was the worldes Com. marder.

Boiet. Most true, 'tis sight: you were so Alisander. Ber. Pompcy the great.

Cle. your feruant and Cofford.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alifandor Clo. O fir, you have over thrown Alifarder the con-

this : your Lion that holds his Pollax fitting on a close Roole, will be guento Aisx. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runtie away for Chame Alifander There an't shall please you : a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & foon dashr He is a marvellous good neighbour infooth, and a verie good Bowler but for Alifander, alas you fee, bow 'tis a little ere-parted But there are Worthier a comming, will speake their nunde in some other fort

Qu. Stand afide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Indas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd Corberus that three-headed Carm, And when he was ababe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manue Quoniam, he feemeth in uninoritie, Ergo, I come with this Apologie. Exil Boy

Keepe some flate in thy eait, and vanish. Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum Aludas? Ped Not Iscariot fir Iudas I am scliped Machabem.

Dum Indas Machaberu clipt, is plaine Iudas. Ber. A kilsing traitor. How art thou prou'd Indus?

Ped. Indas I am. Dum The more fhame for you Indu.

Ped What meane you fit? Bos. To make Indan hang himselfe.

Ped Begin fir, you are my elder. Ber. Well follow'd, Indas 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? Bor. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face maring

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene

Bei. The pummell of Cofari Faulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. S.Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance

Ped. You have put me out of countenance Ber. False, we have given thee faces. Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all. Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do fo.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Affe, let him go :

And so adieu sweet Inde. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name. Ber. For the Affe to the lude : give it him. Isd-au T.

Ped, This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monfieur Indu, it grower darke, he may Rumble.

Que. Alas poore Machabenu, how hath hee beene baired

Emer Braggart

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, heere comes Hellor in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be prettra

King Holler was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Box But 10 this Hellor?

Kin I thinke Heller was not fo cleane timber'd

Len. His legge is too big for Hellor Dum. More Calfe certaine

Bos. No, he is best indued in the small

Ber This cannot be Hellor.

Dnm He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces. Erag The Arcogotem Mary Launces the almoster, gane Heltor agife

Dam. Agilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. The Armpotent Mari of Lannees the almighty. Gave Heltor a gift, the berre of Illion ,

A man so breashed, that certains he would fight. yea From morne tell night, out of his Pamillion

I am that Flower

Dum. That Mint

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag Sweet Lord Longmill relne thy tongue
Lon. I must rather give it the reine for it sunnes a-

gainst Heller

Dum. I, and Heller's a Grey-hound

Brag. The fweet War-man is dead and rotten.

Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried But I will forward with my deurce; Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the fence of hearing.

Berowne Steppes forth.

Qu Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces flipper. Boy. Loues her by the foor

Dum He may not by the yard

Brag. Thu Hector farre surmounted Harniball.

The parise is gone.
Clo Fellow Heller, the is gone; the is two moneths on her way.

Beag. Whet meanest thou?

Clo Faith villeste you play the horest Troyan, the

poore Wench is cast away: the squick, the child brags in her belly alreadie : tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?

Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hedor be whipe for laquenessa that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pempey, that is dead by him

Dum. Most rate Pompey. Boi. Renowned Pompey

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey: Pompey the huge.

Dum Hechprtrembles

Ber. Pempey is moved, more Arees more Arees sture them, or firre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a haue no more mans blood in shelly, then will fup a Flaa.

Breg. By the North-pole I do challenge thee Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile flash, le do it by the sword: I pray you let mee horrow my Armesagaine,

Tum. Roome for the incenfed Worthies.

Clo. He do it in my thirt

Dum Most resolute Pomocy.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower ; Do you not lee hompey is uncaling for the combat what

meme

mezne your you will lofe your reputation.

Breg. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, 1 will not combat in my thirt.

Du. You may not denie it, Pompey hath made the

challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will. Ber. What reason have you for t?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no thirt,

I go woolward for penance.

Ber. True, and It was iniogned him in Rome for want of Linnen: fince when, He be sworne he wore none, but a dishelout of laquenetta, and that her weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enser a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. Godsaue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome Marcado, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. 1 am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heavie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen (o: My tale is told.
Ber. Worthics away, the Scene begins to cloud. Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath : have feene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. Exempt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?
Qu. Bojet prepair, I will away to night. Kin. Madame not fo, I do besceeb you stay. Qu. Preparel fay. I chanke you gracious Lords For all your faire endeuours and entreats: Out of a new lad-foule, that you vouchlafe. In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide, The liberall opposition of our spirits, If ouer-boldly we have borne our felues,

In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord: A heavie heart beares not a humble tongue. Excuse me so, comming so short of thankes,

For my great fuite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes All causes to the purpose of his speed: And often at his verie loofe decides That, which long processe could not arbitrate. And though the mourning brow of progenie Forbid the smiling curtefie of Loue:
The holy suite which faine it would convince, Yet fince loues argument was first on foote, Let not the cloud of forrow iustle it From what it purpos'd: fince to waile friends loft, Is not by much so wholsome profitable, As to reioycear friends but newly found.

Ou. Ivnderstand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe And by these badges understand the King, For your faire fakes have we neglected time, Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors Even to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous: As Loue is full of vnbefitting ftraines, All wanton as a childe, skipping end vaine. Porm'd by the ele, and therefore like the ele. Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of somes

Varying in Subiects as the eiedoth roule, To everie varied obie a la his glance: Which partie-coated prefence of loofe loue Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies, Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities. Those beautilie eies that looke into these faults Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes Is likewise yours. We to our selues prouefalse, By being once falle, for cuer to be true To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you. And even that felshood in it felse a sinne, Thus purifies it felfe, and tumes to grace.

2u. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fauours, the Ambastadors of Lone. And in our maiden counfaile rated them At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtefie, As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then these are our respects Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest Lon. So did out lookes.

Rofa. Wedid not coat them fo.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,

Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinker too short, To make a world-without-end bargainein; No, no my Lord, your Grace is persur'd much, Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this: If for my Loue (as there is no fuch cause) You will do ought, this fhall you do for me. Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed To some fortome and naked Hermitage, Remote from all the pleasures of the world a There flay, vntill the twelue Celefhall Signes Haue brought about their annuall reckoning. If this auftere infociable life, Change not your offer made in heate of blood: If frofts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds Nip not the gaudie bloffomes of your Loue, But that it beare this triall, and last love: Then at the expiration of the yeare, Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts. And by this Virgin palme, now kiffing thine, I will be thine : and till that inflant fhut My wofull felfe vp in a mourning houle, Raining the teares of lamentation, For the remembrance of my Fathers death. If this thou do denie, let our hands part, Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this or more then this, I would denie, To flatter up these powers of mine with refl, The fodaine hand of death close vp mine cle. Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breft.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me? Rof. You must be purged too, your fins are tack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie: Therefore if you my fauor meane to get, A tweluemonth thall you fpend, and neuer reft, But fecke the wearie beds of people ficke.

Da. But what to memy love? but what to me? Kes, A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie, With three-fold lone, I wish you all these three.

De Ofhali I say, I thanke you gentle wife? Kes. Not so my Lord, a twelnemonth and a day, He marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers tay. Come when the King doth to my Ladie come s Then if I have much loue, He give you some,

Dum.' He ferue thee true and faithfully till then. Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be for swome agen.

Mari. Arthe swelucasonths end, He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend. Len. He flay with patience i but the time is long. Mari. The liker you, few taller ere fo youg.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistreffe, looke on me, Behald the window of my heart, mine eie: What humble fuite attends thy answer there, Impose some service on me for my loue.

Ref. Of have I heard of you my Lord Berowne, Before I faw your and the worlds large tongue Proclaimes you for a men repleate with mockes, Full of comparisons, and wounding floures: Which you on all estates will execute, That lie within the mercie of your wit. To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine, And therewithall to win me, if you please, Without the which lamnot to be won: You shall this tweluemonth terms from day to day, Vifite the speechtelle sicke, and still converse With groaning wretches : and your taske shall be. With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile. Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throate of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannor mone a foule in agonie. Rof. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit, Whole influence is begot of the loofe grace, Which shallow laughing hearers give to fooles ; A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare Of him that heares it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it : then, if fickly cares, Deart with the clamors of their owne deare grones, Will heare your idle scorpes; continue theo, And I will have you, and that fault withall But if they will not throw away that fpirit, And I shal finde you emptie of that foult, Right joyfull of your reformation. Bor. A swellsemanth? Well: befall what will befall,

Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall. Qu. I Iweet my Lord, and to Itake my leave.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our weing doth not end like an old Plays Iscke hath not Gill ishele Ladies courrefie

Might wel have made out foor a Comedic. Km. Come fir, it wants a twelliemonth and a day,

And then 'twll end.

Ber. That's coolong for a play.

Enter Breggart. Brag. Sweet Maiesty vouchsaleme. Qu. Was norther Hector? Dam. The worthie Knight of Troy. Brag. I wil kille thy toyal finger, and take leave. I am a Vocarie, I have vow'd to laquenesta to holde the Plough for her sweet love three yeares. But most effecmed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckowi It should have followed in the end of our

Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do lo. Broz Holla, Approach.

This fide is Hiers, Winter. This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle, Th'other by the Cuckow. Ver, begin.

The Sony

When Dasses pied, and Violets blew, And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew: And Ladie-smocker all filuer white, Do paint the Medowes with delight. The Cuckow then on everie tree, Mockes married men, for thus lings he, Cuckow. Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare, Vaplesfing to a merried care.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten Brawes, And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes: When Tortles tread, and Rookes and Dawes, And Maidens bleach their fummer smockes . The Cuckow then on everie tree Mockes married men; for thus fings he. Cuckow. Cuckow, Cuckow 1 O word of feare. Vnplosting to a married care.

Winter.

When Ificles bang by the wall, And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile: And Tombestes Logges into the hall, And Milke comes frozenhorm in paile: When blood is nipe, and waies be fowle, Then nightly fings the flaring Owle Tu-whit to-who.

A merrienote, While greafie Ione doth keele the pos

When all aloud the winde doth blow, And coffing drownes the Parlons law: And birds he besoding in the fnow, And Marrians note lookes red and raw: When roasted Crabs hiffe in the bowles Then nightly fings the staring Owle, Tu-whit to who !

A merrie note, While greafie Ione doth keele the pot,

Brog. The Words of Mureune, Are barth after the longs of Apollo: You that way; we this way;

Exeuncomnes



MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Allus primus.

Enter Thefeut, Hoppolita, with others

The faut.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre

Drawes on space: four chappy daies bring in

Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how flow
This old Moon wanes 3 She lingers my defices

Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,

Long withering out a yong man's reuemew.

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly fleep the felues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a filuer bow,
Now bent in heaven, that behold the night
Of our folemnizies.

The. Go Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to metriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee mirries.
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with rewelling.

Enter Egens and his danghter Herma, Lyforder, and Demetries.

Ego. Happy be Thefers, our renowned Duke.
The Thanks good Egras; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Standforth Democrins.

My Noble Lord,

This man hath my confent to matrie her.

Stand forth Lyfander

And my gracious Duke,

This men hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe.

Thou, thou Lyfander, thou hast given her rimes,

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window fung,
With faining voice, vertes of faining lous,
And stolne the impression of her santasie,
With bracelets of thy baite, tings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Noie-gaies, sweet meast amellengtrs
Of strong prevailment in vinhardned youth)

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heatt, Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke, Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with Demetrias.
I beg the ancient priniledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gensleman,
Or to her death, according to out Law,
Immediately prouided in that case.

The. What say you Hermia? be adults'd faire Maide
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demorration is a worthy Gentleman.

Fler. 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 concerne my modeflie. In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts: But I befeech your Grace, that I may know. The worst that may befall me in this case, if I refuse to wed Demetrians.

The Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For ever the fociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your destres,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (If you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liverie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To ynder go such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thome,
Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Iter So will I grow, follue, fo die my Lord, Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yeake, My foule confents not to give foueraignty,

The Take time to paule, and by the next new Moon The sealing day betwixt my love and me, For everlafting bond of fellowship: Vpon that day either prepare to dye For disobedience to your fathers will, Or elfe to wed Demetrous as hee would, Or on Distraes Altar to protell For sie, austerity, and lingle life.

Dem. Relem sweet Hormin, and Lyfander, yeelde

Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lyf. You have her fathers love, Dernetrins : Let me have Hormiaes: do you marry him.

Egens. Scornfull Lyfander, true, he hath my Lone; Aud what is mine, my loue shall render him. And the is mine, and all my tight of her,

I do estate voto Demetriu.

Lyf. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he, As well possest: my loue is more then his : My fortunes enery way as fairely ranck'd (If not with vantage) as Demetrius: And (which is more then all these boasts can be) I am belou'd of beauteous Hermia. Why should not I then prosecute my right? Demetrius, Ile evouch it to his head, Made love to Nedars daughter, Helena, And wonherfoule , and the (fweet Ledie) dotes, Deuoutly dotes, doces in Idolatry, Vpon this sported and inconstant man.

The, I must confesse, that I have heard so much, And with Demorius thought to have spoke thereof: But being over-full of selfe-affaires, My minde did loss it. But Demorrius come, And come Egene, you shall go with me, I have some private schooling for you both. For you faire Hermis, looke you arme yout Glie, To fit your fancies to your Fathers will; Or elfe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp (Which by no meanes we may extenuate) To death, or to a vow of fingle life. Come my Pippolits, what cheare my love? Democrius and Egas go elong: I must imploy you in some businesse Against our nuptiell, and conferre with you Of formerhing, neerely that concernes your felues.

Ege. With dutie and defire we follow you. Exerns .Mane: Lyfander and Heronia.

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheek to pale? How chance the Roles there do fade lo inf?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes

Lyf. For ought that ever I could reade, Could euer heare by tale or historie, The course of true love never did run smooth, But either it was différent in blood.

Her. O croffel too high to be enthral'd to love. Lyf. Or elle milgraffed, in respect of yeares Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong

Lyf. Oreleinflood vpon the choise of merit. Her. Ohell ! to choose love by snothers eie. Lyf. Or if there were a simpathic in choile, Warre, death, or ficknesse, did by fiege to it;

Making it momentarie, as a found:

Swife as a shadow, shore as any dreame, Briefe as the lightning in the collied night, That (In a spleane) vasolds both hessen and earth; And ere a men hath power to fay, behald. The lawer of derknelle do devoure it vp: So quicke bright things come to confusion

Her. If then true Louers have beene ever croft, It flands as an edict in deffinie: Then let vs teach our trial patience, Because it is a customarie crosse, As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and figure, Wishes and reases; poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perfusion; therefore herreme Herma, I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager, Of great revennow, and the hath no childe, From Athem is her house remou'd seven les gues, And the respects me, as ber onely sonne : There gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee, And to that place, the therps Athenian Law Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou's me, then Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night And in the wood, a league without the course. (Where I did meete thee once with Helena, To do observance for a morne of May) There will I flay for thee

Her. My good Lyfender, I weare to thee, by Capids ftrongest bow, By his best arrow with the golden hard, By the simplicitie of Venus Dones, By that which knitteth foules, and profpers lone, And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene, When the false Troyan under saile was scene, By all the vowes that ever men have broke, (In number more then ever women spoke) In that same place thou hast appointed me, To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lyf. Keepe promise loue. looke here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God specche faire Helien, whither away? Hel. Cal you me fairer the faire againe vnfay, Denserries loues you faire : O happie latre! Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweet ayre More tuneable then Larke to the pheards eare, When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare, Stekneffe is catching: O were favor lo, Your words I catch, faire Horminete I go, My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye, My tongue should catch your tongues sweet meladie, Were the world mine, Donestrins being bated, The rest He give to be to you translated O teach inc how you looke, and with what are you fway the motion of Demetrius hart,

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loves me ftill. Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles

fuch skil.

Har. I glue him curfes, yet he glues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could luch affection encous.

Har. The more I hate, the more he followed me.

Hal. The more I loue, the more he hated me.

Her. His folly Helens is none of mine

Hiel. None but your beauty, wold that foult wermine Ha. Take comforts he no more shall fee my face, Listander and my lelse will flieshis place. Before the tune I did Listander see, Seem'd Athens like a Paradile to meeO then, what graces in my Loue do dwell, That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell.

Lyf. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold, To morrow night, when Phabe doth behold Her filner vilage, in the watry glaffe, Decking with liquid peatle, the bladed graffe (A time that Louers flights doth still conceale) Through Athews gates, have we devis'd so fteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I, Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye, Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld: There my Lyfasider, and my felfe thall meete, And thence from Athens turne away our eyes To feeke new friends and frange companions, Farwell fweet play-follow, pray thou for vs. And good lucke grant thee thy Demetries. Keepe word Lyfander we must starue our fight, From louers foode, till mortew deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyf. I will my Hermis. Helma scieu, As you on him, Demetrius dates on you. Exit Lyfander. Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be? Through Athens I am thought as faire as the. But what of that ? Demetring thinkes not fo : He will not know, what all, but he doth know. And as hee erres, doting on Hamies eyes; So I, admiring of his qualities: Things bale and vilde, holding no quantity. Loue can transpose to forme and dignity, Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde, And therefore is wing'd Gupid painted blinde. Nor hath loues minde of any ludgement rafte: Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy hafte. And therefore is Loue faid to be a childe, Because in choise he is often beguil'd, As waggish boyes in game themselves for weeres So the hoy Lone is periur'd every where. For ere Demetria looks on Hermis cyne, He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine. And when this Haile some heat from Hermia felt, So he distolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt, Swill goe tell him of faite Hermias flight: Then to the wood will he, to morrow night Purfue her; and for his intelligence, If I have thankes, it is a deere expence: But heerein meane I to enrich my paine, To have his fight thither, and backe againe.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the loyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellower mender, Snout the Tinker, and Sterucling the Taylor.

Quent, Is all our company heere?

Bor. You were best to call them generally, man by

man,according to the fcrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Arbens, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bos. Firfigood Poter Quince lay what the play treats on : then read the names of the Actors : and lo grow on

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbee.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a

merry. Now good Peter Quies, call forth your Actors by the ferovite. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answere 1 call you. Nick Bettome the Weauer.

Betreme. Ready; name what part I am for, and

proceed.

Quiere. You Nicke Bettome are fet downe for B. raneu.

Bot. What is Pyramu, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himfelfe most gallantly for

Bas. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyram. I could play Ereles resely, or a part to teare a Cet in, to make all split the raging Rocks and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from sarre, and make and morre the soolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is Ereles vaine, a tyranta vaine: a louer is more condo-

Quim Franco Flure the Bellowes-mender.

Fla. Heere Pour Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisbie on you. Flur What is Thisbie, a wandring Knight? Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must love.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a

beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bor. And I may hide my face, let me play Thirbie too: lie speake in a moustrous little voyce; Thisne, Thisne, ah Pyramus my louer deare, thy Thubic deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you

Thuby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. Robin Starseling the Taylor.

Star. Heure Peter 2mince.

Quince. Robin Starneling, you must play Thisbies mother?

Tom Snowe the Tinker. Snows. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramen father ; my felf, This bies father ; Surge the loyner, you the Lyons part : and I hope there is a play fitted.

Saug. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for 1 am flow of fludie.

Quim. You may doe it extemporte, for it is nothing

but roaring.

Ber. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roate, that I will make the Duke Ley, Let him rosreagaine, let

himrosre againe.

2001. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ledies, that they would

thrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs cuery mothers fonce. Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ludies out of their Whites, they would have no more diferetion but to hang vs : but I will aggrauate my voyce fo, that I will toure you as gently as any fucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin-

Quin. You can play no part but Paraman, for Pira-

I'm is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therfore you must needs play Paramen.

Bot. Well, I will endertake it. What beard were I

best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.
Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your per-

fed yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and defire you, to can them by too morrow night: and meet main the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearle : for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuiles knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not,

Bottoms. We will meete, and there we may rehearfe more obscenely and coursgiously. Take paines, be per-

fect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete. Bee. Enough, hold or cut bow-firings.

Exemps

A Elus Secundus.

Enter a Fairse at one doore, and Robin good. fellow 2: another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you? Fee. Over hil, over dale, through buth, through brier, Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander everie where, swifter then & Moons sphere; And I ferue the Fairy Queeue, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowflips tall, her penhoners bee, In their gold coats, spots you fee, Those he Rubies, Faire fauors, Inthole freckles, live their fauori, I must go fecke some dew drops heere, And hang a pearle in every cowflips care. Farewell thou Lob of spirits, He 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 fight, For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, Because that the, as her attendant, hath A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King, She never had to fweet a changeling, And icalous Oberon would have the childe Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde. But The (perforce) with bolds the loved boy, Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her isy. And now they never meere in grove, or greene, By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene, But they do square, that all their Elues for feate Creepe into Acorna cups and hide them there.

Fai, Either I miltake your shape and making quite, Or elfe you are that threw'd and knausth spirit Cal'd Robin Good-sellow. Are you not hee, That frights the maidens of the Villagree, Skim milke, and fometimes labour in the querne, And bootleffe make the breathleffe hulwite cherne, And Iometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Milleade aight-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. Arenot you he?

Rob. Thou speak A arighe; am that merrie wanderes of the night i

liest to Obrrow, and make him smile, When I a fat and beane fed horse beganle, Neighing in likeneffe of a filly foale, And fornetime lurke I in a Goffips bole, In very likenede of a roalled arab: And when the dilnkes, against her lips I bot, And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. The wifest Aunt telling the laddest tale, Sometime for three-loot foole, mifisketh me, Then flip I from her born, downe copples the, And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe, And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe, And wazen in their mirth, and neeze, and (weate, A merrier houre yvas never wasted there. But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberen

Far. And heere my Millris: Would that he vyere gone.

Enter the King of Farries at one doors with his trans, and the Queene at another with hers

Ob. Ill mer by Moone-light, Proud Tylania.

Qu. What, icalous Oberone Fairy skip hence. I have for sworpe his bed and companie.

06. Tarrierash Wanton; am not I thy Lord? Qw. Then I must be thy Lady : but I know When thou weaft floine away from Fairy Land, And in the Shape of Corm face all day, Playing on pipes of Corne, and verting love To amotous Phillide. Why art thou heere Come from the farthest sleepe of India? But that forfooth the bouncing Amoren Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love, To Thefew must be Wedded; and you come, To give their bed toy and prosperitie.

Ob. Howeard thou thus for thome Tylane, Glance at my credite, with Happolica? Knowing I know thy love to Theferal Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night From Peregona, whom he rausshed? And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith

With Ariades, and Accopa?

Que. These are the sorgeries of icalouse, And never sace the middle Summers spring Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead, By psued fountaine, or by rushie brooke, Or in the beached margent of the lea, To dance our emgless to the whiftling Winde. But with thy braules thou haft diffurb'd our sport. Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine, As in reuenge, have fack d vp from the fea Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land, Hath everie petty River made so proud, That they have over-borne their Continents The Oxe hath therefore firetch'd his yoake in vaine, The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne Hath rorted, ere his youth attain'd a beard The fold stands empty in the drowned field, And Crowes are fatted with the murtion focke,

The

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mue, And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are undiltinguishable. The humane mortals want their winter heers, No night is now with hyinno or caroli bleft; Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods) Pale in her anger, washes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound. And through this distemperature, we see The feafons alter; hoared headed frofts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimion Role, And on old Hyems chinne and Icie crowne, An odorous Chaplet of Sweet Sommer buds! Is at in mockey fet. The Spring, the Sommer, The childing Aurumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world By their increase, now knowes not which is which a And this same progeny of euills, Comes from our debate, from our diffention, We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you smend it then, it hes in you, Why should Titania crosse her Oberon? I do but beg a little changeling, boy,

To be my Henchman

On. Ser your heart at reft, The Fairy land boyernot the childe of me, His mother was a Votrelle of my Order, And in the spiced Indian are, by night Full often hath the golfipt by my fide, And fat with me on Neptunes yellow fands, Marking thembarked traders on the flood, When we have laught to fee the failes conceive, And grow big bellied with the wanton winde: Which the with pretty and with fwimming gate, Following (her wombe then rich with my yong fquite) Would imitate, and faile upon the Land, To fetch me trifles, and tecume againe, As from a voyage, nich 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 flay On. Perchance till after Thefou wedding day. If you will patiently dance in our Round, And fee our Moone-light reuelt, goe with vs; If not, thun me and I will fore your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy and I will goe with thee. Qu. Not for thy Pairy Kingdome Fairies away : We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay.

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove, Till I torment thee for this injury. My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembrest Since once I fat vpon a promontory And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe Vicering such dulcet and harmonious breath, That the rude les grew chill at her long. And certaine starres shot madly flom their Spheares, To heare the Sea maids mulicke.

Pac. I remember.

Ob. That very time I fay (but thou could ?! not) Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth, Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he rooke At a faire Vestall, throned by the West, And loos dhis love-shaft (martly from his bow As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearrs, But I might fee young Cupteds fiery shaft

Quenche in the chafte beames of the watry Moone; And the imperiall Votreffe paffed on, In maiden meditation, fancy free. Yet markt I where the bolt of Capid fell. It fell vpon a little westerne flower : Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound, And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse. Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once, The luyce of it, on fleeping eye-lids laid, Will make or man or woman madly dote Vpon the next live creature that it fees. Ferch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe, Eie the Lewiathen can (wim a league.

Packe lleput a girdle about the earth, in forty mi-

Ober. Hauing once this tuyce, He watch Tuania, when the is affeepe, And drop the liquor of it in her eyes The next thing when the waking lookes vpon. (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe or Bull, On medling Monkey, or on bufie Ape) Shee shall pursue it, with the foule of love. And ere I take this charme off from her fight. (As I can take it with another hearbe) He make her render up her Page 10 me. But who comes heere? I am inuifible. And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrin, Helena following bim

Dame. I loue thee not, therefore pursue menot, Where is Lyfander, and faire Hermia? The one He Itay, the other stayeth me. Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood; And heere am I, and wood within this wood, Because I cannot meet my Hermia..

Hence, get thee gone and follow meno more.

Hol. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant, But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart Is true as fleele. Leane you your power to draw, And I shall have no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire? Or rather doe I not in plainest truth, Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more; I am your spaniell, and Demetries, The more you beat me, I will fawne on you. Vie me but 23 your spaniell; fourne me, firike me, Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leave (Vnworthy as I am) to follow you. What worler place can I beg in your love, (And yet a place of high respect with me) Then to be vied as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my fpirit, For I am ficke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am ficke when I looke not on you Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much, To leave the Citty, and commit your felfe Into the hands of one that loues you not, Totrus the opportunity of night, And the in counfell of a defert place,

With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I doe fee your face. Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, Not doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

For you in my respect are all the world. Then how can it be fald I am alone, When all the world is heere to looke on me? Dem. He run from ther, and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beefts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you; Bunne when you will, the flory shall be chang'd : Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chafe; The Doue partues the Griffin, the milde Hinde Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede, When cowardife pursues, and valout flies.

Demet. I will not flay thy questions, let me go; Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeve, But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood.

Hel. I,in the Temple in the Towne, and Field You doe me mischiele. Fye Demetriu, Your wrongs doe fee a fcandall on my feze: We cannot fight for love, as men may doe; We should be woo'd, and were not made to woor. I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, To die vpon the hand I loue so well.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove, Thou shalt slie him, and he shall seeke thy loue. Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wandeter.

Enter Puche.

Puck, I, therett is Ob. I pray thee give it me. I know a banke where the wilde time blowes, Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes, Quite ouer-cannoped with luscious woodbine, With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine; There sleepes Tyrania, sometime of the night, Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight And there the fnake throwes her enammel'd skinne, Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in. And with the myce of this He fireake her eyes , And make her full of harefull fantafics Take thou some of it, and teek shrough this grove; A (weet Athenian Lady is in love With a disdaincfull youth : annoint his eyes, But doe it when the next thing he espies, May be the Lady. Thou shall know the man, By the Athenian garments he hath on. Effect it with some care, that he may prove More fond on her, then the vpon her loue; And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow. Pu. Feare not my Lord, yout leruant fiall do fo. Exit.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with ber traine Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy long; Then for the third part of a minute hence . Some to kill Cankers in the mu ke rose buds, Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe The clamorous Owle that nightly hoors and wonders At our queint spirits : Sing me now afleepe. Then to your offices, and let me reft.

Farries Sing.

You foried Saches wish double congue, Thorny Hedgehogges be not feene, Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong, Come not necre our Fairy Queene. Philomele with restadie,

Sing in your firest Lullaby Lula Sulla Jullaby Julla Jullaby , Neuer harme , nor spell, nor charmo, Come our lously Lady nye. So good night with Lullaby. 2. Farry. Wearing Spiders come not beere, Heace you long leg d'Spinners hence. Beetles blacke approach not necre; Worms nor Snayle doe no offense. Philomele with melody, oc. 1. Fary. Hence amoy, now all is well: One alsofe, frank Consinell. Shoe Roger

Enter Oberon. Ober. What thou feeld when thou doll wake, Doeit for thy true Love take: Loue and languish for his lake. Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare, Pard, or Boare with briffled haire, In thy eye that Shall appeare, When thou wak'ft, it is thy deare, Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lifander and Hermia.

Lif. Faire four, you faint with wandring in § woods And to speake troth I have forgot our way Wee'll test vs Hamin, if you thinke st good, And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Beit fo Lyfander; finde you out a bed,

Por I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for va both, One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good Lyfander, for my lake my deere

Lie further off yet, doe not he fo neere Lyf. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence, Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference, I meane that my heart voto yours is knit, So that but one heart can you make of it.

Two bosomes interchanged with an oath, So then two bolomes, and a lingle troth. Then by your lide, no bed-roome me deny, For lying fo, Hamia, I doe not lye,

Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily; Now much beshrew my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant to lay, Liffander lied. But gentle friend, for love and courtefic Lie further off, in humane modefly Such separation, as may well be faid, Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide, So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend; Thy love nere after, till thy sweet life end.

Lyf. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, fay 1, And then end life, when I end loyalty: Heere is my bed, fleepe give thee all his reft.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest Enter Pucke Thy Sugar.

Puck Through the Forrest have I gone, But Athenian finde I none, One whose eyes I might approve This flowers force in flirring love. Night and filence: who is heere? Weedes of Athens he doth weste: This is he (my master faid) Despised the Athemon meide: And heere the maiden fleeping found,

On

On the danke and durty ground Presty foule, the durst not lye Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtefie. Churle, upon thy eyes I throw All the power this charme doth owes When thou was 'st, let loue forbid Sleepe his seste on thy eyes-lid. So awake when I am gones For I must now to Oberon.

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, (weete Demetrum De. I charge the chence, and do not haunt me thus. Hel. O wilt thou darking leave me? do not fo. De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Dennitrini

Hel. Olamout of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lefter is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefoere the lies;
For the hath bleffed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes to bright? Nor with falt teares.
If to, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, lamas velly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no matualle, though Demetrius
Doe as a monster, slie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compate with Hermias sphery eyne?
But who is here? Listander on the ground;
Deade or asserber 1 fre no bloud, no wound,
Listander, if you live, good fit awake.

Lyf. And run through fire I will for thy fweet fake.
Transparent Helena, nature her shewes are,
That through thy bosomemakes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrical on how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so Lylander, say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia Itill loues you; then be content,

Lyf. Content with Hermia? Nosl do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue fpent.

Not Hermia, but Helena now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will ofman is by his reafon fway'd:
And reafon fates you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their feafon;
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 leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hil. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne? When at your hands did I deferue this forme? If not enough, if not enough, yong man, That I did neuer, no nor neuer can, Deferue a liweete looke from Demetrius eye, But you must flour my infusficiency? Good troth you do me wrong (good-footh you do) In such distainfull manner, me to wooe. But fare you well; perforce I must confesse, I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse. Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,

Should of another therefore be abus'd

Lyt. She lees not Herms; Hermia fleepe thou there,
And neuer maift thou come Lyfander neere;

For as a furfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings
Ot as the herefies that men do leave,
At e bared most of those that did deceive
So thou, my surfeit, and my herefie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honout Helen, and to be her Knight,

Her. Helpe me Lyfander, helpe me; do thy best To pluckethis crawling serpent from my brest. Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here? Lyfander looke, how I do quake with seare. Mc-thought a serpent eate my heart away, And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey. Lyfander, what temoou'd? Lyfander, Lord, What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word? Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare? Speake of all loues; I sound almost with seare. No, then I well perceine you are not mye, Either death or you I se finde immediately,

Êżn.

Adus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Ate we all met?

Qum. Pat, pat, and here's a margailous convenient place for our rehearfall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter guinca?

Peter. What failt thou, bully Bottome?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Puramus and Thisby, that will never please. First Piramus must draw a sword to kill himselse; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answere you that?

Suont. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeve we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to fay, we will do no harme with our fwords, and that Pramu is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better affurance, tell them, that I Pramu am not Pramu, bus Bottome the Weaver, this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall

be written in eight and fixe.

Bor. No, make it two more, let labe written in eight and eight.

Snows. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feate it, I promite you.

Bor. Masters, you ought to consider with your felues, to bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to it.

Sness. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is oot

a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe must speake through, saving thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would rough request you, or I would entreat you, not to feere, porto tramble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were prety of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as ether men ere; and there indeed lethim name his name, and tell him plainly hee is Song the joyner.

Quan. 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 Thusby meete by Moone-

ught.

Sn. Doth the Moone fhine that night wee play our

play?

Ber. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Puche.

Quen. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot Why then may you leave a calement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone

may thine in at the cafement.

Alin. I, or elso one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lauthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to prefent the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chambers for Pressus and Thusy (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall What fay you

Bottome c

Bos. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cost about him to signific wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall Piraman and Thuby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe every mothers some, and rehearse your parts. Presum, you begin; when year there spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his

cue.

Erser Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggeting here,

So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene? What, a Play toward? He be an auditor,

An Actor too perhaps, if I fee cause.

Quin. Speake Piranim Thirby stand forth.

Pir. Thuby, the slowers of odious sauors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours favors sweete, So hath thy breath, my dearest Thirty deare. But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exi Fuck A stranger Pranua, then ere plaid bete.

This. Mult I (peake now?

Per. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come a-

Paine

Thy. Most radiant Prames, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the sed rose on triumphant bryer, Most brisky luuenall, and eke most louely lew, As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre, lie meete thee Piramus, at Ninnes toombe.

Per. Nimus to ombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answere to Piramus: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter; your care is past; it is never tyre.

Thyf. O, 25 true as trueft horse, that yet would never

tyre:

Pr. Is were false, This y I were onely those.
Pr. O monthrous. O firange. We are hanted, pray
matters, flye matters, helpe.

The Clores all Exit.

Pak, fle follow you, lie leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bulh, through brake, through
Sometitic a horfe lie be, formetime a hound: (bryer,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and butne,
Like horfe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. Ext.

Enter Peramus with the Affe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Samot.

Su. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I fee on

thee?

But. What do you fee? You fee an Affe-head of your owne, do you?

Emer Peter Quincs.

Por. Blesse thee Boumer, blesse thee thou art tracilated Exu.

Bot. I fee their knauery; this is to make an affe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not firre from this place, do what they can, I will walke up and downe here, and I will fing that they shall heare I am not affeaid.

The Woofell cocke, so blacke of hew, With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throftle, with his note so true, The Wren and little quill.

Tyle. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke, The plainfong Cuckow gray; Whose note full many a mandoth marke,

And dares not answere, nay.

For indeede, who would fet his wit to so south a bird? Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?

Type. I pray thee gentle mortall, fing agains. Mine care is much enamored of thy note; On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee. So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

But. Me-thinkes misselfe, you should have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittle, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke upon occasion.

Tyta. Thou are as wife, as thou are beautifull,

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne

Tyes. Out of this wood, do not defire to goe, Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no I am a spirit of no common rate:

The Summer still doth tend vpon my state, And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me, Ile giue thee Fatries to attend on thee; And they shall setch thee lewels from the deepe, And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe. And I will purge thy mortall grossenesses for the they had I know that they had I will purge they mortall grossenesses.

Exter Peafe-Stafferre, Cobsolb, Maib, Muster defects, and four Fairus.

Fai. Ready; and Land I, and I. Where shall we go?

Tita Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman, Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his cies, Feedehim with Apricocks, and Develoreies, With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries, The honic-bags Reale from the humble Bees, And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes, And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes, To have my love to bed, and to arise And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies, To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eles Mod to him Elues, and doe him curtefies

I.Far. Haile mortall, haile.

2.Fai. Haile.

3. Pal. Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech your worthips name.

Cob. Cobweb

Bot. 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?

Peaf. Peafe bloffome.

Bor. I pray you commend mee to mistresse Squash, your mother, and to mafter Peufcod your father. Good mafter Peafe. bloffome, I shal delice of you more acquaintance to. Your name I befeech you fir ?

Mof. Mufterd-foeds. Peof. Peofe-bloffame.

Bot. Good mafter Mustard feede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath denoured many a gentleman of your house. I promile you, your Rindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I defire you more acquaintance, good Master Manfard-feeds.

Tira. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower. The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watriceie, And when the weepes, weepe everie little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastitie. Tye vp my louers congue, bring bim filently. Escit.

Enter King of Pharies, Solus.

Ob. I wonder If Titania be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye, Which the must dote on, in extremitie.

Enser Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit, What night-rule now about this gaunted groues Puck, My Miftris with a monifer is in loue, Neere to her close and confectated bower, While the was in her dull and fleeping hower, A crew of patches, rude Mcehanicals That worke for bread vpou Athenian fals, Were mer together to rehearle a Play, Intended for great Thefew nuptiall day : The shallowest thick-skin of that barren son, Who Piramus presented, in their sport, Forlooke his Scene, and entred in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take, An Asses note I fixed on his head. Anon his Thubie must be answered, And forth my Mimmick comes : when they him spie, As Wilde-geefe, that the creeping Fowler eye, Or rusted-pated choughes, many in fort (Rising and cawing at the guns teport)
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:

So at his fight, away his fellowes flye, And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals; He murther cries, and helpe from Athans cals. Their fenfe thus weake, loft with their fears thus ftrong, Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong. For briars and thornes at their apparell fratch, Some fleeves, fome hats, from yeelders all things catch, I led them on in this diffracted feare, And left fweete Piramus translated there: When in that moment (fo it came to passe)
Tyrania waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse. Ob. This fals our better then I could deuile: But hast thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes, With he love inyce, as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him fleeping (that is finisht And the Athenian woman by his lide, That when he wak't, of force the must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the lame Athenian. Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man. Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you fo? Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vie thee worfe. For thou (I feare) half given me cause to curse, If thou hall flame Lyfander in his fleepe. Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and hill me too:

The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day, As he to me. Would he have stollen away, From fleeping Hermia? He beleeve as foone This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone May through the Center creepe, and so displease Her brothers nooneride, with th' Antipodes. It cannot be but thou haft murdred him. So should a mutcherer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the mutderer looke, and so should I, Pierft through the heart with your flearne cruelty . Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,

As yonder Venus in her glimmering spheare.

Her What's this to my Lyfander? where is he? Ah good Demetrum, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather gius his carkasse to my hounds. Her. Out dog, out cur thou driv'st me past the bounds Of maidens patience. Halt thou flaine him then? Henceforth beneuer numbred among men. Oh, once tell true, even for my lake, Durft thou a lookt vpon him, being awake? And haft thou kill'd him fleeping? Obrave tuteb: Could not a worme, an Adder do so much? An Adderdid it: for with doubler tongue Then thine (thou ferpent) never Adder flung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a smilprisd mood, I am not guiltie of Lyfanders blood:

Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee rell me then that he is well. Dom. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to fee me more; And from thy hated prefence part I: feeme no more Whether he be dead or no.

Dem. There is no following her In this fierce vaine, Here therefore for a while [will remaine. So forrowes heavineffe doth heavier grows For debt that bankrout llip dorh forrow owe, Which now in fome flight measure it will pay,

If for his render here I make forme flay.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue juyce on some true loues fight:

Of thy misprisson, must perforce ensue

Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fore ore-rules, that one man holding troth, A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe fwifter then the winde,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
All fancy licke the 1s, and pale of cheere,
With fighes of lone, that cofts the fresh bloud deere.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes against the doth appeare.

Robin. 1 go, 1 go, 1 ooke how 1 goe,
Swifter then arrow from the Tartari bowe. Extr.

Ob. Flower of this purple die, Hit wish Capids archery, Sinke in apple of his eye, When his loue he doth espie, Let her shine as gloriously As the Venus of the sky, When thou was 'st if the be by, Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Proche.

Prock. Captaine of our Pairy band,

Helma is heere at hand,

And the yourh, miltooke by me,

Pleading for a Louers fee.

Shall we their fond Pageant fee?

Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand alide: the noyle they make,

Will cause Democratue to awake.

Fuck. Then will two at once wood one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe ber please me,
That befull preposterously

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think § I should woos in scorn?

Scorne and derision neuer comes in teates:

Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,

In their nativity all truth appeares.

How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your couning more & more, When truth kils truth, O divelish holy fray! These yours are Hemsias. Will you give her ore? Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh. Your yowes to her, and me. (put in two scales) Will even weigh, and both as light as cales.

Lyf. I had no indgement, when to her I fwote, Hel. Nor none in my minde now you give het ore. Lyf. Democrature loves her, and he loves not you. And. Demo. O Helen, goddesse, nimph, perfect, civine, To what my love, shall I compare thine eyne. Christall is muddy, O how ripe m show,

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting growl That pure congealed white, high Tearms snow, Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow, When thou holdst vp thy hand. Olet me kisse This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hell. O fpight / O hell I free you are all bent To fet against me, for your merriment: If you were civill, and knew curteste, You would not doe me thus much injury. Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must soyne in soules to morke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vie a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and love Herming,
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To consure teares vp in a poore mails eyes,
With your derision; none of noble fort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extert
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport,
Lysa. You are vnkind Demetring; be not so,

For you love Hermin; this you know I know; And here with all good will, with all my heart, In Hermin; love I yeeld you up my part; And youts of Helma, to me bequeath, Whom I do love and will do to my death. Hel. Never did mockers wast more idle breth. Down. Lysander, keep thy Hermin, I will none: If fere I loved het, all that love is gone, My heart to her, but as guest-wise sorourn'd, And now to Helm it is home return'd,

There to remaine.

Lyf. It is not fo.

De. Disparage not the faith thou doft not know, Left to thy perill thou abide it deare. Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermis.

Her. Datk night, that from the eye his function takes. The ease more quicke of apprehension makes. Wherein it doth impairs the feeing fense, Ir paies the hearing double recompence.

Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander found, Mine ease (I thanke it) brought me to that found.

But why ankindly didst thou leave me so? (to go?

Lyfan. Why should hee slay whom Love doth presse Her. What love could presse Lyfander from my side? Lyf. Lyfanders love (that would not let him bide) Faire Helma; who more engilds the night, Then all you fierie oes, and eies of light. Why seek 's thou me? Could not this make thee know, The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be. Hel. Loe, the is one of this confederacy, Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three, To fathion this falle fport in spight of me. Iniurious Hermia, most vngratefull maid, Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriu'd To brite me, with this foule derifion? Is all the counfell that we two have fhar'd, The fifters vowes, the houres that we have spene, When wee have chid the haffy fooced time, For parting vas O, is all forgot? All schooledairs friendship, child-hood innocence? We Hermis, like two Artificiall gods, Have with our needles, created both one flower, Both on one fampler, fitting on one cushion, Both warbling of one fong, both in one key; As if our hands, our fides, voices, and mindes Had beene incorporate. So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, feeming parted, But yet a vision in partition,

Two

Two louely berries molded on one stem, So with two feeming bodies, but one heart, Two of the first life coass in Heraldry, Due but to one and crowned with one croft. And will you rent our sncient love afunder, To loyne with men in fcorning your poore friend? It is not friendly, 'cis not maidenly. Our fexe as well as I, may chide you for is, Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,

Iscorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me,
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorne To follow me, and praise my eies and face? And made your other love, Demetring (Who even but now did spurne me with his foote) To call me goddeffe, nimph, divine, and tare. Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes hethis To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyfander Denie your loue (forich within his foule) And tender me (forfoath) affection, But by your fetting on, by your confent? What though I benor so in grace as you, So hung vpon with love, so fortunate? (Butmiferable molt, to loue valou'd) This you should pittie, tather then despile.

Her. I vnderfland not what you meane by this. Hel. 1, doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes, Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe, Winke each at other, hold the fweete ieft vp: This sport well carried, shall be chronicled. If you have any pittie, grace, or manners, You would not make me fuch an argument : But fare ye well, tis partly mine ownefault, Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse, My loue, my life, my foule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not leorn her fo.

Dem. If the cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lyf. Thou can't compell no more then the entreate.

Thy threats have no more frength then her weak praise. Helan, I love thee, by my life I doe;

I (weare by that which I will lose for thee, To prous him falle, that faies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, loue thee more then he can do. Lyf. Ifthou say to, with-draw and proueit too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. Lyfunder, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you Ethiope.

Dem. No,no,Sir, seeme to breake loofe;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go. Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loofe, Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her Why are you growne fo rude?

What change is this sweete Lone? Lyf. Thy love? our tawny Tarrar, out;

Out loathed medicine; O hated poison bence.

Her. Do younotieft?
Hel. Yes footh, and so do you,
Lys. Demetrics: I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had yout bond: for I perceive A weake bondholds you; Henortruft your word-

Lyf. What, should I hutt her, strike her, kill ber dead i Although I have her, He not harme her fo.

Her, What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hateme, wherefore? Ome, what newes my Loue? Am not I Hermia? Ate not you Lyfander? I am as faire now, as I was ere while. Since night you lou'dme; yet fince night you left me. Why then you left me (Othe gods forbid Incarnelt, shall I say?

Lyf. I,by my life; And never did defire to fee thee more. Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt; Be certaine, nothing truer: tis no left,

That I doe hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. Ome, you lugler, you canker blofforne, You theefe of love; What, have you come by night, And stolne my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame, No touch of balhfulneffe! What, will you teare Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her Pupper? why fo? I, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that the hath made compare Betweene our flatures, the hath wrg'd her height, And with her personage, her tall personage, Her height (forfooth) the hath prevail'd with him. And are you growne to high in his effective, Because I am so dwarfish, and so low? How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake, How low am I? I amnot yet fo low But that my nailes can reach voto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen, Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curft ; I have no gife at all in threwillineffe; I am a right maide for my cowardize; Let her not frike me : youpethaps may thinke, Because the is something lower then my selfe,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be lo bitter with me, I evermore did loveyou Hermia, Did cuer keepe your counfels, neuer wronged you, Saue that in love vnto Demetrius, I told him of your Realth vnro this wood. He followed you, for louc I followed him, But he hath chid me hence, and threatned ine

To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too; And now, so you will let me quiet go, To Asbens will I beare my folly backe, And follow you no further. Let me go.

You fee how simple, and how fond I am. Her. Why get you gone: who ift that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Her. With Demerrins.
Lyf. Be not afraid, the shall not harme thee Helena. Dom. No fir, the thall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when the's angry, the is keene and threwd, She was a vixen when the went to fchoole,

And though the be but little, the is fierce. Hr. Little againe? Nothing but low and little? Why will you fuffer her to float me thus?

Let me come to her. Lyf. Get you gone you dwarfe,

You minimus, of hindring knot-graffe made,

You bead, you scorne.

Dem. You are too officious, In her behalfe that scornes your services. Let her alone, speake not of Heima, Take not her part. For if shou dost intend Neuer solittle shew of loue to her, Thoushalt abide it.

11f. Now the holds me not, Now follow if thou dar'ff, to try who fe right, Of thine or mine is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! Nay, He goe with thee cheeke by towle Exil Lyfander and Demotricus.

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.

Nay, goenoi backe.

Hel I will not truft you I,
Norlonger flay in your curft companie.
Your handa then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne a way.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Cb. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak's, Or elfe committ'll thy knaueries willingly.

Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistoolee, Did not you tell me, I should know the man, By the Atbenian gatments he hath on? And so farre blamelesse proves my enterpize, That I have no inted an Athenians eies, And so farre am I glad, it so did fort, As this their iangling I esteeme a sport

Ob. Thou feeft thefe Lovers feeke a place to fight, He therefore Robin, overcast the night, The startie Welkin couer thou anon With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron, And lead these testie Riuals so aftray, As one come not within anothers way Like to Lyfarder, sometime frame thy tongue, Then stirre Demetrine vp with bitter wrong; And sometime raile thou like Demetrius; And from each other looke thou leade them thus, Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, fleepe With leaden legs, and Battle-wings doch c reepe; Then crush this hear be into Lyfanders eie, Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie, 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 feeme a dreame, and fruitleffe vision, And backe to Athens shall the Louers wend With league, whose date till death shall never end. Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply, He to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy; And then I will her charmed eie releafe From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Preck, My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste, For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full sast, and yonder shines Awaras harbinger. At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there, Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all, That in crosse-vaies and should have buriall, Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone; For seare least day should looke their shames upon, They wilfully themselves daile from light, And must for aye consort with blacke browdnight.

Ob. But we are spirits of another fort:

I, with the mornings love have oft made sport,

And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,

Eventslithe Easterne gare all fieriered,

Opening on Neptume, with faire blessed beames,

Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.

But notwithstanding haste, make no delay. We may essed 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 covere. Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.
Lyf Where art thou, proud Demetrine?

Speake thou now.

Rob Here villame, drawne & readie. Where are chou? Lyf. I will be with thee freight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Erter Demetring.

Dave, Lyfunder, (peake againe; Thou runaway, thou toward, are thou fied? Speake in fome bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Reb. Thou coward, are thou bragging to the stars, Telling the bushes that thou look st for wars, And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou ebilde, lie whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd

That drawes a fword on thee.

Dem, Yes, ant thou there?

Re. Follow my voice, we try no manhood here. Exit.

Lyf. He goes before me, and full dates me on,

When I come where he cala, then he's gone.

The villame is much lighter heel'd then 1:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; Refring places
That fallen am I in darke when way,
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: 190 dame
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,

Ile finde Demetriu, and revenge this spight.
Enter Robm and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho,ho,ho; coward, why com'st thou not? Deor. Abide me, if thou dat'st. For well I wot, Thou runk before me, shifting every place, And dat'st not stand, nor looke me in the face Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem Nay then thou mock's me; thou shalt buy this

Geere,
If over I thy face by day-light fee.
Now goe thy way: faintnefte confitaineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By dates approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, thine comforts from the East,
That I may backeto Athens by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts up for owns eie.
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleepe.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more, Two of both kindes makes yp foure. Here the comes, curft and fad, Copid is a knauith lad,

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Never to wearie never to in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my defires.
Here will I reft me till the breake of day,
Heavens shield Lyforder, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground fleepe found,
Me apply your eie gentle louer, remedy,
When thou wak'ft, thou tak'ft
True delught in the fight of the former Ladies eye,

And

And the Country Properb knowne, That every man should take his owne, In your waking shall be showne. lacke shall have lill, nought shall goe ill, The man thall have his Mare againe, and all thall bes

They flacpe all the All.

Adus Quartas.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clossese, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tua. Come, fit thee downe vpon this flowry bed. While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy. And flicke muske roles in thy fleeke smoothe head, And kille thy faire large eares, my gentle toy.

Clow. Where's Peafe bloffome?

Peaf. Ready

Clow. Scratch my head, Peafo-bloffonse. Wher's Moun-Bruer Cobmeb.

Cob. Ready.

Clowns. Mounsieur Cobmeb, good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thiftle; and good Mounfieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your felfe too much in the action, Mounfieur; and good Mounfieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have you overflowne with a hony-bag fignious. Where's Mounfieur Muftardfeed?

MW Ready.

Clo. Giue me your nease, Mountieur Mustardseed. Pray you leave your courtefe good Mounfieur.

Adaf. What's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounfieur, but to help Caualery Cobroch to scratch, I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me-thinkes I am maruellous harry about the face. And I am fuch a tender affe, if my haire do but tickle me, I must ferarch,

Twa. What, will thou heare some musicke, my sweet love

Clow. I have a reasonable good care in musicke. Let vs have the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tien, Or lay sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.
Clowns. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch wour good dey Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great defire to a boule of hay : good hay, fweete hay hath no fel-

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy, That shall feeke the Squirrels hoard, And fesch thee new Nuts.

Charge. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried peafe. But I pray you let none of your people ftirre me, I heue an exposition of sleepe come voon me.

Tyea. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my estas, Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away. So doth the woodbine, the fweet Honifuckie, Gently entwist; she semale Juy so Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I love thee I how I dote on thee !

Exter Robin goodfeling and Oberen. Ob. Welcome good Robin : Seeft thou this (weet fight? Her datage now I doe begin to pitty. For meeting her of late behinde the wood, Seeking (weer favors for this hatefull foole, I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her. For the his hairy temples then had rounded, With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers. And that same dew which fomtime on the buds. Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles; Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes, Like reares that did their owne difgrace bewaile. When I had at my pleasure taunted her, And the in milde termes beg'd my patience, I then did aske of her, her changeling childe, Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land. And now I have the Boy, I will vndoe This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. And gentle Pucke take this transformed scalpe, From off the head of this Athensan (waine ; That he awaking when the other doe, May all to Athens backe againe repaire, And thinke no more of this nights accidents. But as the fierce vezation of a dreame. But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

> Be those as thon wast wont to be: See as show wast wone to see. Dianitud, or Cupide flower. Hath such force and bleffed power

Now my Tuansa wake you my sweet Queene, Tita. My Oberon, what visions have I feene! Me-thought I was enamoured of an Affe.

06. There lies your love.

Tita. How came thefe things to paffe? Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this vilage now ! Ob. Silence a while. Robin take off his head : Titania orufick call, and frike more dead Then common fleepe; of all these, fine the sense Tita. Mulicke, ho mulicke, luch as charmeth fleepe.

Musick Still. Rob. When thou wak'ft, with thine owne fooles eies

Ob Sound mulick; come my Queen, take hands with And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be Now thou and I are new in amity , And will to morrow midnight, folemnly Dance in Duke Thisew house triumphanily, And bleffe it to all faire posterity. There shall the paires of faithfull Louers ba Wedded. with Thefere, all in rollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke, I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence lad, Trip we after the nights shade; We the Globe can compaffe foone, Swifter then the wandring Moone

Tira Come my Lord, and in our flight, Tell me how it came this night That I fleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye fill

With

A Midsommernights Dreame.

With their mortals on the ground.

Winde Hornes,

Enter The set. Lacus, Hippoints and all bis traine.
Thef. Goe one of you finde out the Forrester,
For now our observation is performed;
And since we have the vaward of the day.
My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vincouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and sinde the Forrester,
We will saire Queene, up to the Mountaines top.
And marke the musicall consistion.

Hip. I was with Horeules and Cadonic once, When in a wood of Creese they bayed the Besse With hounds of Sparta; never did I heare Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves, The skies, the sountaines, every region neere, Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder,

Thef. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde, So flow'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung With exres that sweepe away the morning dew, Crooke kneed, and dow-lapt, like Thesadian Buls, Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels, Each vader each. A cry more tuncable Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with home, In Creete, in Sparta, nor in Thesady;

Judge when you heare. But lost, what nimpha are these Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heare assept, And this Lifander, shis Demetries is, This Helma, olde Nedare Helena, I wonder of this being heere together.

The, No doubt they role up carly, to oblerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our folemnity.
But speake Egens, is not this the day
That Herman should give answer of her choice?

Egens. It is, my Lord.
Thef. Goe bid the hants-men wake them with their horners.

Hornes and they wake. Shout within, they all flart up.

Thef. Good moreow friends: Saint Velentese is pall, Begin these wood birds but to couple novel

Lif. Pardon my Lord.
Thef. I prey you all fland vp.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That batred is is to farte from lealoufie.
To fleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lyf. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly.
Halfe scepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I weare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is I
came with Hernsia hither. Our intens
Was to be gone from Aibens, where we might be
Without the perill of the Atbenian Lew.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough; I be githe Law, the Law, vpon his head? They would have stolne away, they would Demetrias, Thereby to have deseated you and me: You of your wife, and me of my consent; Of my consent, that the should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire Helm told me of their fleelth, Of this their purpose bither, to this wood, And I in furic higher followed them : Fatte Holena, in fancy followed me. But my good Lord, I wornor by what power, (But by some power it it) my love To Harmen (wched as the frow) Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude Which in my childehood I did dost vpon: And all the faith, the vertue of my heart, The object and the pleasure of minerye, Is oacly Helena Toher, my Lord, Was I berioth'd, ere I fee Homia, But like a fickenesse did I loath this ford, But as in health, come to my parurall taffe, Now doe I with it, loud it, long for it, And will for euermore be true to it. Thef. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met; Of this discourse we shall herre more snow

Thef. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.

Egew, I will over-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with es,
These couples shall eternally be knit.

And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd bunting shall be set asked.

Away, with valo Athers; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnine.

Come Hippoliue.

Exit Didg and Lorde.

Dom. These things seeme small & voditing unshable.

Dom. These things seeme small & vndssingus snable, Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye, When every things seemes double.

Hel. Some-thinkes: And I have found Demetries, like a jewell, Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It feeines to mee,
That yet we fleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father. Hel. And Happelaa.

Lyf. And he bid vs tollow to the Temple.

Dow. Why then we are swake; lets followhim, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottoms water. Exa Lours. Clo. When my que comes, call me, and I will answer. My next 11, most faite Peramas. Hey ho Peter Waines? Flates the bellowes mender? Snows the tinker? Starueling? Gods my life I Stolne hence, and left me afleepe: I haue had a most race vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of man, to fay, what drenme it was. Man is but an Alle, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, If he will offer to fay, what me-thought I bad. The eye of man bath not heard, the care of man hath not feen, mans hand is not able to tafte, his tongue to concerue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called Bottomes Dream , because it hath no bottome; and I will fing it in the latter end of e play, before the Duke. Pereduenture, to make it the more gracious, I thell fing it at her death,

Eren Quinco, Fines, Thiche, Snort, and Storeding

Quen. Have you fent to Battemer house? Is he come home yet?

Stars. He cannot be beard of. Out of doubt her is transported.

This. If

Thif. 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 Athan, able to discharge Piramus but he.

This. No hee hath simply the best wit of any handyerafemanin Athens.

Quin. Yez, and the best person too, and hee is a very

Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse vs.) a thing of nought.

Enter Sung the loyner.

Sang. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords& Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made

This. O sweet bully Bottome, thus hath he lost fixepence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped fixpence 3 day. And the Duke had not given him fixpence a day for playing Piramus, le be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing. Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts? Quin. Betteme, o most couragious day! O most hap-

pie houre !

Bor. Masters, I sm to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let ys heare, (weet Bottome.

Bot. Not a word of metall that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good trings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete presently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part : for the (hort and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let Thisby have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to viter fweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them fay, it is a fweet Comedy. No more words: sway, go away.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Thefens, Hippolita, Egens and his Lords.

Hip. Tis strange my Thefess, y chefe lovers speake of. The. More firange then true. I never may beleeue Thefe anticke fables, nor thefe Fairy toyes, Louers and mad men have fuch feething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason euer comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One fees more divels then vafte hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egipt. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heanen to earth, from earth to heauth. And as Imagination bodies forth the forms of things Vaknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to Inspes, And glues to aire nothing, a locall habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That if it would but apprehend fome ioy, It comprehends fome bringer of that ioy. Or in the night, imagining fome feare, How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told over-And all their minds transfigur'd so together, More witneffeth than fancies images, And growes to something of great constancie; But howfoeuer, strange, and admirable.

> Enter louers, Lyfander, Demetrina, Hermia, and Hilena.

The. Heere come the loners, full of ioy and mirth: Ioy, gentle friends, toy and fresh dayes Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lif. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord; your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall

To weare away this long age of three houres, Between our after supper, and bed-time? Where is our viuall manager of mirth? What Revels are in hand? Is there no play. To eafe the anguish of a torturing houre? Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Thefem.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this eue-What maske? What mulicke? How shall we beguile

The lazie time, if not with fome delight? Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife:

Make choise of which your Highnesse will see fle A.

Lif. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung

By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.
The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Lone

In glory of my kiniman Hercules.

Lif. The riot of the tiplie Bachanals, Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage? The. That is an old device, and it was plaid When I from Thebes came last a Conqueror.

Lif. The thrice three Mufes, mourning for the death of learning, late deceast in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall. Not forting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lif. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus, And his love Thisby; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hotice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee findethe concord of his difcord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, fome ren 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 fitred. And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for Paramese Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I faw Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water : But more merrie teares, the pattion of loud laughter Never shed.

Thef. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere, Which never labour'd in their mindes till now; And now have toyled their vnbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.
The. And we will heare it.

0 2

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world; Valeffe you can finde sport in their intents, Extreamely Reercht, and cond with crue! paine, To doe you fecuice.

Thef. I will heare that play. For never any thing Can be anuffe, when simplemelle and duty tender k. Goz bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to fee wretchednesse orecharged; And duty in his feruice perishing.

Thef. Why gende (weet, you hall fee no fuch thing. Hip. He laics, they can doenothing in this kinde. Thef. I he kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;

And what pooreduty camoc doe, noble respect

Takes it in might, not metit. Whele I have come, great Clearkes have purpoled To greete me with premeditated welcomes; Where I have feene them thiner and looke pale, Make periods in the midft of fentences, Throtile their practiz'd accent in their feares, And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete, Out of this filente yet, Ipickt s-welcome: And in the modelly of fearefull duty, I read as much, as from the rathing tongue Of faucy and audacious eloquence. Loue therefore, and tongue-ride simpherty, In leaft, speake most, to my capacity.

Egeus So pleafe your Grace, the Prologue it address. Flon Trum.

Duke. Let bimapproach.

Enter the Pralogue. Pro. If we offead, it is with our good will. That you flould thinke, we some not to offend, But with good will. To Shew our himple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Confider then, we come but in despight. We do not come, as minding to content you. Our true intent is, All for your delight, We are not heere. That you should here repent you, The Actors are at hand; and by their flow, You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thef. This fellow doth not fland upon points Lyf. He hash rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt : he knowernor the stop, A good morall my Lord. It is not chough to fpeake, but to fpeake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a found, but not in gouesnment

Thef. His speech was like a rangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next? Tamper with a Trumici before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thusby, Wall, Moone frime, and Lyon. Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show, But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine. This man is Piramia, if you would know; This beauteous Lady, Thuby is certaine. This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile wall, which did thele louers funder : And through walls chink (poor foules) they are content To whifper. At the which, let no man wonder. This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne, Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know, By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scome To meet at Nimu toombe, there, there to wose i

This grizy beaff (which Lyon hight by name) The trufty Thuly, comming first by right, Did scarre away, or rather did affright. And as she fied, her moutle she did fall; Which Lyon yile with bloody mouth cid time Anon comet Piramui, [weet youth and tall, And hades his Thubies Manuelaline ; Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade, He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy beenft, And Thub, tarrying in Mulberry Onade His dagger drew, and died. For all the reft, Let Lyon, Moone-foine Wall, and Louers twaine, At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exu all bin wall. The I wonder if the Lion bo to Speake. Deme. No wonder, my Lord : one Lion may, when many Alles doe.

Exa Lyen, Therbie, and Moonesbons. Wall. In this fame Interlude, it doth befall, That I, one Sweet (byname) prefent a wall: And fuch a wall, as I would have you thinke, That had in it a crannied hole or chinke: Through which the Louers, Piramin and Thishin Did whilper often, very fecretly. This loanie, this rough-caft, and this Rone doth thew, That I sin that same Wall , the truth is fo. And this the crowny is, right and funfter, Through which the feeretull Louers are to whilpet.

Thef. Would you desire Lime and Hause to speake better ? ,

Demc. It is the writtiest partition, that ever I beard discourse, say Lord.

Thef. Tyramin drawes neere the Wallblence Enter Pgraussu.

Pm. O grim looktnight, onight with hue to blacke, Onight, which euer art, when day is not: Onight, ônight, slacke, slacke, alackr, I feare my Thubies promise is forgot And thou o vrall, thou fweet and louely well, That flands betweene her fathers ground and mine, Thou wall, o wall, o sweet and louely wall, Shew the thy clinke, to blinke through with misseine. Thankes courreous well. fore thield thee well for thes. But what fee !? No Thubu doe I fee. O wicked wall, through whom I fee no bliffe, Curft be thy ftones for thus decesuing mee. Thef. The wealt me-thinkes being fensible, should

Por. No in truth fir, he should not December ms,

Is Thisbes tue; the is to enter, and I am to fo Her through the wall. You hall fee it will fall.

Emer Thubis

Per as I told you; yonder the comes. This. O vvall, full often half thou heard my mones, For parting my faire Peramus, and me. My cherry lips have often kist thy stones; Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit vo in thee

Pyra. I fees voyce; now will I to the chinke, To Ipy and I can heate my Thubur face. Thisbe? This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Por. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace, And like Lorseeder am I trufty fill

Toif. And like Helm till the Fates me 1511. Por. Not Shafalus to Procrus, was fo true. This. As Stafalus to Present, I to you.

Pir. O

Pir. Okisse me through the boic of this vile wall. This. I kille the wals hole, not your lips at all. Pir. Wilt thou at Nimier combe meete me ftreight

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay. Wall. Thus have I Wall, my part discharged so; And being done, thus Wall sway doth go. Exis Class. Dw. Now is the morall downe betweene the two

Neighbors. Dem. No temedie my Lord, when Wals are so wil-

full, to heare without warning

Dur. This is the fillieft fluffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the work are no worfe, if imagination amend them.

Due. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs. Duk. If wee imagine no worke of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com two noble beafts, in a man and a Lion,.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore) May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere, When Lion rough in wildelt rage doth roare. Then know that I, one Saug the loyner am A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam For if I should as Lion come in strife Into this place, twere pittie of my life,

Du. A verie gentle beaft, and of a good conference.

Dom. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, y ere l'aw.

Dw. True, and a Goofe for his diferetion.

Dem, Not so my Lord: for bis valor cannot carrie his diferection, and the Fox carries the Goofe.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor: for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his diferection, and let vs hearken to the Moone,

Moon. This Lanthorne doch the horned Moone pre-

De. He should have worne the homes on his head, Dw. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inusible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone prefent: My felle, the man i'th Moone doth feeme to be.

This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. Por you fee, it is already in fouffe.

Dur. I am vvestie of this Moone; vvould he would

Du. It appeares by his smallight of discretion, that be is in the wane: but yet in courtefie, in all reason, we couft flay the time.

Lyf. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I have to fay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bushimy thome bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthome: for they are in the Moone. But silence, beere comes Thuby.

Enter Thisty.

This is old Nicones combe : where is my love? Lyon Oh.

The Lieu reaves, Thisby riess off. Dow. Wellcoard Lion.

Du. Well run Thuby.

Dur. Well thone Moone

Truly the Moone thines with a good grace

Du. Welmouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came Piramus. Lyf. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Paramis.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames, I thanke thee Moone, for thining now to brights For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I truff to tafte of trueft Thubies fight.

But flay : O spight ! but marke, poore Knight,

What dreadful dole is heere? Eyes do you fee! How can it be.

Odainty Ducke: O Deere:

Thy mantle good; what staind with blood!

Approch you Furies fell : O Fates! come, come : Cut thred and thrum, Quaile, cruth, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend. Would go neere to make a man looke fad.

Dur. Beshrewmy heart, but I pittle the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did ft thou Lions frame? Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:

Which is : no, no, which was the fairest Dame That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound: Out [word, and wound

The pap of Piramus:
1, 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. Lif. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is no-

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and proue an Affe.

Due. How chance Moone-shine is gone before? Thuby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thuby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light. Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinker shee should not vie a long one for fuch a Paramus: I hope the will be breefe.

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which Pirannus which Thuby is the better.

Lyf. She hath fpyed him already, with those sweete

Dem. And thus the meanes, videlicit,

This. Asseepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue? O Piramus arise:

Speake, Speake. Quito dumber Dead, dead? A tombe

Must cover thy sweet eyes. These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes Are gone, are gone : Louers make mone :

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O fifters three, come, come to mee, With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, fince you have shore With theeres, his thred of filke.

Tongue not a word: Come trufty (word t Come blade, my breft imbrue:

And

And farwell friends, thus Thubic ends; Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion ste lest to burie the dead. Deme. 1, and Wall too.

Bet. No, I affore you, the wall is downe, that parted their Pathers. Will it please you to fee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk, No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse ; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid Piramu, and hung himfelie in Thibus garrer, it would have beene a fine Tragedy : and fo it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Bpilogue alone. The iron tongue of midnight hath old twelve. Louers to bed, is almost Fairy time. I feare we shall out-sizepe the comming morne, As much as we this night have ouer-watcht. This palpable grofte play hath well beguild The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. A fortnight hold we this folenmiey. In nightly Reacls; and new tolline. Exempt.

Enter Puoke. Puck Now the hungry Lyons rores, And the Wolfe beholds the Moone: Whilest the heavy ploughman inores, All with weary taske forc-done. Now the wasted brands doe glow, Whil'sthe saitch-owle, saitching loud, Puts the wretch that Heain woe, In remembrance of a fhrowd; Mow it is the time of night. That the graves, all gaping wide, Every one less forth his spright, En the Church-way paths to glid: And we Fairies, that do runne, By the triple Hecates teame, From the presence of the Sunne, Following darkeneffe like a dreams, Now are frollicke; not a Moule Shall disturbe this hallowed house. I am fent with broome before, To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their trains.

By the dead and drowne her,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Dirty after me, sing and dance it teleplinglie,
Tita. First rehearse this song by roace,
To each words warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

Now will the breaks of day , Through this honge each Frity Stray. To the bost Bride - bed will vo. which by vs St. all bloffed be: And the office there create, Ever shall be fortunate: So Shall all the complex three, Ener true in longing be i And the blossed Natures bond Shall not on their iffur franch Netzremote barely nor feerre, Normarke prodigions, fuch as are Despised in Namitie, Shall epontheir children bo. With the field der conference, Every Fairy take his gate, And each senerall chamber bieffe . Through inis Pallace with sweet peace, Ener ficall in fafety righ, And the voner of a bleft. Trip away, make no fray; Meet one all by breaks of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended, Thinke but this (and all is mended) That you have but flumbred heers, While these visions did appeare. And this weake and tale theame, No more yeelding but a dreame, Centles, doe not reprehend. If you pardon, we will mend. And as I am an honest Puchy, If we have vnearned lucke, Now to fcape the Serpents tongue, We will make amends ere long: Elfe the Packetalyar call. So good night voto you all. Gine me your hands, if we be friences, And Robin Chall reftore amenda.

FINIS.



The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Authonie, Salarine, and Salario.

Anthonio.

N footh I know not why I am fo fad,

the street wasties me: you fay it wearies you;

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,

What fluffe tismade of, whereof it is borne,

I am to learne: and fuch a Want-wit fadnesse makes of

That I have much ado to know my felfe.

Sal. Your minde is tofsing on the Ocean
There where your Argofies with portly faile
I like Signiors and tich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pagcants of the fea,
Do over-peere the petue Traffiquers
That curtife to them, do them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Beleeue me fir, had I fuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasteto know where firs the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Missortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sate.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth, Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought What harme a winde too great might doe at fea. I should not see the sandie houre-graffe runne, But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats, And fee my wealthy Andrew docks in fand, Vailing her high top lower then her ribs To kille her buriall; should I goe to Church And see the holy edifice of stone, And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks, Which rouching but my gentle Vessels side Would scatter all her spices on the streame, Enrobe the roring waters with my filkes, And in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought That fuch a thing bechaune'd would make me fed? But tell not me, I know Anthonio Is fad to thinke vpon his merchandize

Anh. Belecue me no, I thanke my fortune for it, My ventures are not in one bottome truffed, Nor to one place; nor is my whole chate Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sola. Why then you are in love.
Anth. Fic, sie.

Though Neftor (weare the ieft be laughable.

Anth. Fic, he,

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let va fay you are fad
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 larms,
Nature hath fram'd strange sellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they ll not shew their teeth in way of smile,

Enter Daffanie, Lorenfo, and Grateano.

Sola. Hecre comes Baffanio,
Your most noble Kiniman,
Gratiano, and Lorenfo. Earyewell,
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have stald till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth Is very deere in my regard,
I take it your owne busines calls on you,

And you embrace th'occasion to depare,

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?

Baff. Good figniors both, when shall we laughtlay,

Baff. Good figniors both, when shall we laughted
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.
Exeum Salatino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Baffanio, fince you have found Anthonio We two will leave you, but at dinner time I pray you have in minde where we must meete,

Boff I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well fignior Anthonto,
You have too much respect you the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are marvellously chang'd.

Aur. I hold the world but as the world Gratiero, A flage, where every man must play a part, And mine a sad onc.

Gran. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come;
And let my Liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones
Why thould a man who se bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandstre, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes I and creep into the Leuncles

The Merchant of Venice.

By being pecuish? I tell thee what Anthonso, Houe thee, end it is my love that speakes . There are a fort of men, whose vilages Do creame and mantle like a standing pond, And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine, With purpose to be dreft in an opinion Of wiledome, grauity, profound conceit, As who should say, I am fir an Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke. O my Anthonio, I do know of thele That therefore onely are reputed wife, For faying nothing; when I am vene fore If they should speake, would almost dam those exres Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles: Ile tell thee more of this soother time. But fish not with this melancholly batte For this foole Gudgin, this opinion: Come good Lorenzo, faryewell a while, He end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time. I must be one of these same dumbe wise men, Por Gratiano neuer let's me (peake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo, Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne rongue.

Int. Far you well, He grow a talker for this geare. Gra Thankes ifauth for filence is onely commendable In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. Exil.

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baf. Gratiano speakes an infinite deale of nothing, trore then any manin all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe, you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you have them they are not worth the fearch.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same To whom you fwore a fectet Pilgrimage That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Baf. Tis not vnknowne to you Authorio How much I have disabled mine estate, By fomething shewing a more swelling port Then my faint meanes would grant continuance: Nor do I now make mone co be abridg'd! From such a noble rate, but my cheese care Is to come fairely off from the great debts Wherein my time fomething too prodigall Hath left me gag'd: to you Ambonia. I owe the most in money, and in loue, And from your love I have a warrantie To enburthen all my plots and purpoles. How to get electe of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it, And if it stand as you your selfestill do, Within the eye of honour, be affur'd My purfe, my person, my extresmest meanes Lye all valock'd to your occasions.

Baff. In my schoole dayes, when I had loft one that I shot his fellow of the felfelame flight The selfesame way, with more aduised watch To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both, I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe, Because what follower is pure innocence. I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth, That which I owe is loft : but if you please To shoote another arrow that selfe way Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both, Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,

And thankfully reft debter for the first An. You know me well, and herem spend but time To winde about my love with circumstance,

And out of doubt you doe more wrong In making question of my vetermost Then if you had made wafte of all I have : Then doe but fay to me what I should doe That in your knowledge may by me be done, And I am prest vaco it i therefore speake.

Baff. In Bolmons is a Lady richly left, And the is faire, and fairer then that word, Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes I did receive faire speechlesse messages Her name is Parsia, nothing undervallend To Cata's daughter, Brus us Portia, Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth For the four e winder blow in from curry coafe Renowned futors, and her funny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, Which makes her leat of Belmon Cholebes Strond, And many lafour come in quest of her. O my Anthonio, had I but the meanes To hold a riuall place with one of them, I have a minde prefages me fuch thrift, That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knows that all my fortunes are at lea , Neither have I money, our commodity To raile a present summe, therefore goe forth Try what my credit can in Venuce doe, That shall be rackt even to the vetermost, To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia. Goe presently enquire, and so will I Where money is, and I no question make To have it of my truft, or for my fake

Ester Portia wal her waiting woman Nerifa

Portia. By my troth Nerrifa, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I fee, they are as ficke that furfer with too much, as they that flarue with nothing; it is no fmal happinelle therefore to bee leated in the meane, superfluitie comes looner by white haires, but competencie lives longer.

Pertia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd. Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what wete good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallacestit is a good Dinine that followes his owne instructions; I can easter teach rwentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching : the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnede the youth, to skip ore the methes of good countaile 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, not refule whom I dislike, so is the wil of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father; it is not hard Norriffa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Nor. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath deuised in these three chefts of gold, filuer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,

chooses you, wilno doubt never be chosen by any right-17, but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection sowards any of these Princely futers that are stready come?

Per. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namelt them, I will describe them, and according to my descrip-

tion levell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Per. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good pares that he can thoo him himfelfe: Jammuch afraid my Ludie his mother plaid falfe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He dath nothing but frowne (as who should fay, and you will not have the choose : he heares merrie tales and fmiles pot, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phylosopher when he growes ald, being so full of vnmannerly fadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of thefe : God defend me from thefe two.

Nor. How lay you by the French Lord, Mountier

Le Bonne?

Pro. God made bim, and therefore let him paffe for a man, in truth I know it is a finne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habire of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is enery man in no man, if a Traffell fing, he fals straight a capring he will fence with his own fhadow-If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands : if hee would despite me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madnelle. I hould never require him.

Ner. What lay you then to Faucoubridge, the yong

Baron of England?

Por. You know I fay pothing to him, for hee underflands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & Sweare that I have a poore pennie worth in the English . hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe (how? how odly he is fuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hole in France, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neigh-

bour?

Per. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and Swore he would pay him againe when hee was able : I thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and seald under for another.

Ner. How like you the yong Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies Nephew?

Per. Very vildely in the morning when hee is fober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worft he is little better then a beaft : and the worft fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casker, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will,

if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee fet a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the divelt be within, and that temptation without I know he will choose is . I will doe any thing Norressa ere I will be matried to a fpunge.

Nor. You neede not feare Lady the having any of

these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more furte, valeffe you may be won by some other fore then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I llue so be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaste as Dianas valesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of woocrs are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence ; and I wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquelle of Mountferrat ?

Por. Yes yes, it was Baffanio, as I thinke, fo was bee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deserving a faire

Por. I tomember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise

Enter a Sorwingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers feeke you Madam to take their leave : and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroco, who brings word the Brince his

Maifter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with to good heart as I can bid the other soure farewell; I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a divell, I had rather hee should fhrive me then wineme. Come Neriffa, firra go before; whiles wee thus the gate spon one wooer, another knocksat the doore.

Enter Baffanto with Shylocke the Icw.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Baff. His for three months.

Shy For three months, well

Baff. For the which, as I told you,

Anthonio (hall be bound.

Shy. Anthonie shall become bound, well.

Baff. May you fled me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answere

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months. and Anthonio bound.

Baff. Your answere to that.

Anthonio is a good man.

Buff. Have you heard any imputation to the con.

Shy. Hono,no.no,no: my meaning in faying he is a good man, is to have you voderstand me that he is suffient, yet his meanes are in supposition the hath an Argohe bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vaderfrand moreoust vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexied, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but thips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeuns, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks : the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baf. Be affured you may.

Inv. I will be affured I may: and that I may be affured, I will bethinke mee, may I (peake with Ambonio !

Baff. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the divell into 1 I will buy with you, fell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following ; but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, not pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio

Baff. This is lignior Anthonie. lem. How like a fawning publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian : But more, for that in low implicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vlance here with vs in Venice. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him. He hates our facted Nation, and he railes Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift, Which hacals interreft : Curled be my Trybe If I forgue him.

Beff. St; lock doe you heare. Sby. I am debating of my prefent flore, And by the neere geffe of my memorie I cannot infantly raise vo the groffe Offull three thouland discats : what of that? Tuballa wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me; but fost, how many months Doe you desire ? Rest you saire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Aut. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by gluing of excesse, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, He breake a custome : is he yet possest

How much he would?

Sby. I,I, three thousand ducats. Ant. And for three months.

shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me to. Well then, your bond : and let me fee, but heare you, Me thoughts you faid, you neither lend nor borrow Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vie it.

Sby. When lacob graz'd his Vncle Labans theepe, This lacob from our holy Abram was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe) The third possesser; I, he was the third.

Ans. And what of him, did he take interrest? Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would fay Directly interest, marke what lacob did, When Laban and himfelfe were compremyz'd That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied Should fall as laceb, hier, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes, And when the worke of generation was Betweene these woolly breeders in the act, The skilfull shepheard pil'd me cereaine wands, And in the dooing of the deade of kinde, He Rucke them vp before the fulfome Ewes, Who then conceauing, did in eaning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were laceba. This was a way to thrive, and he was bleft:

And thrift is bleffing if men flesle it not.

Ane. This was a venture for that lacob fere'd for. A thing not in his power to bring to peffe, But for sy'd and fathion'd by the hand of heaven. Was this inferred to make interrest good? Or is your gold and filuer Ewes and Roms e

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fall,

But note me fignior.

Ant. Marke you this Baffanto, The divell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euill foule producing holy witnesse, Is like a villaine with a finiling checke, A goodly apple rotten at the heart. O what a goodly outlide fallehood hath.

Sby. Three thousand ducats, tis a good found sur. Three months from twelve, then let me fee the rete.

Ant. Well Stylocke, shall we be beholding to you? Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and of In the Ryalto you have rated me About my monies and my viances : Still have I borne it with a patient thrug, (For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.) You call me misbeleever, cut-throate dog. And fper vpon my lewish gaberdine, And all for vie of that which is mine owne. Well then, it now appearer you neede my helper Goe to then, you come to me, and you say, Sbylocke, we would have moneyer, you fay fo: You that did voide your rume vpon my beard, And foote me 23 you spurne 2 stranger curre Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite. What should I say to you? Should I not say, Hath a dog money? Is it possible A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bendlow, and in a bond-mans key With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse, Say this: Faire fir, you fper on me on Wednelday last; You fourn'd me fuch a day; another time You cald me dog: and for these currelies He lend you thus much moneyes,

Ans. I am as like to call thee fo againe, To spet on thee agains, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take A breede of barraine mettall of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemie, Who if he breake, thou maist with better face

Exact the penalties.

Sby. Why looke you how you florme, I would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the Chames that you have flaind me with, Supplie your present wants, and take no doite Of viance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me, This is kinde I offer.

Bef. This were kindseffe. Sby. This kindseffe will I showe, Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there Your fingle bond, and in a merrie sport If you repair me not on such a day, In fuch a place, foch fum or fums as are Express in the condition, let the forfeite Be nominated for an equell pound Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken In what part of your bodie it pleafeth me.

Art. Content infaith, Ile feale to fuch a boad, And fay there is much kindneffe in the Iew.

B.G. You

Baff. You shall not seale to such a bond for me, He rethet dwell in my necessitie.

Aut. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it.
Within the fetwo months, that's a month before
This bond capites, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are, Whose owne hard dealings reaches them suspect The thoughts of others: Praie you tell methis, Is the should breake his daie, what should I gaine By the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of mans field taken from a man, I snot so estimable, profitable neither As flesh of Mutrons, Beefes, or Goates, I say To buy his saucurs! extend this friendship, Is the will take it, so: if not adiew, And for my love I praie you wrong menot.

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will feale vito this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purfe the ducats straite.
See to my house lest in the featefull gard
Of an vithristic knaue; and presentie
Ilebe with you.

Ant. Hie thee gentle Iew. This Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.

Baff. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no difmate,
My Shippes come home a month before the date.

Exenns.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morschus at awate Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriffa, and their traine. Flo. Cornetts

Mor. Milikemenot for my complexion,
The shadowed lucric of the burnish clunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phabus fire karce thawes the ysieles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath search the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Hauelou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tearmes of choile I am not folic led
By nice direction of a maidens eies;
Befides, the lottric of my destenie
Bass me the right of voluntarie choosing;
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Enen for that I thankeyou, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To ttie my fortune: By this Symitare That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-stare the sterness eight shat looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beate,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lychas plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving.

Port - You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be adult'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me voto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, Cornets.

To make me bleft or curfed ft among men. Exeum.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conscience will serue me to run from this Iew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to ma, lobbe, Launcelet lobbe, good Launcelet, or good lobbe, or good Launcelet lobbe, vie your legs, take the start, run awaic : my conscience faies no; take heede honest Launceler, take heed honest Jobbe, or as afore-said honest Launcelet lebbe, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, fin faies the fiend, away faies the fiend, for the heavens rouse vp a brave minde faies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, faies verie wisely to me: my honest friend Launceler, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did fomething smack. something grow too; he had a kinde of talle; wel, my conscience saies Lancelet bouge not, bouge faics the fiend, bouge not faies myconfcience, confcience fay I you counfaile well, fiend fay I you counfaile well, to berul'd by my conscience I should stay with the lew my Malster, (who God blessethe marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the lew I flould be ruled by the fiend, who fauing your reuerence is the divell himfelfe: certainely the lew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the lew; the fiend gives the more friendly counfaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will

Enter old Gobbo with a Bafker.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the

Ean. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then fand-blinde, high gravel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Geb. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the watero Maister Inner.

Lem. Turne vpon your right hand at the next tur-

ពរែកខ្

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; mattie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectic to the lewer house.

Cob Be Gods fonties twill be a hard wate to hit, can you tell me whether one Launceles that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Lann. Talke you of yong Master Launcelet, marke menow, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Mailler Launceles?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I fay't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

Lan Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Mailter Launceler

Gob. Your worthips friend and Lamcelet

Lans. But I praie you ergo old man, ergo I befeech you, talke you of yong Maifter Lanncelet

Gob. Of Laureler , ant please your maistership.

LanErge Maister Lauceles calke not of maister Lanceler Father, for the youg gentleman according to faces and definies, and fuch odde fayings, the lifters three, & fuch branches of learning, is indeede deceafed, or as you would fay in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marrie Godforbid, the boy was the verie faffe

of my age, my veric prop.

Law Dollook like a sudgell or a houell-post, a staffe

or a prop : doe you know me Father,

Gob Alacke the day, I know you not yong Geneleman, but I prate you tell me, is my boy God rest bis soule alive or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob Alacke fir 1 am fand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your ever you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your fon, give me your bleffing, truth will come to light, morder cannot be hid long, a mans fonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you sit stand vp, I am sure you are not

Lanceles my boy.

Los Praie you let's have no more fooling about it, but give mee your bleffing : I am Lancelet your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be,

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my fonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am Lenceles the lewer man, and I am fure Margerse your wife

is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margerie indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be Lancelet, thouart mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haite on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorich as on his taile

Les It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am fure he had more baire of his taile then I have of my face when I loft faw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dooft thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how

gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have fet vp my rest to run aware, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground: my Maister's a verie lew, giue him a prefent, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may cell eueric finger I have with my ribs : Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Maister Baffanio, who indeede gives rare new Livories, if I ferue not him, I will run as far as Godhas anse ground O rate forsune, here comer the man, to him Father, for lama I'm if I ferue the I'm anie longer

Enter Baffanio mab a follower er too

Baff You may doe lo, but let it be lo hafted that Supper be readic at the farthest by five of the clocke fee thefe Letters delivered, put the Liveries to miking, and defire Grantow to come anone to my lodg.

Lan. Tohim Father.

Gob. God bleffe your worthup

Baff. Gramereie, would'it then ought with me.

Gob Here's my Conne fir, a poore boy

Law. Not a poore boy he, but the rich lower man thez would fir as my Father shall specifie

Gob. He hath a great infection fir, as one would by to ferue.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I ferue the lew, and have a defire as my Father shall specifie

Gob. His Maister and he (Tauring your worthups reve-

rence) are fearce catertoins

Las. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the les having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Facher being I hope an old man shall fruithe voto you

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would beflow

vpon your worthip, and my fuse is.

Low. In verte briefe, the futte to impertinent to my felfe, as your worthip thall know by this honeft old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Las Serue you fir.

Gob That is the verie delect of the matter fu.

Baff. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, Stylockethy Maister Spoke with me this dais And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich lewer fervice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted bet weene my Maister Shylocke and you fir, you have the grace of

God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. I hou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Maister, and enquire

My lodging out, give him & Liveric More garded then his fellowes fee it done.

Cla, Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a conque in my head, well : if anie man in Itale haue a fairer table which doth offer to Iweare vpon a booke, I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here sa small trific of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a fimple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes : well, if Fortune be a woman, the aa good wench for this gere: Father come, le cake my leave of the lew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Baff. I praie thee good Lemardo thinke on this. Thefe things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe seast to night

My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe

Leon. My best endeuors shall be done herem. Exil. Le. Exter Grasiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Levs. Yander

Leon, Yonder fir he walkes,

Gra. Signior Baffanie.

Baf. Grasiano

Gra. I have a suce to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont. Baff. 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 flow Something too liberall, pray thee take paine To allay with some cold drops of modelite Thy ikipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaulour I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,

And loofe my hopes,

Gra. Signor Baffanio, heare me. If I doe not put on a lober habite, Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than, Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demutely, Nay more, while grace is faying hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and figh and fay Amen: Vie all the observance of civillitie Like one well studied in a fad oftent

To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me By what we doe to night.

Baf. No that were pittie, would intreate you rather to put on Your boldest suite of mirth, for wa have friends That purpose merriment : but far you well, I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to Lorenso and the rest, But we will vifite you at supper time.

Exa

Enter lessea and the Clowne.

lef. I am forry thou wilt leave my Father fo, Our house is hell and thou a merrie divell Did'it rob it of some tafte of rediousnesse; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And Loncelet, soone at supper shale thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it fectetly, And so farwell : I would nowhaue my Father See me talke with thee.

Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweere lew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceived; but adve, thele foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit.

lef. Farewell good Lancelet Alacke, what hainous finne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo. If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife. Become a Christian, and thy louing wife

Enter Grasiano, Lorenzo, Slatoro, and Salamo Lor. Nay, we will flinke away in supper time, Difguile vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We have not made good preparation. Sal. We have not spoke vi yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlosse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Ler. Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres To furnish vs; friend Lanceler what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet pub a Lettor.

Law. And it shall please you to breake up this, shall it leeme to lignifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on, I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Love newes in faith.

Lan. By your leave fir

Lor. Whither goeft thout

Ler. Marry fir to bid my old Mafter the Ten to fup to night with my new Master the Christian.

Lor. Holdhere, take this, tell gentle leffica will not faile her, speake it privately ,

Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,

I am provided of a Torch-bearer. Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sol. And fo will !

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we do fo.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Jeffica? Lor. I mult needes tell thee all, the hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers house, What gold and rewels the is furnisht with, What Pages fuite the hath in readinesse. If ere the les her Father come to heaven, It will be for his gentle daughters fake; And neuer dare misfortune croffe her foote, Vnlesse she doe it under this excuse, That the is iffue to a faithleffe lew : Come goe with me, pervie this as thou goeff, Faire issua shall be my Torch bearer

Exit.

Exu. Clowne.

Enter les , and bu man ibas was the Clowne.

lew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy sudge, The difference of old Shylocky and Baffanie; What leffice, thou shalt not gurniandize As thou halt done with me : what leffica? And steepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out. Why Teffica I lay

Clo. Why leffica.

Sby. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call, Clo. Your worthip was wont to tell me I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter lefica. lef. Callyou? what is your will? Shy. I am bid forth to supper leffice, There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I got I am not bid for love, they flatter me. But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon The prodigall Christian. Irffica my girle, Looke to my house, I sm right loath to goe, There is forme ill a bruing towards my reft. For I did dreams of money bags to night.

Cle. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master Doth expect your reproach.

Sby. So doe I his.

Cle. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

laft, at fix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeers on

ashweniday was foure yeere in th'afternoone

Sby. What atecheir maskes? heare you me loffica, Lock yp my doores, and when you heare the drain And the vile Iquealing of the wry-neckt Pife, Clamber not you up to the cafements then, Nor thrust your head into the publique streete To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces: But stop my houses cares, I meane my casements, Let not the found of shallow fopperie enter My fober house. By lacobs staffe I sweare, I have no minde of feasting forth to night: But I will goe : goe you before me firra, Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before fir Mistris looke out at window for all this; There will come a Christian by, Will be worth a lawes eye.

Shy. What fairs that foole of Hagars off-spring?

Isf. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.
Sty. The parch is kinde enough, but a huge seeder: Snaile-flow in profit, but he fleepes by day More then the wilde-cat: drones hive not with me, Therefore I part with him, and part with him To one that I would have him helpe to waste His borrowed purle. Well leffun goe in, Perhaps I will returne immediately; Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast

finde, A proverbe neuer stale in thriftle minde. Exit.

lef. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croft, Exit. Thaues Father, you a daughter loft.

Ester the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo Defired vs to make a fland.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is merusile he out-dwels his houte, Por louers ever run before the clocke.

Sal. Otentimes faster Venma Pidgions flye To steal, loues bonds new made, then they are wont

To keepe obliged faith unforfaited.

Gra. That ever holds, who eileth from a feast With that keene appetite that he fits downe? Where is the horfe that doth vntread agains. His tedious measures with the vnbated fire, That he did pace them first : all things that are, Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay, Hudg'd and embraced by the ftrumpet winder How like a prodigall doth the returne With ouer-wither'd ribs andragged failes, Leane, rent, and begger'd by the ftrumpet winde?

Enter Lerenzo.

Salino. Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this here-

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long s bode,

Not I, but my affaires have made you wait: When you shall please to play the thecues for wines He watch as long for you then approach

Here dwels my father lew. Hos, who's within?

lestus abone.

Ieff. Who are you'rell me for more certainty, Albeit He sweate that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Love.

lef. Lerenze certaine, and my loue indeed, For who love I fo much? and now who knowes But you Lorence, whether I am yours?

Ler. Heaven and thy thoughts are wieness that thou

lef. Heere, earch this casker, it is worth the paines, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, For I am much afham'd of my exchange: But loue is blinde, and louers cannot fee The pretty follies that themselves commit. For if they could, Capid himselfe would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer 1af. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames? They in themselves goodsooth are too too light. Why, tis an office of discovery Love, And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are [weet,

Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once, For the close night doth play the run-away.

And we are staid for at Basene's feast.

lef. I will make fast the doores and guild my felfe With forme more ducats, and be with you firaight. Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no lew.

Lar. Bestrew me but I love her heartily, For the is wife, if I can judge of her, And faire fhe is, If that mine eyes be true And true she is, as the hath prou'd her selfe : And therefore like ber felfe, wife, faire, and true, Shall the be placed in my confiant foule.

Emer leffica. What, are thou come? on gentlemen, 2827, Our masking mates by this time for va flay,

Exit.

Enter Amborio.

Aut, Who's there? Gra. Signior Anthonia!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the reft? Tis nine & clocke, our friends all flay for you, No maske to night, the winde is come about, Bassanio presently will goe aboord, I have fent twenty out to feeke for you.

Gra. Ism glad on't, I defite no more delight Then to be under faile, and gone to night.

Ester Portia with Morrocco, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer The severall Caskets to this noble Prince: Now make your choyle.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares, Who chooleth me, shall gaine what men defire, The second filter, which this promise carries Who choofeth me, shall get as much as he deserves. This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt, Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath, How fall I know if I doe choose the right?

Por. The

How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

Por. The one of them container my picture Prince, If you choose that, then I am yours withall

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me fee, I will furuay the inferiptions, backe againe:

What faies this leaden casket?

Who chooseth mo, must give and hazard all be hath. Must give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to showes of droste, He then nor give nor hazard ought for lead. What faies the Siluer with her virgin hue? Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves; pause there Morocho, And weigh thy value with an euen hand, If thou beeft rated by thy estimation Thou dooft deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend fo farre as to the Ladie : And yet to be aleard of my deferuing Were but a weake Hisabling of my felfe.

As much as I deferue, why that's the Lady. I doe in birth deserve her, and in sortunes, In graces, and in qualities of breeding : But more then thefe, in love I doe descrue.

What if I frai'd no farther, but chose here? Let's fee once more this faying grau'd in gold. Who choolethme shall game what many men delire: Why that's the Lady, all the world defires het:

From the foure corners of the earth they come To kille this fhrine, this mortall breathing Saint. The Hircanion deferts, and the vafte wilder

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now For Princes to come view faire Portia. The waterie Kingdome, whose ambirious head

Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre To flop the forraine spirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to fee faire Portia One of these three containes her heavenly picture. Is't like that Lead containes her?'twere damnation

To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose To rib her fearecloath in the obscure grave:

Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd Being ten times undervalued to tride gold; O finfull thought, never fortcha Iem

Was fet in worse then gold! They have in England A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed Lies all within. Deliuer me the key: Here doe I choose, and thrue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there Then I am yours .: Mor, Ohell! what have we here, a carrion death,

Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule; He reads the writing.

> Al that glifters woot gold, Often bane you beard that told; Many a man his life hath fold But my out side to behold; Guilded timber doe wormes infold: Had you beens as wife as hold, Youg an limbs, in subgement old, Year answere had not beens inscrold, Farejourel, your fucto is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loft, Then farewell heate, and welcome froft: Portio adew, I have too grieu'd a heart To take a tedious lezue : thus loofers part.

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtaines, go Let all of his complexion choose me fo. Excess.

Enter Salareno and Solanio. Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I faw Baffanio ender fayle, With him is Grenare gone along; And in their ship I am fure Lorenzo is not.

Sol. The villaine lew with outcries saild the Dake. Who went with him to fearch Boffanios thip.

Sal. He comes coolate, the ship was vodersaile; But there the Duke was given to understand That in a Gondilo were seene together Lorenzo and his amorous leffice Besides, Anthonio certified the Duke They were not with Boffanio in his thip

Sol. I never heard a passion so consuld. So Arange, outragious, and fo variable, As the dogge lew did veter in the Areets My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter, Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats Iuftice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter: A fealed bag, two fealed bags of ducata, Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter, And sewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, Scolne by my daughter : iuftice, finde the girle, She hath the stones upon her, and the dusate

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him, Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducars.

Sol. Let good Anthomo looke he keepe his day Or he shall pay for this

Sal. Marry well remembred, I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday, Who told me, in the narrow feas that part The French and English, there miscarled A vessell of our countrey richly fraught : I thought upon Anthonio when he told me, And witht in filence that it were not his.

Sel. Yo were belt to tell Anthonio what you heare.

Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth, I faw Baffanio and Anthonio part, Baffanio told him he would make some speede Of his returne i he answered, doe not so, Slubber not bulinelle for my lake Baffanie, But stay the very riping of the time, And for the Jemes bond which he hath of me, Let it not enter in your minde of love i Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts To courtship, and such faire oftents of love As shall conveniently become you there; And even there his eye being big with teares, Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him, And wish affection wondrous fencible He wrung Baffamer hand, and to they parted.

Sec. I thinke he onely loues the world for him, I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out And quicken his embraced heavinesse With some delight or other.

Sal Doz wefo.

Excume.

ENET NOTE JA and a Serviture. Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain flexit,

The Prince of Arragon hath cane his oath, And comes to his election presently.

> Enter Arragon, bis traine, and Portia. Flor . Corness.

Por. Beholdithere fland the caskets noble Prince. If you choose that wherein I am contain'd, Straight shall our nupriall rights be solemniz'd: But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord, You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoyed by oath to observe three things; First, never to vafold to any one Which casket 'twas I choie; aext, if I faile Of the right casket, neuer in my life To wooe a maide in way of marriage Laftly, if I doc faile in fortune of my chayle, Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Per. To these injunctions every one doth sweare

That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so have I addtess me, fortune now To my hearts hope : gold, filuer, and base lead .. Who choosesh me must give and hazard all he hath-You shall looke fairet ere I give or hazard. What saica the golden chest, ha, let me see 1 Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men defire: What many men desire, that many may be meant By the foole multitude that choose by Chow, Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach, Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet Builds in the weather on the outward wall, Euen In the force and rode of colualtie. I will not choose what many men desire, Because I will not jumpe with common spirits, And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes. Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house, Tell me once more, what title thou dooft beare; Who choofeth me shall get as much as he deferues: And well faid too; for who shall goe about To cofen Fortune, and be honourable Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume To weare an undeferued dignitie : O that estates, degrees, and offices, Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer; How many then should cover that stand bare? How many be commanded that command? How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned From the true feede of honor? And how much honor Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times. To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise. Who choofeth me shall get as much as he descrues. I will assume defert; give me a key for this, And instantly volocke my fortunes here.

Per. Too long a paule for that which you finde there. Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it : How much volike art thou to Portia?

How much valike my hopes and my deferuings? Who choofeth me, shall have as much as he deferues Did I deserve no more then a fooles head, Is that my prize, are my deferts no better?

Per. To offend and judge are diffined offices,

And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fier feauen tumes tried this,

Scanen times bried that ludement is, That did never che fo amis, Some there be the fredower biffe, such have but a foodowas blige. There be fooles alive Inis Silver do re and so was this Take what wife year illes body I will over be your beed 1 So be gone, you are feed

Ar. Still more foole I shall experse By the time I linger here, With one fooles head I came to woo, Bat I goe away with two. Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath, Patiently to bear 1 my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle fing'd the mouth: O these deliberate sooles when they doe choose, They have the wildome by their wit to loofe.

Ner. The ancient faying is no herefie, Hanging and wining goes by destinie.
Por. Come draw the curtaine Norrisa.

Enter Melfenger.

Mef. Where is thy Lady Por. Here, what would my Lord? Mef. Madam, there is a - lighted at your gate A yong Venetian, one that comes before To fignifie h'approaching of his Lord, From whom he bringerh fenfible regreets; To wit (belides commends and curreous breath) Gifts of rich value; yet I have not feene So likely an Emballador of lone. A day in Aprill neuer came fo sweete To show how costly Sommer was at hand, As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard Thou wilt fay anone he is some kin to thee, Thou fpend'ft fuch high-day wit in praising hims Come, come Nerry fla, for I long to fee Quicke Capids Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Baffanie Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Adus Tertinus

Exter Solanto and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it lives there vncheckt, that Ambonia hath a thip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and farall, where the carcaffes of many a rall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman ofher word.

Sol. I would the were as lying a goffip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeve the wept for the death of a third husband : but it is true, without

any slips of prolixity, or crofting the plaine high-way of talke, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio; o that I had a title good enough to keepe bis name company! Sal. Come, the full (top.

Sol. Ha, what layest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a thip.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his loffes.

Sel. Let me say Amen betimes, least the divell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a lew. How now Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants? Enter Shylocke.

Sby. You knew none to well, none to well as you, of

my daughters flight,

the dam.

Sal. That's certains, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings fre flew withall.

Sol. And Sbylocke for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leave

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the divell may be her ludge.

Sky. My owne fielh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres. Say. I lay my daughter is my fieth and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweenerby flesh and hers, then betweene let and luorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweenered wine and rennish: but teil vs, doe you heare whether Authoric have had anio loffe at fea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare (carge fliew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vid to come fo imug vpon the Mart: let blin look to his bond, he was work to call me Vfurer, les him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curefie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am fure if he forfaite, thou will not take

his fiells, what's that good for?

Shy. To beite fish withall, if it will feede nothing elfe, it will feede my revenge; he hath difgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, icomed my Nation, thwatted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the teason? I am a Jove: Hath not a Jow eyes? hath not a In hands, organs, dementions, fences, affections, paffions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subice to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommmer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleeder if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh ? if you poifonvs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not revengerif we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a low wrong a (borftien, what is his humility, revenged If a Christian wrong a lew, what should his fufferance be by Christian example, why revenged The villante you teach me I will executa, and it shall goe hard but I will better the inflruction.

Enser a mon from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maliter Ambonio is at his houle, and delires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have beene up and downe to feeke him. Ester Tuball,

Sel. Here comes snother of the Tribe, a third cannes be marche, volosse the divell himselfe nune lev.

Excust Goutlemen,

Shy. How now Taball, what newes from Generalhaft. thou found my daughter?

Two. i often came where I didheare offer, but cannot finde her. Sby. Why there, there, there, a dlamond gone

coff me two thousandducats in Franckford, the curie neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous iewels: I would my danghter were dead at my foot, and the lewels in her eare: would the were bearff at my foote, and the duckers in her coffin : no newes of them, why for and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse; the theese gone with so much, and so muzh to finde the theefe, and no fatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck ftirring but what lights a my thoulders, no fighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, Anthonis as I

heard in Genowa?

569. What, what, what, ill locke, ill lucke.

Tab. Hath an Argonic cast away comming from Tripolis.

Sh. I thanke God, I thanke God, Is It true, Is it true? Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Sby. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good newes : ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genows, as I heard, one night tourescore ducats.

Sby. Thou flick'ft a dagger is me, I shall never fee my gold againe, fourescore ducate at affeting, fourescore du-

Tab. There came divers of Anthopia: credit ars in try company to Veoice, that fweare hee cannot chaole but

Sby, I am very glad of it, ile plague bim, ile corruce him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that hee had of

your daughter for a Monkie. Shy. Out upon her, thou cortwell me Tuball, it was

my Turkies, I had it of Leeb when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wildernelle of Monkies. Tub. But Anthonio is certainely undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, thet's very true, goe Taball, fee me an Officer, befpeake him a formight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Verice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball, and merce me as our Sinagogue, goe good Tuball, at our Sinagogue Tuball,

Enter Baffanie, Portia. Gratiano, and all their trains.

Per. I pray you estrie, paufe a day or two Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong I loofe your companie; therefore ibrbeare a while, There's tomething tels me (but it is not love) I would not loofe you, and you know your felfe, Hate counsailes not in such a quallisle; But leaft you Chould not understand me well. And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, would decaine you here fome month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworne, So will I neuer be, formay you misseme, But if you doe, youle make me wish a finne. That I had beene for fwome: Beffirow your eyes, They have ore-looks me and devided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours, And fo all yours; O thefe naughtie times Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights. And so though yours, not yours (proue it so) Let Fortune goe to beli 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 election. Baff. Let Baff. Leeme choole,

Foras I am, I live vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racks Befasse, then confelle
What treaton there is mingled with your love,
Beff. None but that valie treaton of militure.
Which makes me feare the entoying of my love:
There may as well be amitte and life,

'T weene fnow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. I, but I feare you speake vpontheracke.

Wheremen enforced doth speake any thing.

Boff. Promise me life, and ile consesse that truth.

Por. Well then, consesse and live.

Boff. Consesse and love.

Had beene the verie fum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my tortuter
Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the casketa.

Per. Away then, I am lockt in one of them, If you doe love me, you will finde me out. Narry fe and the reft, frand all aloofe, Let mulicke found while he doth make his choife, Then if he loofe he makes a Swan-like end, Fading in mulique. That the compatison May frand more proper, my eye shall be the streame And wetrie death-bed for him : he may win, And whar is mulique than? Than monque is Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe To a new crowned Monarch: Such icis As are those dulcer founds in breake of day, That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes care, And fummon him to marriage. Now he goes With no leffe prefence, but with much more love Then yong Alcides, when he did redeeme The viegine tribute, paied by howling Trip To the Sea-monster : I stand for facustice, The rest aloose are the Dardanian wives ? With bleared vilages come forth to view The ifive of th'exploit : Goe Hercules, Live thou, I live with much more dismay I view the fight, then thou that mak's the fray. Here Mefiche

> A Song the whilf Ballanio comments on the Catherine himselfe.

Tell one where is funcie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begat, how wourdhed,
Bis engendred in the eyes,
With fazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the eradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Faucas kind.
Ile begin it.
Ding doeg, bell.
All. Ding, doog, bell.

Baff. So may the outward showes be leeft themselves
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tanted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of easilt? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesseit, and approve it with a texts.
Hiding the grosensse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

flow manue countries, whose hearts are all as sale As flayers of land, vicase yet vpon their chine The beards of Hereules and frowning Mers, Who inward fearcht, have lyvers white as milke, And these assume but valors excrement, To render them redoubted. Looke on beartie, And you shall fee 'tis purchast by the weight, Which therein worker a miracle in nature Making them lighteft that weare most ofit : So are chose crisped snakie golden locks Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde Vpon supposed farrenesse, often knowne To be the downe of a fecond head, The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher. Thus or o ment is but the guiled shore To a most dangerous sea : the beautious scarle Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word, The feeming truth which cunting times put on To intrap the wifest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold, Hard food for Mills, I will pone of thee, Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge Tweene man and man : but thou, thou meager lead Which rather threatness then dost promise oughe, Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence, And here choase I, toy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to agre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrae d despare:
And shudding feare, and greene-eyed realouse.
Oloue be moderate, allay thy extase,
In measure raine thy 109, scant this excesse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,

For feare I lurfeit.

Baf. What finde I here?
Faire Portias counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come some recreation? move these eies?
Or whether tiding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Patted with suger breath, so sweet a batte
Should funder such sweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wowen
A golden mesh tintrap the hearts of men
Faster then grasts in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he see to doe them? having made one,
Me thinkes it should have power to steale both his
And leave it selfe visiturisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scrowle,
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

Ton that choose not by the view Chance at faire, and choose at true.

Since this fortune fair to you,
De content, and sede on new.
If you he well pleased with this.
And hold your fortune for your bliffe,
Turneyou where your Lady is,
And clauses for with a leasing life,

24f. A gentlefcroule: Faire Lady, by your lezue, I come by note to giue, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks be hath done well in peoples ciess
Hearing applause and vniverfall thoue,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those pealest of praise be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady fland I even to, As doobtfull whether what I fee be true, Vntill confirm'd, fign'd, ratified by you.

Per. You fee my Lord Baffiano where I fland, Such as I am; though for my felfe siene I would not be ambitious in my wish, To with my felfe much better, yet for you, I would be trebled twenty times my felfe, A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times More rich, that onely to fland high in your secount, I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account: but the full fumme of me Is fum of nothing : which to terme in groffe; Is an valessoned girle, vaschool'd, vapradiz'd. Happy in this, the is not yet to old But she may learne : happier then this, Shee is not bred fo dull but fhe can learne; Happielt of all, is that her genile spirit Commits it leffe to yours to be directed, As from her Lord, her Governour, her King. My felfe, and what is mine, to you and yours Is now converted. But now I was the Lord Of this faire manhon, maller of my feruants, Queene ore my felfe: and even now, but now. This house, these servants, and this same my selfe Are yours, my Lord, I glue them with this ring, Which when you part from, loofe, or give away, Let it presage the ruine of your love,

Baff. Maddam, you have bereft me of all words. Onely my bloud speaker to you in my vaines, And there is such consultion in my powers. As after some oration fairely spoke By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare Among the buzzing pleased multitude, Where every something being bleat together, Tunnes to a wilde of nothing, save of toy Express, and not express to but when this ring Parts from this singer, then parts life from hence, Othen be bold to say Baffanio's dead.

And be my vanuage to exclaime on you.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time?
That have flood by and feene our wifnes profeer,
To see good joy good joy my Lord and Lady.

To cry good toy, good toy my Lord and Lady.

Cra. My Lord Baffanie, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the toy that you can wish:
For I am fare you can wish none from me:
And when your Honouts meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe befeech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my beart, so thou east get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you gave got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You sou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vutill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this saire one heere
To have her loue: provided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistresse.

Per. Is this true Nerriffe?

Nor. Madamit is fo, so you frand pleas'd withall.

Baff. And doe you Granture meune good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Boff. Our frast shall be much honored in your mar-

Gra. Weele play with there the first boy for a those-fand ducets.

Nor. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? Lorenzo and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend Saleris?

Enser Lorenzo, leffica, and Salerio.

Baf. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether, If that the youth of my new interest heere Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leave I bid my verie friends and Countrimen Sweet Portio welcome.

Per. So do I my Lord, they are intitely welcome.

Ler. I thanke your honer; for my paramy Lord,
My purpose was not to have seene you heere,
But meeting with Selerio by the way,
He did intreste mee past all saying nay
To come with himselong.

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signlor Authorso
Commends him to you.

Baff. Ere I ope his Letter

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ficke my Lord, vnlesse in minde,
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrifia, cheere youd stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Anthonie,
I know he veil be glad of our soccesse.

We are the lafons, we have won the fleece,

Sal. I would you had evon the fleece that hee hath
loft.

Por. There are fome threwed contents in yond fame Paper,
That steales the colour from Baffianer cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elfe nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave Bafacto I am halfe your setse,
And I must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Baff. O Sweet Portia, Heere are a few of the unpleasant's words That ever blotted paper. Gentle Ladie When I did first impart my loue to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman, Andthen I told you true : and yet deere Ladie, Rating my felfe at nothing, you shall fee How much I was a Braggart, when I told you My flate was nothing, I fhould then have told you That I was worle then nothing : for indeede I have ingag'd my felfe toa deere friend. Ingsg'd my friend to his meere enemie To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie, The paper as the bodie of my friend, And everle word in it a gaping wound Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit, From Tripolis, from Mexico and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, And not one veffell feape the dreadfull couch Of Metchant-marring rocks?

Of Metchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Befides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Iew,
He would not take lt a neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him wishe. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnifoces
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forseiture, of suffice, and his bond.

Iest. When I was with him, I have heard him (weare To Tubas and to Chin, his Countri-men.
That he would rather have Anthono's fieth,
Then twenty times the value of the fumme
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will got hard with poore Anthono.

Per. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Baff. The deetest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesses: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What fumme owes he tho lew?

Baff. For me three thousand ducate.

Per. What, no more? Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond : Double fixe thousand, and then creble that, Before afriend of this description Shall lofe a haire through Baffano's faoit. First goe with me to Church, and call me wife, And then away to Venice to your friend. For neuer shall you lie by Portes side With an unquier soule. You shall have gold To pay the perty debt twenty times ouer. When it is payd, bring your true friend along, My maid Nerriffa, and my felfe meane time Will live as maids and widdowes; come away, For you shall hence upon your wedding day i Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere, Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere. But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Ballanio, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the low is forsest, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should line, all debts are cleered betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithst anding, vse your pleasure, if your love doe not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O lone! dispach all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to goesway,
I will make hast; but till I come a gaine,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Not rest be interposet twist vs twaine.

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Ambonio,
and the laylor.

lew. Isylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends out money gratu.

Ant. Hears me yet good Stylet,

Iew. He have my bond, speake not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me tustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty laylor, that thou are so sond
To come abroad with him as his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

I.m. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: sollow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond

Extra fer-

Sol. It is the most impenettable curre

That ever kept with men.

Aut. Let him alone,

Ile follow him no more with bootleffe prayers:

He feekes my life, his teafon well 1 know;

I oft deliver d from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made mone to me,

Therefore he hates me.

Sol. 1 am sure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold

As. The Duke cannot deny the course of law
For the commoditie that strangers have
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the instruct of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citry
Consistent of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greeses and losses have so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of sich
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Jaylor, on, pray God Bassanse come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Enter Portin, Norrissa, Lorenzo, lessua, azda mon of Portins.

Ler. Madam, although I speake it in your presence, You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
Howtrue a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the timetogether,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Oflyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this Anthorse
Being the bosome lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule:
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the piassing of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I committate your hands,

The

The husbandry and mannage of my house, Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part I have toward heaven breath da secret vow, To live in prayer and contemplation, Onely attended by Nerrifa heere, Vntill her husband and my Lords returne: There is a monastery too miles off, And there we will abide. I doe desire you Not to denie this imposition, The which my love and some necessity Now layes vpon you.

Loren Madame, with all my heart,

Loren Madame, with all my heart, I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde, And will acknowledge you and leffica In place of Lord Baffanio and my felfe. So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you. feff. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Per. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd To wish it backe oo you: faryouwell lesse. Exeunt. Mow Balthaser, as I have cuer found thee honest true, Solet me finde thee still: take this same letter, And viethou all the indeauor of a man, In speed to Mantua, see thou tender this Into my cosins hand, Doctor Belares, And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee, Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed Vinto the Tranect, to the common service Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words, Bur get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balch. Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on Nerisla, I have worke in hand

That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands

Before they thinke of vs?

rore they thinke or vs?

Nerriffa. Shall they see vs ? Partsa. They shall Nerreffe: but in such a habit, That they shall thinke we are accomplished With that we lacke; He hold thee any wager When we are both accoutered like yong men, He proue the prettier fellow of the two, And weare my dagger with the brauer grace, And speake betweene the change of man and boy, With a reede voyce, and turne two minfing steps Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes How honourable Ladies fought my loue, Which I denying, they fell ficke and died. I could not doe withall : then Ile repent, And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them; And twentie of these punte lies Ile tell, That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole Aboue 2 twelue moneth: I have within my minde A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,

Which I will practife.

Nerrif. Why, shall wee tutne to men?

Portus. Fie, what a questions that?

If thou wert nere a lewed interpreter:

But come. He tell thee all my whole device

When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs.

At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,

For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Enter Clowne and leffus.

Clown. Yestruly : for looke you, the finnes of the Fa-

Excuns.

ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promife you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partile hope that your father

got you not, that you are not the levves daughter

lef. That were a kinde of baftard bope indeed, fo the

fins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I seare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I

fall into Charibdo your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Icf. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, c'ne as many as could welliue one by another: clus making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie have a rasher on the coales for money.

Exter Lorenzo.

lef. Hetell my busbend Lonceles what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow lealous of you shortly Lancelet,

if you thus get my wife into corners?

lef. No, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Laureelet and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no merey for mee in heaven, because I am a lewes daughter and hee saies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in connecting lewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the Negrous bellie: the Moore is with childe by you Lancetee?

Claw. It is much that the Moore should be morethen reason; but if the be lessethen an honest woman, shee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How everie foole can play upon the word, I thinke the best grace of white will shortly turns into silence, and discourse grow commendable in name onely but Partais: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Class. That is done fir, they have all Romacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-shapper are you,

then bid them prepare dinner Claw. That is done to fir, onely cours is the word

Loren. Will you couer than fir?

Clow. Not so fir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee vinderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serve in the

meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be fette'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be covered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and concerts shall governe.

Exit Clowne.

Low. O deare discretion, how his words are suted, The soole hash pleased in his memory. An Armic of good words, and I doe know. A many sooles that stand in better place, Garnish like him, that for a trickse word. Desire the matter how cheer'st thou lesson. And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

The Merchant of Venice.

To offices of tender curtefie,

How doft thou like the Lord Baffeard's wife?

Ieffi. Paft all expressings it is very meete.

The Lord Baffano live an veright life.

For having such a blessing in his Lady,

He sindes the loyes of heaven heere on earth,

And if on earth he doe not meane it.it.

Is reason he should never come to heaven?

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portus one: there must be something else

Paund with the other, for the poore rude would.

Hath not het sellow.

Loren. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as the is for a wife.

Ler. I will anone, fifther vs goe to dinner?

Let. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomacke?

Lor. No pray the electic ferue for cable talke, Then how fom ere thou speaks mong other things, I shall digest it?

IeffL Well, He set you forth.

Excunt

Adus Quartus.

Errer the Duke, the Magnificosi, Amhonio, Bassanto, and Gresuna.

Duke, What, is Anthonio heere?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace?
Duke. I am forty for thee, thou are come to answere
A stonie adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Vicepable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hathtane greet pames to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrieme
Out of his enures reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tiranny and rage of his.

Dy Go one and call the Lewinto the Court

Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Erzer Shylocke.

Du, Makeroome, and let him fland before our face. Styleckethe world thinkes, and I thinke fo to That thou but leaded this fashion of thy malice To the last house of act, and then 'tis thought Thou'lt flew thy mercy and remorfe more ftrange, Than is thy strange apparant cruelty; And where thou now exact if the penalty, Which is a pound of this poore Merchants Belb, Thou will not onely loofe the forfeiture, But touch'd with homane gentlenelle and loue: Forgiue a moytie of the principall Glancing an eye of pitty on his loffes That have of late so hudled on his backe, Enow to prefic a royall Merchant downe; And plucke committeration of his flate From braffie bolomes, and rough hearts of flints, From Aubborne Turkes and Tarters never traind

We all expect a gentle answer Jew? In. I have possest your grace of what I purpole, And by our holy Sabbath have I (worne To have the due and forfest of my bond If you dense it, let the danger light Vpon your Charter, and your Chies freedome. You'l aske me why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion Resh, then to receive Three thousand Ducats? He not answer that I But lay it is my humor ; Is it answered? What if my house be troubled with a Rac, And I be pleas'd to give ten thouland Ducates To have le bain'd? What, are you answerd yet? Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge: Some that are mad, if they behold a Car And others, when the bag-pipe fings i'th nole, Cannot containe their Vine for affection. Mafters of pattion (wayes it to the moode Of what it likes or loaths, now for your enfwer: As there is no firme reason to be rendred Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge? Why he a harmleffe necessarie Cat? Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force Must yeeld to fuch incustable shame, As to offend himfelfe being offended: So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing I beare Aurbonis, that I follow thus

A loofing fuite against him? Are you answered?

Baff. This is no answer thou enfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

For. I am not bound to pleafe thee with my answer.

Baff. Do all men kil the things they do not love?

Ino. Hates any man the thing be would not kill?

Baff. Everie offence is not a hate at first.

Inv. What wouldft thou have a Serpent fling thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you queftion with the lew:
You may as well go fland upon the beach,
And bid the maine flood batte his vfuall height,
Or even as well vfe queftion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noife
When they are fretted with the guffs of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As feeke to foften that, then which what hardez?
His lewish heart. Therefore I do befeech you
Make no more offers, y se no farther meanez,
But with all briefe and plume conveniencie
Let me have iudgement, and the lew his will.

Baf. For thy three thousand Duestes beereis Ex-

Inc. If everie Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates
Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?

Du How shalt thou hope for mercie, reading none?

Irw. What ludgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchast slave,

Which like your Assert, and your Dogs and Mules,

You wie in abiech and in flavish parts,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marrie them to your beires?

Why sweste they under burthens? Let their beds

Be made as fost as yours: and let their pallats

Be season'd with such Visads: you will answer.

75:

The flaues are ours. So do I answer you. The pound of flesh which I demand of him Is deerely bought, tis mine, and I will have it. If you deny me; fie vpon your Law, There is no force in the decrees of Venice; I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court, Vuleffe Bellarion learned Doctor,

Whom I have l'ent for to determine this,

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor, New come from Padus.

Du Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers. Ball. Good cheere Ambonio. What man, corage yet: The Iew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Sur. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke, Meetelt for death, the weakelt kinde of fruite Drops earliest to the ground, and so ler me; You cannot better be employ'd Baffanio, Then to live fill, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriffa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario? Ner. From both.

My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

Bof. Why doft thou whet thy knife fo earneftly? Iew. To cut the sorfeiture from that bankrout there. Gra. Not on thy foale: but on thy foule harsh lew Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can, No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keennesse

Of thy flarpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee? lew. No, none that thou half wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexectable dogge, And for thy life let inflice be accus'd: Thou almost mak it me waver in my faith; To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That foules of Animals infule themselves Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane flaughter, Euen from the gallowes did his fell foule fleet; And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam, Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy defires Are Woluish, bloody, seru'd, and rauenous.

Lew. Till thou canft raile the feale from off my bond Thou but offend It thy Lungs to Speake so loud: Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall Toendlesse ruine. I stand hecrefor 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 sulwer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you Go give him curreous conduct to this place, Meane time the Court shall he are Bellarmes Letter.

Y Our Graceshall understand, that at the reseite of jour Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your mesfenger came, in louing visitation, was with me a young Do. Ror of Rome, bis name is Balthafar : I acquained bim with the cause in Controversie, betweene the lew and Anthonio the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furnished with my epinion, which bestred with his owne lear. uing, the greatnesse whereof I comot enough commend, comes

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impedime ut to les hum lacke a reverend oftenation: for I never knowe fo yong a body, with so old a bead I leave hem to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar

Dute. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes, And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come. Giue me your hand: Came you from old Bellarer?
Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome : take your place; Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause Which is the Merchant heere? and which the lew?

Du. Anthonio and old Shwocke, both Rand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke? lew. 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 fland within his danger, do you not? Ans. 1, so he sayes.

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. Ido.

Por. Then must the lew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulsion must 1? Tell me that.

Por The quality of mercy is not frain'd, It droppeth as the gentleraine from heaven V pon the place beneath. It is twice bleft, It bleffeth him that gives, and him that takes, Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne. His Scepter fliewes the force of temporall power, The attribute to awe and Maiestie, Wherein doth hit the dread and feare of Kings: But mercy is about this sceptred sway, It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings, It is an attribute to God himfelfe; And earthly power doth then thew likelt Gods When mercie feasons lustice. Therefore Iew, Though lustice be thy plea, confider this. That in the course of luftice, none of vs Should fee faluation: we do pray for mercie, And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much To mittigate the inflice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this faid course of Venice

Must needes give ientence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I crave the Law, The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Per. Is he not able to discharge the money Baf. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court Yes, twice the formme, if that will not fuffice, I will be bound to pay it ren times ore, On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart. If this will not fuffice, it must appeare That malice beares downe truth. And I befeech you Wrest once the Law to your authority, To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curbe this cruell dinell of his wift. Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venlee Can alter a decree established :

Twill be recorded for a Prefident,

And

And many an error by the fame example, Will rush into the flate: It cannot be.

Inv. A Daneleome to judgement, year Danel.
O wile young ludge, how do I honour thee.

Par. I pray you let me lonke vpon the hand lew. Heere'us most reacted Doctor, lecte it is.

Por Shylade, there a thrice thy monie offered thee. Sby An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven

Shall I lay periorie vpon my foule? No not for Venice

Por. Why this bond is forfeit. And lawfully by this the lew may claime A pound of hell, to be by him cut off Necrest the Merchants hoore; be mercifull, Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond

In When it is paid according to the tenure. It doch appeare you are a worthy ludge you know the Law, your exposition Hath beene most found. I charge you by the Law, Whereof you are a well-descruing pillar, Proceede to judgement : By my foule I sweare, There is no power in the tongue of man To after me: I flay heere on my bond.

An. Mostheartily I do beseech the Court To give the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is: you mult prepare your bosome for his knife.

Ier Onoble ludge, O excellent yong man.

Par. For the intent and purpose of the Law Hath full relation to the penaltie,

Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond. lew. Tis verie true : O wise and vpright ludge, How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

lez. 1, his breft,

So fayes the bond, doth it not noble ludge? Neerelthis heart, those are the very words.

Por It is fo: Are there ballance heere to weigh the

lew. I have them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge To flop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.

It is not nominated in the bond? Per It is not so exprest: but what of that? Twere good you do so much for charme.

lew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Per. Come Merchant, have you any thing to fay?

Ant. Butlittle : I am arm'd and well prepar'd. Gius me your hand Baffario, fare you well, Greeve not that I am falne to this for you: For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde Then is her custome. It is full her vie To let the wretched man out-luse his wealth, To view with hollow eye, and wankled brow An age of poucity. From which linging penance Of luch milerie, doth the cut me off. Commend me to your honourable Wife, Tell her the processe of Anthono's end: Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death: And when the tale is told, bid her beiudge, Whether Baffario had not once a Loue: Repent not you that you shall loose your friend, And he repents not that he payes your debt. For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,

He pay it instantly, with all my heart. Baf. Anthonio, lammarried to a wife,

Which is as deare come as life is felfe, But life it felfe, my wife, and all the world fire not with me efterm'd about thy life. I would look all, I facrifice them all Heere to this deutl, to deliver you

Por Your wife would give you little thanks for that If the were by to hence you make the offer.

Gra I have a wife whom I protest I love, I would the were in heaven, so the could Intreat fome power to change this currish leve.

Tis well you offer it behinde her backe, The wish would make else an unquier house. Inv. Thefe be the Christian husbands: I have a daugh Would any of the flocke of Barraba

Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian. We wife time, I pray thee purfue fentence

Per. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine, The Court awards it, end the law doth give it.

In Most rightfull Iudge

Por And you must cut this flesh from off his break . The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

lew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepara Por. Tarry a little, there is formething elfe,

This bond doth give thee heere no lot of bloud, The words expresly are a pound of fiesh : Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh, But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods Are by the Lawes of Venice confilcate Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra Ovpright ludge, Marke lew, oleaned ludge.

Shy Is that the law Por. Thy selfe shall be the AA: For acthou vigelt inflice, beaffur'd

Thou shalt have iustice more then thou defirest.

Gra O learned ludge mark lew, a learned ludge. Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice, And let the Christian goe

Baff. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Iew shall have all instice, lost no haste,

He shall have nothing but the penalty. Gre. O lew, an vpright ludge, a learned ludge. Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fielh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leffe nor more But suft a pound of flesh : if thou tak's more Or lesse then a rust pound, be it so much As makes it light or heavy in the fubflance, Or the devision of the twentieth part Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne But in the estimation of a hayre,

Thou diest, and all thy goods are conficate.

Gra A second Daniel, a Daniel lew.

Now infidell I have thee on the hip. Por. Why doth the lew paufe, take thy forfeiture. Shy. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

Baff. I have it ready for thee, heere it is. Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court, He shall have meerly justice and his bond

Gra. A Daniel Rill fay I, a fecond Daniel, I thanke thee lew for teaching me that word.

She Shall I not have barely my principall? Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be taken so at thy perill lew.

Sby. Why then the Deuill give him good of it

He flay no longer queftion.

Por. Tarry

Por. Tstry low, The Law hath yet another hold on you. Ir is enacted in the Lawes of Venice, If it be proued against an Alien, That by direct, or indirect attempts He leeke the life of any Cirizen, The party gainst the which he doth contriue Shall feaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe Comes to the privile coffer of the State, And the offenders life hes in the mercy Of the Duke onely, gainft all'other voice, In which predicament I fay thou ftandit: For it appeares by manifel proceeding, That inditectly, and directly to: Thou haft contriu'd against the very life Of the defendant : and thou half incur'd The danger formerly by merchearft. Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maift have leave to hang the felfe,

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the flate, Thou hast not left the value of a cord, Therefore thou mult be hang'd at the flates charge.

Dak, That thou shale fee the difference of our spitit, I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it : For halfethy wealth, it is Anthonio's, The other ha fe comes to the generall state, Which humbleneffe may drive voto a fine.

Per. I for the state, not for Anthonio. Sby. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that, You take my house, when you do take the prop That doth sustaine my house: you take my life When you doe take the meaner whereby I live.

Por What mercy can you tender him Authorite? Gro. A haltengratio, nothing else for Gods sake Am. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court

To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods, I am content ; fo he will let me have The other halfe in vie, to render it Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman That lately stole his daughter. Two things provided more, that for this favour He presently become a Christian : The other, that he doe record a gift Heere in the Court of all he dies possest

Vnto his sonite Lorenzo, and his daughter. Duck, He Chall doe this, or elfe I doe recant The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doft thou fay?

Sby. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Sby. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence, I am not well, fend the deed after me. And I will figne it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt have two godfathers, Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more, To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. Dw. Sir I intrest you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe defire your Orace of pardon, I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meere I presently let forth.

Duk. I am forry that your leyfure ferues you nor : Anthonio, growhe this geneleman; For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and bis traure. Baff. Most worthy gentleman, I aird my friend Haue by your wisedome beene this day acquitted Of greenous penalties, in leu whereof, Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew We freely cope your curteous paines withak.

An. And find indebted over and above In love and service to you cuermore.

Por. He is well paid that Is well fatisfied. And I delivering yon, am latisfied, And thereio doe account my selfe well paid, My minde was neuer yet more merelharie. I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I with you well, and fo I take my leave.
Baff. Deare fir, of force I multattempt you further,

Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute Not as fee : grant me two things, I pray you

Not to denie me, and to pardon ine.

Per. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld, Give me your gloves, Ile weare them for your fake, And for your love lic take this ring from you, Doenot draw backe your hand, ile take no more, And you in love shall not deny me this?

Baff. This ring good fir, alas it is a trifle, I will not shame my selfe to give you this.

Per. I wil have nothing elfe but onely this, And now methinkes I have a minde to it.

Baf There's more depends on this then on the valew, The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And finde it out by proclamation,

Onely for this I pray you pardon me Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd,

Baf. Good fir, this ring was given me by my wife, And when the put it on, the made me yow That I should neither fell nor grue, nor lose it.

Por. That scule serves many men to faue their glfts, And if your wife be not a mad woman, And know how well I have deferu'd this ring, Shee would not hold out enemy for cuer For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. Exernt.

Ant. My L. Bassanie, let him have the ring,

Let his descrumes and my love withall

Be valued against your wines cummandement. Boff. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him, Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canft

Vnto Anthonios houle, away, inake hafte. Come, you and I will chither prefently,

And in the morning early will we both Flie toward Belmont, come Anthonio.

Extens.

Enter Portia and Nerrosa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, give him this deed, And let him fighe it, wee'll away to night, And be a day before our husbands home : This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo. Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire fir, you are weil ore-tane : My L. Baffanio vpon more aduice Hath tent you heere this ring, and doth intrest Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be; His ring I doe accept most thankfully And fo I pray you tell him : furthermore, I przy you thew my youth old Sbylocker house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Nor. Sir, I would speake with you:

Ile fee if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for ever
Por. Thou main I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the riogs away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know st where I will tarry.
Nor. Come good fir, will you shew see to this house.

Exeunt.

A Elus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and leffica.

Lor. The moone thines bright. In such a might as this, When the sweet winde did gently kille the trees, And they did make no nnyse, in such a night Troils me thinkes mounted the Troils walls,

And figh'd his foule toward the Grecian tents Where Creffed lay that night.

Tef. In fuen a night
Did Thubie fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And faw the Lyons shadow ere huntelfe.
And ranne difinayed away

Loren. In fuch a night Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand Vpon the wilde fea bankes, and wafi her Loue

To come againe to Carthage

lef. In such a night

Media gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old Efou.

Loren. In such a night
Did Jeffica steale from the wealthy lewe,
And with an Vinthrist Love did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belivont.

lef. In such a night
Did young Lorenco (weare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith
And nere a true one.

Loren. In fuch a night
Did pretty Iessico (like a little shrow)
Slander her Lone, and he fotgaue it her.
Iessic I would out-night you did no body come:
But hacke, I heare the sooting of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in tilence of the night?

Mess. A friend. (friend?

Loren A friend, what friend? your name I pray you has for stephano is invinance, and I bring word

My Mistresse will before the breake of day

Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about

By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes

For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren, Who comes with her?

Mef. None but a holy Herinii and her maid:
1 pray you it my Master yet intum'd?

Loren. He is not nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee lessica,
And ceremoniously let vays prepare

And sefemoniously let vs vs prepare Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola. wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Luren. Who cells?

Ch. Sola, did you fee M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo, fola,

Lor. Leave hollowing man house.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lw. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his home full of good newey, my Master will be here ere

morning (weet loule.

Loren. Let's to, and there exped their comming. And yet no matter: why should we goe in? My friend Srephen, figrufic pray you Within the house, your Miftrelle is at hand, And bring your mulique foorth into the syre. How sweet the moone-light sleepes upon this banke, Heere will we fit, and let the founds of mufiche Creepe in our cares foft filmes, and the night Become the tutches of fweet harmonie: Sit leffica, looke how the floore of heaven Is thicke inlayed with patterns of bright gold, There's not the smailest orbe which thou beholds But in his motion like an Angell Engs, Still quiting to the young eyed Cherubins; Such harmonic is in immortall foules, But whilft this muddy vefture of decay Doth grofly close in it, we cannot heare it: Come hor, and wake Diens with a hymne, With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistrelle eare, And draw her home with mulicke.

liff. I am neuer merry when I heare fweet mulique

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attenuue: For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard Or race of youthful and vobandled colts, Ferching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud, Which is the hot condition of their bloud, If they but heare perchances trumpet found, Or any ayre of mulicke touch their eares, You that perceive them make a mutuall fland, Their fauage eyes turn'd to a modeft gaze, By the fweet power of mulicke: therefore the Pott Did faine that Orphew drew trees, Rones, and floods. Since naught fo Rockish, hard, and full of rage, But musicke for time doth change his nature, The man that hath no mulicke in himselfe, Nor is not moued with concord of freet founds, Is fit for treasens, fitalegems, and spoyles, The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections darke as Erchim, Let no fuen man be trufted : marke the muficke

Einer Pariso and Nerrifia

Per. That light we fee is burning in my hall: How farre that little candell throwes his beames, So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle)

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can Per. So doth the greater glory dum the less, A substitute shines brightly as a King

Vivill a King be by, and then his flate Empties it felfe, as doth an inland brooke Into the maine of waters : mulique, banke.

Nor. It is your muficke Madame of the house Por Nothing is good I see without respect, Methinkes it founds much sweeter then by day? Nor. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the larke

When

Majocho

When neither i attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if the should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Mussian then the Wren
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true persection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimlon,
And would not be awak'd

Musicke ceases,

Lor. That is the voice, Os I am much deceived of Portla.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lur. Deere Lady welcome home

Per. We have bene praying for our hu bands welfare Which speed we hope the better for our words.

Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:.
But there is come a Messenger before
To signific their comming.

Por. Go in Nerrifa,
Giue order to my feruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abfent hence,
Nor you Lorenze, Jeffica nor you.
A Tucket founds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpee, We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Per. This night methinkes is but the daylight ficke, It lookes a little palet, its a day, Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their.
Followers.

Baf. We should hold day with the Antipodes, If you would walke in absence of the same

Per, Let me give light, but let me not be light, For a light wife doth make a heavie husband, And never be Bessanio so for me,

But God fort all: you are welcome homemy Lord.

Baff. I thanke you Madem, give welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is Anthonio,

To whom I am lo infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other water then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curte sie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I (weare you do me wrong, Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke, Would he were gelt that had it for my part,

Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matters'

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring

That she did give me, whose Poesse was

For all the world like Cutlers Poessy

Vpon a knife; Love mee, and leave meetor.

Nor. What talke you of the Poelie or the valew:
You fwore to me when I did glue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene respective and have kept it.
Gaue it a ludges Clearke: but well I know
The Clearke wil nero wearchaire on's face that hadis.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.

Norriffa. I, if a Moman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ferubbed boy,
No higher then thy felfe, the Iudges 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 so slightly with your wines first gift.
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your singer, And so riveted with faith vnto your sless.
I gave my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare.
Never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I date be sworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his singer, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith Gratiane,
You give your wife too vnkinde a cause of grease,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Baff. Why I were best to cut my left hand off, And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gro. My Lord Raffano gaue his Ring away
Vnto the ludge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deferu'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke fome paines in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neyther man nor mafter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord? Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me. Buff. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,

I would deay it i but you fee my finger Hath not the Ring voon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so voide is your falle heart of truth.

By heaven I wil nere come in your bed

Vntil I see the Ring.

Nor. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,

And would conceive for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have desended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modesse
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonic:
Nerriss teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Baff. No by mine honor Madam, by my fould No Woman had it, but a civill Doctor, Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me, And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him, And suffer dhim to go displeas'd away:
Even he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was befet with shame and curteste,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have beg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthie Doctor?

Q 2

The Mcrchant of Venice.

Pro. Lectnot that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he bath got the rewell thee I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
lle not deny him any thing I liaue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lienote night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which it yet mine owne,
Ile have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Narriffa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so : let not me take him then, For is I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. lam th'vnhappy subicet of thefe querreis.

Por. Sir, grieue not you, You are welcome not with flanding.

Baf. Porna, forgiue me this enforced wrong,

Baf. Porta, torgue methis enforced wrong, And In the hearing of these manie friends I sweare to thee, even by thine owne fairneyes Wherein I see my selfe

Por. Marke you but that? In both my eyes he doubly fees himfelfe: In each eye one, (weare by your double felfe, And there's an oath of credit

Baf. Nay, but heare mc.
Pardon this fault, and by my foule I fweate
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth, Which but for him that had your husbands ring Had quite miscarried. I dere be bound againe, My foule vpon the forfeit, shat your Lord Will never more breake faith aduisedlie

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: give him this, And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord Baffasio, swear to keep this sing, Baff. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor Por. I had it of him: pardon Baffasio,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Nor. And pardon me my gentle Graumo,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke

In liew of this, last night did lye with me

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough.

What, are we Cuckolds ere we have descru'd it.

Per, Speake not so grossely, you are all amoz'd. Heere is a letter, reade to at your leyfure. It comes from Padua from Bellerino, There you shall finde that Person was the Doctoe. Nerriflathere her Clarke. London heere Shall withesselfe I fet forth as soone as you, And but et in now teturn'd: I have not yet. Entred my house. Anchonio you are welcome, And I have better nowed in store for you. Then you expect: violeate this letter soone, There you shall finde three of your Argosias Are richly cornet to harbour sodainste. You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

Ainbo. I am dumbe.

Baf. Were you the Dodor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckedd.

Nor. I, but the Clark that never meanes to doe it,

Vnleffe he live vntill he be a men.

Baf. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedsellow. When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An (Street Ladie) you have given mo life & living; For here I reade for certaine that my thips Are fafelic come to Rode.

Por. How novi Lerenze?

My Clarke hath fome good comforts to for you Ner I, and the give them him without a fee There doe I give to you and leffica
From the tich I ewe, a special deed of gifte After his death, of all he dies possess of the way.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way.

Of strued people
Per. It is almost morning,

And yet I am fure you are not fatisfied Of these eucnts at full. Let vs goe in, And charge vs there vpon intergatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my Narriss shall be swotne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stey,
Or goe to bed, now being two hours to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, He feare no other thing
So fore, as keeping safe Narriss ring.

Exoum.

FINIS.



As you Like it.

Allus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enser Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

S I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou fairt, charged my brother on his bleffing to breed mee well: end there begins my sadnesse: My brother laques he keepes et schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keepes me tustically at home, or (10 speak more properly) stajes me heere at home vnkept : for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I : besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinic against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wife

Euter Oliner.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe 2-part Adam, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then fir?

remedy how to avoid it.

Orl. Marry fir, I am belping you to mar that which God made, a poore vitworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliuer. Marry fir be better employed, and be naught

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and cat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Ob. Know you where you are fir?

Orl. Ofir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom fir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: know you are my eldeft brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesse of mations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwizt ys: I haue as much

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesso your comming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oil. What Boy. (this. Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest some of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that said such a father begot villaines: were rhou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers

reniembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I fay,
Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my
father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd inclike a pezant, obscuring and,
hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit
of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer
endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allottery my
father left me by testament, with that i will goe buy my,
fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do ? beg when that is spens? Well fir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becames mee for my good.

Oh. Get you with him, you alde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your fernice: God be with my olde master, he would not have spoke such a word. Ex. Orl. Ad.

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your ranckenesse, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holls Dennis

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Off. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrestler heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is beere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in : 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is,

Enter Charles.

Obs. Good morrow to your worthip.

Oh. Good Mounfier Charles: what's the new newes' at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the oldenewes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or four elouing

3 Lords

Lord, have put themselves into voluntary eaile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander

Oli Can you tell if Rofalind the Dukes daughter bee

banished with her Fother :

Chn Ono 1 for the Dokes daughter her Colen fo lours her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that hee would have followed her exile, or have died to flay behind her; the is at the Court, and no leffe beloued ofher Vncie, then his owne daughter, and never two La dies loued as they doe.

Ola Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They lay hee ssalready in the Porrest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they lay many yong Gentleinen Bocke to him every day, and fleet the time Careless as they did in the golden world

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new

Duke,

Cha. Marry doe I fir . and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given fit fecretly to vnder fland, that your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis d against mee to try a fall : co morrow fir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might flay him from his incendment, or brooke fuch difgrace well as be shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search,

and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy love to me, which then halt finde I will most kindly require: I had my felfe notice of my Brothers purpole heerein, and have by vnder-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee Charles, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vie thy diferetion, I had as liefe thou didft breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any flight difgrace, or it hee doe not mightilie grace himselse on thee, hee will practise against thee by poylon, entrap thee by lome treacherous deuile, and neuer leave thee till he hach cane thy life by forne indirect meanes or other: for I affaire thee, (and aimost with teares I speake ii) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is. I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and

Cha lambeartily glad I came hither to you : if hee come to morrow, Ile give him his payment : if ever hee goe alone againe, l'e neuer wrastle for prize more: and To God keepe your worship.

Farewell good Charles. Now will I stirre this Gamefire : I hope I shall fee an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he : yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble devife. of all fores enchantingly beloved, and indeed fo much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised : but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all : nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. Fru.

Scons Secunda.

Enter Refulied, and Calle

Cel. I pray thee Rofalind, Sweet my Coz, be merry. Rof. Deere Cellea; I thow more mirch then I am mi-Arelle of, and would you yet were merrier : vnlelle you could reach me to forget abanished father, you must not learnemee how to remember any extraordinary pleafure.

Cel. 'lecrein I fee thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Vncletly banished father had banished thy Vnclethe Duke my Father, so thou hadfi beene fill with mee, I could have taught my love o take thy father for mine; fo wouldft thou, if the truth of thy love to me were to right equily temper'd, as mine is to thee

Rof. Well, I will forget the condition of my effste,

to reioyce in yours

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, 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 agains in affection : by mine honor I will, and when I breake that outh, let mee turne monfternherefore my lweet Rofe, my deare Rofe,

Rof. From benceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports:

let me (ee, what thinke you of falling in Love?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport with all: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with fafety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Rof. What shall be out sport then?

Cel. Let vs fit and mocke the good boufwife fortune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Rof. I would wee could doe fo : for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman

doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cei. 'Tis true, for those that the makes faire, the scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly

Rof. Nay now thou gorft from Forumes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the

lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may the not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature bath given vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune fent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Rof. Indeed there is fortune too hard for parure, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiveth our naturall wits roo dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whethone, for alwayes the dulnesse of the soole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistesse, you must come away to your farber.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Rof.

Ref. Where learned you that oath foole?

Cle. Of a certaine Knight, that Iwore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and Iwore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now He stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight for worne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your

knowledge '

Rof. I marry, now enmuzzle your wifedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: Aroke your chinnes, and (weare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you Iweare by that that is not, you are not forfworn : no more was this knight (weating by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues.

Ro(My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wife-

ly, what Wisemen do foolishly

Cel. By my troth thou faieft true : For, fince the little wit that fooles have was filenced, the little foolerie that wife men have makes a great shew; Heere comes Monbeur the Ben.

Enter le Beau.

Rof. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their

young.

Rof. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better : we shalbe the more Marketable. Boon-town Monsieur le Ben, what's the newes?

Le Ben. Faire Princesse,

you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Ben. What colour Madame? How shall I aun-(wer you?

Rof. As wit and fortune will

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well faid, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepenot my ranke.

Ref. Thouloofest thy old smell Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wrastling, which you have lost the fight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling. Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning; and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it,

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three fons. Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Ben. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Rof. With bils on their neckes : Be it knowne vnto

all men by these presents.

Le Ben. The eldest of the three, wrastled with Charles the Dukes Wrastler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life whim: So he feru'd the fecond, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rof. Alas

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue loft?

Le Ben. Why this that I speake of

Cle. Thus men may grow wifer every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or 1, I promise thee.

Ref. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Ben. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to

performe it.

Cel Yonder fure they are comming Let vs now flay and fee it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, fince the youth will not be intreaced His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Rof. Is yonder the man!

Le Beu. Euenhe, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong : yet he looks successefully Du. How now daughter, and Coulin:

Are you crept hither to fee the wrastling?

Rof. I my Liege, so please you give vs leave.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitte of the challengers youth, I would faine dissinade him, but he will not bee entrgated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can mooue him.

Cel. Call him bether good Monsieuer Le Ben

Duke. Do fo. Henor be by.

Le Ben Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie

Rof. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the

Orl. No faite Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength

of my youth

Cd. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you have feene cruell proofe of this mans Arength, if you saw your felfe with your etes, or knew your felfe with your judgment, the feare of your aduenture would counfel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne take to embrace your own taletie, and give over this attempt.

Rof. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that

the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with yout harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denle so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eles, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me: the world no injurie, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I have made it emptie.

Rof. The little frength that I have, I would it were

with you.

Cel. Andmine to ecke ouchers,

Rof. Fare you well:praie heaven I be deceiu'd in you.

char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is lo defirous to lie with his mother earth.

Orl. Readle Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeft

working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall

Lwarrant your Grace; Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a fecond, that have fo mightilie perswaded him from a first

Orl. You meane to mocke me after : you should not haue mockt me before : but come your wates.

Rof. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man. Cel. I would I were invisible, to eatch the strong fellow by the legge

Rof. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt to mue etc, I can tell who Mould downe

Dak. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, Iam not yet well

Duk, How do'A thou Charles? Le Ben. He cannot speake my Lord. Duk. Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlands my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Ro-

Land de Boys.

Duk I would thou hadft beene fon to fome man elfe, The world effeem'd thy father honourable, But I did findehim still mine enemie: Thou should'it have better pleas'd me with this deede. Hadft thou descended from another house But faic thee well, thou are a gallant youth, I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Exit.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this? Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland sonne, His yongest some, and would not change that calling To be adopted here to Fredricke

Rof. 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 should have given him teares vinto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Colen,

Let vs goe thanke bim, and encourage him . My Fathers rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deferu'd, If you doe keepe your promises in loue; But suffly as you have exceeded all promile, Your Mittris shall be happie.

Rof. Gentleman, Weare this for me : one out of suites with fortune That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes. Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. 1: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not fay, I thanke you? My better parts Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands yp Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

Rof. He eals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes, Ile aske him what he would : Did you call Sir? Sir, you have wraftled well and overthrowne More then your enemies

Cd. Will you goe Coze?

Rof. Haue with yon : fare you well

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpo mytoong? I cannot speake to her, yet the vig'd conference.

Enter Li Ben.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne Or Charles, or something weaker mafters thee.

Le Rew. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you Te leaue this place; Albeit you have deseru'd High commendation, true applause, and loue; Yet such is now the Duker condition, That he misconsters all that you have done: The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede More luites you to conceive, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this, Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

That here was at the Wraftling?

Le Ben. 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 vsurping Vncte To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sifters. But I can tell you, that of late this Dake Hath tane displeasure gainft bis gentle Neece, Grounded vpon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her vertues, And pittie her, for her good Fathers lake; And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady Will sodainly breake forth : Sir, fare you well, Heresfter in a better world then this, I shall defire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well. Thus must I from the smooke into the smother, From tyrant Duke, voto a tyrant Brother.

But heavenly Rosuline.

Eru

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Posalune

Cel. Why Cosen who Refaline: Cupidhaue mercie, Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee with reasons.

Rof. Then there were two Colens laid up, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Rof. No, some of it is for my childes Father: On how full of brier's is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee inholiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will each them.

Rof. I could thake them off my coate, these burs are

in my heare

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him. Cil. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections

Rof. O they take the part of a better wraftler then my selfe.

Cel. O, a good with vpon you: you will trie in time

to dispight of atall: but turning these sells out of service, let ve talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a for dame, you should fall into to strong a liking with old Sir

Routands youngest sanne?
Ros. The Duke my Father loud his Father decrelie. Cel. Doth is therefore enfue that you should love his Sonce decrelie? By this kinde of chase, I should have hun, for my father hated his father decrely; yet I have not Orlando

Rof. No faith, hate him not for my fake.

Cel. Why should I not i doin be not deserve well?

Encer Duke with Lords.

Rof. Let me loue him for that, and do you love him Because I doe Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cal. With his eies full of anger.

Dat. Miftris, disparch you with your safest hafte, And get you from our Court.
Rof. Me Vncle.

Duk You Coien,

Within these ten daies it that thou beeft found So necre our publike Court as twentie miles,

Thou dreft for it.

Rof. I doe befeech your Grace Let me the knowledge of my fault beere with me: if with my felie I hold intelligence, Or hanc acquaintance with mine owne defires, If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke, (As I doc truft I am not) then deere Vncle, Meuer fo much as in a chought vaborne, Did I offend your highneffe.

Duc. Thus doe all Traitors, If their purgation did confist in words, They are as innocene as grace it felle; Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not

Rof. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor; Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou are thy Fathers daughter, there's enough Rof. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,

So was I when your highneste banisht him; Treason 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, mistake me not fo much, Tothinke my pourrie is treacherous.

Cel. Decre Sourraigne heare me speake. Duk I Celia, we stand her for your lake,

Elfe had the with her Father rang'd along. Cel I did not then intrest to have ber fray, It was your plasfure, and your owne remotle, I was too yong that time to value her, But now I know her . if the be a Traitor, Why foam I: we fill have flept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, cate together, And wherefore we went, like lunar Swans, Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Doe She is too subtile for ther, and her smoothness Her verie filence, and per patience, Speake to the people, and they pittle her? Thou art a foole, therobs thee of thy name, And thou wilt flow more bright, & feem more vertuous When the is gone: then open northy lips

Firme, and irrenocable is my doombe.

Which I have past upon her, the is banish'd.
Cet. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige, I cannot live out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice promue your felfe, If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor, And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke Orc. Col. O my poore Refaline, whether wilt thou goel Wilt thou change Fathers ? I will give thee mine : I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Rof. I have more cause. Cel. Thou haft not Cofen,

Prethee be cheerefull; know's thou nor the Duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hathnot Cel. No, hathnot? Refalme lacks then the love Which teachesh thee that thou and I am one, Shall we be fundred? Shall we part I weete girle? No, let my Father feeke another heire: Therefore deuile with me how we may flie Whether to goe, end what to beare with vs, And doe not feeks to take your change vpon you, To beate your griefes your felst, and Icaue me out For by this heaten, now as our forrowespale; Say what thou canit, He goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether thall we goe?
Col. To socke my Vnole in the Forrest of Arden

Rof. Alas, what danger will it be to vs, (Maides as we are) to travell forth fo farre? Beautic prounketh theeves fooner then gold.

Cel. He put my felfe in poore and meane attire, And with a kinde of vmber imirch my face, The like doe you to shall we passe along, And never fir affailants.

Rof. Were it not bettes, Because that I am more then common tall, That I ald fulte me all points like a man, A gallant suttelax spon my thigh, A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart Lye there what hidden womans feare there will, Weele have a fwelling and a marshall outside, As manie other mannish cowards have,

That doe outface it with their femblances. Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? Ref. He have no worle a name then loues owne Page, And therefore looke you call me Gammed.

But what will you by call'd? Cel. Someshing that hath a reference to my flate .

No longer Colsa, but Aluma.

Rof. But Colon, what if we affaid to Reale The clownish Foole our of your Fathers Court: Would be not be a comfort to our transite?

Col. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me, Lesue me alone to wor him; Let's away And get our lewels and our wealth cogether, Deuile the fittest time, and faselt way To hide vs from pursuite that will be made After my flight: now goe in we content Excunz. To libertie, and not to banishment.

Adus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Emer Duky Senior : Aurjens, and two or three Lords like Forresters.

Dut Son. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile: Hath not old custome mude this life more sweete

Then

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods More free from perill then the enuious Court? Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam, The leafons difference, as the Icte phange And churlish chiding of the winters winde, Which when it bites and blowes upon my body Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say This is no flattery thefe are counfellors That feelingly perswade me what I am: Sweet are the vies of aduerlitie Which like the toad, ougly and venemous, . Weares yet a precious lewell in his head And this our life exempt from publike haunt, Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes, Sermons in Rones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune

Into fo quict and fo sweet a stile.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison? And yet it itkes me the poore dapled fooles Being native Burgers of this defert City, Should intheir nwne confines with forked heads Haue their round hanches goard.

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord The melancholy laques grieves at that, And in that kinde (weares you doe more viurpe Then doth your brother that hath banish dyou. To day my Lord of Amiens, and my felle, Did steale behinde him as he lay along Voder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood, To the which place a poore lequestred Stag That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt. Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord The wretched annimall heav'd forth tuch groanes That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat Almost to bursting, and the big round tearer Cours'd one another downe his innocent note In pitreous chase: and thus the hairie foole, Much marked of the melancholie laques, Stood on th'extremelt verge of the iwift brooke, Augmenting it with teares.

Dez Sen. But what laid laques! Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies. First, for his weeping into the needlesse freame; Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ft a testamenc As worldlings doe gruing thy funs of more To that which had too must : then being there alone, Left and abandoned of his veluet friend; 'Tis night quoth he, thus miferie doth part The Fluxe of companie: anona carelesse Heard Full of the paffure, iumps along by him And never states to greet him : I quoth laquer, Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens, Tis rust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there? Thus most invectively he pierceth through The body of Countrie, Citie, Court, Yes, and of this our life, swearing that we Are meere vourpers, tyrants, and whats worle To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp In their affign'd and native dwelling place.

D. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation? 2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting

Vpon the fobbing Deere.

Du Son. Show me the place, I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

I Lar. He bring you to him ftrait.

Scena Secunda.

Enser Dube, with Lords.

Dut, Can it be possible that ao man law them? It cannot be, some villaines of my Court Are of confent and fufferance in this

1. Lo. I cannot heare of any that did fee her. The Ladies her attendants of her chamber Saw her a bed, and in the morning early, They found the bed vocreatur dof their Miffris

2. Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom 60 Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing, Hifteria the Princelle Centlewoman Confesses that the fecretly ore-heard Your daughter and her Colen much commend The parts and graces of the Wraftler That did but lately foile the Synowie Charles, And the beleeves where ever they are gone That youth is furely in their companie

Dut, Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hisher. If he be absent, bring his Brother to me, He make him finde him : do this fodainly; And let not fearth and inquifition quale, To bring againe thele foolish runawaies.

Exam.

Scena Tertia.

Enser Orlando and Adams

Orl. Who's there!

Ad. What my gong Mafter, oh my gentle mafter, Oh my Iweet mafter, O you memorie Of old Six Rewland; why, what make you here? Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you? And wherefore are you gentle, firong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to ouercome The bonnie prifer of the humorous Duke: Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not Mafter to Jeeme kinde of men, Their graces ferue them but as enemies, No more doe yours : your vertues gentle Mafter Are landtified and holy traitors to you Oh what a world is this, when what is comely Enuenoms him that beares it? Why, what s the matter?

Ad. O viihappie youth, Come not within thele doores: within this roofe The enemie of all your graces lines Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne (Yet not the fon, I will not call him fon) Of him I was about to call his Father, Hath heard your preises, and this night he meenes, To burne the lodging where you vie to lye, And you within it : if he faile of that

He will have other meanes to cut you off, Loverheard him: and his practifes: This is no place, this houle is but a butcherie, Abhorre it, feate it, doe not enter it.

Ad. Why whether Adam would'st thou naue me got Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'it thou have me gook beg my food,
Or with a bale and boiltrous Sword enforce
A theeuish hung on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not fo: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I faued voder your Father,
Which I did flore to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens seede,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbashfull for chead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilite,
Therefore my age is as a lustic winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the service of a yonger man
In all your businesse.

Ori. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares The constant service of the antique world, When service sweate for dutie, not for meede: Thou art not for the fashion of these times, Where none will sweate, but for promotion, And having that do choake their service vp. Even with the having, it is not so with thee: But poore old man, thou prun's a rotten tree, That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde, In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie, But come thy wates, weele goe along together, And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent, Weele light youn some settled low content.

Weele light vpon some settled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost sourescore
Heteliued I, but now hue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at sourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

E.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Canimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Toxobstone.

Rof. O lupiter, how merry are my spirits?

Clo I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not vestie.

Ref. I could finde in my heart to difgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you; yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you have no money in your purse.

Rof. Well, this is the Fortest of Arden.

Clo. I, now am I in Arden, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauelless must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvius,

Rof. I, be lo good Touchfore: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in folemnetalke.

Cor. That is the way to make her fcorne you still.

Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knew's how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly gueffe: for I have lou'd ere now.
Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canft not gueffe,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer
As ever figh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were ever like to mine,
As sure I thinke did never man love so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasse?

Cor. Into a thouland that I have forgotten.

Sil. Ob thou didft then never love to hartily
If thou remembreft not the flightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not fat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,

Thou halt not lou'd.
Or if thou halt not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my palfion now makes me,
Thou halt not lou'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Rof. Alas poore Shepheard fearching of they would,
I have by hard adventure found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my I word vpon a stone, and bid him take that for comming a night to lane Smile, and I remember the kissing of her batter, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a pease od instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Louers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in solly.

Rof. Thou speak it wifer then thou art ware of, Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it.

Rof. lone, lone, this Shepherds passion, Is much vpon my fashion.

Cio. And mine, but it growes something stale with

Cel. I pray you, one of you question you'd man, Ishe for gold will give vs any soode, Isaintalmost to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Rof. Peace foole, he's not thy kinfman.

Cor. Who cals?
Clo. Your betters Sir.

Car. Elfe are they very wretched.

Rof. Peace

Rof. Peace I lay ; good ruen to your friend. Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all. Rof. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold Can in this defert place buy entertainment, Bring vs where we may reft our felues, and feed. Here's a yong maid with trausile much oppressed, And faints for fuccour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her, And with for her lake more then for mine owne, My fortunes were more able to relecue her s But I am thepheard to another man, And do not theere the Fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition, And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven By doing deeds of holpitalitie. Besides his Coate, his Flocker, and bounds of feede Are now on fale, and acour sheep-coat now By reason of his absence there is nothing That you will feed on : bue what is, come fee, And in my voice most welcome shall you be

Rof. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture? Cor. That yong Swaine charyou law heere but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing. Rof. I pray thee if it stand with honestie, Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke, And thou shalt have to pay for it of vs. Cel. And we will mend thy wages a

I like this place, and willingly could Waste my time in it.

Car. Affuredly the thing is to be fold: Go with me, if you like vpon report, The foile, the profit, and this kinde of life, I will your very faithfull Feeder be. And buy it with your Gold right fodually.

Exenns

Scena Quinta.

Einer, Amjeni, laques, & otheri. Song. Vnder the greene wood tree who loves to lye wish mee, And three bis merrie Note, unso the Sweet Birds throse Come bither, come hisber, com hitber . Heere Shall he fee no enemie. But Winter and rough Weather.

lag More, more, I pre thee more. Amy. It will make you melancholly Monfieur laques lag. I thanke it : More, I prethee more, I can lucke melancholly out of afong, As a Weazel luckes egges : More, I pre'thec more. Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot pleafs

laq. I do not defire you to pleafe me, I do defire you to ling :

Come, more, another stanzo: Cal you'em stanzo's -Amy. What you wil Monfieur laques.

lag. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you ing?

Am. Mare at your request, then to please my felse.

lag Well then, if ever I thanke any man, He thanke

you: but that they cal complement lalike th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me harrily, me thinkes I have given him a penie, and be renders me the beggerly thankes. Come fing; and you that wil not hold your congues.

Am. Wel. He end the long. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke wil drinke under this tree; he hath bin all this

day to looke you.

lag. And I have bin all this day to avoid him. He is too disputeable for my companie t I thinke of as many matters as he, but I give Heauen thankes, and make no boaft of them. Come, warble, come

> Sung. Auogesher beere Who does ambilion frome and lone 1 to hat ish Sunner Seeking the food becases, and pleas d with what he cess. Come hither , come buther , come hither , Heere Shall he fee. &c.

lag. Ile giue you a verse to this note, That i made yesterday in despight of my Invention. Amy. And He fing it.

Amy. Thus it goes. If it do come to pafe, that any man twent Affe . Leaning his wealth and eafe, A fatborne will to please, Ducdame dischame, ducdame : Elcere shall be fee groffe fooles as be, And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame? 144 Tis a Greeke inuocation to call fools into a cticle. lie go fleepe if I can: if I cannot, lie raile against all

the first borne of Egypt. Amy. And He go leeke the Duke, His banker is prepar de

Exemps

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Alam.

Adam. Deere Mafter, I can go no further: Oldie for food. Heere lie I downe, And measure out my grave. Farmel kinde master.

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee: Live a little, comfort a little, cheere thy felfe a little. If this vincouth Forrell yeeld any thing lauage, I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee Thy concerte is neerer death, then thy powers. For my take be constoreable, hold death a while At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee prefencly, And if I bring thee not fomething to exte, I wil gine thee leave to die : but if thou dieft Before I come, thou are a mocker of my labor. Wel faid, thou look'ft che erely, And He be with thee quickly : yet thou liest In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beate thee To some shelter, and thou shalt not die For lacke of a dinner, If there live any thing in this Defert. Cheerely good Adam ENBOR

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Scena Septima.

Emer Duke Sen & Lord, like Out-lawes. Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform dinto a beaft, For I can no where finde him, like a man.

Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence. Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du Sen. Ishe compact of iarres, grow Musicall. We shall have shortly discord in the Sphearer ; Go feeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter laques. 1. Lord. He laues my labor by his owne approach. Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this That your poore friends must woe your companie, What, you looke merrily

lag A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Fortest, Amotley Foole (a miferable world:) As I do live by foode, I met a foole, Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun, And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes, In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole. Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he, Call me not foole, till heaven hath fent me fortune, And then he drew a diall from his poake, And looking on it, with lacke-luftre eye, Sages, very wifely, it is ten a clocke: Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world wagges: Tis but an house agoe, fince it was nine, And after one houre more, twill be eleven, And so 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 mosley Foole, thus morall on the time, My Longs began to crow like Chantieleere, That Fooles should be so deepe contemplative : And I did laugh, fans intermission Anhoure by his diall Oh noble foole, A worthy foole. Motley's the onely weare.

Du.Sen. What foole is this? Lag O worthie Foole One that hath bin a Courtier And layer, if Ladies be but yong, and laire, They have the gift to know it ; and in his braine, Which is as drie as the remainder bisket After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled formes. Othat I were a foole,

I am ambitious for a motley coat. Da. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Inq. It is my onely fuite, Provided that you weed your better judgements Ofall opinion that growes ranke in them, That I am wife. I must have liberty Withall, as large a Charter as the winde, To blow on whom I please, for so fooles have s And they that are most gauled with my folly, They most must laugh: And why fur must they fo? The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church: Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hic, Doth very foolishly, although he smart Seeme senselesse of the bob. Ifnot, The Wife-mans folly is anathomiz'd Even by the foundring glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley : Give me leave To speake my minde, and I will through and through Cleanse the foule bodie of th'insected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. Du. Sen. Fic on thee, I can tell what thou wouldst do

Jag. What, for a Counter, would I do.but good? Dr. Sev. Most mischeeuous soule fin, in chiding fin : For thou thy felfe haft benea Libertine, As fenfuall as the brutish sting it felfe. And all th'imboffed fores, and headed euila,

That thou with license of free foot balt caught, Would'A thou dilgorge into the generall world

lag Why who eries out on pride, That can therein taxe any private party: Dorh is not flow as hugely as the Sea, Till that the wearie vene meanes do ebbe. What woman in the Citie do I name, When that I say the City woman beares The cost of Princes on voworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and fay that I meane her, When such a one as snee, such is her neighbor? Or what is he of basest function, That fayes his brauerie is not on my coft, Thinking that I means him, but therein furtes His folly to the mettle of my speech, There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, Then he hath wrong'd him felfe: if he be free, why then my taxing like a wild-goofe flios Vnclaim'd of any man But who coine here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and earono more.

Isq. Why I have eate none yet.

Orl. Nor thalt not, till necessity be fero'd.

149. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of? Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diffres?

Or elfe a rude despiter of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem it so emptie?!

Orl. You touch'd my veine as first, the chorny point Of bare diffresse, hath tane from me the shew Of finonth civility: yet am I in-land bred, And know fome nourture : But forbeare, I fay, He dies that touches any of this fruite, Till I, and my affaires are answered.

lag. And you will not be answer'd with reason, 1 must dye.

Du. Sen What would you have? Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force Moue vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sic downe and feed, & welcom to out table Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you, I thought that all things had bin fauage heere, And therefore put I on the countenance Offterne commandment. But what ere you are That in this defert inaccessible, Under the shade of melancholly boughes, Loofe, and negled the creeping houres of time: If ever you have look don better dayes: If even beene where bels have knoll'd to Church & If ever fate at any good mans feaft : If ever from your eye lids wip'd a teare,

And know what 'tis to pittle, and be pittled a Let gentlenesse my firong enforcement be, In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword

Doke

Dn. Sen. True is it, that we have seene better dayes
And have with holy bell bin knowld to Chutch,
And fat at good mens leasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that facred pity hath engendred:
And therefore fit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we have
That to your wanting may be ministed.

Orl. Then but for beare 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 fleppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first fuffic'd,
Oppress with two weake tuils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out.

And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl.1 thanke ye, and be bleft for your good comfort.

Du Sen. Thou feelt, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuerfall Theater
Prefents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a ftage, And all the men and women, meerely Players; They haugtheir Exits and their Entrances, And one man in his time playes many parts, His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant, Mewling, and puking in the Nurles atmes . Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell And shining morning face, creeping like snaile Y nwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer, Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull balled Made to his Mistesse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, Ielous in honor, fodaine, and quicke in quarrell, Seeking the bubble Reputation Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice. In faire round belly, with good Capon ha'd, With eyes severe, and beard of somall cue, Full of wife fawes, and moderne infrances And so he playes his part. The fixt age shifts Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloone. With spectacles on nose, and pouch on fide. His youthfull hote well fau'd, a world too wide, For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice, Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes, And whiftles in his found. Last Scene of all, That ends this strange eventfull historie, Is second childiffinesse, and meere oblinion, Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans tafte, fans euery thing.

Enter Orlandowith Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: let downe yout venetable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for bim.
Ad. So had you neede,

I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,

As yet to question you about your fortunes: Give vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winds, Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingrestitude Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene, although thy breath be rude. Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, when the greens holy,
Malt frendhip, is fagning; most Louing, macre folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is mast sally

Freize, freuze, thou butter the that doft not bight fo eigh
as benefits forget
Though thom the waters warpe, thy flung is not fo harpe,
as fresh dremembred net
Hoigh ho Ling.cre

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rewlands (on, As you have whifper'd faithfully you were, And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse, Most truly limi'd, and living in your face, Be truly welcome hither: I ara the Duke That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune, Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man, Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is Support him by the arme: give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand.

Exeune.

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Die. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot he:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or living
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a living in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this: Ineuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent your his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exemit

Scens Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my love, And thou thrice crowned Queene of night survey With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway. O Refalmd, these Trees shall be my Bookes, And in their barkes my thoughts llecharracter, That everneeye, which in this Forress lookes, Shall see thy vertue witnesse every where Rung run Orlando, carve on every Tree.

The fake, the chaste, and vnexpression these.

Exter Coring Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life M. Touchfore?

Cw.

clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a thepheards life, it is paught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well : but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now In respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is redious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my Romacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one fickens, the worfe at case he is and that hee that wants money, mesnes, and concent, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne : That pood pasture makes fat sheepe; and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne : That hee that hathlearned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good

breeding, or coines of a very dull kindred. Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher

Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No cruly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.
Co. Truly thou are damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one fide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never law'it good manners t if thou never law'it good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is fin, and some is damnation: Thou art in a patlous flate thepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kiffe your hands; that courtefie would be vncleaule if Courtiers were shepheards.

Cle. Instance, briefly 1 come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their

Felsyou know are greafie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands (weate? and is not the greafe of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of s man? Shallow, shallow t A better instance I say:

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the fooner. Shallow g-

gen : a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the furgery of our sheepe : and would you have vs kille Tarre? The

Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciues.

Clo. Most shallow man : Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flets indeed: learne of the wife and perpend : Ciuet is.of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inflance Shepheard

Cer. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reft.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damo'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou are raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that leate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, envie no mans happineffe: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be based to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelucmouth

to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly.Ramme, out of all teasonable match. If thou bee'A not dema'd for this, the divell himselfe will have no shepherds, I connot see else how thou shoulds scape.

Cor. Hecre comes youg M. Ganimed, my new Miltril.

fes Brocher.

Enter Rofalind. Rof. From the east to westerne Inde, no iewel is like Rofalinde, Hir worth being mounted on the winde, through all the world beares Refalinde. All the piltures fairest Linde, are but blacke to Resulinde: Let no face bee tept in wind, but the fairs of Rofalinde.

Cio. lle time you lo, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted : it is the tight Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Rof. Out Foole.

Clo. For & wifte.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde, Les him secke one Rosalinde : If the Cat will after kinde, so be sure well Rosalinde:

Wintred garments must be linde. So must Stender Rosalinds 1

They that reap wrust sheafe and bunde, then to cart wish Rosalinde.

Sweetest nas, bash fowrest rinde, Such a nut is Refalinde. He that swectest rose will finde,

muft finde Loves pricke, & Rofalinde.

This is the verie falle gallop of Verfes, why doe you infect your felfe with them?

Rof. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad frui.e.

Rof. Ile graffe it wirb you, and then I Chall graffe it with a Medler : then it will be the earlieft fruit i'th counery : for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that s the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You have faid : but whether wisely or no, let the

Forrest indge.

Enter Celia with a writing. Rof. Peace, here comes my filler reading, frand afide.

Cel. Wby (bould the Defert bee, for it is unpeopled? Not:

Tonges Ile bang on curie tree, that shall civil sayings shoe. Some, bow briefe the Life of man

runs bis erring pilgrimage, That the firetching of a fpan.

buckles in his summe of age Some of violated vower,

swixt the foodes of friend, and friend: But upon the faired bowes ,

or at everse sentence end;

Will I Rofalinda write, teaching all that reade, to know

The quincessence of everie sprite. heaven would in little from . Therefore beauen Nature charg'd,

that one bodse should be full d With all Graces wide enlarg d, nasure prefemily diffill d

Ra

Helons

Helens cheeke, but not bu beart. Cleopatra's Maiefie; Attalanta's better part, Sad Lucrecia's Modeftie. Thu Rosalinde of monie parez, by Heanenly Synode was dense'd, Of manie faces, eyes, and bearss, to banc the touches deerest pris d. Heaven weuld that thee thefe gifts fhould have, and I so line and die ber flane.

Rof. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Louchaue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends : Shepheard. go off a lit-

tle : go with him firrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make zo honorable retrelt, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Cel. Didft thou heare thefe verfes?

Rof.. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would

Col. That's no matter: the feet might beare 9 verfes. Rof. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lame-

Cd. But didft chou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vporthele trees?

Rof. I was scuen of the nine dates out of the wonder, before you came : for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer fo berim'd fince Pysbagoras time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Rof. Is it a man?

ly in the verse.

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck; change you colour?

Rof. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rof. Nay, but who is it? Cel. Is it possible?

Rof. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary rehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wenderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfuil, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out

of all hooping.

Rof. Good my complection, doft thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, 15 2 South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and fpeakeapace: I would thou couldit flammer, that thou might ft powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Rof. Ishe of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a het? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rof. Why God will fend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me flay the growth of his beard, if thos delay menot the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong Orlando, that tript up the Wrastlers

heeles, and your heart, both in an inflant.

Ref. Nay, but the divell take mocking : Sprake ladde brow, and true maid

Cel. I'faith(Coz) ils he.

Ref. Orlanda? Cel. Orlando.

Rof. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet &! hole? What did he when thou law ft him? What layde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee ? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages fize to fay I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer

in a Catechilme.

Ros. But doch he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wraftled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolve the propositions of a Louer: but take ataste of my finding him, and rellish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Rof. It may vvel be cal'd loues tree, when it droppes

forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Rof. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee Aretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to fee fuch a fight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee i it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Rof. O omioous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would fing my long without a butthen, thou bring'ft me out of tune.

Rof. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & laques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Rof. 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

I aq I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had 1 : but yet for fashion sake I thanke you too, for your focietie.

lag. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do defire we may be better flrangers.

lag. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Loue-songs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you matte no moe of my verses with teading them ill-fauouredly.

Orl. Yes, Just. lag. Rosalinci is your loues name?

Ing. I do not like het name.
Orl. There was no thought of pleafing you when fine was christen'd.

lag. What stature is she of? Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

laq. You are ful of prety answers: have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wives, & cond the out of rings

Orl. Not fo: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your questions.

Inq. You have a nimble wit; I thinke twas made of Attalanta's heeles. Will you fitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

Or/ I wil chide no breather in the world but my felfe

against

against whom I know most faults.

149. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.
Orl. Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue : I am wearie of you.

lag. By my troth, I was feeking for a Foole, when I

found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him

lag. There I shal see mine owne figure

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher. lag. lle tarrie no longer with you, farewell good fignior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure : Adleu good Mon-

fieur Melancholly.

Rof. I wil speake to him like a fawcie Lacky. and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-Orl. Verie wel, what would you? (relter.

Ref. 1 pray you, what i'ft a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what sime o'day: there's no

clocke is the Forrest. Rof. Then there is no true Louer in the Fortest, else fighing everie minute and groaning everie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke

Ort. And why not the swift soote of time? Had not

that bin as proper?

Rof. By no meanes he; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: He tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall,

Orl. 1 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 folemnized if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is fo hard, that it feemes the length of leven yeare.

Orl Who ambles Time withal?

Rof. With a Priest shat lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes cassly becaufe he cannot fludy, and the other lives merrily because he feeles no paine : the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learnings the other knowing no hur. then of heavie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

With a theefe to the gallowes : for though hee go 25 fortly as foot can fall, he thinkes himfelfe too foor there.

Orl. Who staics it stil withal?

Rof. With Lawiers in the vacation : for they fleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they petceiuc nothow time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?
Rof. With this Shepheardelle my fifter: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Rof. As the Conie that you fee dwell where thee is kindled.

OrL Your accent is something finer, then you could

purchase in so removed a dwelling

Rof. I have bin cold to of many : but indeed, an olde teligious Vnckle of mine raught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well for there he fel in loue. I have heard him read many Lestors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with to many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole fex withat.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Rof. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault feeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Rof. No: I wil not calt away my phylick, but on those that are ficke. There is a man haunts the Forreft, that aboses our yong plants with caruing Rosalinde on their barkes; liangs Oades voon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forfooth) defying the name of Refalinde. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to have the Quotidian of Loue ypon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel

me your remedie.

Rof. There is none of my Vnckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love : in which cage of rulhes, I am fure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Rof. A leane checke, which you have not: a blew eie and funken, which you have not : an unquestionable lpiric, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you hauenor: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hsuing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hole (hould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your fleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerte thing about you, demonstrating a carelesse desolation; but you are no fuch man; you are rather point denice in your accoustrements,25 louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any others

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beteeve Rof. Me beleeue it? You may alloone make her that you Love beleeve it, which I warrant she is apter to do then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women fill give the lie to their conferences. But in good footh, are you he that hangs the verfes on the

Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. Is weare to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak? Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Rof: Loue is meerely a madneffe, and I tel you, deferues as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too : yer I professe curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any fo?

Rof. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Millris : and I fee him everice day to weeme At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaflical, apith, thallow, inconfrant, ful of reares, full of finiles; for eueric passion something, and for no pallion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then for fwear him : now weepe for him, then fpit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad homos of love, to a living homos of madnes & was to fortweare the ful stream of y woild, and to flue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will take upon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a found theepes heart, that there thal nor be one spot of Loue in't.

Orf. I would not be cured, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rofalord, and come everie day to my Coat, and woc me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tel me

Ref. Go with me to it, and He shew it you: and by the way, you shal cell me where in the Forrest you live : Wil you go?
Orl. Withall my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come fister, will you go? Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Andrey & laques.

Clo Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet?
Doth my fumple feature content you?

And. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features? Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest Ouid was among the Gothes.

lag. Oknowledgeill inhabited, worse then loue in

a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit feconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding; it strikes aman more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome : truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I'do not know what Poetical is: is it honeft in

deed and word: is it a true thing?

(lo. No trulie : for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are gluen to Poetrie and what they Sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aid. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me

Class. I do truly : for thou swear'st to me thou are honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didft feigne.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, valesse thou were hard fauout'd : for honeflie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a fawce to Sugar.

A materiall foole.

And. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Cle. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule But, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

And. I am not a flur, though I thanke the Goddes I

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; fluttishnesse may come heereofter. But beit, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee : and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Fortest, and to couple vs.

lag. I would faine fee this meeting. And. Wel, the Gods give vs 10y.

Glo. Amen. Aman may if he were of a featful heart stagger in this accempt : for heere wee have no Temple but the wood, no affembly but horne-beafts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necelfarie. It is faid, meny a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the downe of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; bornes, even fo poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hash them as hoge as the Rufcall : Is the finglem n therefore bleffed ? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a villege, & is the forehead of a matried man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a home more precious then to want.

Enser Sir Oliver Mardezt.

Heere comes Six Oliver: Six Oliver Mex-text you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs hoese voder this tree, or that we go with you to your Chappell?

OL Is there none beere to give the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guit of any man.

Ol. Truly the must be given, or the marriage is not

lag. Proceed, proceede : The give her.

Clo. Good even good M what ye cal't : how do you Sir, you are verie well met : goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to fee you, even a toy in hand heere Sir : Nay, pray be cover'd.

Inq. Wilyou be married, Motley?
Clo. As the Oze hath his bow fir, the horse his coth, and the Falcon her bels, fo man hath his defires, and as

Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling

lag. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that cantely ou what marriage is, this scllow wil but joyne you together, as they joyne Wainfoot, then one of you wil prope a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee matried of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good

excuse for me heerestier, to leave my wife.

lag. Goethou with mee, And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete Andrey,

We must be married, or we must live in baudrey s Farewel good Mr Oliver: Not O Sweet Oliver, O brave Oliner leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I fay, I wil not to wedding with thec.

Ol. Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all that flour me out of my calling.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Rof. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe. Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the grace to confider, that teares do not become a man.

Rof. But have I not cause to weepe? Cel. As good cause as one would defire,

Therefore weepe.

Rof. His very baire

Is of the diffembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudalles: Marric his kifles are Iudaffes owne children.

Rof. I'faith his baire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour :

Your Chessenut was ever the onely colour: Rof. And his killing is as ful of landitie, As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of Diana; a Nun of winters fifterhood kiffes not more religiouslie, the very yee of chastity is in them

Rofa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this

morning, and comes not?

Cel. Ney certainly there is no truth in him.

Rof. Doe you thinke so? Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-Realer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Rof. Not true in loue? Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Rof. You have heard him sweare downright he was. Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of falle reckonings, he attends here in the for-

rest on the Duke your father,

Rof. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que-Rion with him : he askt me of what parentage I was ; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man

Cel. Othat's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his lo-uer, as a puiling Tilter, y spars his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goofe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides : who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you have oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue, Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph, Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will fee a pageant truely plaid Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine, Goehence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will marke it.

Rof. O come, let vs remoue, The fight of Louers feedeth those in loue: Bring vs to this fight, and you shall fay He proue a busic actor in their play.

Exernt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvins and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe doe not scorne me, do not Phebe Say that you love me not, but fay not fo In bitternesse; the common executioner Whose heart th'accustom'd fight of death makes hard Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you sterner be Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin. Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not injure thee: Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye, Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That eyes that are the frailft, and fofteft things, Who shut their coward gates on atomyes, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers. Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee; Now counterfeit to fwound, why now fall downe, Or if thou canft not. oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers: Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush The Cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palme fome moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am fure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurr.

Sil. O deere Phebe,

If euer (as that euer may be neere) You meet in some fresh checke the power of sancie, Then shall you know the wounds invisible That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. Bur till that time

Come not thou neere me ; and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me nor, Astill that time I shall not pitty thee.

Rof. And why I pray your who might be your mother That you infult, 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 : Must you be therefore prowd and pittilesse? Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me? I fee no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures falc-worke? ods my little life, I thinke the meanes to tangle my eies too: No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it, Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame That can encame my spirits to your worship: You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you sollow her Lille foggy South, puffing with winde and raine, You are a thousand times a propercr man Then the a woman, 'Tis fuch fooles as you That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children: Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her; And out of you the fees her felfe more proper Then any of her lineaments can show her: But Miftris, know your felfe, downe on your knees And thanke heaven, fasting, for a good mans love; For I must tell you friendly in your ease, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer, Foule is most foule, being foule to bos scoffer. So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together, I had rather here you chide, then this man woos.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll Fall in love with my anger. If it be fo, as fast As the answeres thee with frowning looker, ile sauce Her with bitter words : why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Rof. I pray you do not fall in love with mee, For I am faller then vowes made in wine : Befides, I like you not : if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tufft of Olives, here hard by: Will you goe Sifter? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sifter : Shepheardeffe, looke on him better And be not proud, though all the world could fee, None could be so abus'd in sight as bee. Come, to our flocke,

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy faw of might, Who ever lov'd that lou'd not at first light?

Sil. Sweet Phebe

Phe. Hah: what failt thou Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phobe pitty me.

Phe. Why I am forry for thee gentle Silvius.

Sil. Where ever forrowis, reliefe would be : If you doe forrow at my griefe in love . By guing love your forrow, and my griefe Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Pbe. Why that were couetoufnesse: Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee; And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue, But fince that thou canst talke of love so well, Thy company, which erft was irkesome to me I will endure; and lie employ thee too: But doe not looke for further recompence Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love, And I in such a powerty of grace, That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop To gleane the broken eares after the man That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then A scattred smile, and that He live vpon.

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yese. Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft, And he hath bought the Corcage and the bounds

That the old Carlot once was Master of. Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him, Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well, But what care I for words? yet words do well When he that speakes them pleases those that heare: It is a pietty youth, not very prettie, But fure hee's proud, and yethis pride becomes him; Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him Is his complexion : and faster then his tongue Did make offence, his eye did beale it vp : He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall: His leg is but fo fo, and yet 'tis well : There was a pretty tednelle in his lip A littleriper, and more lustie red Then that mixt in his cheeke: 't was just the difference Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Danraske. There be some women Silving, had they marke him In parcells as I did, would have gone neere To fall in love with him : but for my part I loue him not, nor hate him not : and yet, Have more cause to hate him then to love him, For what had he to doe to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke ,

And now I am remembred, scoru'd at me :

Butthat's all one : omittance is no quittance :

He write to him a very tanting Letter, And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Siluius? Sil. Phebo, with all my heart.

I matuell why I sofwer'd not againe,

Phe. He write it frait : The matter's in my head, and in my heart, I will be bitter with him, and paffing short; Goe with me Siluine.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Rofalind, and Celia, and Laques.

1.49. I prethee, pretty youth, let me betrer acquainted with thee.

Rof They fay you are a melancholly fellow.

lag. Iam fo : I doe loue it better then laughing. Rof. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselves to every modeme censore, worse then drunkards.

lag. Why, tis good to be lad and lay nothing.

Rof. Why then'to good to be a poste.

lag. I have neither the Schollers melahcholy, which is emulation: nor the Mulitians, which is fantafricall: nor the Courtiers, which is proud : nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious : nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice. nor the Louers, which is all thefe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples extracted from many obiects, and indeed the fundrie contemplation of my travelis, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most bumorous ladnelle.

Rof. A Traueller: by my faith you have great reafon to be lad : I feare you have fold your owne Lands, to fee other mens; then to have feene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

lag. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando

Rof. And your experience makes you lad: I had rather have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to: make me lad, and to travaile for it roo

Orl. Good day, and happinelle, deere Refalma.

lag. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke

Ref. Farewell Mounfieur Travellor : looke you lispe, and weare thrange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of love with your natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will learce thinke you have fwam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where have you bin all this while? you a lover? and you ferue me luch another tricke, never come in my fight more.

Orl. My faire Rofalind, I come within an house of my

promile.

Rof. Breake an houses promise in love? hee that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be faid of him that Capid hath claps him oth' shoulder, but He warrant him heart bole.

Url. Pardon me deere Rofalind.

Ref. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my fight. I had as liete be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ref. 1, of a Smalle: for though he comes flowly, hee extres his house on his head; a better joynclure I thinke then you make a woman : besides, he brings his destinie with him

Orl. What's that:

Rof. Why hornes: w fuch as you are faine to be beholding to your wives for : but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.

Orl. Veriue

Orl. Vertue is no home-maker: and my Refalind is

Rof. And I am your Rofolind.

Col. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Roso-

lind of a better leere then you.

Rof. Come, wood me, wood mee a for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to confent: What would you fay to me now, and I were your verie, verie Rofalind?

Orl. I would kiffe before I spoke.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to killer verie good Oracors when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanlieft shift is to kiffe.

Orl. How if the kille be denide ?

Rof. Then the puts you to entreztie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his belowed

Miftris?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, onl should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my fuite?

Rof. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your

Am not I your Refelind !

Orl. I take some loy to say you are, because I would netalking of her.

Ref. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ref. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost fix thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (videlices) in a loue cause: Tradomenad his braines dash'd out witha Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. Leander, he would have liu'd manie a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for louc.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind,

for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ref By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your Refalind in a more comming-on difpolition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me Rosalind.

Rof. Yes faith will I, fridates and facerdates, and all

Orl. And will thou have me?

Rof. I, and twentie such. Orl. Whet saiest thou?

Ref. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope fo

Rosalind. Why then, can one defire too much of a good thing: Come lifter, you shall be the Priest, and marrievs: give me your hand Orlando: What doe you lay lifter ?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot fay the words.

Rof. You must begin, will you Orlando.

Cel. Goe too . wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rofalind:

Orl. I will.

Nof. I, but when ? Ord. Why now, as fast as the can marrie vs.

Ref. Then you must fay, I take thee Roselind for

Orl. I take thee Refaland for wife.

Rof. I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband : there's a girle goes before the Prieft, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me how long you would have her, afcer you have possest her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wives : I will bee more icalous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Patrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my defires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like Diara in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to fleepe

Orl. But will my Rofalind doe fo? Rof. By my life, the will doe as I doe. Orl. O but the is wife.

Ros. Or elfe thee could not have the wit to doe this: the wifer, the waywarder: make the doores woon a womans wit, and it will our at the cafement: fhut that; and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the Smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with fuch a wit he might

fay, wit whether wil't?

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke forft, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excuse that? Rofa. Marry to fay, the came to fecke you there : you shail-neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue : o that woman that cannot make her fault her hulbands occasion, les her neuer nurse her childe her felfe, for the will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres Rofaliode, I wil leave thee.

Rof. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houses. Orl. I must attend the Duke at dimer, by two a cleck I will be with thee againc.

Rof. 1, goe your water, goe your water: I knew what ou would proue, my friends told mec as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death : two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I. Iweet Rofalind.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee , and by all pretty outher that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promife, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most viworthy of her you call Refalende, that may bee chosen out of the groffe band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my centure, and keep your pro-

Orl With no lesse religion, then if thou were indeed

my Rofalind: so adieu.

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all fuch offenders, and lectime try : adieu. Cel. You have fraply milus'd our fexc in your love-

prace :

prate: we must have your doublet and hole pluckt over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou did now how many fathome deepe I am in love i but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an visknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Orrather battomleffe, that as fall as you poure

affedion in, in runs out.

Ref. No, that fame wicked as stand of Vennu, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinder as saily boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee sudge, bow deepel amin loue: ile tell thee Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: lie goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile Geepe

Exensi

Scena Secunda.

Enter lagnes and Lords, Forrestors.

log. Which is he that killed the Deare? Lord, Sir, it was !

lag. Let's present him to the Dukelske a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

lag. Singit: 'tis no matter how it been rune, fo it make noyle enough.

Mulicke, Song.

What shall be have that kild the Deare?

His Leasher thin and bornes to we are:

Then sing him borne, the rest shall be are this burthen;

Take thou no scorne to weare the borne,

It was a crest ere thou wast berne,

Thy sathers sather were it,

And thy suther borne, the suffy horne,

It not a thing to langh to scorne.

Exerns

Scona Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Colon.

Ref. How lay you now, is it not past two a clock? And heere much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain, Enter Silnim.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrower, and is gone forth. To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle Phobs. did bid me give you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueffe
By the fleme brow, and waspish action
Which she did vie, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Rof Patience her felfe would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, beare this beare all. Shee faics I am not faite, that I lacke manners. She calls me proud, and that sne could not lour me Were man as rare as Phenix: od's my will, Her loue is not the Haire shat I doe hunt, Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard well, This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I proteR, I know not the contence.

Phobe did write it.

Ref Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn d into the extremity of love
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestooc coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That het old gloves were on, but twas her hands:
She has a hus wives hand, but that a no matter.
I say the never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is bers.

Rof. Why its a boy sterous and a cruell state,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: wromens gende braine
Could not drop forth such giant cude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: wall you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:

Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie.

Rof. She Photos me: marke how the igrant vertes. Read. Artibou ged, to Shepherd surn 47

That a maiden; beart baib burn d Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing? Rof. Read. Wby, 1by godhend land a part, War Albou with a womers heart? Did you ever heare fuch railing? Whiles the eye of man did wood me. That could do no vengeance to me. Meaning me a bealt. If the scorne of your bright eine Have power to raise such love to mine, Alacke, in me, what fir inge effett Would they works in milde aspell? Whiles you chid me, I did love, How then might your prairs I mount He thas brings this lone to thee . Luile knowes this Love in one : Andby bim feale up thy minde , Whether that they youth and kinds Will ibe faithfull offer take Of me, and all ibai I can make, Or elfe by bim my love dense, And then He Andre bow to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding? Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ref. Doe you pitty him? No, he deserues no pitty: wilt thou love such a woman? what to make thee an infirumenc, and play salse straines vpon thee? not to be endured. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Love hath made thee a time inake) and say this to her; That is she love me, I charge het to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, vnfesse thou increat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Olizer. know)

Olizer. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands

A

A sheep-coat, senc'd about with Olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom The ranke of Oziers, by the murmoring streame Left on your right hand, brings you to the place? But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe, There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue, Then should I know you by description, Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is face, Offemall fauour, and bestowes himselfe 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. It is no boalt, being ask'd, to fay we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both, And to that youth hee calls his Refalind He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he f

Rof. I am : what must we vuderstand by this? Ou. Some of my shame, 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 last the yong Orlando parted from you, He left a promise to returne agains Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest, Chewing the food of (weet and bitter fancie, Loe what befell : he threw his eye alide, And marke what obiect did prefent it felfe Under an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age And high top, bald with drie antiquitie: A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire Lay fleeping on his back; about his necke A greene and guilded inake bad wreath'd it lelfe, Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd The opening of his mouth: but fodsinly Seeing Orlando, it vnlink'd it felfe, And with Indented glides, did flip away Into a bush, under which bushes shade A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie, Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch When that the fleeping man should stiere; for 'tis The royall disposition of thet beast To prey on nothing, that doth feeme as dead: This feene. Orlando did approach the man, And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that tame brother, And he did render him the most vnnaturall

That liu'd amongst men.
Ole. And well he might so doe, For well I know he was annaturall

Ref. But to Orlando: did he leave him there

Food to the luck'd and hungry Lyonnelle?
Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos dio r But kindneffe, noblet ever then revenge, And Nature stronger then his just occasion, Made him give battell to the Lyonnelle: Who quickly fell before him, in which hurrling From miserable flumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother? Rof. Was't you he rescu d? Col. Was't you that did!

Was't you that did to oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but'tis not I: I doe not fhame To tell you what I was, fince my conversion So (weeetly taftes, being the thing I am-

Rof. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by :

When from the first to last betwizt vs two. Teares our recouncments had most kindely bath'd, As how I came into that Defert place. I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke, Who gave nie fresh aray, and entertainment, Committing me vnto my brothers love, Who led me inflantly vnto his Caue, There stripthimselfe, and heere vpon his arme The Lyonnelle had tome fome flesh away , Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted, And cride in fainting vpon Rofalinds.
Briefe, I recourt dhim, bound vp his wound, And after some small space, being strong at heart, He lent me hither, ftranger as I am To tell this flory, that you might excuse His broken promise, and to give this napkin Died in this bloud, ento the Shepheard youth, That he in spore doth call his Refalind

Cel. Why how now Gammed, sweet Gammed.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.

Cel, There is more in it; Cosen Ganimed.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Rof. I would I were at home. Cel. Wee'll lead you thicher:

pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth : you a man? You lacke a mans heart.

Rof. I doe fo, I confesseit.

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterferted. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited : heigh-ho.

Ols. This was not counterfeit, there sa too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear-

Rof. Counterfeit, l'affure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to

Rof. So I doe i but yfaish, I should have beene z woman by right

Cel. Come.you looke paler and paler:pray you draw homewards: good fir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I : for i must beare answere backe How you escule my brother, Rosalund.

Rof. I shall deuise something : but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him ; will you goe?

Altus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Ambie

Clow. We shall finde a time Audrit, patience gen. ele Ambrie.

And. Faith the Priest was good enough, for oll the olde gentlemans faying.

Clow. A most wicked Sit Oliner, Andrie, a most vito Martexi. But Andrie, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layer claime to you.

And. I, I know who 'ris he hath no interest in mee in the world here comes the man you meane

Enter William.

Clo. It Is meat and drinke to me to fee a Clowne, by

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for : we shall be flouring : we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n Audrey.

And Godye good eu'n William.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir. Cle. Good eu'n gentle stiend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Flueand twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreft heere?

Will. I fir I thanke God.

Clo. Thanks God: A good solver ! Art rich?

Will Fnith fir, fo, fo. Cle. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:

and yet it is not, it is but fo, for Art thou wife?

will. I fir, I have a prettle wit.

Cle. Why, shou failt well. I do now remember a fay-Ing I The Foole doth thinke he is wife, but the wifeman knowes himfelfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philofopher, when he had a defire to cate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to cate, and lippes to open. You do loue this mald?

Will. I do fic.

Ch. Give me your hand : Art thou Learned!

Will No sic.

Cio. Then learne this of me, To have, Is to have. Por it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do confent, that pfe is hee: now you are not ip/e, for I am he.

Will. Which he fir?

Clo. He fir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the focietie; which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the fociety of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vaders anding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, transfere thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyfon with thee, or in ballinado, or in fleele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will orearun thee with spolice : I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart,

And. Do good William.

Will. God reft you merry fit.

Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Mafter and Mistreffe seekes you: come s-

Clo. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend,

lattend.

Exami

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliner.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you (hould like her? that, but feeing, you fhould love her? And louing moo? and wooing, the Chould grount? And

will you perfeuer to enloy her i

Ol. Neither call the giddinelle of it in question; the powertie of her, the small acquaintance, my fodsine woing, not fodaine confenuing : but fay with mee, I love Aliena : fay with her, that the loves mee; confent with both, that we may enjoy each other t it fhall be to your good : for my fathers house, and all the teuennew, shat was old Six Romlands will I office upon you, and heers live and die a Shepherd.

Enter Refalind

. Orl. You have my confent. Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for looke you,

Rof. God faue you brother. Ol. And you fzire fufter.

Herie comes my Refalmde.

Rof. Oh my deere Criando, how it greeues me co fee thee weare thy heart in a fearfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady."
Rof. Didyour brother tell you how I counterfeyed

to found, when he thew'd me your handkercher? Orl. I, and greater wonders then thet.

Kof. O, I know where you are: nay, tis truet there was never any thing fo fodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and Cofars Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my fifter, no fooner met, but they look'd : no fooner look'd, but they lou'd; no fooner lou'd, but they figh'd : no fooner figh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remediet and in these degrees, hauethey made a paire of fishes to marriage, which they will climbe inceatinent, or elfe bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot pert them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow : and I will bid the Duke to the Nupriall But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans elese by fo much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavineffe. by how much I shall thinke my brother happie, in having what he wishes for.

Ref. Why then to morrow, I cannot ferue your turne

for Refalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will wearie you then no longer with idle tal-king. Know of methen (for now I fpeake to fome purpole) that I know you ere a Gentleman of good concert: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: infomuch (I fay) I know you are:neither do I labor for a greater effeeme then may in lome little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you please, that I can do ftrange things : I have fince I was three years old convert with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damaable. If you do love Rosaludo fo neere the hart, as your gesture eries it out: when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marrieber. I know into what fireights of Fortune their driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you,

to fet her before your eyes to morrow humane as the is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'A thou in fober meanings?

Rof. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I fny I am a Maguian: Therefore put you in your beft aray, bid your friends : for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to Rofalind if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers. Phe. Youth, you have done me much vngendenelle,

To thew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not if I have : it is my ftudle To seeme despightfull and ungentle to your you are there followed by a faithful shepheard, Looke vpon him, loue him! he worships you.

Phe. Good Thepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Sil. It is to be all made of fighes and teares,

And fo am I for Phibe.

Pbc. And I for Genemed. Orl. And I for Rofalind.

Ref And I for no woman.
Sd. It is to be all made of faith and feruice,

And fo am I for Phebe

Phe. And I tor Garimed. Orl. And I for Kofalmd.

Rof. And I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of fantafie,

All made of pattion, and all made of withes, All adoration, dutie, and observance, All humblenelle, all patience, and impatience,

All puritic, all triall, all observance r And fo am I for Pbebs.

Phe. And so am I for Gowimed Orl. And so am I for Resalind.

Rof. And To am I for no woman. Phe. If this be fo, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be fo, why blame you me to lone you? Orl. If this be fo, why blame you me to love you?

Ref. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee

to love you

Orl To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.
Ref. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Itish Wolves against the Moone: I will helpe you If I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and lle be married to niorrow : I will fatisfie you, if cuer I facisfi'd nian; and you shall be emarried to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleafes you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you love Rosalma oreet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no women, lle meet : so fare you wel : I hauc lest you com-

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.

Phe. Nor I. Orl. Nor I

FXCMAL.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clewno and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the loyfull day Autrey, to morow will we be married.

And. I do delire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishanest defire, to defire to be a waman of y world? Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages. Enter two Pages.

1.Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Cla By my troth well met . come, fit, fit, and a fong. 2.Pa. We are for you, fit i'th middle,

1.Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or foitting, or faying we are hoatle, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice

2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both în a tune like two

giplies on a horle.

Song. It was a Louer, and bis laffe, With a key, and a bo, and a beg nowine. That o're the groene corne feeld didpaffe, In the fring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do fing, they ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers love the fring,
And therefore take the prefent time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey noniwo, For love w crowned with the prime, lo spring time, orc.

Betweene the acres of the Rie, With a boy and a ho & a boy nonino i These prewie Country folls would lis. In spring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that bours, With a bey and a bo, et a boy nonino : How that a life was but a Flower, In foring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Genelemen, though there was no great matter in the dittie, yet 9 note was very vntunable 1.Ps. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare fuch a foolish fong. God buy you, and God mend your volces. Come Andrie.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Luques, Orlan. do. Olinar, Celes.

Du. Son. Dost thou beleeve Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeve, and somtimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare. Enter Rofalinde, Siluino, & Phobo.

Rof. Patience once more, whiles our copact is vrg'd: You fay, if I bring in your Rosalinde,

You wil bestow her on Orlando heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with hir. Ref. And you fay you wil have her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King. Rof. You fay, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Pbc. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Rof. But if you do refule to marrie me, You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard. Phe. So is the bargaine.

Rof. You say that you'l have Phobe if the will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing. Rof

Rof. I have promis'd to make all this matter even : Keepe you your word, O Duke, to glue your daughter, You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter s Keepe you your word Phobe, that you'l marrie ma, Or elle refuling me to wed this shepheard: Keepe your word Siluim, that you'l marrie her If the refuse me, and from hence I go Exit Rof. and Colin.

To make these doubts all euen. Du. Sen. I do remember in this Inepheard boy, Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer law him, Me thought he was a brother to your daughter's But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne, And hath bin tutor din the rudiments Of many desperace studies, by his vnekle, Whom he reports to be a great Magittan. Enter Clowne and Audrey

Obscared in the circle of this Forieft.

lag. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a pays of verie strange beafts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Saluration and greeting to you all.

lag. Goodmy Lord, bid him welcome : This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that , let him put mee to my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flattred a Lady, I have bin politicke with my friend, farooth with mine enemie, I have vodone three Tailors, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have fought one.

laq. And how was that cane up?
Clo. Faith we enet, and found the quartel was upon the fewenth cause.

lag. How seventh cause? Goodmy Lord, like this fellow.

Du. So. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ud you fir, I defire you of the like : I prefie in heere fir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to (weare, and to for (weare, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin lir, an il-fanor dithing fir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine lir, to take that that no man elfe will : rich honestie dwels like a mifer fir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-

Dw. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious Clo. According to the fooles bolt fir, and fuch dulcet diseeles.

lag. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the leventh cause?

Clo. Vpon alge, feuen times removed: (beare your bodie more leeming Audry) 21 thus fit: I did distike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard : he lent me word, if I faid 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 fend me word be cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he difabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If agains it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold fay, llie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelfome: and fo ro lye circumftantiall, and the lye dire &.

lag. And how ofe did you say his beard was not well

Clo. I durli go no further then the lye circumftantisl:

nor he durit not give me the lye direct : and to wee musfur'd I words, and parced.

lag. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of

the lye

(10. O fir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: asyou have bookes for good manners I I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip-modest the third, the reply Churlish the fourth, the Reproofe valiant , the fift, the Counterchecke querrelsome : the firt, the Lye with circumstance : the feauenth, the Lye direa : all thele you may avoyd, but the Lye dired : and you may avoide that too, with an If. 1 knew when seuen lustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themfelues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you feide fo, then I faide fo : and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, la the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

149. Is northis a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good

at any thing, and yet a foole.

Dw. Se. He vies his folly like a flatking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit

Euter Hymon, Rofalind, and Colva. Still Muficke Hymen. Then wthere miveb in bearin, When earthly things made easen allone logerber. Good Duke receive 1 by daughter, Hymen from Hearen brongh har, Teabresghi ber beiter. That thou might forme bu bead with bu, Whose beart within his bosome is. Rof. To you I give my felfe, for I am yours.
To you I give my felfe, for I am yours.

Dn. Se If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter. Orl. If there be truth in fight, you are my Rofalind Phe. If fight & shape be true, why then my love adieu

Rof. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he : He have no Husband, if you be not he: Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not free.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion, Tis I must make conclusion Of these most strange events: Here's eight that must take hands, To joyne in Hymens bands, Iftruth holds true contents. You and you, no crosse shall part; You and you, are bart in hart: You, to his love must accord, Or have a Woman to your Lord. You and you, are fure together, As the Winter to fowle Weather: Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we ling, Frede your selves with questioning That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met, and these things sinlin.

Song Wedding is great lunes crowns,
O bleffed band of board and bed: 'Tu Hymen peoples enerse towne, High wedleck then be bonered ! Hener, high boose and renowne To Hymen, God of every Towns

Du, Se. O my decre Neece, welcome thou art to the, Euen daughter welcome, in no leffe degree.

Phe

Phe. I wil not ease my word, now thou are mine, Thy faith, my fancie to thee doch combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2. Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second some of old 5r Rewland,

That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.

Duke Frederick hearing how that everie day

Men of great worth resorted to this fortest.

Addrest a mightie power, which were on some

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 restor d to himagaine

That were with him exil'd. This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Du.Se. Welcome yong man 1

Thou offer R fairely to thy brothers wedding!

To one his lands with-held, and to the other

Aland it felfe at large, a potent Dukedome.

Firft, in this Forreft, let vs do those ends

That heere vvete well begun, and wel begot:

And after, every of this happie number

That have endur'd threw'd daies, and nights with vs,

Shal share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,

And fall into our Rusticke Rewelrie:

Play Muscke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,

With measure heap'd in ioy, to th Measures fall.

Lag. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly.
The Dake bath put on a Religious life,
And throwne luto neglect the pompous Court.

2. Bro. He hath.

Inq. To him will 1: out of these convertices,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it,
you to a lone, that your true faith doth ment:
you to your land, and love, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

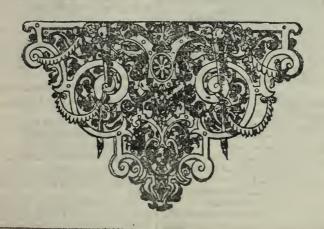
Du.Se. Stay, laques, fray.

lag. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
lle stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. Exit.
Da. Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,

As we do truft, they'l end in true delights. Rof. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs. no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vie good bushes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot infinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you beste to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare to women (as I perceine by your fimpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Women, I would kille as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that hk'd me, and breaths that doff de not : And I am fire, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or fweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'fie, bid me farewell.

FINIS.

S 2





THE Taming of the Shrew.

Alus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hustes, Christephero Sly.

Le pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of flockes you roque.

Ecg. Y'are a baggage, the Slive are no
Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came
in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Pan-

cas pallabru, let the world flide: Seffa.

Hoft. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. Isronimie, goe to thy
cold bed, and warme thee.

Hoft. I know my remedie, I muit go fetch the Head-

borough.

Brg. Third, or fourth, or fit Borough, He answere him by Law. He norbudge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Faller afterpe.

Winds bornes. Enter a Lord from bunting, with his traine
Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tendet well my hounds,
Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imbost.
And couple Clowder with the deeper-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loase the dogge for twentic pound.

Hunsf. Why Belman is as good as be my Lord
He cried upon it at the meereft loffe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleft fent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou are a Foole, if Eccho were as fleete,
I would efteeme him worth a dozen fuch:
But fup them well, and looke vino them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Humf. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth

2. Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to fleep fo foundly.

Lord. Oh mooftrous beaft, how like a fwine he lyes.
Grim dearh, how foule and loathfome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practife on this drunken man
What thinke you, if he were conuey d to bed,
Wrap'd in fweet cloathes: Rings put a pon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfer

* Flow. Relegue me Lord. I thinke he cannot choofe.

1. Him. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.
2. H. It would feem strange voto him when he wak'd Lerd. Euen as aflatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the selt: Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, And hang it round with all my veanton pictures: Balme his foule head in warme duftilled waters, And burne fweet Woodto make the Lodging fweete: Procure me Musicke readie when he rvakes, To make a dulcer and a heavenly found And if he chance to speake, be readie ftraight (And with a lowe submissive reverence) Say, what is it your Honor vvil command : Let one attend him vvith a filure Bafon Full of Role-water, and bettiew d with Flowers Another beate the Ewer: the third a Diaper, And say will please your Lordship coole your hands Some one be readie with a costly fuite, And aske him what apparted he will weare: Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe, And that his Ladie mournes at his difeale, Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaucke, And when he fayes he is, fay that he dreames, For he is nothing but a mightie lord: This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs, Ir wilbe pastime passing excellent. Ifit be husbanded with modestie.

I Hunt My Lord I watrant you we wil play our part As he shall thinke by our true diligence He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lard. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound transpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet tis that found.

Belike some Noble Gentleman that means (Travelling some routney) to repote him heere.

Enter Scrungman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An t please your Honor, Players That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players Lord. Bid them come neere:

Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor

Lord. Do you intend to flay with me to night?

2.Player. So pleafe your Lotdshippe to accept out dutie.

Lord With all my heart. This fellow I remember, Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest fonce, Twas where you woo'd the Gendewoman fo well: Ibane forgot your name: but fure that part

W 25

Was aprly htted, and naturally perform'd. Sincklo. I thinke twas Soto that your bonor meanes. Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didftit excellent : Well you are come to me in happie time, The rather for I have some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can affift me much There is a Lord will heare you play to night; But I am doubtfull of your modeffies, Leaft (over-eying of his odde behaulour, For yet his honor neuer heard a play) You breake into fome merrie passion, And so offend him : for I tell you firs, If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Flas. Frate not my Lotd, we can contain our selues, Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go firra, take them to the Butterie, And give them friendly welcome everie one. Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exis one with the Players. Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page, And fee him dreft in all fuites like a Ladie : That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber, And call him Madam, do him obeisance: Tell him from me (as he will win my love) He beare himselse with honourable action, Such as he hath obseru'd innoble Ladies Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished, Such dutie to the drunkard let him do: With fost lowe tongue, and iowly curtefic, And fay: What is't your Honor will command, Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, May thew her dutie, and make knowne her loue. And then with kinde embracements, compting killes-And with declining head into his bosome Bid him thed teares, as being ouer-ioyed To fee her noble Lord reftor'd to health, Who for this feuen yeares hath afteemed him No better then a poore and loathfome begger: And if the boy have not a womans guift To raine a shower of commanded teares, An Onion wil do well for such a shift, Which in a Napkin (being close conuci'd) Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie ; See this disparch'd with all the hast thou canst, Anon lle give thee more infructions.

Exit a serungman. I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace, Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman ! I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, And how my men will flay themselves from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peafant, He in to counfell them: haply my presence May well abate the oner-merrie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enser alofe the drunkaed with attendants, some with apparel,

Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, or Lord.

Beg. Por Gods fake a por of small Ale.
1. Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of facke? 2 Ser. Wilt please your Honor iafte of these Conferues :

3.Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day. Beg. I am Christophero Sly, call not mee Honous nor Lordhip: I ne're drank facke in my life: and if you give me any Conferues, give me conferues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment He weare, for I have no more doub-

lets then backes : no more flockings then legges : nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more seete then shooes, or such shooes as my roes look through the ouer- leather.

Lord. Heaven cesse this idle humor in your Honor. Oh that a mightie man of fuch discent. Of luch possessions, and so high esteeme Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Chri-Stopher Slie, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by prefent profession a Tinker. Aske Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincor, if thee know me not: if the fay I am not willed, on the fcore for theere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen dome. What I am not bestraught : here's.

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie moutne. 2 Man. The this is it that makes your feruants droop. Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred fluns your As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames ; Looke how thy feruants do attend on thee, Each in his office readie at thy becke. Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, Musick And twentle caged Nightingales do fing.
Or wilt thou fleepe? Wee'l have thee to a Couch, Softer and (weeter then the luftfull bed On purpole trim'd vp for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walke : we wil bestrow the ground. Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd, Their harnesso studded all with Gold and Pearle. Doft thou louchs wking ? Thou hast hawkes will foare About the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt. Thy hounds shall make the Welkin enswer them And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hellow earth.

1 Men. Say thou wilt courfe, thy gray-hounds nrc as As breathed Stags I flecter then the Roe. 2 M.Dost thou love pictures we wil fetch thee frait Adonis painted by a running brooke, And Citherea all in fedges hid, Which seeme to move and wanton with her breath, Euen as the waulng sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l show thee lo, as she was a Maid, And how the was beguiled and furpriz'd, As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or Daphne roining through a thornie wood, Scratching her legs, that one shall we see the bleeds, And at that light shall fad Apollo weepe, So workmanlie the blood and testes are drawne.

Lord. Thou are a Lord, and nothing but a Lord: Thou haft a Ladie farre more Benutifull,

Then any woman in this waining age.

1 Man. And til the ceares that the bath thed for thee, Like enmous flouds ore-run her lovely face, She was the faitest creature in the world, And yet shee is inseriour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I fuch a Ladle? Or do I dreame? Or have I dream'd till now? I do not sleepe : I fee, I heare, I speake : I fmel fweet favours, and I feele toft things i Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede, And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie. Well, bring our Ladic hither to our fight, And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. Man. Wileplease your mightinesse to wash your

Oh how we toy to fee your wit reftor'd, Oh that once more you knew but what you are ; These fifteene yeeres you have bin in a dreame, Or when you wak'd, fo wak'd as if you flepe

Bey. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly map,

But did I never speake of all that time

1 Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words, For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber, Yet would you lay, ye were besten out of doore, And raile vpon the Hoffcile of the house, And fay you would prefent her at the Leete, Because the brought frane-lugs, and no feal'd quarts : Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket

Beg. I the womans maide of the house. man. Why fit you know no houle, not no fuch maid Nor no fuch men as you have reckon'd vp, As Scepben Slie, and old John Naps of Greece, And Peter Turph, and Henry Pumper nell, And twentie more fuch names and men as thefe, Which neuer were, nor no man ever faw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good smends.

AL Amen.

Emer Ladywith Allendanii Beg. I thanke thee thou fhalt not loofe by it. Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Box. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her? Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband? My men should call me Lord, i am your good-man.

Lo. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and his band

I am yout wife in all ohedience.

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her? Lord Madam.

Beg. Ake Madam, or lane Madam? Lord. Madam, and nothing elfe, to Lords cal Ladies

Beg Madame wife, they lay that I have dream d, And slept about some sisteene years or mote.

Lady 1, and the time seeme's thirty wato me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Brg Tis much, feruants leave me and her alone: Madam undrelle you, and come now to bed

La. Thrice noble Lord, les me increat afyou Topardon me yet for a night or two. Orifnotio, vntill the Sun be let For your Physitians have expressely charg'd, In perill to incurre your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed Thope this reason stands for my excuse

Beg 1,11 Stands to that I may hardly carry follong: But I would be loth to fall into my dieames againe : 1 wil therefore tarrie in despight of the Besh & the blood

Enser a Meffenger.

Mel. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment. Are come to play a pleafant Comedie, For lo your doctors hold it very meete, Seeing coo much ladnelle hath congeal'd your blond, And melancholly is the Nurle of frenzie, Therefore they thought it good you heare a play, And frame your minde to mirch and merriment, Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-

ere, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke's Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe Bog. What, houshold stuffe. Beg Well, welfeer.

Come Madam wife hi by my fide, And let the world flip, we shall nere be yonger

Flourth Enter Lucening, and his mon Triam. Luc Transo, fince for the great defire I had To feel aire Padea, nurferie of Arts, I am arrived for fruitfull Lumbarte. The pleasant garden of great Italy. And by my fathers love and leave am arm d With his good will, and thy good companie. My truftic feruant well approu'd in all, Heere let vs breath, and haply inflitute A course of Learning, and ingenious studies. Pifarenowned for grave Cirizens Gave me my being, and my father first A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world Vincentio's come of the Bearindy, Vincentie , Conne, brough up in Florence, It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd To derke his fortune with his vertuous deeder: And therefore Trans, for the time I studie, Vertue and that parc of Philosophie Will I applie, that treats of happinesse, By vertue specially to be atchieu'd Tell me thy minde, for I have Pifalefe, And am to Padua come, as he that leaves A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe, And with facietie feekes to quench his thirft.

Tra Me Pardonaso, gentle mafter mine lamin all affeded as your felfe, Glad that you thus continue your refolue. To lucke the lweets of lweete Philosophie. Onely (good master) while we do admire This vertue and this morall discipline, Let's be no Stoickes, nor no flockes I pray, Or la devote to Arytockes checkes As Ouid; be an out-cast quite about d Balke Lodgicke with acquaintainte that you have, And practife Rheroricke in your common talke, Musicke and Poelie vle, to quicken you . The Mathematickes, and the Metaphylickes Fall to them as you finde your flomacke ferues you No profit grawes, where is no pleafure tane In briefe fir, studie what you mon affed

Luc. Gramercies Travio, well dost thou advise, If Bondello thou wert come ashore. We could at once put vs in readinesse, Andrakes Lodging he to entertaine Such friends (as time) in Padas (hall beget. But fray a while, what companies this Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptifla with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Orenno a Passelowne Hortensoo fifter so Bianca. Lucen Trans frond by

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther, For bow I firmly am refolu d you know : That is, not to beflow my yongest daughter, Before I have a husband for the elder : If either of you both love Katherina,

Beczule

Because I know you well, and loue you well. Leaue shall you have to court her at your pleasure. Gre. To carther rather. She's to cough for mee,

There, there Horsenfie, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you fir, is it your will To make a stale of me among st these mates e Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?.

No mates for you,

Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould. Kate. I'faith fir, you shall never neede to feare, wis It is not halfe way to her heart.

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be To combe your noddle with a three legg'd floole, And paint your face, and vie you like a foole.

Hor. From all fuch diucls, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too good Lord.

Tra. Hullis mafter, heres tome good paltime toward; That wench is thanke mad, or wonderfull froward

Lucen. But in the others filence do I fee. Maids milde behaujour and sobrierie.

Peace Transo

Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soore make good What I have (aid, Bianca get you in. And let it not difpleafe thee good Branca, Por I will loue thee pere the leffe my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,

and the knew why.

Bian. Sister content you in my discontent, Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe : My bookes and inftruments thall be my companie, On them to looke, and practife by my felfe.

Luc. Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minerus speak. Hor. Signior Baptifta, will you be lo strange, Sorrieam I that our good will effects

Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp (Signior Bapife) for this hend of hell, And make her beare the pennance of her tongue,

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resould:

Go in Bianca.

And for I know the taketh most delight In Mulicke, Instruments, and Poerry, Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house, Fir to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio, Or fignior Gremso you know any fuch, Preferre them hither; for to cunning men, I will be very kinde and liberall To mine owne children, in good bringing vp, And fo farewell: Katherina you may flay,

For I have more to commune with Blanca Exit. Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What shall I be appointed houres, as though (Belike) I knew not what to take,

And what to leave? Ha Gre. You may go to the divels dam: your guifts are To good heere's none will holde you: Then love is not so great Hortenfio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the love I beare my sweet Bionea, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein the delights, I will with him to her father.

Hor. So will I fignious Gremio: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs bothithat we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie fir to get a husband for her Sifler.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband

Gre. I fay, a divell: Think'st thou Hortenfio, though her father be verietich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush Gremio: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell : but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie

morning.

Hor. Faith (as you fay) there's finall choife in rotten apples: but come, fince this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain de till by helping Baptistas eldest daughter to a husband, wee fet his yongest free for a husband, and then have too cafresh Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fatteft, gets the Ring: How fay you fignior Gremio?

Grem I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in Pedna to begin his woing that would tho roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the

house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Transo and Lucentso

Tra. I pray fir tel me, is it possible That love should of a fodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh Transo, till I found it to be true, I neuer thought it possible or likely. But see, while idely I stood looking on, I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse, And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee That art to me as fecret and as deere As Annato the Queene of Carthage was Tranio I butne, Ipine, Iperish Tranio, If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle: Counfaile me Tranio, for I know thou canst: Affift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now, Affection is not rated from the heart : If love have touch'd you, naught remaines but fo,

Redime te captam quam que as minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents, The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her sace, Such as the daughter of Agenor had, That made great loue to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond. Tru.Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir fifter Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,

That mortal cares might hardly indure the din. Luc. Transo, I saw her cortall lips to moue, And with her breath the did perfume the syre,

Sacred and fweet was all I faw in her. Tra. Nay, then tis time to stirre him fro his trance pray awake fir : if you love the Maide, Bend thoughts and wits to atchceue her Thus it flands: Her elder hfler is fo curtt and fhrew'd, That til the Fatherrid his hands of her, Master, your Love must live a maide at home, And therefore has he closely meu'd het vp,

Because

Because the will not be annoy'd with futers.

Luc. Ah Trano, what a cruell Fathers ha:
But are thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. Imarry am I fir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it Transo.

Tra Mafter, for my hand

Both our inventions meet and tumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine fitft

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And voderrake the traching of the maid:

That's your deuice.

Luc. Itie: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall be are your part, And be in Padua heere Vincentia's some, Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends, Visa his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Bajla, content thee: for I have it full We have not yet bin feene in any honle, Nor can we be diffinguished by our faces, For man or matter: then it followes thus; Thou shalt be master, Trans in my sted: Keepe house, and port, and serventine. Keepe house, and port, and serventine. I will some other be, some Florentine.

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Psia. Tis hatched, and shall be so: Transo at once Vincase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake, When Siandella comet, lie watter on thee, But I will charme him fift to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, fith It your pleafureus,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For to your father charged me at our parting!
Be feruiceable to my fonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,
I am content to bee Lucentia,
Because so well I love Lucentia.

Luc. Transo be so, because Lucentro loves.

And let une be a flave, t'archieue that maide.

Whose sodaine sight hath thial'd ing wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where ere you? Maifter, ha's my tellum Tradio floline your cloathes, or you floline his, or both? Pray what's the

**Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to icft, And therefore frame your manners to the time Your fellow Trans heere to faue my life, Puts my appartell, and my countinance ou, And 1 for my escape have put on his:
Fot in a quarrell fluce I came a shore, I kill'd a man, and feare I was described:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bun. I fir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a lot of Trano in your mouth, Transo is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bios. The betrer for him, would I were fo too.

Tra. So could I faith boy, to have the next wish after, that Lincentia indeede had Baptifias yongest daughter. But sitts, not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise you vie your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am Transe: but in

all places elle, you mafter Lucentis.

Luc. Trans let's gos
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,

To make one among these wooers, if thou ask me why, Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. The Prefenters about freches.

1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the

Play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good mattet furely;

Comes there any more of st !

Lady My Lord, in but begun

Beg. The avence excellent poece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would ewere done. They fit and make

Enter Parrachio, and his men Grunnes
Petr. Verona, for a while I take my Itaue,
To fee my friends in Padwa; but of all
My bestheloued and approved triend
Hortenfo: & I trow this is his house:
Heere firm Grunne, knocket lay.

Gru. Knocke fiel whom thould I knocke? Is there

any man ha's rebus'd your worthip?

Petr. Villaine Isay knocke me heere foundly.
Grm. Knocke you heere fir? Why fir, what am I fir, that I frould knocke you heere fir

Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke mearthis gate, And rap me well, or lie knocke your knoos pate

Grw. My Mr is growne quatrelfome:
I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Par. Willit not be?

Faith firrab, and you! not knocke, Ile ring it, Ile trie how you can Sol, Fe, and fing it.

Gru. Helpe misteis helpe, my master is mad.

Peir. Now knocke when I bid you : tirrah v. !! zine.
Enter Hortinfie.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruebse? How do you all as Verona?

Per. Signion Hortenfie, come you to part the fray? Contests le ore bene trobatto, may I lay.

Hor. Ala seftra caja bene venuso multo benerata figuro min Petruchio.

Rife Grumo rife, we will compound this quarrell

Grw. Nay 'tis no matter fir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service, looke you fir. He bid me knockehim, & tap him seandly fir. Well, was it fit for a servant to vie his master to being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knocke at first, then had not Grumie come by the worst.

Peir. A fenceleffe villaine: good Horiemio, I bad the rafeall knocke voon your gate, And could not get him for my hearten do it.

Gru, Knockest the gate? O heavens? Ipshe you not these words plaine? Sitta, Knocke me heere i rappome heere: knocke me well, and knocke me foundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Peir. Sires be gone, or talke not l'advise you. Hor. Petruche patieuce, l'am Grumo i piedge Why this a heaue chance twist him and you, Your ancient trustie pleasant scruant Grumo. And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gue Blowes you to Tedao heere, from old Verona?

Per. Such wind 21 featters yougmen through 9 world

To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior Hertensto, thus it slands with me,
Antonso my father is deceast,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Perruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counseli:
And yet Ile promise thee shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'att too much my friend.

And Henor wish thee to her.

Petr Signior Horsensio, 'twixt such friends as wee, Few words suffice: and therefore, it thou know. One tich enough to be Petruchio 1 wise:

(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)

Be she as soule as was Florentius Loue,

As old as Sibell, and as curst and shrow'd

As Socrater Zensippe, or a worse:

She moves me not, or not tenoues at least

Asfections edge in me. Were she is as rough

As are the swelling Advistick sess.

I come to wine it wealthily in Padua:

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay looke you fir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why give him Gold enough, and matrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her bead, though the have as manie discases as two and fiftic horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so

monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, fince we are stept thus faire in, I will continue that I broach'd in ics. I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife With wealth enough and yong and beautious, Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman. Het onely fault, and that is faults enough, ls, that she is intelletable cuts, And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure, That were my state fatte worser them it is, I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. Horsensia peace: thou knowst not golds essel, Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough: For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke

Hor. Her father is Baptista Missola, An affable and courteous Gentleman,

Her name is Katherina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe Hortensial I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Cra. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would thinke scolding would doe little good you him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so to Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his tope trickes. I lettell you what sit, and she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her sace, and so dissigns with it, that shee shall haueno more eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Her. Tattie Perrucbie, I must go with thee,

For in Baptilia keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those desects I have before rehearst,
That ever Kaberina vil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none shall have accesse vito Bianca,
Til Katherine the Curst, have got a husband.
Gru. Katherine the Curst,

A title for a maide, of all titles the worft,

Hor. Now that my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me difgois d in fober robes,
To old Baptifia as a tchoole-mafter
Well feene in Muficke, to infitud Bianca,
That fo I may by this deute at leaft
Hane leave and leifure to make love to her,
And vnfulpected court her by her felfe.

Enter Cremio and Lucentio diffused.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the oldefolkes, how the young folkes by their heads together.

Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there tha.

Hor. Peace Grumio, it is the rivall of my Loue.

Petruchio Stand by a while.

Grumo. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Gremo. O very well, I have perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile have them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to het:
You understand me. Ouer and beside
Signior Baptistal liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And seeme have them verie wel persum'd;
For she is sweeter then persume it selfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Lmc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you, As for my patron, fland you fo affur'd, As firmely as your felfe were flill in place, Yea and perhaps with inore fuccessefull words. Then you; whether you were a scholler sir.

Cre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Affeit is.
Petrn. Peace fitra.

Hor. Grumio mum: God faue you fignior Greuno.
Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortenfio.
Trow you whither I am going & To Baptifta Musola, I promift to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faite Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behaviour
Fit for her tutne, well read in Poetrie

And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Her. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiss met to helpe one to another,
A fine Mustrian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire Bianes, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove, Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Her. Greme, 'tis now no time to vent out loue, Liften to me, and if you speake me faire, He telyou newes indifferent good for either. Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking. Will undertake to woo curft Karbirme, Yea, and to marrie her, if her downe pleafe.

Gre. So faid, fo done, is well :

Horsenfin, have you told him all her faults?

Perr. I know the is an irkefome brawling feold: If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, fayll me lo, friend? What Countreyman: Petr. Borne in Verena, old Butenier foane:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me, And I do hope, good dayes and long, to fee.

Gre. Oh fir, luch a life with fuch a wife, were Itrange: But if you have a stomacke, too't a Gods name, You shal have me assisting you in all. But will you woothis Wilde-cat !
Petr. Will I live?

Orw. Wilhe wooher? I: or lie hang her. Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent? Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares? Haue I not in my time heard Liona rore? Have I not heard the fea, puft vp with windes, Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field? And heavens Artillerie thunder in the skies? Haue I not in a pitched battell heard Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue? And do you tell me of a womans tongue? That gives not halfe fo great a blow to heare, As wil a Cheffe-nut in a Farmers fire, Tufh, tufh, feare boyes with bugs.

Gru. For he feares none. Grem. Horsensio hearkes Tins Gentleman is bappily arriu'd, My minde prefumes for his owne good, and yours. Har. I promist we would be Contributors, And beare his charge of wooing what foere. Grems. And so we wil, promded that he win her. Gru. I would I were as fure of a good dinner.

Enter Transo brase, and Biondello. Tra. Gendemen God saue you. If I may be bold Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of Signior Baptifta Minola? Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ift he you

meane? Tra. Euen he Biondello.

Gre. Hearke you fir, you meane not her to _______ Tra. Perhaps him and her fir, what have you to do? Peer. Not her that chides fir, at any hand I pray. Train. I love no chiders fir : Biondello, let's away.

Lue Well begun Trania Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a furor to the Maid you talke of, yes or no? Tra Andill be fir, is it any offence? Gremio. No : if without more words you will get you

hence. Tra. Why fir, I pray are not the firects 25 free

Forme, as for you? Gre. But fo is not fhe.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you. Gre. For this reason if you'l kno,

That flie's the choise love of Signior Gremio. Har. That the's the cholen of fignior Horsenfo. Tra. Softly my Mafters: If you be Gentlemen

Do me this right : heare me with patience.

Baptiflais a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vaknowne, And were his daughter fairer then fhe is, She may more futors have, and me for one. Faire Ludger daughter had a thousand wooers, Then well one more may faire Bianca have; And so she shall : Lucenio shal make one. Though Para came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all. Luc. Sir giut him head, I know heel proue a lade. Petr. Hortenfie, to what end are all these words? Her Sir, let me be fo bold si aske you,

Did you yet euer see Baptiftes daughter i Tra. No fir, but heare I do that he hath two:

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue, As is the other, for beauteous modeflie.

Petr. Sit, sit, the first storme, let her go by Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules, And let it be more then Alader twelue.

Perr. Sir understand you this of me (infootb) The yongest daughter whom you hearken for, Her father keepes from all accelle of futors And will not promise her to any man, Votill the elder fifter firft be wed The yonger then is free, and not before.

Trane. If it be fo fir, that you are the man Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest: And if you breake the ice, and do this feeke, Atchieue the elder : fet the yonger free, For our accelle, whose hap shall be to have her, Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you szy wel, and wel you do conceine. And since you do professe to be a sutor, You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman, To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Trano. Sir, I shal nor be sacke, in figne whereof, Please ye we may contribe this afremoone, And quaffe carowles to our Mistresse health, And do as aduerfaries do in law, Strive mightily, but eate and drinke as friends. Grs. Bion. Ob excellent motion: fellowes let's be goo Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it fo, Petrachio, I Malbe your Been venuto.

Emer Katherina and Bisuca.

Bian. Good fifter wrong me not, nor wrong your felf, To make a bondmaide and a flaue of mee, That I disdaine : but for these other goods Vnbinde my hands, lle pull them off my selfe, Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate, Or what you will command me, wil I do, So well I know my dutie to my elders. Kare. Of all thy futors heere I charge tel

Whom thou lou'lt best : fee thou diffemble not Bianca. Beleeve me fifter, of all the men alme, I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,

Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kace. Minion thou lyest: Is't not Hortenfo? Bian. If you affect him fifter, beere I sweare Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal have him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more, You wil haue Gremio to keepe you faite. Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me fo? Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceive You have but iested with me all this while: I prethee fifter Kate, vntie my hands.

Ka. If that be ieft, then all the rest was so. Street ber

Enter Baptifta.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this in-

Bianea stand aside, poore gyrle she weepes i
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with hei
For shame thou bilding of a divellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?
Kasa. Her silence slouts me, and I lo be revenged.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my fight? Bionea get thee in. Eist Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see She is your treasure, the must have a husband, I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day, And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell. Talke not to me, I will go fit and weepe, Till I can finde occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greev'd as I But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the babit of a meane man, Pespuchio with Trano, with bis boy bearing a Luie and Bookes.

Gre, Good mortow neighbout Baptasta.

Bap, Good mortow neighbout Gremus Good faue
you Gentlemen.

Per. And you good fit: pray hane you not a daugh-

ter, cal'd Katerina, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I have a daughter fir, cal'd Katerina.
Gre, You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Per. You wrong me fignior Gremio, glue me leaste. I am a Gentleman of Verona fir,
That hearing of her beautic, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Het wondrous qualities, and milde behautour.
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so of thaue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those steeners,
Wheteof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is Litto, borne in Mannes.

Bap. Y'are welcome fir, and he for your good fake. But for my daughter Katerion, this I know, She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Per. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde, Whence are you sit? What may I call your name.

Fet. Petruchie is my name, Antonio's sonne, A man well knowne throughout all Italy

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his lake.

Gro. Sauing your tale Perrucho. I pray let vs. that are
poore petitioners (peake too? Bacare, you are metusylous forward.

Per, Oh, Pardon me fignior Gremes, I would faine be

Ore. I doubt it not fir. But you will curfe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I amfure of it, to express
The like kindnesse my selfe, that have beene
Mere kindely beholding to you then any:

Freely give vnto this yong Scholler, that hath Beene long fludying at Rhemes, as cunning In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages, As the other to Mulicke and Mathematickes: His name is Cambio: pray accept his service

Bap. A thousand thankes signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle si,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming

Tra. Pardon me fir, the boldnesse is more owner.
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere.
Do make my selfe as utor to your daughter,
Vnto Branca, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue whknowne to me,
In the protesment of the eldest fister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and favour as the self.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.
Tra. Of Pifa fir, fonne to Vincentio

Bap A mightieman of Pifa by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome fir.
Take you the Lute, and you the fet of bookes,
You thail go fee your Pupils prefently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vic them well,
We will go walke a little inthe Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selves.

Per. Signior Bapesha, my businesses sketch haste, And cuerte day I cannot come to woo, You knew my father well, and in him me, Left solie herre to all his Lands and goods, Which I have bettered rather then decreast. Thentell me, is get your daughters love. What downesses have wife,

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands, And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Fet And for that downe, lle affure her of Her widdow-hood, be it that the furuite me In all my Lands and Leafes whatfoeuer, Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs, That couenants may be kept on either hand,

Bap. 1, when the special thing is well obtained, That is her love: for that is all in all.

Per. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father, I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete logether,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
Soltoher, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo nor like a babe

Bap. Well mailt thou woo, and happy be thy freed. But be thou arm'd for fome unhappie words.

Per. Ito the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes, That flakes not, though they blow perpetually Enter Hortenfis with his bead broke.

Bpa

Bap. How now my friend, why dott thou looke fo

Hor. Forfcare I promise you, if I looke pale. Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Mulitian?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner prous a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute? Her. Why no, for the hath broke the Luce to me: I did but tell her fhe mistooke her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach ber fingering, When (with a most impatient divellish spirit) Frets call you thefe? (quoth fhe) He fume with them : And with that word fhe stroke me on the head, And through the instrument my pase made way, And there I flood amazed for a while, As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, While she did call me Rascall, Fidler; And twangling lacke, with twentie such vilde teannes; As had the studied to milvie me fo.

Per. Now by the world, it is a loftie Wenth, I loue her tentimes more then ere I did, Oh how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Welgo with me, and be not so discomsitted. Proceed in practife with my yongee daughter, . She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes: Signior Petrucbio, will you go with vs. Or shall I send my daughter Kare to you.

Exit. Manet Petrnchie.

Per. I pray you do. The attend her licere, And woo her with some spirit when she comes, Say that the raile, why then He tell her plaine, She fings as fweetly as a Nightinghale: Say that the fromne, He fay the lookes as cleere As morning Roses newly washt with dew: Say the be mute, and will not speake a word, Then Ile commend her volubility. And fay the vetereth piercing eloquence If the do bld me packe, He give her thankes, As though the bid me stay by her a weeke: If the denie to wed, lie craue the day When I shallaske the banes, and when be matried. But heere the comes, and now Perruchio speake. Enter Katerina.

Good morrow Kare, for thats your name I heare. Kate. Well-haue you heard, but something hard of

They call me Katerine, that do talke of me.

Per. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine Kate, And bony Kate, and formetimes Kate the curft: But Kate, the prettieft Kate in Christendome, Kate of Kate-hall, my Super-daintie Rate, For dainties are all Kates, and therefore Kate Take this of me, Kate of my confolation, Hearing thy mildnesse praised in enery Towne, Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded, Yet not lo deepely as to thee belongs, My felfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you

Remoue you hence : I knew you at the first You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable? Kat. A loyn'd fleole.

Per. Thou hast hit it : come sit on me.

Kate. Ales are made to beare, and fo are you,

Pet. Women are made to beste, and so are you. Kaie. No such lade as you, if me you meane. Pet. Alas good Kate, I will not bunhen thee,

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for fuch a fwaine as you to catch,

And yet as heavie as my waight (hould be.

Per. Sholdbe, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard. Per. Oh flow wing'd Turtle, Ital a buzard takethee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best bewere my fling. Per. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Per. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weate his sting? In his taile.

Kater In his tongue? Pet. Wholetongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Per. What with my tongue in your taile. Nay, come againe, good Kete, I am a Gentleman, Kate. That lle trie. The Strikes bonn

Per. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loofe your armes. If you strike me, you are no Gentleman, And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald Katel Ohput me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe? Per. A comblesse Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen Pet. Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke so fowre.

Kase. It is my fashion when I fee a Crab. Pr Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not fowre.

Kate. There is, there is. Per. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face. Kate Well 2ym'd of fuch 2 yong one.

Per. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd. Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Per. Nay heare you Kate. Infooth you scape not fo.

Kate. I chase you is I tarrie. Let mego. Per, No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle :

Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and tullen, And now I finde report a very liar :

For thou art pleasant, gamelome, passing courteous, But flow in speech : yet sweet as spring-time flowers. Thou canit not fromne, thou canit not looke a scance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, loft, and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?

Oh fland'rous world: Katelike the hazle twig Is ftraight, and flender, and as browne in hue As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels: Ohlet me feethee walke : thou doft not hale

Kate. Go loole, and whom thou keep'st command. Pet. Did ever Dian so become a Grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gate: Oberhou Dianandlet her be Kare,

And then let Kate be chafte, and Dian sportfull. Kare. Where did you fludy all this goodly speech? Peir. It is extempore, from my mother wit Kare. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pa. Am I not wife?

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Per. Marty fo I meane sweet Ratherine in try bed: And therefore ferting all this chat afide, Thus in plaine termes ; your father hath consented That you shall be my wife ; your dowry greed on, And will you, nill you, I will marry you Now Kase, I am a husband for your turne, For by this light, whereby I fee thy beauty, Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, Thou must be married to no man but me.

Enter Baptifta, Gremto, Tragno.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate, And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate Conformable as other houshold Kates Heere coines your father, neuer make deniall, I must, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter? Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my Pet. How but well firshow but well? It were impossible I should speed amisse. Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promife you You have thewd a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke, A mad-cap tuffish, and a fwearing lacke, That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out. Per. Father, tis thus, your felfe and all the world

That talk'd of ber, have talk'd amisse of her : If the be curst, it is for pollicle.
For thee's not froward, but modest as the Done, Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne, For patience thee will prove a lecond Griffell, And Romane Lucrose for her chastitie: And to conclude, we have greed fo well together, That vpon fonday is the wedding day

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Kare. He fee thee hang'd on fonday first. Gre. Hark Perruchio, The fares thee'll fee thee hang'd Trails this your speeding may the godnight our patt.
Fee: Be patient gentlemen, I choose her formy selfe,

If the and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone, That the shall still be curft in company. Itell you 'cis incredible to beleeve How much the loues me : oh the kindeft Kate, Shee hung about my necke, and kiffe on kiffe

Shee vi'd to faft, protefting outh on outh, That in a twinke the won me to her loue. Oh you are notices, tis a world to fee How tame when men and women are alone, A meacocke wretch can make the curfteft shrews Glue me thy hand Kate, I will voto Venice To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;

Provide the feast father, and bid the guests, I will be fure my Karherine shall be fine. Bap. I know not what to lay, but give me your hads, God fend you ioy, Petruebio, tis a match.

Gre. Tra Amen fay we, we will be witnesses. Pr. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu, I will to Venue, fonday comes apace, We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

And kiffe me Kare, we will be married a fonday. Exis Perruchlo and Kasherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt vp (o fodainiy? Bap: Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part, And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. Twas a commodity lay freeting by you, Twill bring you gaine, or petish on the leas

Bap. The gaine I feeke, is quiet me the match. Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch: But now Bapuffa, to your yonger daughter,

Now is the day we long have tooked for, I am your neighbour, and was futer first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more Then words can wrinefle, or your thoughts can gueffe. Gre. Yongling thou canft not love fo deare as 1.

Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze. Gre. Burthine doth frie,

Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil copound this frife Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both That can affore my daughter greatest dower,

Shall have my Biancas love.

Say fignior Gremio, what can you affure her? Gre. First, 25 you know, my house within the City Is richly furnished with place and gold, Bafons and ewers to lane her delnty hands: My hangings all of tritor tapeflry: In luory cofers I have fluft my crownes: In Cypres chefts my arras counterpoints, Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies, Fine Linnen, Turky cushions boft with pearle, Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worker: Pewter and braffe, and all things that belongs To house or house-keeping: then at my farme I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale, Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls, And all things answerable to this portion. My felfe am frooke in yeeres I must confesse, And if I die to morrow this is hers, If whil'ft I live the will be onely mine.

Tra. That only came well in : fir, lift to me, I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne, If I may have your daughter to my wife, He leave her houses three or foure as good Within rich Pifa walls, 23 any one Old Signior Gremio has in Padua, Belides, two thouland Duckets by the geere Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her joynter. What, have I pincht you Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeete of land, My Land amounts not to fo much in all : That the shall have, besides an Argosie That now is lying in Marcellus roade:

What, have I choose you with an Argofie?

Tra. Gremie, 'tis knowne my father hath no leffe Then three great Argofies, belides two Galliaffes And twelvetite Gallies, thefe I will affure her, And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more, And the can have no more then all I have, If you like me, the shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world By your firme promise, Gremso is out vied

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best, And let vour father make her the affurence,

Shee

Sher is your owne, else you must purdon me If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cauill : he is olde, I young, Gre And may not yong men die as well as old? Bsp Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,

On fonday neat, you know My daughter Katherine is to be married:

Now on the fonday following, shall Bianca Re Bride to you, if you make this affurance:

It not, to Signiot Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thanke you both. Grr. Adieu good neighbour : now I feare thee not : Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To give thee all, and in his wayning age Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy,

An olde Italian foxe is not to kinde my boy. Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide, Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten: Tis in my head to doe my mafter good: lee no reason but suppos'd Lucente

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio, And that's a wonder : fathers commonly Doe get their children : but in this case of woing, A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cuming. Exit

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucensio, Hortensio, and Bianca. Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow roo forward Sir, Have you so soone forgot the entertainment Het fifter Katherina welcom'd you withall.

Hort But wranging pedant, this is The patronelle of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative, And when in Muficke we have Ipent an house, Your Lecture shall have leifure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Asse that never read so farre, To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd: Was it not to refresh the minde of man After his studies, or his viual paine? Then give me leave to read Philosophy, And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra,I will not beate thele braues of thine. Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong, To strive for that which refleth in my choice: Ism no breeching scholler in the schooles, He not be tied to howres, not pointed times, Bar learne my Lessons as I please my seile, And to cut off all ftrifes heere lit we downe, Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,

His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd. Erri You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune? Lie. That will be never, tune your instrument.

Bian Where left we last i Luc. Heere Madani : Hie Ibat Simolo, broeft figeria

relliu, bie feneral Priami regia Celfa feiu.

Bian. Confer them.

Luc. Hie Ibel, as I told you before, Simois, Iam Lacentro, bir eft, tonne voto Vincentio of Pila, Sigeriatel-Les. disgussed thus to get your loue, bie fletera, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port, celfa fenu that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hore Madam, my Inftrument's in tune. Bian. Let's berre, oh fir , the weble intres. Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee fee if I can conflet it. His ibes fimou. I know you not, ble off figures telbu. I truft you not, bic Raterat priated, take heede be heare ve not, regis prefume not, Celfa feri, despaire not. Her. Madam, ils now in tune.

Lec. All but the base.

Hors. The bale is right, 'tis the bale knowe that iars.

Luc How hery and forward our Pedant la, Now for my life the kneue doth court my love, Pedascule, lle watch you better yet i In time I may beleeve, yet I midruft.

Biau. Miltruft it not, for lure Acides Was Asax cald fo from his grandfather.

Horr. I must beleeve my master,elle I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt, But let it reft, now Lute to you: Good mafter take it not vakindly pray

That I have beene thus pleasant with you both. Hers. You may go walk, and give me leave a while,

My Leffons make no muficke in three pares. Luc. Are you so formall fir, well I must waite And watch withall, for but I be decenu'd,

Our fine Mulitian groweth amorous. Hor. Madam, before you touch the inftrument, To learne the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of Art, To teach you gamoth in a briefer fort, More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall, Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fartely drawne. Buen. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe, Hor. Yettead the gamouth of Hortentin. Bian. Gameuth I sin, the ground of all accord:

Are, to plead Horten fo's passion: Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord Cfave, that loves with all affection: D folre, one Cliffe, two notes have !, Elauri, thow pitty of I die. Call you this gamouth ? tut I like it not, Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice To charge true rules for old inventions.

Enser a Meffenger. Nicke. Mistreffe, your father prayes you leave your And helpe to dreffe your fifters chamber vp, You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone. Luc. Faith Mistreffe then I have no cause to flay Her But I hauc cause to pry mto this pedant,

Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue: Yet if thy thoughts Bishes be so humble To cast thy wandring eyes on every fale: Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging, Horseofio will be quit with thee by changing.

Emer Baptista, Gremio, Transo, Katherine, Bianca, and o. there stiendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentro, this is the pointed day That Karberine and Paruchie should be matried, And yet we beare not of our some in Law: What will be faid, what mockery will it be? To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends To speake the ceremonial rices of marriage? What faies Luceraio to this shame of curs?

No

Kate. No shame but mine, I must for sooth be forst To give my hand oppos'd against my heart Vnto a mad-breinerudesby, full of spleene, Who woo'd in hafte and meanes to wed at leyfure: I told you I, he was a franticke toole, Hiding his bitter iefts in blunt behauiour, And to be noted for a merry man; Hee'll wooe a thouland, point the day of marriage, Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd: Now must the world point at poore Katherine, And Cay, loc, there is mad Petruchio's wife If it would pleafe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good Katherine and Baptiffa too, Vpon my life Petruchio meanes but well Whatever fortune Rayes him from his word, Though he be blunt, I know him palling wife Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would Karberine had neuer feen him though. Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe, For fuch an infurie would vexe a very faint, Much more a shrew of impatient humour. Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be? Bian. Why, Is it not newes to heard of Petrusbid's (comming?

Bap. Ishe come? Bion. Why no fir. Bap. What then? Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and fees you there.

Tra. But fay, what to thise olde newes?

Bion. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thilee turn'd; a paire of bootes that have beene candle-cases, one backled, another lac'd: an olde rufty (word cane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleffe: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and flirrops of no kindred : besides possess with the glanders, and like to mofe in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashiros, full of Windegalls, fped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fines, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Wald in the backe, and shoulder shotten, neereleg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, & a headfall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often butft, and now repaired with knots : one girth fixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely fet down in fluds, and beere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparifon'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kerfey boot-hofe on the other, gartred with a red and blew lift;an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monfler, a very monfler in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashlon,

Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd. Bap. I am glad he's come howfoere he comes.

Bion. Why fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou'not say hee comest

Rian. Who, that Petruchio came?

Bap. 1, that Petruchie came. (barke. Bion. No fir, I fay his horse comes with him on his

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. lamy, I hold you a penny a horseand a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petrnehio and Grumio.

Per. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home

Bap. You are welcome fir. Peir. And yet I come not well,

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Porr. Were it better I should rush in thus : But where is Kare? where is my louely Bride? How does my father gentles methinkes you frowne, And wherefore gaze this goodly company, As if they faw fome wondrous monument, Some Commet, or vousuall prodigie?

Bap. Why fir, you know this is your wedding day First were we fad, fearing you would not come, Now sadder that you come so vnprouided: Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our solemne festivall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import Hath all fo long detain'd you from your wife, And fent you hither fo vnlike your felfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare, Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word . Though in some part inforced to digresse, Which at more leyfure I will fo excuse, As you shall well be satisfied with all. But where Is Kate? I stay too long from her, The morning weares, 'cis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnrenerent cobes, Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile vifit her. Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words, Pet. Good footh euen thus : therefore ha done with

To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes: Could I repaire what the will weare in me, As I can change these poore accourrements Twere well for Kate, and better for my felfe. But what a foole am I to chat with you, When I should bid good morrow to my Bride? And seale the title with a louely kisse. Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire, We will perswade him be it possible,

To put on better ere he goe to Church. Bap. He after him, and fee the event of this. Exis, Tra. But fir, Loue concerneth vs to adde

Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe As before imparted to your worship, I am to get a man what ere he be, It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne, And he shall be Vincentio of Pofa, And make assurance heere in Padua Of greater summes then I have promised, So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, And marry fweet Bianca with confent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemafter Doth watch Bianea's steps fo narrowly: Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage, Which once perform'd, let all the world fay no, lle keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse, Wee'll over-reach the grey-beard Gremo, The narrow prying father Minela, The quaint Musician, amorous Litto, All for my Masters soke Lucento.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremie, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Trs. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gro. A bridegroome (sy you? tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the gule fhall finde.

Tra. Cerifer then the, why tra impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why the's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Gre. Tut, the's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

He tell you fir Lucentro; when the Ptich Should aske if Katherine thould be his wife, I, by goggs woones quot he, and fwore fo loud, That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke, And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp, This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a custe.

This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a custe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them up quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What faid the wench when he rofe agains?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he simp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowsing to his Mates after a storme, quast off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons sace: having no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee sooke the Bride about the necke, and kish her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play,

Enter Petrusbio, Kate, Branca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for yout pains, I know you thinke to dine with me to day, And have prepar'd great flore of wedding cheete, But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, And therefore heere I meane to take my leave.

Rap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Per. I must away to day before night come,

Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,

You would intreat me rather goe then stay:

And honest company, I thanke you all.

That have beheld me give away my felfe

To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wise,

Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreat you fay till after dinnet-

Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you,
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.

Ker. Are you content to flay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay, But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. Kat. Now if you loue me flay.

Gru. I fir, they be ready, the Oates have esten the horses.

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day.
No, nor to mottow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open fir, there lies your
You may be sogging whiles your bootes are greenes
For me, lie not be gone till I please my selse
Tis like you'll proue a folly surly groome.
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Per. O Kore content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what half thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my lessure.

Gre. I marry fit, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Geotlemen, forward to the bridall danner,

I fee a woman may be made a foole
If the had not a spirit to refish.

Per. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, recell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry or goe hang your selves:
But for my bonny Kate, the must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor stee,
I will be master of what is mine owne.
Shee is my goods, my chattels, the is my house.
My houshold-suffermy field, my barne.
My horse, my oxe, my affe, my any thing,
And here she stands, touch her who over date,
lle bring mine action on the proudes the
That stops my way in Padaa: Grums
Draw forth thy weapon, we are befer with theeves,
Rescue thy Midresse is thou be a man:

Fezre not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Rate, Ile buckler thee agamst a Million, Exeunt. P. Ka. Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing

Gre. Went they not quickly, is should die with laugh-Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like. Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your fifter? Eign. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Cre. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated.

Bap Neighbours and friends, though Bride & BrideForto Supply the places at the table, (groom wanta
You know there wants no sunkers at the feaft:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let Branca take her fifters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianea practife how to bride it?

Bap. She shall Learnin; come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grunno

Executi

Grw: Fie, fic on all tired lades, on all mad Mafters, & all foule waies: was ever man so bezten? was ever man so raide? was ever man fo raide? was ever man fo weary? I am sent before to make a fite, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my felse: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa Cartil.

Enter Curtis.

Curs. Who is that calls so coldiy?

Om. A piece of see: if thou doubt it, shou main flide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio? Gru. Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fite, calt on no

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gru. She was good Curvis before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast : for it hath tam'd my old mafter, and my new mistris, and my selfe fellow Curtis.

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaft.
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy home is a foo and fo long am lat the least. But wilt thou make a fire or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (the being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being flow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the

world?

Gru. A cold world Curris in enery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozento death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grunio

Grn. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Car. Come, you are fofull of conicatching.

Gru. Whytherefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, tushes firew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fuffian, the white flockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readic : and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistris falne out. Cur. How?

Grw. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby

Car. Let's ha't good Grumio.

Grn. Lend thine care.

Cur. Heere.

Grw. There.
Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a fensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your care, and befeech liftning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Grw. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale : but hadft thou not croft me, thou Boulds have heard how her horse fel, and she voder her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how the was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how he best me because her horses Rumbled, how the waded through the durr to placke him off me : how he fwore, how the prai'd, that never prai'dbefore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst : how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur By this reckning he is more threw than the. Gru. I, and that thou and the plbudeft of you ail shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth Nathamel, Infeph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerfop and the reft: let their heads bee flickely combid, their plew coats brush'd, and their gatters of an indifferent knit, let them curtie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.
Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it scemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fine ferumgmen.

Gru. Why the comes to borrow nothing of them

Nat. Welcome home Grumio.

Phil. How now Grumie.

Iof. What Grumio.

Nick. Fellow Grumio.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my fpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie; how neere is our mafter? Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be -Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master

Enter Petruchip and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.
Allfer. Heere, heere fir, heere fir.
Pse. Heere fir, heere fir, heere fir. You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes: What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie? Where Is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gru. Heere fir, as foolish as I was before.

Per. You pezant, Iwain, you horfon malt-horfe dridg Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these tascal knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coate fir was not fully made, And Gabrels pumpes were all vapinke i'th heele: There was no Linke to colour Peters hat, And Walters dagger was not come from fheathing: There were none fine, but Adem, Rafe, and Gregory, The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,

Yet as they are, hecte are they come to meete you Fet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my suppor in Ex. Sor

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe Kate,

And welcome. Soud, foud, foud, foud.

Enter feruante with supper. Why when I fay? Nay good fweete Kate be merrie. Off with my boots, you rogues : you villaines, when? It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on bu way

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie, Take that, and mend the plucking of the other. Be merrie Kate : Some water heere : what hoz.

Enter one wish water.

Where's my Spaniel Troilie? Sizra, get you hence, And bid my sozen Ferdinand come hither: One Kate that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. Where are my-Slippers? Shali I have fome water? Come Kate and wash, & welcome heartily : you horson villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 't was a fault vnwilling. Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue : Come Kase fit downe, I know you have a stomacke, Will you give thankes, sweete Kate, or else shall 12 What's this, Mutton?

1 Ser. 1.

Per. Who brought 10?

Peter. 1.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and fo is all the meater What dogges are these? Where is the issail Cooke? How durft you villaines bring it from the dreffer And ferue is thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: You heedleffe solt-heads, and vnmanner'd flaues. What, do you grumble? He be with you fraight

Kaie. I pray you husband be not so disquiet, The meate was well, if you were lo contented.

Per. I tell thee Kare, 'two burnt and dried away, And I expressely am forbid to touch it : For it engenders choller, planteth anger. And better twere that both of vs did taff Since of our selves our selves are chollericke, Then feede it with fuch over-rofted fiesh. Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended, And for this night we'l fast for companie. Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. Excurs.

Enter Sernanti feuerally. Nath. Peter didft euer fee the like. Peter. He kils her in her owne humor. Grumio. Where is he?

Euler Curtu a Seruent.

Cur. In her chamber, making a fermon of continen-cie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore foule) knowes not which way to fiand, to looke, to speake, and site as one new rifen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petrucbio.

Per. Thus have I politickely begun my reigne, And 'tis my hope to end fucceffefully: My Faulconnow is tharpe, and passing emptie, And til the stoope, tho must not be full gorg'd, For then the never lookes upon her lure. Another way I have to mattiny Haggard, To make her come, and know her Keepers call: That is, to watch her, as we watch thefe Kites, That batte, and beate, and will not be obedient. She eate no meate to day, nor none (hall cate. Last night the flepr not, nor to night the shall not: As with the meete, some undeferred fault He finde about the making of the bed, And heere He fling the pillow, there the boulfter, This way the Couerlet, another way the flicets : I, and amid this hurlie I intend, That all is done in reverend care of her, And in conclusion, she shal watch all night, And if the chance to nod Heraile and brawle, And with the clamor keepe her stil awake: This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse, And thus He curbe her mad and headftrong humor: He that knowes better how to tame a fhrew, Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. Exit Enser Transo and Hersenfice

Tra. Is's possible friend Life, that mistris Branca Doth fancre any other but Lucentso, I tel you fir, the beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to latisfie you in what I have laid.

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching. Enter Branca.

Ho. Now Miffers, profe you in what you reade? Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that? Her. I reade, that I prosedle the Art to love. Bian And may you prove fit Mafter of your Att. Lue. While you sweet deese prove Millielle of my

heart. Her. Quicke proceeders merry, now tel me I pray, you that durft (weare that your miffre Boance

Lou'd me in the World fo wel as Lucentin. Tra. Oh despightful Love, vnconftant womankind, I sel thee Lefie this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Life, Nora Musician as I seeme to bee, But one that scorne to live in this disguise, For fuch a one as leauce a Gentleman, And makes a God of fuch a Cullion ; Know fir, that I am cal'd Horsen fie.

Tra Signior Harrenfie, I have often beard Of your entire affedion to Biarca, And fince mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse. I wil with you, if you be fo contented, For sweare Branca, and her love for ever.

Har. See how they kille and court: Signior Luceation Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly yow Nouer ro woo her more, but do forsweare her As one voworthie all the former fanours That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.

7ra. And heere I take the like unfained outh, Neuer to marrie with her, though the would intreate, Fie on her, fee how beaftly the doch court him.

Her. Would all the world but he had quite forfword For me, that I may furely keepe mine oat! I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow, Erethree dayes palle, which hath as long lou'd me, As I have lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard, And to farewel fignior Lucentus, Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes Shal win my loue, and fo I take my leave,

Tra. Millris Bianca, bleffe you with luch grace, As longeth to a Louers bleffed cafe: Nay, I have tame you napping gentle Love, And have for fworme you with Harrenfie.

Bian. Trans you ieft, but have you both for swoene mee ?

Tra. Miffris we have.

In resolution, 29 I swore before,

Luc. Then we are rid of Life.
Tra. I'faith hee'l have a luftie Widdow now, That Chalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy. Tra I and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He layer to Trame. Tra. Fanh he is gone voto the taming schoole. Bim. The teming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I miliris, and Perracbio is the mafter, That teacheth trickes eleven and twentie long, To tame a farew, and charme her chattering tongue. Enter Brandello.

Bum. Oh Mafter, mafter I haue watcht fo long, That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spred An ancient Angel comming downe the hill, Wil ferne the turne.

Tra. What is he Blandellot

Bio, Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell, In gate and countenance furely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale, He make him glad to feeme Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minola. As if he were the right Vincentio.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone. Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God lauc you fir.

Tra. And you fir, you are welcome, Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest? Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,

But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome, And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra Of Maneua Sir, marrie God forbid, And come to Padua careleffe of your life.

Ped. My life fir? how I pray? for that goeshard. Tra. Tis death for any one in Mantua To come to Padua, know you not the cause? Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke

For private quarrol twist your Duke and him. Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly : 'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come, you might have heard it elle proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas fir, it is worfe for me then fo, For I have bils for monie by exchange From Florence, and must heere deliuer them. Tra. Wel fir, to do you courtefie,

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you, First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa? Ped. I fir, in Pifa hane I often bin,

Pifa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentie? Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father fir, and footh to fay, In count nance fomewhat doth refemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyfter, & all one.

Tral. To faue your life in this extremitie, This fauor wil I do you for his fake, And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes, That you are like to Sit Vincentio. His name and credite shal you undertake, And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd, Looke that you take vpon you as you should, you understand me sir: so shal you stay Til you have done your businesse in the Citie: If this be court'fie fit, accept of it.

Ped. Oh fir I do, and wil repute you cuer

The patron of my life and libertie.

Tre. Then go with me, to make the matter good, This by the way I let you understand, My father is heere look'd for everie day, To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage Twixt me, and one Bapristas daughter heere: In all thefe circumftances Ile inftruct you, Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Adus Quarlus. Scena Prima.

Enter Karberingand Grurnio.

Gru. No, no forfooth I date not for my lite. Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears What, did he marrie me to famish me? Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore, Vpon intreatie have a prefent almes, If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie: But I, who never knew how to intreat, Nor neuer needed that I should intreate, A'm staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe : With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed, And that which spights me more then all these wants, He does it under name of perfect louc: As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate, Twere deadly ficknesse, or else present death. I prethee go, and get me some repast, I care not what, so it be holsome soode Gra. What fay you to a Neats foote?

Kate. Tis passing good, I prethee let me base it. Gra. I feate it is too chollericke a meate. How fay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. Hike it well good Grunio setchit me. Grn. I cannot tell I seare 'tis chollericke.

What fay you to a peece of Beefe and Multard? Kate. A dish that I do love to feede vpon.

Cru. 1, but the Mustard is too hot a little. Kare. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muftardreft

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal have the Mustard Or else you get no beese of Grunnio. Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wile. Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

Rate. Go get thee gone, thou salse deluding slave, Beaus him

That feed'st me with the veriename of meate. Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you That triumph thus you my mifery: Go getithee gone, I fay.

Enter Petruchia, and Hortenfie with micate. Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-more? Hor. Mistris what cheere?

Kase. Faith as cold as can be. Pet. Plucke up thy spirits, looke cheerfully upon me. Heere Loue, thou feelt how diligent 1 am, To dresse thy meare my felse, and bring it thee. I am fure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes. What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ft it not: And all my paines is forced to no proofe.

Heere take away this difh. Kate. I pray you let it fland.

Per. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes, And fo shall mine before you souch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you fir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame : Come Mistris Kate, Ile besre you companie.

Petr. Eate it vp all Hortenfio, if thou louest mee: Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart: Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue, Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house, And rewell it as brauely as the best. With filken coats and caps, and golden Rings, With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things : With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leafure, To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure

Enter Teilor.

Come Tailor, let vi lee thele ornaments. Enser Haberdafner.

Lay forth the game. What newes with you fir? FA. Hecre is the eap your Worship did bespeake.

Per. Why this was moulded on a porrenger, A Veluet difh: Pie, fie, its towd and filthy, Why tis a cockle or a walnut-shell, A knacke, a coy, a tricke, a babies cap :

Away with it, come let me have a bigger. Kate. He have no bigger, this doth he the time, And Gentlewomen weatefuch caps as thefe

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too, And not till then.

Her. That will not be in haft,

Kare. Why fir I trust I may have lesus to speake, And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe, Your betters have indur'd me fay my minde, And If you cannot, best you stop your eates. My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, Or ela my heart concealing it wil breake, And rather then it fliall, I will be free, Egen to the vitermost as I please in words.

Per. Why thou tailt true, it is paltrie cap, Acustard coffen, a bauble, a siken pia, I love thee well in that thou lik'ft it not

Kate. Loue me, or love me not, I like the cap, And it I will have, or I will have none.

Per. Thy gowne, why Is come Tailor let va fee's. Oh mercie God, what marking stuffe is heere? Whats this? affecue? 'tis hke demi cannon, What, vp and downe caru'd like as apple Tare? Heers (nip, and nip, and out, and flith and flash, Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe: Why whet a deuils name Tailor cal'ft thou this?

Her. I fee thees like to have neither cap nor gowne To. You bid me make it orderlie and well,

According to the fathion, and the time.

Per. Marrie and did: bucifyou be remembred, I did not bid you matre it to the time Go hop me ouer every kennell home, For you shall hop without my costonie fu: He none of it; hence, make your best of it

Kare. I neuer faw a better fashion'd gowne, More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable : Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pie. Why true, he meanes to make a pupper of thee. Tail. She fales your Worthip meanes to make a

pupper of her

Per. Oh monttrous arrogance: Thou lyeft, thou thred, thou thimble. Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile, Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou i Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred : Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant, Or I shall so be-metethee with thy yard, As thou shalt thinke on peating whil' A thou lin'A: I tell thee I, that thou hast mart'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worthip is deceived, the gowne is made Juft as my mafter had direction

Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the Aute. Tal But how did you defire it should be made? Gru. Marrie fit with needle and thred.

Tad. But did you not request to have it cut !

Crw. Thou half fae'd many things.

Tail. I have.

Grm. Face not mee : then haft bran'd mente ment braue not me ; I will neither beefec'd nor brau'd, Ifay unto thee, I bid thy Malier cut out the gowne, but I did not bid bim cut it to perces. Eigo the stieft.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the falmion to tellify.

Pri Readest.
Gru. The note lies in's throase if he fay I faid fo.

Tall laprimis, 2 loofe bodied gowne.

Gru. Mafter, if ever I faid loofe bodied gowne, for me in the skirts of it, and beste me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I faid a gowne.

Pet, Proceede.

Tas With a small compast cape.

Cru. I confelle che cape.

Tas. With a trunke fleuve.

Gru I confesse two leeves.
Tai: The seeves curiously cut.

Pa. I there's the villanie,

Gru. Error i'th bill fir, error l'th bill ? I commanded the fleeues flould be cut out, and fow'd up agame, and that le prove spon thee, though thy little finger be atmed in a thimble.

Tad. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place wherethou frouddit know it.

Gra lam for thee Araight : take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard, and spare not me

Her. God-a-mercie Grumo, then hee shall have no oddes.

Pa. Well fir in breefeathe gowne is not for me. Grw. You are I'th right fir, 'tis for my milins. Per. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vie.

Gra. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Miftreffe gowne for thy mafters vic.

Per. Why fir, what's your conceit in that?

Grm. Oh fir she concert is desper then you think for-Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vfe. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Per. Hortenfie, fay thou wilt fee the Tailor paids Go take it hence, be gone, and fay no more.

Hor. Tailor, He pay thee for thy gowing to motrow, Take no vokindnelle of his bashe words: Away I fay, commend me so thy mafter. Exit Tail.

Per. Well, come my Kas, we will votto your fathers, Even in these honest meane habiliments : Out purses shall be proud, out garments poore: For tis the minde that makes the bodie tich. And as the Sunae breakes through the darkest clouds, So honor peereshin the meaneft habit. What is the lay more precious then the Larke? Because his feathers are more beautifull Or is the Adder better then the Eele, Because his painted skin contents the eye. Oh no good Kare: neither art thou the worfe For this poore furniture, and meane array. If thou accounted (tit fhame, lay :t on me, And therefore Irolicke, we will hence forthwith, To feast and sport vs at thy fathers houlz, Go call my men, and let vs ftraight to him, And bring our hories vnto Long-lane end, There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote, Lot's fee, I'thinke 'ds now fome feven a clocke, And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kase. I dare affure you fir, tis almost two, And 'twill be supper time ere you come there. Per. It shall be seuen ere i go to horse:

Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You are fill croffing it, firs let'c alone, I will not goe to day, and ere I doe, It shall be what a clock I fay it is.

Her. Why fo this gallant will command the funne.

Enter Transo, and the Pedant dreft like Vencentio. Tra. Sits, this is the house, please it you that I call. Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,

Signior Baptifta may remember nie Neere twentie yeares a got in Genea.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafas, Tis well and hold your owne in any cafe With fuch aufteritie as longeth to a facher.

Enter Biondelle.

Ped. I warrant you: but fir here comes your boy,

Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: fura Biondallo,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I adule you: Imagine twere the right Vinconto.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to Bapriffa. Bion. I told bim that your father was at Venice, And that you look't for him this day in Padea.

Tro. Th'arta call fellow, hold thee that to drinke.

Here comes Baprifta : let your countenance fir.

Enter Baptiff a end Lucentio: Pedans boosed and bare beaded.

Tra. Signior Baptiffa you are happilie met s Sis, this Is the gentleman I cold you of, I pray you frand good father to me now, Glue me Branca for my patrimony

Ped Soft fon: fir by your leave, basing com to Padro
To gather in fome debts, my fon Lucanto Made me acquainted with a waighty cause Of love besweene your daughter and himfelfe: And for the good report I heare of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And the to him : to flay him not too long, I am content in a good fathers care To hauehim matche, and if you please to like No wosse then I, vpon some agreement Me shall you finde readle and willing With one confent to have her lo bestowed : Por curious I cannot be with you Signior Baptifta, of whom I heare fo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I baue to fay, Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well a Right true it is your sonne Lucentie here Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him. Or both diffemble deepely their affections, And therefore if you fay no more then this. That like a Father you will deale with him. And palle my daughter a lufficient dower, The match is made, and all Is done,

Your sonne shall have my daughter with consent. Tra. I thanke you fir, where then doe you know best

We be affied and fuch affurance tane, As shall with either parts agreement stand.

B.p. Not in my house Lieuwie, for you know

Pitchers have eares, and I have manie fernance, Befides old Grema is harkning flill, And happilie we might be interrupted.

Tro. Then at my lodging, and it like you, There doth my father lie : and there this night

Weele paffe the butmeffe privately and well: Send for your daughter by your fernant here, My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presentie, The worft is this that at fo flender warning, You are like to have a thin and flender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well : Cambu hie you bome, and bid Blomea make her readic Arzighti

And if you will tell what hath hapned, Lucenties Father is arrived in Yadna, And how the's like to be Luceneus wife.

Blond. I praise the gods the may withall my heart.

Tran. Dallie nor with the gods, but get thee gone. Enier Peter.

Signior Baptifla, shall I leade the way, We come, one melle is like to be your cheere, Come fir, we will better it in Pife.

Bap. I follow you.

Exenos.

Enter Lucentio and Brondella.

Bion. Carobio.

Luc. What failt thou Biondello.

Biond. You law my Master winke and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biand. Faith nothing : but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his fignes and tokens.

Lue. I pray thee moralize them,

Biond. Then thus : Bapriffa is fale talking with the deceining Father of a decentfull fonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the Supper.

Lur. And then.

Bis. The old Prieft at Szint Luker Church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what or all this.

Bion I cannot tell, expect they are bufied about a counterfeit affurance: take you affurence of her. (um presidegio ad Impremendum folem, to th' Church sake the Prieft, Clatke, and some sufficient honest witnesses If this benot that you looke for, I have no more to fay, But bid Bianen farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'A thou Brondella.

Eiond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as thee went to the Garden for Parfeley to Auffe a Rabit, and formay you fir : and fo adew fir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Luker to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your

Luc. I may and will, if the be to contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt: Hap what hap may, Ileroundly goe about her: It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Enter Petruchio, Kata, Horsentie

Come on a Gods name, once more toward our

Good Lord how bright and goodly thines the Moone. Kate. The Moone, the Sunne it is not Moonelight

Per. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright, Kare. I know it is the Sunne that Dines fo bright. Fer. Now by my mothers forme, and ther's my felfe,

Le shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I rourney to your Fathers house
Goe on, and setch our horses backe againe
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost
Hors. Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.
Keie, Forward I pray, since we have come so farre.
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please.
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowert shall be so forme.

Petr. 1 fay it is the Moone. Kate, I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye it is the bleffed Sunne, Kate. Then God be bleff, it in the bleffed fun, But funne it is not, when you fay it is not. And the Moone changes even as your minde: What you will have it nam'd, even that it is, And fo it thall be fo for Katberine.

Hors. Petrochio, goe thy wases, the field is won
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
And not voluckily against the Bias
(run,
But soft, Company is comming here

Enter Vincentio

Good morrow gentle Miltris, where away?
Tell me sweete Kare, and tell me truely 100,
Hassthou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman.
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee?
Sweete Kare embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hors. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet, Whether away, or whether is thy aboade? Happy the Parents of so faire a childe, Happier the man whom fauourable stars. A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now Kare, I hope thou are not mad, This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered, And not a Maiden, as thou faith he is.

Kete. Pardon old father my mistaking eiea, That have bin so bedazled with the sunne, That every thing I looke on seemeth groene: Now I percejue thou art a reverent Father. Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfire,& withall make known Which way thou trauelleft, if along with va.

We shall be toyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Str, and you my metry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasse me:
My name is call d Vincentio, my dwelling Pissa,
And bound I em to Padwa, there to visite
A some of mine, which long I have not seene.

Petr. What is his name?

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy fome:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my louing father,
The lifter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married; wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, the is of good effeene,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Befide, so qualified, as may beferme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old Fincanie.

And wander we to fee thy boneh fonne,
Who will of thy arruall be full loyoda.

Vine But is this true, or is it else your pleasure.

Like pleasant transitors to breake a left

V pon the companie you ouertake?

Hort, I doe assure thee father so it is

For Come goe along and fee the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hach made thee realous Exercise.

Hor. Well Petrachio, this has put me in heart,

Have ro my Widdow, and if the froward
Theo haft thou taught Horiento to be vintoward. Exis.

Enter Brondello, Lucentro and Branea, Greenes

Biond. Softly and (wifely fir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I fire Biondello, but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leave vs

Eine.

Biond. Nay faith. He see the Church a your backe,

and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can

Gre. I maruale Cambio comes not all this while.

Emer Petruchio, Kato, Usacentio, Grnrais with Assendants

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is Lucentus house, My Fathers beares more coward the Matket place, Thither must I and here I leave you sis

Vm. You shall not choose but drinke before you go, I chinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is coward

Knock

Grim. They re busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant looker out of the window,

Ped What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentis within fir?

Ped. He's withinfir, but not to be spoken withall, Pine, What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make metric withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your felfe, bee shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your some was well beloved in Padua: doe you heare his, to leave frivolous circumstances, 1 pray you tell signor Luceus in that his Father is come from Pifa, and is here at the doore to speake with him

Ped. Thou lieft his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art chou his father?

Ped. I fir, so his mother face, if I may believe her.
Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knawerie to take spon you another mans name.

Pedas. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeve a meanes tocofen foine bodie in this Citte vinder my countenance.

Emer Brandello.

Bio, I have feene them in the Church together, God fend'em good (hipping: but who is here? mine old Mafter University: now wee are vindone and brough to nothing.

Um. Come hither crackhempe Bion, I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you for got

Bond, Forgot you, no fir: I could not forget you, for I never few you before in all my life.

Vine. What, you notorious villaine, didft thou never fee thy Miftris father, Vincentia?

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worshipfull old marter? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Ift fo indeede. He beates Brondollo.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe fignior Baptiffa.

Perr. Preethe Kase let's fland alide and fee the end of this controversic.

Enter Pedant with ferwants, Baptift a, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my fer-HAUL

V me. What am I firmay what are you fir: oh immortall Goddes : oli fine villaine, a filken doubtlet, a veluet hofe, a fearlet cloake, and a coparaine hat : oh I am vadone, I am vadone: while I place the good husband at home, my fonne and my feruant spend all at the vaiuerfitie.

The. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words thew you a mad man : why fir, what cernes it you, if I weate Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I are able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in

Bergamo.
Bep. You mistake fir, you mistake fir, praie what do

you thinke is his name?

Vm. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him vp euer fince he was three yeeres old, and his name is Trouto.

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad affe, his name is Lucentio, and be is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me fig-

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Mafter; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my fonne, my fonnet tell me thou villaine, where is my lon

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carriethis mad knaue to the laile i father Baprifta, I charge you see that hee be

forth comming.

Voic. Carrieme to the Jaile?

Gre. State officer, he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talke not signiot Gremo: I saie be shall goe to

Gre. Take heede lignior Bapufta, least you be conicatche in this businesse: I dare sweare thus to the right

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ft.

Gre. Naie, I date not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not La-

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be lignion Lucontie. Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Isile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentie and Branen. Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd : oh mon-

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forsweare him, or else we are all vadone.

Exit Biondello, Transo and Pedant as fast as may be. Lor. Pardon weece father

Vis. Lines my (weete fonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast shou offended, where is Lacentio?

Lor: Here's Lucaneio, sight sonne to the right Vin-Centie.

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceive vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned vitlaine Transo, That fac'd and braved me in this matter fo?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio? Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. Brancas loue Made me exchange my state with Trans,

While he did beate my countenance in the towne,

And happille I have arrived at the last Vato the wished haven of my blisse :

What Trans did, my felfe enforst him to; Then pardon him (weete Father for my fake.

Uin. He sit the villaines nose that would have sent me to the laile.

Bap. But doe you heare fir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will ?

Vin. Feare not Bapriffa, we will content you, goe to : but I will in to be reveng'd for this villagie.

Bap. And I to found the depth of this knauerie. Exu. Luc. Looke not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown-

Gre. My cake is doug, hbut Ile in among the rest, Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kars. Husband let's follow, to les the end of this adoc.

Potr. Fitft kiffe me Kato, and we will.

Kare. What in the midft of the ftreete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo fir, God forbld, but alham d to kille.

Perr. Why then let's home agame: Come Sirta let's awaic.

Kase. Nay, I will give thee a kille, now prase thee Loue State.

Perr. Is not this well? come my sweete Kase. Better once then never for never to late. Exeant.

Adus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lacentio, and Branca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow:

The Servingmen with Transo bringing in a Banques.

Lac. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree, And time it is when taging warre is come, To fmile at scapes and perils operblowne: My faire Bianca bid my father welcome, While I with felfesame kindnesse welcome thine: Brother Perrucbio, fifter Kaserma, And thou Hortentio with thy louing Widdow: Feast with the best, and welcome to my house, My Banket is to close our stomakes vp After our great good cheere : praie you fit downe,

For now we fit to that as well as eate.

Peir. Nothing but he and he, and eate and eate. Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, sonne Petruchio. Petr. Padus affords nothing but what is kinde. Hor For both our takes I would that word were true

Per. Now for my life Hortentio feates his Widow. Wid. Then neuer truft me if I be affeard

Per. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my (coce)

I meane Horsencio is afeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddle thinks the world turns round.

Petr. Roundlle replied.

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?

wid. Thus I conceine by him.

Petr. Conceives by me, how likes Horsensu that?

Hor. My Widdow face, thus the conceives her tale

Petr. Verie well mended: kille him for that good Widdow.

Kar. He that is giddle thinkes the world turnes round, I praie you tell me what you meant by that,

wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands forrow by his woe .

And now you know my meaning.

Kare. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you

Kes. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. Toher Kate

Hor. To her Widdow.

Petr. A hundred marks, iny Kue does put her down

Hur. That's my office

Petr. Spoke like an Officet: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortent w.

Bap. How likes Gremio thele quicke witted folkes?

Gro. Beleeve me fir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an haftie witted bodie,

Would fay your Head and But were bead and home.

Vin. 1 Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore le fleepe a-

gaine. Petr. Nay that you shall not fince you have begun:

Haue at you for a better telt or too.

Bran. Am I your Bird, I meane to fhift my bufh,

And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all. Petr She hath prevented me, here fignior Trans,

This bird you aim'd at though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mist. Tri. Oh fir, Lucentie flips me like his Gray-hound,

Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good (wift simile, but something currift.
Tra. 'Tis well fir that you hunted for your selfe:

Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bair.

Sep. Oh, oh Pestuchio, Transa hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good Trano.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Perr. A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the felt did glaunce aware from me.

listen to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good ladnesse sonne Perrucho, I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Peir. Well, I fay no : and therefore fir allurance,

Let's each one fend voto his wife,

And he whole wile is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propofe.

Horr, Content, what s the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.

Pere. Twentie crownes.

He venture to much of my Hawke or Hound, But twentie times fo much vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content

Peir. A match, 'tis done,

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe Biendelle, bid your Mistris coine to me,

Ba. Sonne, lle be your halfe, Bianca comes.

Luc. He have no halors He beare it all my felfe.

Exul

Exil

Enter Brondellas

How now, what newes?

Rio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That the is bufic, and the cannot come.

Petr, How he s bulie, and the cannot come: is ther an answere?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God fir your wife fend you not a worle.

Perr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra Bondollo, goe and intreate my wife to

come to me forthwith Per. Oh ho, intreste her, nay then thee must needes

Her. I am affraid fir. doe what you can

Enter Eundelle.

Yours will not be entreated : Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She faces you have fome goodly left in hand, She will not come: the bids you come to her.

Perr. Worfe and worfe, the will not come a

Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd;

Sirra Grumio, goe to your Miltris,

Say I command her come to me.

Hor. I know her answere.

Per. What?

Her. She will not.

Peir. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end

Enter Katerina

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes Katerine.

Kar. What is your will fir, that you fend for me? Pere. Where is your lifter, and Horsenfins wife ?

Kate. They fit conferring by the Parler fire

Peir. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come, Swingeme them foundly forth vnto their husbands: Away I fav, and bring them hither ftraight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Wor. And foitis: I wonder what it boads.

Perr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet lue,

An swfall rule, and right supremicie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap Now faire befall thee good Petruchie, The waget thou hast won, and I will adda

Voto their loffes twentie thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For the is chang'd as the had never bin. Peir. Nav. I will win my wager better yet,

And thow more figne of her obedience.

Hernew built verrue and obedience

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where the comes, and brings your froward Wives As prisoners to het womanlie perswasion Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it underfoote. Wid. Lord let me never have a caufe to figh,

Till I be brought to fuch a fillie palle

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too

The wildome of your dutie faire Bunca

Hath coft me fine hundred crownes fince supper time. Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Per. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-Arong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hulbends

Wid. Come,

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Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will baue no celling.

Per. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

wid. She shall not. Per. I fay she shall, and first begin with her. Kare. Fie, fie, vnknit that thretaning vnkinde brow. And dare not scornefull glances from those eies, To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour. It blots thy beautie, as frosts doebite the Meads, Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds 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 fo, none fo dry or thirftie Will daigne to fip, or touch one drop of it, Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy foueraigne: One that cares for thee, And for thy maintenance. Commits his body To painfull labour, both by fea and land: To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold, Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and sofe-

And cranes no other tribute at thy hands, But lone, faire lookes, and true obedience; Too little payment for fo great a debt. Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince, Enen such a woman oweth to her husband: And when the is froward, peeuish, sullen, fowre, And not obedient to his honest will, What is the but a foule contending Rebell, And graceleffe Traitor to her louing Lord? I am asham'd that women are so fimple,

To ofter warre, where they should kneele for peace: Or sceke for rule, supremacie, and sway, When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay. Why are our bodies foft, and weake, and smooth. Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world, But that our loft conditions, and our hares, Should well agree with our externall parts? Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes, My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours, My heart as great, my reason haplie more, To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne; But now I fee our Launces are but frawes: Our firength as weake, our weakenesse past compare, That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are. Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote, And place your hands below your husbands foote: In token of which dutie, if he please, My hand is readie, may it do him cafe.

Per. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiffe mee

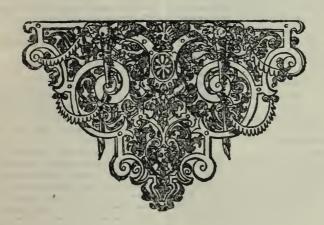
Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou fash ha't. Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward. Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward, Pet. Come Kate, weee'le to bed,

We three are matried, but you two are sped. Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white, And being a winner, God giuz you good night.

Exit Perschio Horten. Now goethy wayes, thou haft tam'd a curft

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.





ALLS Well, that Ends Well.

Altus primus. Scana Prima.

Encer youg Bertram Count of Koffillion, bu Mether, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacks.

Mother

on delivering my fanne from me, I buries fe-

Rof. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must accord his maieflies command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you fir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessive hold his vertue to you, whose worthineffe would fitte it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is luch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment? Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisisions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the processe, but onely

the loofing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how fad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honeftie, had it ftretch'd fo far, would have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings fake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam? Mo. He was famous fir in his profession, and it was

his great right to be fo . Gerard de Nurbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly : hee was skilfull enough to have liu'd still f knowledge could oe fer vp against mortallitie.

Rof. What is it (iny good Lord) the King languishes

Laf. A Fistula my Lord

Rof Lheard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Genilewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon ?

Mo. His fole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promiles her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fatter: for where an vincleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too; in her they are the bertet for their simplenesse; the deriues her honestie, and archeeves her goodneffe.

Lafew, Your commendations Madam get from her (cares

Mo. Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the titrany of her forrowes takes all livelihood from her cheeke. No more of this Helena, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a fortow, then to have

Hell I doe affect a forrow indeed, but I have it too Lef. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excelline greefe the enemie to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemic to the greefe, the excelle makes it soone morta!!

Rof. Maddam I desire your holie wishes Las. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleft Bertrame, and succeed thy father in manners as in shape : thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Loneall, truft a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie Rather in power then vie: and keepe thy triend Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checke for filence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more wil. That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord. Tis an vinfeafon'd Courtier, good my Lord Aduise him.

Lef. He cannot want the best That (hall attend his love

Mo. Heaven bleffe him : Farwell Bertram

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg d in your thoghts be feruants to you : be comfortable to my mother, your Miltris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father, And thefe great teares grace his remembrance more Then those I shed for him. What was be like? I have forgott him. My imagination Carries no fauour in't but Bertrams. I am undone, there is no living, none, If Bertram be sway. Twere all one, That I should love a bright particuler farre, And think to wed it, he is so about me In his bright radience and colaterall light,

Mult

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere; Th'ambition in my loue thus plaguer it felfe. The hind that would be mated by the Lion Muft die for loue 'Twas prettie, though a plague To fee him cuerie houre to fit and draw His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles In our hearts table: heart too capeable Of everie line and tricke of his fweet fauour. But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie Must lanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heerer

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his lake, And yet I know him a notorious Liat, Thinke him a great way foole, folie a coward, Yer thefe fixt evils fit fo fit in him. That they take place, when Vertues fleely bones Lookes bleake ith cold wind: withall full ofte we fee Cold wisedome waighting on superfluous sollie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel And you Monarch. Pa. No.

HeL And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have some staine of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie. how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he affailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak I visfold to vs forme warlike refistance.

Par. There is none Man letting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleffe our poore Virginity from underminers and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Vir-

gins might blow vp men?

Per. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp : marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your felues made, you lofe your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is eationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall tomake Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loft, may be ren times found : by being euer kept, it is ever loft: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel I will stand for's a little, though therefore I die

Per. There's little can bee faide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible difobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin : Virginitie murthert it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendrelle againft Nature. Vitginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheefe, confumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virgini. tie is pecuish, proud, ydle, made of selfc-love, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by t. Out with to within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do fit, to loofe it to her owne

liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with's while 'is vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitic like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but valuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth. pick, which were not now : your Date is better in your Pye and your Portedge, then in your cheeke : and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eater drily, marry tisa wither'd peare : it was formerly better, marry yet tis a

wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Het. Not my virginity yet?

There shall your Master have a thousand loves, A Mother, and a Mistreffe, and a friend, A Phenia, Captaine, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddeffe, and a Soueraigne, A Counsellor a Traitorelle, and a Deare : His humble ambition, proud humility: His sarring, concord and his discord, dulcets His faith, his sweet disafter : with a world Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes That blinking Cupid goffips Now shall he: I know not what he shall, God fend him well, The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, tis pitty.

Par. What's pirty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't, Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne, Whole baler starres do shur vs vp in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends. And thew what wee slone must thinke, which neves Returnes vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monfieur Parrolles, My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little Hellen farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court

Hel Monsieur Parolles, you were bome under s charitable starre.

Par. Vnder Mars I.

Hel. I especially thinks, under Mers,

Par Why under Mari :

Hel. The warres hath lo kept you under, that you must needes be borne vader Mor.

Par. When he was predominant,
Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you fo?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel So is running away, When feare propoles the lafetie :

But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll I am lo full of bulinelles, I cannot solwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, fo thou will be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and voderstand what advice shall thrust vppon thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haft leyfure, fay thy praiets: when thou haft none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and vie him as he vies thee i

Hel Our romedies oft in our felues do lye,
Which we aferibe to beauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free feope, onely dorn backward poll
Our flow defignes, when we out felues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue fo hye,
That makes me fee, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightieft space in fortune, Nature brings
To toyne like, likes; and kiffe like native chings.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines to sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love?
(The Kingt disease) my protess may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me.

Floursh Corrett.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and dinors Accordance.

King. The Planemines and Senars are by th'eares, Haue fought with equal fortune, and continue A brauing warre.

1 Lo G. Sotis reported fie.

Ring. Nay to most credible, we heere receive it, A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin Auftra, With caution, that the Florentine will move vs. For speedie ayde: wheeten our deerest friend Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme To have vs make deniall.

1.Lo.G His love and wifedome Approved to to your MaicRy, may pleade For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm dour answer,
And Florence is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentiemen that meane to see
The Tuscan leruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

a. Lo. E. It well may ferue A nurflerie to our Gentrie, who are ficke For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafen, and Parolles.

1 Lor. G. It is the Count Robert iny good Lord, Yong Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear if thy Fathers face, Franke Nature rather curious then in half Hath well composed thee: Thy Fathers morall parts Maift thou inherit too: Welcome to Paru

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maieflies;
Km. I would I had that corporall foundinessenow,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our fouldiership: he did looke farre
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me.
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our yong Lords; but they may lest
Till their owne scome returne to them vanoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse

Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were, His equall had awak'd them, and his honour Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speake; and at this time His tonique obey d his hand. Who were below him, He vi'd as creatures of another place, Aud bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes Making them proud of his humilitie, In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man Might be a copic to these yonger times; Which followed well, would demonstrate them now But goers backward

Brr. His good remembrance fir Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his combes So in approofe lives not his Epicaph,

As in your royall speech

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies (27), (Me thinkes I heare him now) his plaufiue words He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them. To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue, This his good melancholly oft began. On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime. When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee). After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe. Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensive senses. All but new things distaine; whose sudgements are. Meere fathers of their garments: whose constraines. Expire before their fashions. this lie wish'd Laster him, do after him wish too:

Since I nor was not home can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hive. To give some Labourers roome.

L.s.E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first

Kin. I fill a place I know't thow long ift Count Since the Phylitian at your fathers died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some his moneths fince my Lord.

Kin. If he were huing, I would try him yet.

Lend me an arme: the reft have wome me out.

With feuerall applications. Nature and fickneffe

Debate it at their leifure. Welcome Count,

My fonne's no deeter.

Ber. Thanke your Maiefly.

Exit

Flourist

Enter Counteffe, Steward, and Clowns

Come. I will now heare, what fay you of this gende-woman.

Sie. Maddam the care I have had to even your conters, I with might be found in the Kalender of my past endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearness of our deservings, when of our selver we publish them.

Com. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone firra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleave, 'tis my flownesse that I doe not. For I know you lacke not folly to commut them, & have abilitie enough to make such knaueries yours.

Cls. Tis not vaknown to you Madam, I am a poore

fellow.

Cour. Well fit.

Ch. No maddam,

The not so well that I am poore, though manie

of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladiships good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and w will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou noedes be a begger?

Clo. I doebeg your good will in this case.

clo. In libeli case and mine owne : service is no hetltage, and I thinke I shall never have the bleffing of God, till I have issue a my bodie : for they say barnes are blef-

Con. Tell me thy resion why thou wilt marrie? Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven

onby the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the divell drives.

Con. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that

Con. Thy marriage fooner then thy wickednesse Clo. lamout a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives lake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue,

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne the crop. if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherifhet of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, love my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: erge, he that kiffes my wife is my friend : if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feate in marriage, for yong Charbon the Puritan, and old Porfam the Papist, how somere their hearts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may toule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.
Con. Wilt thou cuer 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 destine, your Cuckow lings by kinde.

Con. Get you gone fir, lle talke with you more snon. Srew. May It please you Madain, that hee bid Helen

come to you, of her I am to fpeake.

Con. Sires tell my gentlewoman I would speake with

her, Hellen I meane.

Clo. Was this faire foce the cause, quoth she, Why the Grecians facked Troy, Pond done, done, fond was this King Priams 109, With that the lighed as the flood, bu And gave this fentence then, smong nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Com What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the fong firra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath' fong: would God would ferue the world fo all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parlon, one in ten quoth of and wee might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing flarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.
Com. Youle begone fir knaue, and doe as I command

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge beart : I am going forfooth, the businesseis for Helm to come hither.

Cow. Well now.

Siew. I know Madem you love your Gentlewoman intitely.

Con. Faith I doe : her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and the her felfe without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as much love as thee findes, there is more owing her their is paid, and more thall be paid her then fheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her ihen I thinke shee wisht mee, slone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares, sheethought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee loued your Sonne; Fortune thee faid was no goddefle, that had put fuch difference betwint their two estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onesle, where qualities were levell, Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without refeure in the first assault or ransome afterward: This shee deliver'd in the most bitter touch of forrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, fithence in the loffe that may happen, it concernes you fomething

Com. You have discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it to your felfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeve nor missoubt; praie you leaue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon, Exit Storard

Enter Hellen.

Old. Con. Euen fo it was with me when I was yougt If ever vve are natures, these are ours, this thorne Doth to out Rose of youth righlie belong Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne. It is the show, and seale of natures truth. Where loves strong passion is impress in youth, By our remembrances of daies forgon, Such were our faults, or then we thought them none, Her eie is ficke on't, I observe her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam? Ol.Con. You know Heller I am a mother to you. Hell. Mine honorable Mistrle

Ol. Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I fed a mother

Me thought you faw a ferpent, what's in mother, That you flare at it? I fay I am your mother, And put you in the Catalogue of those That were enwombed mine, 'tis often feene Adoption striues with nature, and choise breedes A natiue flip to va from forraine feedes: You nere oppress me with a mothers groane, Yet I exprede to you a mothers care, (Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood To fay I am thy mother? what's the matter, That this diftempered meffenger of wet?

The

ne manie colour d liss rounds thine eye? Why, that you are my daughter !

Hell. That I am not.

Old. Cox. I fay I am your Mother. Hell Pardon Madam.

The Count Rofellon cannot be my brother am from hunible he from honored name No note vpon niy Parents, her all noble, My Mafter, my deere Lordheis and 1 His feruant liue, and will his vaffall die i He must not be my brother

Ol. Com. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were So that my Lord your tonne were not my brother, Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers, I cate no more for, then I dot for heaven. So I were not ble fifter, cont no other, But I your daughter, he must be my brother. Old Con Yes Hellen, yournight be my daughter in law, God shield you meane is not, daughter and mother So Riiue voon your pulle; what pale agen? My feare hath carche your fondnesse! now I fee The miffrie of your loveline Se, and finde Your falt reares head, now to all fence tri groffe. You love my fonne, invention is afham'd Against the proclamation of thy passion To fay thou dooft not: therefore tell me true, Buttell methen 'tis fo, for looke, thy cheekes Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies See it fo grofely showne in thy behaviours, That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue That truth (hould be fulpetted, fpeake, ift fo? If it be fo, you have wound a goodly clewe : If it be not, forfweate't how ere I charge thee, As heaven shall worke in me for thine availe To tell me truelie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me, Com Do you love my Sonne? Hell. Your pardon noble Mifters Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doenot you loue him Madam?

Con. Goenot about; niy love hath in ca bond Whereof the world rakes note: Come, come, disclose. The state of your affection, for your passions Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next vnto high heaven, I love your Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, fo's my loue i Be not uffended, for it hutts not him That he is lou'd of me ; I follow him not By any token of prelomptuous fuite, Nor would I have him, till I doe deferue him, Yet neuer know how that defert (hould be : I know I love in vaine, frive against hope : Yet in this capitous, and internible Sive. I ffull poure in the waters of ipy loue And lacke not to loofe fill; thus Indian like Religious in mine error, I adore The Sunne that lookes upon his worthipper. But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam, Let not your have incounter with my loue, For louing where you doe; but if your felfe, Whole aged honor cires a verruous youth,

Didever, in so true a flame of liking, Wish chaffly, and love dearely, that your Dian Was both her feife and love, O then give pittie To her whose state is such schaceannoi choose But lend and give where the is fure to loofe; That feeker not to finde that, het fearch implies, But riddle like, lines (weerety where the dies.

Con Had you not lately an intent, speake truely, Togotto Peru?

Hell Madam I had.

Cen Wherefore'tell erne.

Hell. I will tell truth by grace it felfe I fweate You know my Fatherlest me some prescriptions Of rare and prou'd effects, fuch as his reading And manifelt experience, had collected For generall sousiangnue, and that he wil done In heedefull'it referuation to bestow them, As notes, whose faculties inclusive were, More then they were in note: Amongs the reft, There is a temedie, approu'd, let downe, To cure the desperate languishings whereof The King is render'd loft.

Con This was your motive for Para, was is, speake?

Hell My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this; Elle Para, and the medicine, and the King, Had from the convertation of my thoughts, Happily beene absent then.

Com Butthinke you Hiller, If you should tender your supposed aide, He would receive it? He and his Philitions Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him : They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit A poore valearned Virgin, when the Schooles Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off The danger cont felfe.

Hell. There's Comething in't More then my Fathers skill, which was the great A Of his profession, that his good receipt, Shall for my legacie be fanctified Byth luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honor But give me leave to trie lucceffe, l'de ventaie The well loft life of mine, on his Graces cure, By fuch a day, an houre.

Con. Doo'll thou beleeve 1? Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Con Why Hellen thou halt have my leave and love. Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings To those of mine in Court, He thave at home And prace Gods bleffing into thy attempt Begon to morrow, and be fure of this, What I can helpe thee co, thou fhalt not miffe Exeura.

Adus Secundus.

Enter the King with diners jong Lords , taking lease for the Florentine warre : Count, Roffe, and Parrolles, Florish Corners.

Kmg. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell. Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all The guift doth freich it felfe as tis receiu'd, And is enoughfor both

Lord G. Tis our hope fit,

Afret

After well entred fouldiers, to returne

And finde your grace in health. King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart Will not confesse he owes the mallady That doth my life befrege : farwell young Lords, Whether I live or die, be you the fonnes Of worthy French men a let higher Italy (Those bated that inherit but the fall Of the last Monarchy) see that you come Not to wooe honour, but to wedit, when The brauest questant shrinkes : finde what you freke,

That fame may cry you loud: I fay farewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding ferue your Maiefly. King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them, They fay our French lacke language to deny If they demand : beware of being Captines

Before you ferue.

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings. King. Farewell, come hether to me. 1. Lo. C. Oh my fweet Lordy you wil flay belind vs. Par. 'Tis not his fault the fpark 2. Lo. E. Oh'tis braue warre

Parr. Most admirable, I have seene those warres. Rossill. I am commanded here, and kepta coyle wish,

Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early. Par. And thy minde frand too't boy,

Steale away brauely.

Roffil. I shal flay here the for-horse to a smocke, Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry, Till honour be bought vp, and no fword worne But one to dance with: by heaven, Tle fteale away.

1. La.G. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it Count.

2.Lo.E. I am your accessary, and so farewell. Ref. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body. 1. La.G. Farewil Captaine.

2.Lo.E. Sweet Mounfier Parolles.

Parr. Noble Heroes; my sword and yours are kinne. good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You stall finde in the Regiment of the Spinil, one Captaine Spurro his ficatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his finister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it : fay to him I live, and observe his reports for me, Lo.G. We shall noble Captaine.

Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will

ye doe?

Roff. Stay the King. Parr. Vie a more spaclous ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you haue restrain'd your selse within the List of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them; for they weare themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gate; eat, speake, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd starre, and though the deuill leade the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilaced farewell,

Roff. And I will doe fo. Par. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most finewie fword-man.

Enser Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my lidings (pardon, King. He fee thee to fland vp. L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy, And that at my bidding you could fo fland vp. King. I would I had, fo I had broke thy pare

And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfeith s-croffe, but my good Lord 'tis thus, Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

King. No.
Lof. O will you earno grapes my royall foxe? Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if My royall foxe could reach them: I have feen'a medicine That's able to breath life into a stone, Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch Is powerfull to arayfe King Pippen, nay To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this? Laf. Why doctor the: my Lord, there's one arriv'd, Hyou will fee her: now by my faith and honour, If feriously I may conusy my thoughts In this my light deliuerance, I have spoke With one, that in her fexe, her yeetes, profession, Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her? For that is her demand, and know her bufineffe? That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good Lafen, Bring in the admiration, that we with thee May spend out wonder too, or take off thine By wondring how thou took flit.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you, And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues. Lef. Nay, come your wates.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed. Laf. Nay, come your waies, This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him, A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitor His Maiesty seldome seares, I am Creffede Vnele, That dare leave two together, far you well.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knewhim.
Hel. The rather will I space my praises towards him, Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death, Many recelts he gave me, chieflie one, Which as the dearestiffue of his practice And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling, He bad me fore vp, as a triple eye, Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue fo, And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht With that malignant cause, wherein the honour Of my deare fathers gift, flands cheefe in power, I come to tender it, and my appliance, With all bound humbleneffe

King. Wethanke you maiden, But may not be so credulous of cure, When our most learned Doctors leave vs, and The congregated Colledge have concluded, That labouring Art can never ranfome nature From her inaydible effate: I say we must not So staine our judgement, or corrupt our hope, To profitute our paft-cure malladie To empericks, or to diffeuer fo Our great selfe and our credit, to efteeme A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.

Hell. My ducie then shall pay me for my paines : I will no more enforce mine office on you, Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts, A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee leffe to be cal'd gretefull: Thou thoughtft to helpe me, and fuch thankes I give, As one neere death to those that with him live: But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,

I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurce a try, Since you feevp your rest gainst remedie : He that of greatest worker is finisher, Oft does them by the weakest minister : So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement showne, When Judges have bin babes; great flouds have flowne From simple sources : and great Sess have dried When Miracles have by the great's beene denied. Oft expectation failes, and most oft there Where most it promiles: and oft it hits, Where hope is coldeft, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee welkind maide Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid, Proffers not tooke, respethanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard, It is not fo with him that all things knowes As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by showess But most it is presuniption in vs, when The help of heaven we count the act of men. Deare fir, to my endeauors giue confent, Ofhesuen, not me, make an experiment. I am not an Impostrue, that proclaime My felfe against the levill of mine sime, But know I thinke, and thinke I know most fure, My Art is not past power, not you past cute King. Art thou lo confident? Within what space

Hop fi thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace, Ere twice the horses of the sume shall bring Their fiery corcher his diurnall ting, Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe Moist Heferse hath quench'd her sleepy Lampes Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaffe
Hath told the thecuish minutes, how they passe: What is infirme, from your found parts shall flie, Health shall live free, and sickenelle freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,

What dar'ft thou venter?

Hell Taxe of impudence, A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame Traduced by odious ballads: my maidens name Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended With vildest totture, let my life be ended.

Win. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak His powerfull found, within an organ weake: And what impossibility would slay In common sence, sence saucs another way : Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate. Youth, beauty, wifedome, courage, all That happines and prime, can happy calls Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate Skill infinite, or monftrous desperare, Sweet practifier, thy Phylicke I will try, That ministers thine owne death if I die,

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property Of what Ispoke, unpittied let me die,

And well deferu'd, not helping, death's my fee, But if I helpe, what doe you promule me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

Kin. I by my Sceptes, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then that thou give me with thy kingly hand What husband in thy power I will command: Exempted be from me the arrogance To choose from forth the royall bloud of France, My low and humble name to propagate With any branch or image of thy flate : Bot fuch a one thy vallall, whom I know

Is free for me to aske, hee to bestow Km. Heere is my hand, the premises obsers'd, Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd: So make the choice of thy owne time, for I Thy refolv'd Patient, on thee still relye 1 More should I question thee, and more I must, Though more to know, could not be more to truft: From whence thou cam'ft, how tended on but reft Vnquestion'd welcome, and vadoubted blest. Glue me some helpe heere hos, if thou proceed, As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed

Florib.

Exit.

Enter Counteffe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on fir, I shall now pur you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show my felse highly fed, and lowly

taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what placemake you speciall, when you put off that with fuch concempt, but to the Court?

Cla. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court : hee that cannot make a legge, put off 's cap, kisse his hand, and say bothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a sellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an answere will serve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all

questions.

(To. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answere serve fit to all questions? Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as Tior ruth for Toma fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrouewelday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his home, as a foolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answere of such simesse for

all questions?

Clo. From below your Dake, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answere of most monthrous fize,

that muft fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it : heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, It shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young against five could : I will bee 2 foole in question, hoping to bee the wifer by your an-

Lady.

La. I pray you fir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord ile theres a simple putting off more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loves you.
Clo. O Lord fir, thicke, thicke, fpare not me.

La. I thinke fir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord fir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.
La. You were lately whipt fir as I thinke
Clo. O Lord fit, spare not me.

La. Doc you crie O Lord fir at your whipping, and fpare nor me? Indeed your O Lord fir, is very equent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. Increhad worse lucke in my life in my O Lord

fir: I feethings may ferue long, but not ferue euer.
La. I play the noble hulwife with the time, to enterraine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord hr, why there't ferues well agen La. And end fir to your bufineffe: glue Hellenthis, And vrge her to a prefentantwer backe, Commend me to my kinfmen, and my fonne,

This is not much .

Clo. Not much commendation to them. La Normuch imployement for you, you ender-

Co Most fruitfully, Iam there, before my legegs. La. Haft you agen.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and samiliar things supernaturall and cansclesse. Hence is it, that we make triffes of terrours, enfeoticing our felues into fee-ming knowledge, when we flouid fubrit our felues to an vinknowne feare.

Par. Why tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times,

Rof. And fo 'tis.

Ol Laf. Tobe relinquishe of the Artifts.

Par. So I say both of Galen and Paracelfin. Ol Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right fo I fay. Of Laf. That gave him out incureable.

Ol Laf. That gaue him out incureable.
Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.
Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.
Par. Right, as 'twere a man affur'd of aOl. Laf. Vincertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iuft, you fay well : fo would I have faid.

Ol. Laf. I may truly fay, it is a noveltie to the world. Par. It is indeed eif you will have it in the wing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A thewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor

Par. That's it, I would have faid, the verie fame

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luftier fore mee I speake in respect-

For Nay tis strange, 'cls very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facineriou: (pirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the-Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven. Par. 1, so I fay.

Ol Laf. In a most weake-

Par. And debile minister great power, great trancondence, which should indeede give vs a further vie to be made, then alone the recourry of the king, as to bee Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King . Hellen , and setendants

Par. I would have faid it, you fay well: heere comes the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman faies : He like & maide the Better whil'ft I have a tooth in my head why he sable to leade her a Carranto

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this Helen? Ol. Laf. Fore God i chinke fo.

King, Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court, Sit my preserver by thy patients side, And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence Thou hast repeal d, a second time receyus The confirmation of my promis'd guift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide fend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing, Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice I hatte to vie; thy franke election make, Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;

Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.
Old Laf, I'de give bay curtail, and his furniture My mouth no more were broken then these boyes, And writ as little beard

King. Peruse them well:

Nor one of those, but had a Noble father

She addresses her to a Lord. Hel. Genclemen, heaven hath through me, teftor'd

the king to health.

All We understand it, and thanke heauen for you. Hel. I am a funple Maide, and therein wealthie & That I proteft, I fimply am a Maide: Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already : The blother in my cheekes thus whifper mee,

We bluft that thou fhouldft choose, but be refused; Let the white death fit on thy cheeke for euer. Wee'l nere come there againe.

King Make choise and see, Who fluns thy lave, fluns all his love in mee, Hel. Now Dian from thy Altar do I fly, And to imperial love, that God most high Do my fighes ftreame : Sir, wil you beare my fuire?

1. Lo And grant it.

Hel. Thankes fir, all the rest is mute

Ol.I.af. I had rather be in this choife, then throw Ames-ace for my life.

Hel The honor fir that flames in your faire eyes, Before I speake roo threatningly replies : Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue Her that fo vvilhes, and her humble loue.

2 Lo. No better if you please Hel. My wish receive,

Which great love grant, and fo I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were fons of mine, I'de haue them whip d, or I would fend them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel Benot afraid that I your hand should take, He never do you wrong for your owne fake: Bleffing vpon your vowes, and in your bed Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none

haue

have heere : fure they are baffards to the English, the Frenchnere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good To make your felfe a fonne out of my blood.

4. Lord. Faire one, I thinke not fo.

Ol. Lord There's one grape yet, I am hire thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'A not an alle, I am a youth of fourteene: I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not fay I cake you, but I gius Me and my feruice, ever whilft I live Into your guiding power : This is the man.

King. Why then young Bertrom take her shee's thy

Ber. My wife my Leiger I shal beleech your highers In such a bufines, give me leave to vie The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ft thou not Bertram what thee ha's

done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'll thee ha's rais'd me from my fick-

ly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downs Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Phylicians daughter my wife? Disdaina

Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis onely title thou difdoisft in her, the which I can build up: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off In differences fo mightie. If the bee All that it vertuous (faue what thou dillik's) A poore Philitians daughter, thou dillik'ft Of vertue for the name : but doe not fo : From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed, The place is dignified by th' doers deede. Where great additions [well's, and versue none, It is a dropfied honour Good a lone, Is good without a name? Vilenelle is fo: The propertie by what is is, should go, Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire, In thefe, to Nature shee's immediate herre: And these breed honour: that's honours scorne, Which challeages it selfe as honours borne, And is not like the fire : Honours thriue, When rather from our acts we them decine Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a faue Debosh'd on everie combe, on everie graves A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe. Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be side? If thou canst like this creature, as a maide, I can create the rest : Vertue, and Ince Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee,

Ber. I cannot loue ber, nor will ftriue to doo't. King Thou wrong'ft thy felfe, if thou fhold'ft ftriue to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:

Let the reft go

Krag. My Honor's at the flake, which to defeate I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand, Proud Icomfull boy, vnworthie this good gift, That doft in vile misprisson shackle vp My love, and her defert : that can't not dreame, We poizing vain her defective feale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know. It Is io Vi to plant thine Honour, where We please to have it grow, Checke thy contempe : Obey Our will, which trausiles in thy good: Beleeue not thy distaine, but presentlie Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right Which both thy durie ower, and Our power claimes, Or I will throw thee from my care for ever Into the staggers, and the carelesse laple Of youth and ignorance : both my revenge and bate Looking upon thee, in the name of inflice, Without all termes of pittle. Speake, thine answer

Zer. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit My fencie to your eies, when I confider What great creation, and what dole of bonour Flie: where you bid it: I finde that the which less Was in my Nobler thoughts, most bale sis now The praised of the King, who is encobled, Is as twere borne fo.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her the is thine: to whom? promise A counterpoize : If not to thy effece, A ballance more repleat.

Ber. Itake her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King Smile vpon this Contract : whole Ceremonie Shall feeme expedient on the now borne briefe, And be perform'd to night: the folerane Feast Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'ft her, Thy loue's to me Religious : elfe, do's erre. Exemp

Parolles and Lafer floy behind, commen-ting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monfieur? A word with you. Par. Your pleasure fur.

Lof. Your Lord and Mafter did well to make his recentation.

Par. Recantation: My Lord? my Mafter?

Laf. 1: Isit not a Language I speake? Per. A most harsh one, and not to bee vaderstoode without bloudie succeeding My Master ?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Rofilion? Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man. Lef. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of

enother ftile. Par. You are too old fir: Let it stille you, you are

oo cld

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age eannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do. Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bees prettie wife fellow, thou didft make tollerable vent of thy travell, it might palle: yet the learffer and the booperces about thee, did manifoldlie diffwade me from beleeuing thee a vellell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loofe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our

Scarce worth. P.w. Hadft thou not the priviledge of Antiquity vp-

Lef. Do not plundge thy felfe to farre in anger, leaft thou haften thy triall: which if, I ord have mercie co thee for shen, lo my good window of Lettice fare thet well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par.My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deseru'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, eury dramme of it, and I will not bare thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wifer.

Laf. Burn as foone as thou can'it, for thou halt to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'ft bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a defire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may fay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vertati-

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy fake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by

thee, in what motion age will give me leave. Exis.

Par. Well, thou haft a fonne shall take this diffrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conventence, and he were double and double a Lord. He have no more pittie of his age then I would have of _____ He beate him, and if I could but meet him agea.

Enser Lafery.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's

newes for you : you have a new Mistris.

Par. I most unfainedly befeech your Lordshippe to make some rescruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord . whom I ferue aboue is my mafter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. 1 fit.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy fleeues? Do other feruants fo? Thou wert best fet thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meethink ft thou are a generall offence, and every man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves vpon thee.

This is hard and undescrued measure my Lord. Laf. Co too fir, you were besten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more fawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elie I'de call you knaue. Ileaue you.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal d awhile.

Rof. Vndone, and forfested to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter (weet-heart?

Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I have fworne, I will not bed her.
Par. What? what sweet heart?

Rof. O my Parrolles, they have married me: He to the Tufcan warres, and never bed her

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merics, The tread of a mans foot : too'th warres.

Ref. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Per. I that would beknowne: roo'th warrs my boy,

tec'th warrer

He weates his honor in a boxe vnicene, That hugges his kickie wickie heare at honie. Spending his manlie marrow in her armes Which should sustaine the bound and high curues Of Marfes fierie fteed: to other Regions, France is a flable, wee that dwell in't lades, Therefore too'th warre.

Rof. It shall be so, He send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled : Write to the King That which I durst not speake. His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields Where noble fellower finke : Warres Is no frife To the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art fure?
Rof. Go with me to my chamber, and aduce me. Ile fend her ftraight away : To morrow, He to the wattes, the to her fingle fortow

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard A youg man maried, is a manthat's mard: Therefore away, and leave her brauely : go, The King ha's done you wrong : but hush'tis for

Enter Helena and Clowno.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is the well?

(10. She is not well, but yet the has her health, fhe's very merrie, but yet the is not well a but thankes be giuen fne's very well, and wants nothing i'th world : but yet the is not well.

Hel. If the be verie wel, what do's the syle, that the's

not veric well?

Clo. Truly the's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that the's not in heaven, whether God fend her quickly : the other, that the's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly

Enter Parolles.

Par Bleffe you my forsunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope fir I have your good will to have mine

owne good fortune.

Par. You lisd my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, have them itill. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would the did as you fay.

Per. Why I fay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wifer man: for many a mans tongue thakes out his mafters undoing : to fay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a veric little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You should have faid fir before a knaue, th'area knaue, that's before me th art a knaue; this had beene

Par. Go too, thouart a wittle foole, I have found

cle. Did you finde me la your felfe fir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The fearch 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 ifaith, and well fed. Madam, my Lord will go swaie to night, A verie ferrious butsaelle call's on him : The great pretogative and rite oflowe, Which as your due time claumes, he do's acknowledge But puts it off to a compell'd reftraint i Whole want, and whole delay, is frew'd with fweets Which they distill now in the curbed time, To make the comming hours oreflow with loy,

And pleasure drowne the brim. Fol, What's his will elfer

Per. That you will take your instant leave a'th king, And make this halt as your owne good proceeding, Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Hel. What more commands hee?
Per. That having this obtain'd, you presentle Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In enery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. Emi Par. Exit Hell. I pray you come furah.

Enter Lefew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him s Couldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe. Laf. You have It from his owne deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonic. Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this I sike for a bunting.

Ber. I do affure you my Lord he is very greet in know-

ledge, and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my beact to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make ve freinds, I will purfue the amutica

Enter Petolles.

Par. These things shall be done fir. Laf. Pray you lit whose his Tailer?

Par. Sir?

Laf. Olknowhim well, I fig hee firs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Bar. Is thee gone to the king?

Per. Sheeis. Ber. Willince away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure, Gluen order for our herfes, and to night, When I should take possession of the Bride,

And ere I doe begin.

Lef. A good Trausiler is something at the latter end cfe dinner, but on that lies three thirds , and vies e known truth to passes thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God fauc you Cap-

Ber. Is there any vokindnes betweene my Lord and you Monfieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my

Lorde displeasure.

Lof. You have made thift to run into't, boores and sporres and all . like him that leapt into the Cuffaed, and our ofit you'le runne againe, rather then fufet queftion for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord. Laf. And that! does never, though I tooke him at's proyers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleave this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the foule of this man is his closthes : Truft him oot in monter of heavie configuence: I have kept of them tome, & know their natures. Parewell Mos fieur, I have spoken bemer of you, then you have or will to deferve at my hand, but Min flaings boog ob flum sw

Par. Anidle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke fo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Emer Flelena.

Hel. I have fir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting, onely he defires

Some private speech with you. Ber. I hall obey his will You must not meruaile Helen at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor dees The ministration, and required office On my particular. Prepard I was not Por fuch a bufineffe, therefore am I found So much unfeiled: This drives me to increase you. That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse then aske why I increase you, For my respects are better iben they seeme, And my appointments have in them a neede Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother, Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, to I lesue you to your wisedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing fay, But that I am your most obedient feruma.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever thall

With true observance seeke to erke out that Wherein toward me my homely flares have faild To equall my great fortune.

Bir. Lei that goe : my bast is verie great. Farmell :

Hichame,

Hd. Pray fu your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you fay?
Hel. I am not wonthis of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I fay 'tis mine a and yet le is,

But like a timorous theefe, most faine would feele

What law does youth mine owne.

Ber. What would you bake?

HelSomething, and fearle fo much : nothing indeed, I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes, Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiffe.

Bo. I pray you flay not, but in haft to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lords

Where are my other men? Monfier, farwell. Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never coms, Whilft I can thake my forord, or heare the dramme : Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Adus Tertius.

Flamils. Exertibe Duke of Florence, the two Frenchests. muha troope of Souldiers.

Date So that from point to point, now have you hard

The

The fundamentall reasons of this watte, Whose great decision bath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.

1. Lora Holy seemes the quarrell Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull On the oppoler.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cofin France Would in fo just a businesse, thut his bosome

Against our borrowing prayers. French E. Good my Lord, Thereasons of our Rate I cannot yeelde,

But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a Counfaile frames, By felfe vnable motion, therefore dare not Say what I thinke of it, fince I have found My felle in my incertaine grounds to faile As often as I gueft.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren.G. But I am fure the yonger of out nature, That futfet on their eafe, will day by day

Come heere for Physicke.

Dake. 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 auailes they fell, To morrow to'th the field, Elourish.

Enter Counteffe and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, faue that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I takemy young Lord to be a ve-

rie melancholly man.

Count. By what observance I pray you.

Clo Why he will looke vppon his boote, and fing : mend the Ruffe and ling, aske questions and ling, picke his teeth, and ling: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a fong.

Lad. Let me fee what he writes, and when he meanes

Clow. I have no minde to Isbell fince I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our Isbels a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your libels a'th Courtethe brains ofmy Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an old man loues money, with no ftomacke.

Lad. What have we heere?

Cle. In that you have there. A Letter.

I baue sent you a daughter-in-Law, thee hash recoursed the King, and undow me: I have wedded her, not bedded her, and worne to move the not eternall. You hall heare I am runne away, know is before the report come. If there bee bredshenough in the world, I will hold a long diffunce. My Tom unfortunate fonne, dury to you.

This is not well rash and unbridled boy, To flye the fauours of to good a King, To pluckehis indignation on thy head, By the miliprising of a Maide too vertuous For the contempt of Empire. Enser Clowna.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heavienewes within betweene two fouldiers, and my yeng Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in thenewes, some comfort your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thoghe he would.

La. Why should he be kin'd?

Clo. So fay I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, thoughit be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your fonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone. French C. Do not fay fo.

La. Thinke vpou petience, pray you Gentlemen, I have felt lo many quirkes of ioy and greefe, That the first face of neither on the start

Can woman me vntoo'r. Where is my fonne I pray you Frew.G. Madam he's gone to scrue the Duke of Flo-

We met him thitherward, for thence we came: And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport

When thou caust get the Ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and showned a childe begotten of the bodie, that I am father too, hen call me husband; but in such a (then) I write a Neuer.

This is a dreadfull fentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen? 1.G. I Madam, and for the Contents fake are fortie

for our paines.

Old La. Iprethee Ladie haue a better cheere, If thou engroffest, all the greefes are thine, Thourobit me of a moity: He was my sonne, But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La Andto be a fouldier,

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor That good convenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren. E. I Madam, with the fwiftest wing of speed. Hel. Till I baue no wife, I baue nothing in France, Tis bitter.

La. Findeyou that there?

Hil. I Madame.

Fren.E. Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which

is heart was not confenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife: There's nothing heere that is too good for him But onely she, and she deserves a Lord That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon, And call het hourely Mistris. Who was with him?

Fron. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman: which ! have sometime knowne.

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie reinted fellow, and full of wickednesse, My forme corrupts a well derived nature With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to have.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you fee my fonne, to tell him that his fword can never with me the honor that he loofes: more Ile intreate

you written to bestealong.

Fren.G. We letus you Madam in that and all your worthich affaires.

La. Not lo, but as we change our courtelies,

Exit. Will you draw neere?

Hel. Till I baue no wife I have nothing m France. Nothing in France vitill he has no wife Thou fhelthaue none Refillien, none in France, Then haft thou all againe : poore Lord, is't I That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expose Those tender limbes of thine, to the suent Of the none-spanng warre? And is it I, That drive thee from the sportiue Court, where thou Was't floor at with faire eyes, to be the marke Offmorkie Muskers ? Oyou leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speede of fire. Fly with falle ayme, moue the fill-peering atre That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord: Who ever shoots at him, I fer him there. Who ever charges on his forward breft I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't, And though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected : Better 'twere I met the tauine Lyon when he toat'd With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere, That all the miferies which nature owes Were mine at once. No come shou home Roffilion, Whence honor but of danger winnes a leane. As oft it looks all. I will be gone: My being heere it is, that holds thee hence, Shall I flay heere to doo't? No, no, although The ayre of Paradile did fan the house, And Angles offic'd all : I will be gone, That pictifull rumour may report my flight
To confolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poose theefe) He fleale away. Exu.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rosfillion, drum and srumpets, foldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou arr, and we Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence Vpon thy promiting fortune. Ber. Sir it is

A charge too heavy for my ftrength, but yet Wee'l Ariue to beare it for your worthy fake, To th'extreme edge of hazard

Dake. Then go thou forth.

And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme As thy auspicious mistris

Ber. This very day

Great Mars I put my felfe into the file, Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. Exerns orange

Easer Courses de Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her: Might you not know the would do, as the has done, By lending me a Leiter. Readcit agen.

Lener. I am S. Laques Polgram, whither gone: Ambitions love bath fo in me offended, That bare-foot plad I the cold ground upon With fainted vow my faults to have amended. Write, write, that from the bloodse course of ware My derreft Atofer your deare fame, may hee, Blofe hom at home in peace. Whilst I form force, Her name with redoughter foodiles: Plu taken labura bid himme forgine: I he defrightfull luno fine hon fort, From Courtly friends, with Compring for to live, Where Leath and danger dagg , the be les of worth. He is too good and force for death, and some, Whom I my filfermerace to fee how free.

Ah what frame flings are in hermildeft words? Rynaldo, you did ne er lacke adurce fo much, As letting her pale to: had I spoke with her, I could have well diverted her intenes, Which thus the hath prevented.

Sic. Pardon me Madam, If I had given you this at over-night, She might have beene ore-time : and yet the writer Pursuice would be but veine.

La. What Angell (hall Bleffe this ynworthy husband, he cannot thrive, Vnleise her prayers, whom hezuen delighes to heare And loues to grant, represent him from the wrath Of greatest Institute. Write, write Rynalis, To this voworthy husband of his wife, Let everie word waigh heavie of her worth, That he does waigh too light : my greateft greefe, Though little he do feele it, fet downe sharpely. Disparch the most convenient messenger, When haply he shall heare that she is gone, Me will returne, and hope I may that fire Mearing fo much, will spredcher foote againe, Led hitner by pure love i which of them both la deeroft to me, I have no skill in fence To meke cultination provide this Mellenger: My hearris heavie, and mine age is weake, Greefe would have seeres, and forrow bids me speake. Exempl

A Tucker afarre of

Enist uld Widdow of Firmence, her daughter, Vulenta and Mariona, with after Catizers.

Widden, Noy come, For if they do approach the City. We shall looke all the fight.

Diana. They fey, the French Count has done

McRhonourable feruise. Wid. It is reperred,

That he has taken their great's Commander. And that with his owne hand he flew The Dukes brother: we have loft our labour, They are gone a contrarie ways banks, you may know by their Trumpers.

Charia. Comelett returne againe, And fuffice our felues with the report of it Weil Duma, take need of this French Earle, The honor of a Maide is her name,

And no Legarie is forich As honeilie.

Widden Theuetoldmynelekbour How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman His Companion.

Ma

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one Parolles, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them Diana; their promifes, entilements, cathes, tokens, and all thefe engines of luft, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so certible thewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diffwade fuccession, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduite you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so loft.

Dia You shall not neede to feare me. Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope so : looke here comes a pilgrim, I know the will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are Ponng ?

Hel. To S. laques la grand.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do befeech you? Wid. At the S. Francis heere belide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? A march afarre. Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way :

If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime But till the troopes come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged, The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse As ample as my felfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will fay vpon your leifure. Wid. you came I thinke from France? Hel. I did fo.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours That has done worthy fezuice.

Hel. His name Ipray you?

Dia. The Count Roffition: know you such a one? Hel. But by the care that heares most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is He's brauely taken heere. He stole from France As 'tis reported: for the King had married him Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I furely meere the truth, I know his Lady. Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,

Reports but coursely of her,

Hel. What's his name? Dia. Monsieur Parrolles,

Hel. Oh I beleeus with him.

In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane To have her name repeated, all her deferuing Is a referued honestie, and that

I haue not heard examin'd. Dem. Alas poore Ladie,

Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detefting Lord.

wid. I write good creature, wherefore the is, Her hert waighes fadly : this yong maid might do her A shrewd turne if the pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count folicites ber In the valawfull purpole.

Wid. He docs indeede,

And brokes with all that can in fuch a fuite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: But the is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard In honestest desence.

Drumme and Coloms. Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbidelfe.

wid. So, now they come: That is Anthonio the Dukes elder fonce,

That Efealess.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tisa most gallant fellow, I would he lou'd his wife : if he were honester

He were much goodlier. Is't not a handlom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

De Tis pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knaue That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie, I would poilon that vile Rafcall. Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke an-apes with fearfes. Why Is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loofe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something Looke he has spyed vs.
Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your cutteste, for a ring-carrier. Exit. Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring you, Where you shall hoft: Of ininyn'd pennents There's foure or hue, to great S. laques bound, Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I hurably thanke you:

Please it this Metron, 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 bestow some precepts of this Virgin. Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly.

Esceums

Enter Count Roffillion and the Frenchmen. as at first.

Cup.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't : let him baue his way

Cap.G. If your Lordshippe findehim not a Hilding,

hold meno more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life say Lord a bubble. Ber. Do you thinke I am fo fatte

Deceived in him.

Cap.E. Beleeve it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinfman, hee's a mok notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an housely promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle

you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his

drumme, which you heare him to confidently undertake to do.

C.E. I with a ercop of Florensines wil fodeinly fur-X 2

prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is earlied into the Leagur of the aductsaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base searce, offer to betray you, and definer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the dinne forfeite of his soule upon oath, neuec trust my judgement in asset thing.

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for t: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in to, and to what mettle this countersey lump of ours will be melted if you give him not John drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

C.p.E. Of or the love of laughter hinder not the honor of his deligne, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monfieur? This drumme Ricks forely in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ift but a drumme? A drumfoloft. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horfe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne fouldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of warre that Cafar him selse could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our fueceffe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recourted.

Par. It might have beene reconered. Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of fertice is fildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or bic ia-

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour agains into his native quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what surther becomes his greatnesse, even to the vimost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier I will vndertakeit.

Ber. But you must not now slumber init.

Par. Ileabout it this cuening, and I will prefently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my felfe in my certaintie, put my felfe into my mortall preparation and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are

gone about it.

Par. Iknownot what the successe wil be my Lord,

but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,

And to the possibility of the fouldiership, Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Exit

Cap.E. No more then a fifth loues water. Is not this

sstrange sellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vadertake this businesse, which he knowed is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damed then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, cartaine it is that he will fleale himfelfe imto a mena fauout, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discourries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that to feriouflie hee doors addresse himselfe vito?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap upon you two or three probable his: but we have almost imbost him, you shall see his fall so night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes tespect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Fore ere we case him. He was first smook's by the old Lord Lofen, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verienight.

Cop. E. I must go looke my ewigges,

He shall be caught.

Ber Your brother he shall go along with me.
Cap.G. As epiease your Lordship, lie leave you.
Ber. Now will lead you to the hoase, and show you

The Laffe I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's bonest.

Bo. That's all the fault: If poke with hir but once, And found her wondrous cold, but I feat to her By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th winde Tokens and Letters, which she did resend, And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature, Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Excus

Enter Hellen, and Viddoo.

Hel. If you mildoubt me that I amnot free, I know not how I shall affer you further, But I shall look the grounds I worke you.

Wid. Though my chare be false, I was well borne, Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First give me trust, the Counthe is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I have spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ay de that I of you shall borrow,
Errein bestowing it.

171d. I should beleeve you,
For you have shew'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 agains When I haue found it. The Count he woes your

daughter,
Layes downe his wanton fiedge before her beautie,
Refolue to carrie her: let her in fine confent
As wee'l ditect her how't is best to beare it:
Now his important blood will neught denie,
That fine'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From

From sonne to sonne, some fourz or fine discents, Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds In most rich choice : yet in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not feeme too deere, How ere repented after

Will. Now I see the bottome of your purpose. Hd. You fee it lawfull then, it is no more, But that your daughter ere the feemes as wonne, Defires this Ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, deliuers me to fill the time, Her felfe most chastly absent : after Tomstry her, He adde three thousand Crownes To what is past already.

Wed I have yeelded.

Influed my daughter how the shall perseuer, That time and place with this deceite so lawfull May prove coherent. Every night he comes With Mulickes of all forts, and longs compos'd To her voworthinesse tle nothing steeds vs To chide him from our ceues, for he perfuls As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night Let vs affay our plot, which if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede; And lawfull meaning in a lawfull ad, Where both not linne, and yet a finfull fact.

But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fine or fixe other forddeers in ambigh.

1. Lord E.He can come no other way but by this hedge corner : when you fallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your selves, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand him, vuleffe fome one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.
1. Sal. Good Captanic, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy soice?

1. Sol. No fir I warrant you.

Lo.E. But what linke wolfy haft thou to speake to vs

t. Sol. En luch as you fpeake to me.

L.E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, I'ch adversaries entertainment. Now he hach a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one bea man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: to we feeme to know, is to know fraight out purpole: Choughs language, gabble enough, and goodenough. As for you interpreter, you must fecme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a fleepe, and then to returne & fwear the lies he forges .

Enter Parrolles.

Per Tens clocke. Within these three houtes ewill be time enough to goohome. What shall I say I have done? It must been very plausiue invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces have of late, knock'd too oftenat my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the seare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo.E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue

was guiltie of.

Par. What the divell should move one to vodertake the recoverie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hures, and say I got them in ex-ptoit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you of with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the inflance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my felfe andther of Baiacoths Mule, if you prattle mee into these

Lo.E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and

be that he is

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ferue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo.E. We cannot offoord you fo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in

Lo.E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and fay I was Aript.

Lo.E. Hardly Serve.

Par Though I (were I leaps from the window of the Citadell.

Lo.E. How deepe ?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo.E. Three great oathes would fearfe make that be

Par 1 would I had any drumme of the enemies, 1 would (weare I reconer'dit,

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies,

Alarumwahin

Lo E. Throcamovousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

AR. Cargo, cargo, cargo, velleanda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ransome, ransome, Do not hide mine eyes

Inter. Borkes thromudde boskes.
Par I know you are the Mustes Regiment, And I shall loose my life for want of language. If there be heere Gernian or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me,

He discover that, which shal ando the Florentine. Int Boshos varvado, I understand thee, & can speake thy tongue : Kerelybonio fir, betake thee so thy faith, for

feuenteene ponyards are at thy bolome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray, Stankarewania dulche.

Lo.E. Ofcorbidulchos voliuorco.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet, And hoodwinks as thou are, will leade thee on To gather from thee. Haply thou may finforme Something to faue thy life.

Par. Olet me live,

And all the fecrets of our campe He shew, Their force, their purpoles : Nay, Ile speake that, Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But vnit thou frithfully?

Par If I do not, danne me.

Inter. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou are granted space. Ashort Alarumwithin.

Exit

Lo. E

L.E. Go tell the Count Rossillon and my brother, We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him Till we do heave from them. (musted

Sel. Captaine I will.

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our felues, Informe on that.

Sol. So I will fir.

L.E. Till then He keepe him darke and fafely lockt.

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called
Disna.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontybell.
Dia Normy good Lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled Goddeffe,

And worth it with addition: but faire foule, 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 fuch a one Az you are now; for you are cold and sterne, And now you should be as your mother was. When your sweet selfe wis got.

Dia. She then was honest. Ber So should you be.

DIA. No:

My mother did but dutie, fuch (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Est. No more a that:

1 prethee do not flrine against my vowes a

I was compelled to her, but I love thee

By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. I so you serve vs
Till we serve you But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thomes to pricke our selves,
And macke vs with our barenesse,

Ber. How have I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many or these that makes the truth But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true? What is not holie, that we sweare not by, But take the high sit to witnesse: then pray you tell me, If I should sweare by sours great attributes, I lou'd you deetely, would you beleeve my or thee, When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding To sweare by him whom I prorest to love That I will worke against him. Therefore your or these Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd Attest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so hely cruell: Love is holie,
And my integritie ne're, knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy selfe vnto my ficke defires,
Who then recover. Say thou are mine, and ever
My love as 22 beginnes, shall so persever.

Dia, l'au that men make ropels in fuch a fearre, That wee'l forfake our felues. Give me that Ring.

Ber. He lend it thee my decre; but have no power To give it fromma.

Dia. Willyounds my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house, Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors, Which were the greatest abloquie ith world. In me to loofe.

Dian. Mine Honors futh a Ring, My chastitues the Lewell of our house, Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquie s'th viorsd, In mee to loose. Thus your awne proper wisedome Brings in the Champion hooos on my part, Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring, My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine, And Ile be bid by thee.

Des. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heate.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this sting shall be deliuer'd:
And on your singer in the night, He put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the satter, our pess deeds.
Adieu till then, then saile not: you have wome
A wise of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by woning thee.
DiFor which, live long to thank both heaven & me,

You may fo in the end.

My mother told meinth how he would woo,
As if the fate in 's heart. She fayes, all hen
Haue the like nathes: He head fwome to merne me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would valually winne.

Enter the two Trench Captaines, and forme two or three Souldiaure.

Cq.G. You have not given him his mothers letter.
Cq 8. I have delru'red it so houre fince, there is fom
thing in that flings his nature t for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into exother man.

Cop. G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,

for shaking off so good a wife, and so succe a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the enertailing displeasure of the King, who had even sun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap. C. When you have spoken it it dead, and I am

the grave of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentle woman heere in Florence, of a most chaste removen, & this night he flores his will in the spoyle of her honour; hee heth given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the ynchaste composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our

felues, what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale themselnes, till they acceine to their abhort'd enose so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper streams, ore-flower himselfe

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our valawfall intents? We fhell not then have

hiscompany to night?

Cap.E. Nortill after midright; for her is dieted to his house

Cap. G. That approaches space: I would gladly have thin fee his company anathonized, that hee might take

a mealure of his owns tudgements, wherein lo curioully he had fee this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.C. In the meane time, what heare you of thele Warres?

Cay. E. I heare there is an overture of peace. Cap. G. Nay, I affure you a peace concluded.

Cop. E. What will Count Roffilion do then? Will be ersuaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceive by this demand, you see not alto-

gether of his councell.

Cop. E. Let it be forbid fir, so should I bee a great

deale of his al.

Cap 3. Sie, his wife some two months fince fledde from his house, her presence is a pilgrimage to Saint laqueste grand; which holy vadertaking, with most suftere fanchimonie the accomplishe; and there reliding, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now the fings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this juffified?

Cap G. The stronger part of it by her owne I etters, which makes her forie true, even to the poynt of her death : her death it felfe, which could not be her office to say, is come : was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this Intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie

Cap. E. I am heartily fornethas bee'l bee gladde of shis.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make ve comforta of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, Thall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yame, good and ill together : our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whips them not, and our crimes would difpane if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master i Ser. He merche Duke in the freet fir, of whom hee hath taken a folemne leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall beeno more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Court Roffillson.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,

i'ftnot after midnight ?

Bor. There to night dispatch'd fisteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: 1 have congled with the Duke, done my adicu with his neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene thele maine parcels of disparch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have

Doct ended yet.

Cap. E. If the buffneffe bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires half of your Los dilip.

Ber. I meane the bufineffe is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier

cap. E. Ering him forth, has fate I'th flockes all night

poese gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his beeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have cold your Lordship alreadie , The flockes carriehim. Burto answeryou as you would be understood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to Morgan, whom hee supposes to be a Friat, fro the time of his remembrance to this very instant disafter of his serring ith stockes : and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ber, Nothing of me, ba's a?

Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeue you ste, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with bis Interpreter

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld: he can fay nothing of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes Portorartareffe.

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you fay without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more,

Ins. Bosko Chemurcho.

Cap. Bobliondo ebicurmurco.
Int. You are a mercifull Generall : Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And cruly, as I hope to line

fer. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke

is frong What lay you to that?

Par Five or fixe thouland, but very weake and vnferunceable: the troopes are all feattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to line.

Inc. Shall I fet downe your answer fo &

Par. Do, Betake the Sacrament on't how & which way you will : all's one to him.

Ber. What's past-faving slave is this?

Cap. G Y'are deceiv'd my Lord, this is Mounfieur Parrolles the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practile in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his tword cleane, nor believe he can have everie thing

in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's fet downe.

Par, Five or fix thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts fee downe, for lle 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 ic

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you fay.

Int. Well, that's fet downe

Per. I humbly thanke you fir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marualous poore

Interp. Demaund of him of what firength they are a

foor. What say you to that?

By any crorb fir, if I were to live this prefent house, I will tell true. Let me see, Spurio a handred &

fittie, Schaffers fo many, Corambus fo many, Jaques fo many: Guitian, Cofree, Lodowicks, and Graty, two hundreil fiftie each : Mine owne Company, Champher, Vauenoud, Borry, two hundred fiftic each : fo that the muster file, rotten and found, uppon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the Inow from off their Callockes, least they thake them-Selves to preces.

Ber. What finall be done to him.

Cap. G. Norhing, but ler him have thankes. Demand of him my condition : and what credite I have with the

Int. Well that's fet downe : you thall demaund of him, whether one Captaine Dumame beei'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what bis valour, honestie, and experenesse in warres : or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing fummes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What fay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I befeech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dumaine?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paru, from whence be was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vponmy knowledge he is, and lowfie.

CAJ.G. Nay looke not so spon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to tume him out a'th band. I thinke I have his Letter in my poc-

Int. Marry we'll fearch.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Ins. Heere'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Ins. Dianathe Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter fir : that is an aduertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one Diana, to take heede of the allurement of one Count Roffillion, a foolish idle boy : but for all that very ruttish. I pray you. fit put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, He reade it fust by your fauout.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid : for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciulous boy, who is a whale to Virginicy, and denours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-fides togue.

Int. Let. When he sweares outher, hid hum drop gold, and

After he scores, be never pages the score: Halfe won is march well made march and well make it, He nere pages after debts, take it before, Aud fay a fouldier (Dian) told thee this : Men are to mehwith, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Counts a Fcolo I knor is, bapages before, but not when he does ove is

Thine as he wow'd to thee in thine eare, Paroliss.

Ber. He shall be whips through the Asmie with this time in's forchead

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend fir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent fouldier

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Car, and

nowhe's a Cat to me. Ins. I perceive h: by your Generals lookes, wee shall

be faine to hang you.

Par. My life fir in any cafe : Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live fir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may live.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely : therefore once more to this Capteine Dumame : you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, sed

co his valour. What is his honeshie?

Par. He will Reale fir an Egge out of a Cloifter : for rapes and rauishments he paralels Neffm. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is ftronger then Hereules. He will lye fir, with fuch volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, Aue to his bed-cloathes about him : but they know his conditions, and lay him in fraw. I have but little more to fay fir of his bonefly, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not have; what an honeft man should have, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honeslie ? A poz vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

lat. What fay you to his experineffe in warre?

Par. Faith fir, ha's led the drumme before the Englift Tragedians : to beige him I will not, and more of his fouldierthip I know nor, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mileend, to instruct for the doubling of files, I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hathout-villaio'd villanie fo faste, shat the

raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat fill.

Inc. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to 25ke you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue he will fell the fee-simple of his faluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain Ductain?

Cap. E. Why do's heaske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Etother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be faued, will you undertake to betray

the Florentine.

Per. 1, and the Captaine of his horfe, Count Rofflion. Inc. He whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. He no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to feeme to deterue well, and to beguile the suppolition

fition of that lascinious yong boy the Count, have I run into this danget: yet who would have suspected an am-

buffi where I was taken?

Inc. There is no remedy fir, but you must dye : the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discoverd the fecrets of your army, and made fuch pestifferous reports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for no honest vie : therefore you must dye. Come headelman, off with his head.

Por. O Lord fit let me liue, or let me fee my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine Lo.E. God bleffe you Captaine Parolles. Cap. G. God faue you noble Captaine.

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord

Lafew? 1 am for France.

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the somet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rossilion, and I were not a verie Coward, I de compell it of you, but far you well

Int You are endone Captaine all but your scarse,

that has a knot on't yet.

Far. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had received fo much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well fir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there. Exe

Par. Yet am I thankfull : if my heart were great 'Twould burst at this: Captaine lle be no more, But I will eate, and drinke, and fleepe as foft As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live: who knowes himselfe a braggare Let him feare this; for it will come to passe, That every braggart shall be found an Asse. Rust (word, coole blushes, and Parrolles live Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue; There's place and meanes for every man alive. He after them Exit.

Enter Hellen, 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 suretie : for whose throne 'tis needfull Ere I can perfect mine incents, to kneele Time was, I did him a defired office Deere almost as his life, which gratitude Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth, And answer thankes. I duly am inform'd, His grace is at Marcelle, to which place We have convenient convoy: you must know I am supposed dead, the Army breaking, My husband hies him home, where heaven ay ding, And by the leave of my good Lord the King, Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wed. Gentle Madam, You never had a feruant to whose trust Your bufines was more welcome,

Flel, Noryour Mistris Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower, As it hath fated her to be my motiue

And helper to a husband. But O ftrangemen, That can such sweet vie make of what they hate, When fawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away, But more of this heereafter : you Dimes, Vadermy poore infructions yes must fuffer Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie Go with your impositions, I am yours

Vpon your will to fuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you: But with the word the time will bring on fummer, When Brises (hall have leaves as well as thornes, And be as fweet as fharpe: we must away, Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reviues vo All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne; What ere the coutse, the end is the renowne.

Enter Clowns, old Lady, and Lafres.

Laf. No, no, no, your fonne was missed with a snipt caffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold have made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at shis houre, and your sonne heere at home, more advanced by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I fpeak

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praise for creating. If she had petraken of my flesh and cost mee the decrest groanes of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may pieke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such ano-

Clo. Indeed fir the was the sweete Margerom of the faller, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are no lehearbes.

Clowne I am no great Nabuchadnezar fir, I have not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy felfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole fir at a womans scruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his

Laf. So you were a knaue at his service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble fir to doe

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Why fir, if I cannot ferue you, I can ferue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whole that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith fir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that? Cle. The blacke prince fir, alias the prince of darkenesse, alias the divell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purfe, I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk stoff, serve him full.

Clos

Clo. I sm a woodland fellow fir, that alwaise loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but fure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompeto enter : fome that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a weatic of thee, and I tell thee lo before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my borfes be wel look'd

too without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em fir, they shall bee lades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So ais. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his fawcineffe, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, fince I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was voon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selse gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doris, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your forme, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Lady ship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish

it happily effe Red.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from Marcellus, of 25 able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu d by him that in fuch intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La Irreioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my fonne will be heere to night: I shall befeech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I

might safely be admitted

Lad. Youncede but pleade your honourable privi-

Laf. Ladie, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Exter Clorene

Cla. O Madam, yonders my Lord your some with a parch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a fear voder't or no, the Veluer knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veiuer, his lest cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got,

Or anoble scarre, is a good liu'rie of hosor. So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face Laf. Let vs go see

your sonne I pray you, I long to talke With the youg noble souldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with deliente fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

Exeuns

Allus Quintus.

Enter Hillen, Widdow, and Disa, web

Hal, But this exceeding politing day and night Musi wear your spines low, we cannot helpe it But fince you have made the dates and nights as one, To weare your gentle limbes in my offayres, Be bold you do fo grow in my requirall, As nothing can viroote you. In happie time.

Enter agenile Aftinger This man may helpo me to his Maiefties eare, If he would spend his power. God sue you fir.

Cent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have feene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do prefume fir, that you are not falne From the report that goes your your goodnesse, And therefore gooded with most tharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vie of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will? Hel. That it will please you To give this poore petition to the King, And syde me with that flore of power you have To come into his presence,

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere fit?

Gm. Notindeed,

He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast Then is his vie.

Wid. Lord how we look our paints Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time feeme fo adverfe, and meanes vnfit: I do befeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to Roffikion,

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do befeech you fir Since you are like to fee the King before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand, Which I presume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thanke your paines for it, I will come after you with what good speede Our meanes will make vs meanes,

Gent. This Ile do for you

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thanks what e're falles more We must to horse againe, Go, go, provide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr Lauersh give my Lord Lafew this letter, I have ere now fir beene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now fir muddied in fortuner mood, and smell somewhat frong of her firong displeasure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displessure is but fluttish if se smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hence soorth eateno Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the

Par. Nay you need enot to frop your note fir: I spake

but by a Metaphor
Clo. Indeed ht, if your Metaphor flinke, I will flop my nole, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further. . Pas.

Par. Pray you fir deliues me this paper.

Cle. Fon, prethee fland away: a paper from fortunes close-floole, eo giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lofest.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muitat, that ha's false into the violence fish-pond of her displicature, and as he fayes is muddied withall. Pray you fir, vie the Carpe 22 you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, raically knaue. I doe pittle his distresse is my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruel-

ly fcratch'd.

Lef. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein have you played the knawe with fortune that the should stratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not have knawe thrine long under? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beleech your honous to heare mee one lingle word,

Laf. you begge a fingle peny more: Come you shall ha't, faue your word.

For. My name my good Lord is Parroller.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my paffron, give meyour hand: How does your drumme?

Par. Omy good Lord, you were the fift that found

Lof. Was I infooth? And I was the first that loft thee.
Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me infome grace
for you did bring me out.

Los. Our vyouther knowe, doct thou put vyou mee stones both the office of God and the duel: one brings there in groce, and the other brings there out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpers. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knowe, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Per. I praise God for you.

Flourists. Enter King, old Lady, Lafere, the two French Lords, with attendents.

Nin. We left a lewell of her, and our effective Was made much poores by it a but your fonne.

As mad in folly, lack'd the fonce to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis post my Liege, And I befeech your Mainthie to make it Named rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and the, too strong for seasons force, Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honous'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgottenall,
Though my revenges were high bent voon him,
Andwarch dithe time to the ote.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maiesly, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe.
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wise,
Whose beauty did associate the survey
Of richest cies: whose words all eares tooke captine,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,

Humbly call'd Miftris.

Kin. Praising what is loft,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
Weave reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All tepetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblition, we do burie
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege.

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that hers, hath reference so your Highnes.
Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
me, that sets him high in same.

Emer Count Bertram.

Laf. He looke: well on't

Kin. I am not a day of feafon,

Frino mails fee a fun-shine, and a haile

In me at once: But to the brightest beames

Distracted clouds give way, fostand thou forth,

The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the confumed time,
Let's take the inflant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'fl decrees
Th'inaudible, and notifelesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first Isucke my choice upon her, ere my heart Dust make too bold a herauld of my tongue t Where the impression of mine eye enfixing, Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, Which warps the line, of everie other favour, Scorn'd a faire colour, or express it stolne, Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hideous obiest. Thence it came, That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selse, Since I have lost'd, was in mine eye. The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd: That thou didft love her, firikes fome feores away From the great compt : but love that comes too late. Like a remorfefull pardon flowly carried To the great fender, turnes a sowre offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults, Make triviall price of ferious things we have. Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue Oft our displeasures to our selucs uniust, Deftroy our friends, and after weepe their duft: Our owne love waking, cries to fee what's don,e While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone. Bethis (weet Helens knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for faire Mandlin, The maine confents are had, and heere wee'l stay To fee our widdowers fecond marriage day : Which better then the first. O deere heaven blesse, Or, erethey meete in me, O Nature ceffe.

Laf. Come on my fonne, in whom my houser name Must be digested: give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That the may quickly come. By my old beard, And eu'rie haire that's on't, Helen that's dead Was a fweet creature: fuch a ring as this, The last that ere I rooke bur leave at Court, I law voon her finger.

Rer. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me fee it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't: This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Heller, I bad her if her fortunes ever floode Necessitied to helpe, that by this token I would releeve her. Had you that craft to reace her Of what should stead her most?

Br. My gracious Soueraigne, Howere it pleases you to take it fo, The ring was neuer hers

Old La. Sonne, on my life I have feene her weare it, and the reckon'd it At her lives rate.

Laf. 1 am fure I faw her weare it

Bor. You are deceiu'd my Lord, she never faw it : In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee, Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Ofher that threw it: Noble the was, and thought I floodingag'd , but when I had fub ferib'd To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As the had made the overture, the ceaft In heavie fatisfa Qion, and would never Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. Plane himselfe, That knowes the tind and multiplying med'cine, Hath not in natures mysterie more science, Then I have in this Ring. Twas mine, 'treas Helens,' Who ever gave it you: then if you know That you are well acquainted with your felfe, Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her. She cell'd the Saints to fareue, That the would never put it from her finger, Valefie she gave it to your selfe in bed, Where you have never come : or fent it vs

Vpon her great disafter. Rer. She neuer faw it.

Kin. Thou speak'ft it 'falsely : as I loue mine Honor, And mak it connecturall feares to come into me, Which I would fame th it out, if it should prove That thou art fo inhumane, 't will not proue fo: And yet I know not, thou didft hate her deadly, And the is dead, which nothing but to close Her eyes my felfe, could win me to beleeue, More then to fee this Ring. Take him away My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall Shall taze my feares of little vanitle, Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him, Wee'l life this matter further.

Ber. It you shall proue This Ring was ouer hers, you shall as easie Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence, Where yet Meneuer was.

Enser a Gentleman. King. I am wrap d in difmall thinkings. Gen. Gracious Soueraigne. Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not, Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath for foure or five temoues come thort, To tender it her felfe. I undertooke it,

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech Of the proce Suppliant, who by this I know Is heere according, her bufineffe looker in her With an imposing vilage, and the told me In a fweet verball breeie, it did concerne Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A. Letter

Upon his many protoff assens to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I blush to for it, be wenne me. Now wthe Connt Ros. fillion a Widdower, bu vowes are forfested to mee, and my bonors paged to biss. Hee flole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow birs to his Country for Infice . Grant or me, O King, in you is best lies, orberusse a seduces flowtilbes, Did a poore Maid is undons

Diana Capilet. Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Henonr ofhim.

Kin. The liesuens have thought well on thee Lafen, To bring forth this discourie, feeke these succes .

Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram. I am a-feard the life of Hellen (Ladie)

Was fowly fnatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the docrs

Ring. I wonder fir, fir, wives are monflers to you, And that you flye them as you sweare their Lording, Yet you desire to marry. What woman s that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wrerched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capilet, My fuite as I do vnder frand you know

And therefore know how farre I may be pittied wid. I amher Mother fir, whose age and honour Both fuffer under this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your temedie.

Kung. Come hether Count, do you know these Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie, But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange whon your wife? Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you'shall marrie You give away this hand, and that is mine, You give away heavens vowes, and those are mine You give away my felfe, which is knowne mine. For I by vow am to embodied yours, That the which marries you, must marrie me, Either both or none.

Lef. your reputation comes too fhort for my daugh-

cer, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp rate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour. Then for to thinke that I would finke it heere.

Kin. Sit for my thoughts, you have them il to friend, Till your deeds gaine them fairer : proue your hower,

Then in my thought it lies. Dian. Good my Lord,

Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke He had not my virginity.

Kin. What faift thou to her? Ber. She's impudent my Lord,

And was a common gamefer to the Campe. DM. He do's me wrong my Lord : If I were lo,

He might have bought me at a common price.

Do

Do not beleeve him. O behold this Ring, Whole high respect and rich validitie Did lacke a Paralell : yet for all that He gaueit to a Commoner s'th Campe

Coun He blushes, and 'tis hit : Of fixe preceding Ancestors, that Jemme Confer'd by testament to th sequent issue Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,

That Ring's a thousand proofes
King. Me thought you saide

You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it. Dia. Idid my Lord, but loath am to produce

So badan instrument, his names Parrolles. Laf. Isaw the man to day, if man he bee. Kin, Finde him, and bring him hether

Rof. What of him:

He s quoted for a most perfidious slave With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh d, Whose nature fickens : but to speake a truth, Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter, That will speake any thing.

Km. She hath that Ring of yours.

Rof. I thinke the has; certaine it is llyk'd her, And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth She knew her distance, and did angle for mee, Madding my eagernesse with her restraint, As all impediments in fancies course Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine, Her infuite comming with her moderne grace, Subdu'd me to her rate, the got the Ring And I had that which any inferiour might At Market price have bought.

Dis. I must be patient You that have turn'd ff a first so noble wife, May suffly 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.

Ros. I haue it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?
Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed. Km. The story then goes falle, you threw it him

Out of a Calement. Enter Parolles. Dia, I have spoke the truth. Rof. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle threwdly, every feather states you . Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me firrah, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the displeasure of your master. Which on your suft proceeding, He keepe off, By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.

Kin. Come, come, to'th' purpose : Did hee loue this

woman ?

Per. Faith fit he did loue her, but how.

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her fir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou are a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

uocall Companion is this?

Per. I am a poote man and at your Maiesties com-

Lef. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie

Dean. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par, Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know (8?

Par Yes lo please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene them as I faid, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I knownot what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive mee ill will to speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst Tay they are marled, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy It? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dia I found it not

Km. If it were yours by none of all these wayes, How could you give it him?

Dea I neuer gaue it him.
Laf. This womans an cache gloue my Lord, the goes off and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife. Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now, To prison with her : and away with him, Vnlesse thou tels me where thou hads this Ring, Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. He neuer tell you.

Kin. Take her sway.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By loue if euer I knew man'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him al this while.

Dea. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty : He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't i He sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not. Great King I am no strumpet, by my life, Lam either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her. Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall fir, The Ieweller that owes the Ring is fent for, And he shall furcey me. But for this Lord, Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himfelfe, Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him. He knowes himselse my bed he hath defil'd, And at that time he got his wife with childe: Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke : So there's my riddle, one that a dead is quicke, And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is thereno exorelft Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes? Is't reall that I fee ?

Hel. No my good Lord,

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Alls Well, that Ends Well.

Tis but the Modow of a wife you les, The name, and not the thing.

Ref. Both, both, Opardon
Hel. Olimy good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there byour Ring, And looke you, heeres your letter this it fayes, When from my finger you can get this Ring, And is by me with childe, &c. This modone, Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ref. Inthe my Liege can make me know this clearly,

He love het dearely, euer, euer dearly.

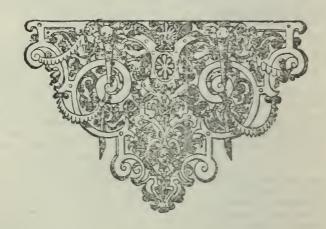
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue, Deadly divorce flep betweene me and gon O my deere mother do I fee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes fmell Onlons, I thall weepe anon a Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher. So I thanke thee, walte on me home, He make sport with thee: Let thy curther alone, they are fourny ones.

Kmg Let ve from point to point this florie know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow : If thou beeft yet a fresh vneropped flower, Choose thou thy husband, and He pay thy dower. For I can gueffe, that by thy hor eft ayde, Thou kepth a wife her felfe, thy felfe a Maide Of that and all the progreds more and lefte, Resolduedly more leasure shall expresse: All yet seemes well, and if it end so meere, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. Flouryb.

He Kirgia Begger, now she Play is done, Als well ended, of the fute be wones, That you expresse Conserie which we will pay. Wish strift to please you, day exceeding day : Ours be your passence shen, and yours our parts, Your gentle bands lend us, and take our bearts. Exeunt omn

FINIS.





Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scana Prima.

Enter Orfico Duke of Illyria, Carro, and other

FMuficke be the food of Loue, play on, Gwemeexcelle of it : that furfetting, The appetite may licken, and fo dye

That frame agen, it had a dying fall:

O, it came one my care, like the fweet found That breather vpon a banke of Violets; Stealing, and giving Odour Enough, no more, Tis not fo (weet now, as it was before. O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou, That not withstanding thy capacitie,
Receiveth as the Sea Nought enters there, Of what validity, and pitch fo etc, But falleranto abatement, and low price Even in a minute; fo full of shapes is fancio, That it alone, is high fantasticall

CM. Will you go huat my Lord?

DM. What Carto?

Cu. The Hart.

Du. Why fo I do, the Noblest that I hene ! O when mine eyes did fee Olinia fielt, Me thought the purg'd the ayre of peffilence; That instant was I turn'd into a Hart, And my defires like fell and cruell hounds, Ere fince purfue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted, Bucfrom her handmaid do returne this answer. The Element it felfe, till feuen yeares heate, Shall not behold her face at ample view t But like a Cloyftreffe the will vailed walke, And water once a day her Chamber round With eye-offending brine sall this to leafon A brothers dead love, which she would keepe fresh And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame To pay this debt of loue but to 2 brother, How will the love, when the rich golden shaft Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elfe That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart, These sourraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd Her sweete perfections with one felfe king a Away before me, to fweet beds of Flowres Loue-thoughts lyerich, when canopy'd with bowres, Scena Secunda

Enter Viola, a Captaine and Seplors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this? Cap. This is Illyria Ladic.
Fig. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

Perchance he is not drown'd : What thinke you faylors? Cap. It is perchance that you your felfe were faued.

Vio. O my poore brother, and fo perchance may he be. Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance, Affure your felfe, after our thip did Iplic, When you, and those poore number saued with you,

Hung on our driving boate : I faw your brother Most prouident in perill, binde himfelfe. Courage and hope both reaching him the practife) To a strong Maste, that siu d vpon the sea: Where like Orion on the Dolphines backe,

I faw him hold acquaintance with the waves, So long as I could fee.

Vio. For saying so, there & Gold : Mine owne elespe vnfoldeth to my hope, Whereto thy speech serves for authoritie The like of him. Know it thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and berne Not three houses trauaile from this very place.

Vio. Who governes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orfino.

Vio. Orfino : I have heard my facher name him. He was a Barchellor then.

Cap. And fo is now, or was fo very late : For but a month ago I went from hence, And then 'twas feells in murmure (az you know What great ones do, the leffe will prattie of,) That he did seeke the love of faire Olima

Via What's Thee?

Exenni

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count That dide some tweluemonth since, then lesuing her In the protection of his sonne, her brother, Who shortly also dide: for whose decre loue (They fay) the hath abiur'd the fight And company of men.

Vio. O that I feru'd that Lady, And might not be delivered to the world

X 2

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow What ray efface is.

Cap. That were hard to compalle. Because the will admit no kinde of faite,

No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behausour in thee Captaine, And though that nature, with a beauteous wall Doth of clo fe in pollution . yet of thee I will beleeue thou halt a minde that fuites With this thy faire and outward charra der, I prethee (and lie pay thee bounteoully) Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde, For such disguse as haply shall become The forme of my intent. He serue this Duke, Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him, It may be worth thy paines : for I can ling, And speake to him in many forts of Muficke, That will allow me very worth his service. What elfe may hap, to time I will commit, Onely shape thou thy filence to my wit. Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute le bee,

When my rongue blabs then let mine eyes not fee Vio. I thanke thee : Lead me on.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Ser Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am fure care's an enemie to

Mar. By my troth fit Toby, you must come in earlyet anights : your Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houtes.

To. Why let her except, before excepted

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

To, Confine? He confine my selfe no finer then I am t thefe cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and fo bee these boots too : and they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you : I heard my Lady talke of it yesterday : and of a soolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir Andrew Agme-cheeke?

To. He's astall a man as any's in Illyma.

Ma. What s that to the purpose?
To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare. Ma. I, but hee'l have but a yeare in all these ducates :

He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l fay fo : he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall : for befides that be's a foole, he's a great quarreller : and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, so allay the guft he hath in quartelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundreds and subfira-

Aors that fay fo ofhim. Who are they?

Ms. They that adde moreour, hec's drunke nightly in your company.

To, With drinking healths to my Neece: He drinke

to ber as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria : he's a Coward and a Coyffrill that will not drinke to my Neece till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? Castiliano valgo for here com Sit Andrew Aguaface.

Emer Str Andrew.

And. Six Tuby Bolch. How now for Toby Bolch?

To. Sweet hu Andrew.

And, Blelle you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too fir.

Tob. Accost Six Andrew, accost.

And What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Ma Good Mistris accost, I desue better acquaiocance

Ma. My name is Mary fir.

And. Good miftris May, accost.

To, You mistake knight a Accost, is front her, boord her, woe her, allayle her.

And By my troth I would not undertake ber in this company. Is that the meaning of Accos?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part to Sit Andrew, would thou

mightft neuer draw (word agen

And, And you part formiffers, I would I might never draw (word agen : laire Lady, doe you thinke you bave fooler in band?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my band. Ma. Now fir, thought is free : I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-hearts) What's your Meta-

Ma It's dry fir.

and Why I thinke fo I am not fuch an affe, but 1 can keepe my hand dry. But what's your self?

Ma A dry sell Sit.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma.I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now. I let go your hand, I sin batren.

To, O knight, thou lack'it a cop of Canarie: when did

I fee thee fo put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, enlesse you see Canatie pui me downe : mee thinkes sometimes I haue no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's but I am a great cater of beefe, and I beleeve that does harme to my wit.

Ta No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forfwezre it. The ride home to morrow fir Toby.

To. Pur- gaoy my deere knight?

An. What is purques? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in feneing dancing, and beare-bayting : O had I but followed the

To. Then hadft theu had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that have mended my haire !

To. Past question, for thou feest it will not coole my An. But it become we well enough, doft not? (nature To. Excellent, it hangs like flax ou a diffaffe: & I hope to fee a hulwife take thee between her legs, & fpin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow fir Toby, your niece wil not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me:

the Connt himselfe here hard by, wooes her, To. Shee'l pone o'th Count, The'l not match about his

degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit . I have heard her lweart. Tuttbere's hie in't inan.

And. He stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revels tometime a altogether

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight? And. As any man in Illyria, what foeuer he be, ander 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 capet.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, simply as

firong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid ? Wherefore have thefe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Arethey like to iske dust, like mistris Mals picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranio? My verie walke should be a ligge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace; What dooest thou meane? Is it a world to hide verrues in ? I did thinke by the extellent confluction of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the flarre of a Galliard

And, 1, 'tis firong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd flocke. Shall we fit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder

Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No fir, it is leggs and thighes : let me fee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha. excellent.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue thefe fauours towards you Cefario, ynu are like to be much aduane'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ftranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call m question the continuance of his loue. Is he inconstant sir, in his fauours. Val. No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio and Attendante. Vio. I thanke you : heere comes the Count.

Date. Who law Cefario hos?

Vio. On your arrendance my Lord heere. Du Stand you a-while aloofe. Cefario, Thou knowst no lesse, but all : I have vnclasp'd To thee the booke even of my fectet foule. Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her, Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores. And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow

Till thou have audience. Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her fortow As it is spoke, the neuer will admit me.

Du, Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds,

Rather then make onprofited returne,

Fia. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. Othen, enfold the passion of my loue, Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes: She will attend it better in thy youth, Then in a Nuntio's of more grave aspea.

Pro I thinkenot fo, my Lord. Du. Deere Lad, beleevelt ;

For they thall yet belye thy happy yeeres, That fay thou are a man : Dianas lip Is not more smooth, and rubious : thy small pipe Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and found, And all is femblative a womans part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affayre : some source or five attend him, All if you will ; for I my felfe am best When least in companie : prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. 11e do my best

To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife, Who ere I woe, my felfe would be his wife.

Exercit.

Scena Quinta.

Enser Maria and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes fo wide as a brifsle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang there for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me ; hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to feare.

Me. A good lenton answer : I can tell thee where \$ faying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good mistris Mary?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to fay in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God give them wisedome that have it : & those that are fooles, let them vie their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being fo long absent, or to be turn'd away : is not that as good as a hanging to

clo. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let fummer beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clo Noc so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both

breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt. well go thy way, if fir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Ener flesh, as any in Illyria

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady i make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Maluelio.

Cls. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling . those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am fure i lacke thee, may passe for a wife man. For what faies Quinapalus, Betrer a witty foole. then a foolish wir. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away

Clo. Do you not heare fello ves, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole; He no more of yourbe-

fider you grow dif-honelt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counfell wil amend : for give the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, fhe mend, he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him : any thing that's mended, is but patch'd:vertu that transgresses, is but parcht with sime, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy?

Y 3

Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, fo beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I fay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus wen facit monachum: that's as much to fay, as I weare not morley in my braine | good Madona, give mee leave to proue your a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madons.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Cle. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my Moule of vertue answer mee.

Ol. Well fir, for want of other idlenesse, He bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourns thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his foule is in hell, Madona,

Ol. I know his foule is in heaven, foole.

Clo The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers foule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole,

Ol. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he

not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decaies the wife, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God send you fir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly : Sit Toby will be sworn that I am no Fox but he wil not palle his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How fay you to that Malsolio?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rafcall : I faw him pur down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a flone Looke you now, he's out of his gard already whiles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these see kinde of fooles, no better then the fonles Zanies.

Ol. O you are ficke of selfe-love Maluolio, and take with a disteniper'd appetite. To be generous, guirleste. and of free disposition, is to take those things for Birdbolts, that you decme Cannon bullets: There is no flander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne difereet mian, though hee do

nothing but reprove.

Cla Now Mercury induction with leafing, for thou speak'it well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you

Ol. From the Count Orfino, 15 it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis'a faire young man, and well attended.

Of Who of my peuple hold him in delay :

Ma Sir Taby Madam, your kiniman.

Ol. Felch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but niadman . Fie on liim. Go you Maluolio; Ifit be ai fuit from the Count, I am ficke, or not at home What you will, to dismisse it. Exit Malpa. Now you see fir , how your fooling growes old, & people diflike it.

Clo Thou halt spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldelt sonne should be a soole : who se scull, sour cramme with braines, for heere he comes. Enser Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake Pia-maier.

Of By mine honor belfe drunke What is be as the gate Cofin ?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'thefe pickle herring: Hownow Sot.

Cle Good Sit Toby.

Ol. Colin, Colin, how have you come to earely by this Lethargie?

To Letcherie, I defie Letchery there's one at the gate.

Of Imatry, what is he?

To. Let him be the druell and he will, I care pot: groc me faith fay I. Well, it's all one.

01. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man. One draught about heate, makes him a foole, the fecond maddes him, and a third drownes him,

OL Gothou and feeke the Crowner, and let him fitte o'my Coz : for he s in the third degree of drinke : hee's drown'd : go looke after him.

Clo He is bui mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman

Enter Maluolio.

Mal Madam, yond young fellow (weates hee will fpeake with you. I told him you were ficke, he takes on him to vinderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you I told him you were affecpe, he feems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be laid to hun Ladie, hee's fortified against any denials

OL Tell him, he hall not speake with me

Mal. Ha's beene told fo: and hee fages hee I fland at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mackinde. Ol What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner heel speake with you, will you, or no

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy : as a fquash is before tis a percod, or a Codling when the almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing wa ter, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour d, and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were fearfe out of him

Of Let him approach : Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mel. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. FXE Enter Maris.

Ol. Give me my vaile : come throw it ore my face, Weel once more heare Orfinos Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is the? Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her . your will

Um. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beau tie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I neuer lawher. I would bee loath to call away my speech : for besides ilsat it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to conit. Good Beauties, let mee fo-Raineno scorne; I am very comptible, even to the least linister vlage.

Ol. Whence came you fir?

Vio. I can say little more then I have fludied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modelt affurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that

may proceede in my speech.
Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart t and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I fweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe. for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to referue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in tal forgive you

the praise.

Vio Alas, I tooke great paines to fludie it, and itis

Poeticall.

Of. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were fawey at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reason, be breefer its not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle fir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Of Sure you have fome hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curtefie of it is so fearefull Speake your office.

Vio Italone concernes your care: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began tudely. What are you?

What would you!

Via. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, have I learn d from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as inaiden-head; to your eares, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Gine vs the place alone.

We will heare this divinitie. Now fir, what is your text?

Vio Mossweet Ladic

Of A comfortable doftrine, and much may bee saide of it Where hes your Text?

Vio In Orfinoca bolome

Of In his bolome? In what chapter of his bolome?
For To answer by the method in the first of his hart.

Ol. O, I haue readit: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your lace.

Of. Have you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you fir, sich a one I was this present. Ift not well done?

Vio Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure winde and weather

Via. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne (weet, and cumning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell A shee aliue.

If you will leade thele graces to the graue, And leave the world no copie.

Of O fir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out divers seedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inventoried and every particle and viensile labell'd to my will. As Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth.

Were you fent hither to praife me!

Vio. I fee you what you are, you are roo proud:
But if you were the diueli, you are faire
My Lord, and mafter loues you: O fuch love
Could be but recompene'd, though you were crown d
The non-pareil of beautle.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio, With adorations, fertill teares,

With groanes that thunder love, with fighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love hum
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of firesh and stainlesse youth;
In voyces well divulged, free, learn d, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot love him s
He might have tooke his answer long ago.

Vio, If I did loue you in my mafters flame, With fuch a fuffring, fuch a deadly life. In your deniall, I would finde up fence,

I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my foule within the houfe,
Write loyal! Cantons of contemned loue,
And fing them lowd even in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the arre,
Cry out Olivia: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much i What is your Parentage?

Vio. About my fortunes, yet my flate is well a lam a Gentleman.

Of Get you to your Lord:
I cannot love him: let him lend no more,
Vn!esse(perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Vm. Sam no feede poalt, Lady; keepe your purfe,
My Master, not my felfe, lackes recompence.
Lone make his heart of flint, that you shalloue,
And let your ferwour like my masters be,
Placid in contempt. Fatwell fayre crueltie.

Ot. What is your Parentage?
About my fortunes, yet my flate is well,
I am a Gentleman I le be iworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirat.
Do give the five-fold blazon: not too fast folt, fost,
Vilesse the Malter were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinkes I seele this youths persections
With an inussible, and subtle steath
To creepe in at inneeyes. Well, let it be.
What hos, Maluolo.

Emer Ataluolio.

Mal Heere Madam, at your feruice.
Of Runafter that fame pecuish Messenger
The Countes man: he lest this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not itell him, He none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord.
Not hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
It that the youth will come this way to morrow.
He give him teasons for to hie thee Malvolio.
Mal Madam, I will.

Ol I do I know not what, and feate to finde Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde t

Falc

Exil.

Pare, flew thy force, our felues we do not owe, What is decreed, must be and be this fo.

Fluis, Actus primus.

Allus Secundus, Scana prima.

Enter Antonio & Seballian.

Ant. Will you flay no langer : nor will you not that

I go with you.

Ouer me; the malignancie of my flarres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might peshaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may beare my eails alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound. Seb. blo footh fir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent at ouch of modestie, that you will not extert from me, what I am villing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, therather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodorigo) my sather was that Sebastian of Assaina, whom I know you have heard of. He lest behinde him, my selfe, and a fister, both botne in an houre: if the Heanens had been epleased, would we had so ended. But you sit, also ter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady fir, though it was faid fine much refembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but thogh I could not with fuch effithable wonders over fatte beleeue hat, yet thus fatte I will boldly publish her, shee borea minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already fir with falt water, though I sceme to drown het remembrance againe with mote.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Autania, forgiue me your crouble.

Ant. If you will not murthet me for my love, let mee

be your fernant.

Seb. If you will not vindo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have tecouer'd, defire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orlino's Court, fareviel.

Ast. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I have many enemies in Orlino's Court,
Eife would I very facility see thee there:
Sur come what may I do adors thee so

But come what may, I do adote thee fo, That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malaolio, at several doores.

Mul. Wete not you en'n now, with the Counteste Oliuse?

Vio. Even now fir, on a moderate pace, I have fince ariv'd but hither.

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (fir) you might have faued meemy paines, to have taken it away your felfe. She adds moreover, that you fnould put your Lord into a despersue assurance, the will none or him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardse so come agains in his assure, valesse in his assure. Lords taking of this : receive it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile ocne of k.

Mal. Come fit, you peruifully threw it to her r and her will is, it should be so returned: If it her worth shoping for, there it hes, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it.

Exc.

Vio. 1 left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-fide have not chanted ber: She made good riew of me, indeed fo much, That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue, For the did speake in fares diffrededly. She loves me fure, the coming of her palsion Invites me in this churlish mellenger: None of my Lords King? Why be feat her cone; I am the man, if it be fo astis, Poore Lady, the were better loue a dreame: Difguile, I fee thou art a wickedneffe. Wherein the pregnant enemie does much. How case is it, for the propor talle In womens waren hearts to fet their formes: Alas, O frailtle is the cause, not wee, For fach as we are made, if fach we bec: How will this fadge? My mafter lours her deerely. And I (poore moniter) fond almuch on him: And Bie (millaken) fermes to dote on mes What will become of this? As I am mao, 7-ly flate is desperate for my musters lour; As I am woman (now also the day)
What thriftleffe fighes finall poore Olima breath? O time, thou must votengle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t'vaty.

· Scana · Tertia.

Emer Sir Toby, and Sir Ledica.

To. Approach Six Andrew: not to bee a bedde efter midnight, is to be vp betimes, and Deliculo furgire, thou know it.

And Nay by my troth I knownet: but I know, to

be volare, is to be aplace.

To. A felle conclusion: I have it as an unfill'd Canne. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed bettimes. Does not our lives confit of the foure Elements?

And. Faith to they fay, but I thinke it rather cooffes

of cating and drinking.

Exit.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore cete and draike.

Ester Classes.

And, Heere comes the fooley faith.

Clo. How now my barts: Did you never fee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome affe, now let's have a carch.

And By my troth the foole has an excellent breaft. I had rather then forry shilling I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the soole has Insooth thou was in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok it of Pryrogramius, of the Vaprant passing the Equino chal of Quantum: 'twas very good yfzith: I sent thee fixe pence

for

for thy Lemon, hadft it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for Malnolios nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

An. Excellent : Why this is the best fooling, when

all is done: Now a fong.

To. Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's have a fong.

An. There's a testrill ofme too : if one knight give a Cla. Would you have a love-long, or a long of good life?

To. A love long, a love long.

An. 1, L. I care not for good life.

Clowns fings

O Mistru mine where are you roming? Offer, and heare, your erise lones coming, That can fing both high and low. Trip no further prettie sweeting. lourners end in louers paseting, Enery wife mans sonne doub know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To Good, good

Clo. What is lone, the not beereafter, Prefent mirch, hath prefent laughter: What's to come, w ftill vafare In delay ibere lies no plantie, Then come kiffe me fincer and sweeties Towns a stuffe will not endere.

Az. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious lfaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three foules out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

And. And you love me, les's doo't: I am dogge at a

Carch.

Clo. Byrlady fir, and some dogs will catch well. An. Most certaine: Let out Catch be, Then Knaue

Clo. Holdsby peace, then Knaue knight. I Challbe conftrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knaue. Begin soole : it begins, Hold thy peace.

Clo. I hall never begin if I hold my peace. An. Good ifaith: Come begin. Casch Sang

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladio have not call'd vp her Steward Malnolio, and bid him turne you out of doores, nevertrust me.

To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Maluolios a Peg-a-ramfie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I confanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally, La-

die, There dwels a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling,

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I roo : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more

To Othe melfeday of December

Mar. For the love o God peace. Enser Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wir manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouse of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Coziers Carches without any mitigation or remorfe 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 kinfman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can

separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, the is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell decre heart, fince I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

Cla. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even fo?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall bidbingo.

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall bid him go, and spare not !

Cla. Ono, no, no, no, you dare not

To. Outotune fir, ye lye: Art any more then a Stew ard? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S. Anne, and Ginger shall bee horre y'th

To Th'art i'th right. Goe fir, rub your Chaine with

crums. A stope of Wine Maria.

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this vnewill rule; the shall know of it by this hand.

Mar. Go shake your eare's.

An. Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, He write thee a Challenge: or He deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monfieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte e-

nough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do lt.

To. Possesses, possesses, tell vs something of him. Mar. Marrie fir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane. An O, if I thought that, I de beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Putitan, thy exquisite teason, deere knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asic, that cons State without booke, and veters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.

An I hau't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop

Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

that they come from my Neece, and that thee's in love

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour. An. And your horse now would make him an Asse Mr. Affe, I doubt not.

Au. Otwillbeadmirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant your I know my Pbyficke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and les the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: oblerue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the cuent: Farewell.

To. Good night Penthifiles.

An. Before me she's 2 good wench.

To. She sa beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadfi neede fend for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast ber not i'th

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will. .To. Come, come, lle go burne some Sacke, ils too late to go to bed now : Come knight, come knight. Execut

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others. Du. Gine me some Musick; Now good motow frends. Now good Cefareo, but that peece of long, That old and Anticke fong we heard last night; Me thought it did releeve my passion much, More then light ayres, and recollected termes Of these most briske and giddy-paced times. Come, but on e verse.

Cur. He is not heere (to please your Lordshippe) that should hing it?

Dw. Who was it?

Cur. Fefte the lester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie Olmaces Father tooke much delight in . He is about the

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Dinficke player.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love In the fweet pangs of it, remember me : For fuch as I am, all true Louers are, Vnstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the conflant image of the creature That is belou'd. How doft thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a verie cocho to the feate Where love is thron'd.

Da. Thou dost speake masterly, My life vpon't, yong though thou are, thine eye Hath staid vpon some fauour that it loues : Hathic not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour. Du What kinde of woman ift;

Die. Of your compledion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares if aith?

Vm. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by he suen: Let fill the woman take

An elder then her felfe, fo weares the to him So swayes the level! ir her husbands heart . For boy, however we do praise our selves, Our fancies are more giddle and vnheme, More langing, watering, fooner loft and worde, Then womens are.

Uw. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du Thenlesthy Love be yonger then thy felfe, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For women are as Roles, whole faire flowre Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And lo they are :alas, that they are lo s To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

ENER CHANGE Clowne.

Du. O sellow come, the song we had last night: Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine; The Spinsters and the Knitters in the sun, And the free maides that we sue their thred with bones, Do vie to chaunt it: it is filly footh, And dallies with the lanocence of love, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir ? Duke. I prethee ling.

Mufiche

The Song. Come away, come away death, And in sad cypresse les me be laide. Eye away, he away breath, I am flaine by a faire cruell maide t My shroad of white stuck all with Ew. O prepare it. My part of death no one forme did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweete On my blacke cossin, let there be strewns: Not a friend, not a friend grees My poore corpes, where my bones shall be thrown: A thousand thousand sighes to same lay me o where Sadtrue lower never find my grave, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy painer.

Clo. No paines fir, I take pleasure in finging fir.

Du. He pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truely fir, and pleafure will be paide one time, or another,

Du. Giue me now leave, to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melanchelly God proted thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffara, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of fuch constancie put to Sea, that their bufinelle might be euery thing and their intent everie where, for that's is, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell, E. Du. Let all the rest give place: Once more Cefaru.

Get thee to youd fame fourraigne croekie: Tell her my loue, more noble then the world Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands, The parts that fortune hath beflowd wpon ber: Tell her I hold as giddily as Formne: But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of lems That mature prankes her in, attracts my foule.

Vie. But if fne cannot loue you fit De. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for Olmia : you cannot love her You tel her fo: Muit the not then be answe. 'd?

Du. There is no womans fides

Can bide the besting of fo ftrong a passion, As love doth give my heart : no womans heart So bigge, to hold fo much, they lacke retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, No motion of the Liver, but the Pallac That suffer surfer, cloyment, and revolt, But mine is all as hungry as the Sea, And can digeft as much, make no compare Betweene that love a woman can beare me, And that I owe Olimia.

Uw. Ibut I know

Da. What doft thou knowe?

Ulo. Too well what love women to men may owe t 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.

Dw. And what's her history !

Vio. A blanke my Lord : the never told her loue, But let concealment like a worme i'th budde Foede on her damaske cheeke : the pin'd in thought, And with a greene and yellow melancholly, She fate like Patience on a Monument, Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeede? We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed Our shewes are more then will : for still we proue Much in our vowes, bur little in our love.

Du. Bur di'de thy fiftet ofher love my Boy? Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house, And all the brothers too; and yet I know not

See, shall I to this Lady? Dw. I that's the Theame,

To her in hafte : give her this lewell ; fay, My loue can give no place, bide no denay.

Scena Quinta.

Euter Ser Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay Ile come: If I loose a scruple of this sport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man : you know he brought me out o'fauout with my Lady, about a Beare-batting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l have the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not fir An-

An. And we do not, it is pittle of our lives. Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine : How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Ger yeall three into the box tree: Malualio's comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practifing behautour to his own shadow this halfe houre : observe him for the lone of Mockerie: for I know this Letter wil make a contemplative Ideos of him. Close in the name of leasting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling,

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Tis but Fortune, all 19 fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I have heard her felf come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Befides the vies me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that followes her. should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Pa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iers under his aduane'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I fay.

Mal. To be Count Maluolson

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example fort: The Lady of the Stracby, married the yeoman of the wardrob

An. Fie on him lezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in : looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Having beenethree moneths married to her, hering in my frace.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet gowne : having come from a day bedde, where I have left Olima fleeping

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace,

Mal. And then to have the humor of flate : and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs : to aske for my kiniman Toby.

To. Boltes and shackles.

F4. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Sequen of my people with an obedient fart. make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my fome rich lewell: Toby approaches; curties there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

FA. Though our filence be drawne from vs with cars

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus a quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,

Mal. Saying, Cofine Toby, my Fortunes having caft me on your Neece, give me this pretogative of speech. To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drankennesse.

To. Out fcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our

Mal Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One fit Andrew.

And. I knew twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we heere? Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: thefe bee het very (s. her U's, and her T's, and thus makes thee her great Ps. It is in contempt of question herhand.

An. Her Ci, her U's, and her Ti: why that?

Mal. To the unknowne below d, thu, and my good Wifbes: Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the impressure her Lucrese, with which the vies to seale I tie my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liver and all-

Mal. lous knower flowe, but who, Lips do not me wear must know. No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd . No man must know, If this Mould be thee Malmolio?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucreffo baife :

With bloodle fe ftrote my bears doch gore, M.O. A. 1. doch for any ony life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, fay 1.

Mal. M.O.A.I. dorh Iway my life Nay but hift let nie fee, lat me fee, let me fee.

Fab. What dish a poylon has the dreft him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore : Why Thee may command me. I ferue her, the 15 my Ladie. Why this 15 evident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end : What should that Alphabeticall pofition portend, if I could make that refemble fomething in me? Sofily, M.O.A.J.

To OI, make up that, he is now at a cold fent

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee

Mal. As. Melwolio, 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 confonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: A. should follow, but O. does.

Fa. And O Chall end, I hope

To. I, or He cudgell him, and make him cry O.

Mal. And then I. come: behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, your might fee more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before

you

Mal. M,O,A,I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prole : If this fall into thy band, remolne. In my flats I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greameffe: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some have greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy sates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inere thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble sough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, furly with feruants: Let thy tongue rang arguments of Rate; put thy felfe into the tricke of lingularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow flockings, and wish'd to see thee cuer croffe garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou defir'it to be fo : If not, let me fee thee a fteward fill, the fellow of feruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Sheethat would alter setuices with thee, the sortunate vnhappy daylight and champian discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuile, the very man. I do not now foole my felfe, to let imagination isde mee ; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow fockings of late, thee did praise my legge being croffegarrer'd, and in this the manifelts her felfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction drives mee to thefe habites of her liking. I thanke my fiarres, I am happy: I will bee strange, sout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,

even with the swiftnesse of putting on. love, and my farres be praised. Heere is yet a posiscript. Thou confl not choose but know who I am. If thou entertains my love, let at appears in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. There. fore in my prefence fell famile, decre my favere, I preibes loue I thanke thee, I will laule, I wil do every thing that thou wilt have me.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this weach for this decice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but fuch another ieft

EMET MANGE

An. Nor I neither

Fab. Heere comes my noble goli catcher.
To Wilt thou fet thy foote o'my neckt.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-tnp, and become thy bondflaue?

An. Ifaith, or 1 cither?

Tob. Why, thou halt put him in fuch a dreame, that when the image of it leaves him, he most ruo mad-

Ma. Nay but fay true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then fee the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady : hee will come to her in yellow flockings, and 'tis s colour fhe sbhorres, and croffe garter'd, a falhion thee detelts : and hee will imile vpon her, which will now be fo entures ble to her difpohtion, being addicted to a melancholly, as thee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil fee it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tarter, thou most excellent diveil of wit.

And Hemake one too

Finis Alles fectedus

Adus Tertius, Scana prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick : doft thou line by thy Tabot?

Clo. No Gr, I line by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No luch matter fit, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my house, and my house dooth stand by the

Vie. So thou mailt fay the King slyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him : or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have faid fir : To fee this age : A fentence is but a cheu'nil glove to a good write, bow quickely the wrong fide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with

words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my fifter had had no name Sir.

Pio. Why man?

Clo. Why fir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my fifter wanton: But indeede, words are very Rafeels, fince bonds difgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo. Troth fir, I can yeeld you none without wordes. and wordes are growne to falle, I am loath to proue reafon with them.

Vio I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'll for

nothing.

Clo. Not so fir, I do care for something: but in my conthing fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olinia's foole?

Clo. No indeed fir, the Lady Olinia has no folly, Thee will keepe no foole fir, till the be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers ere to Herrings, the Hufbands the bigger, I am indeede not her toole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I faw thee late at the Count Orfino 1.

Clo. Foolery fir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be forry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Miftris: I thinke I faw your wifedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, He no more with

thee Hold there's expences for thce.

Clo. Now loue in his next commodity of hayte, fend

thee 2 beard.

Vio. By my troth He tell thee, I am almost ficke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Cle Would not a paire of these have bred fir? Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vie.

Clo. I would play I ord Pandarus of Phrygia fir, to bring a Creffids to this Trojlan

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, us well begg d.

Clo The matter I hope is not great fir; begging, but a begger : Cressida was a begger. My Lady is within fir. ! will conflet to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might fay Element, but the word is ouer worne.

Vio. This fellow is wife enough to play the foole, And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit He must observe their mood on whom he rests, The quality of persons, and the time And like the Haggard, cheeke at every Feather That comes before his eye. This isa practice, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that he wifely shewes, is fit; But wifemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you fir.

And. Dien von guard Monsieur

Vio. Et vonz ousie vostre seruiture. An. I hope fir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece 1s desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece fir, I meane the is the list of my voyage.

To. Talle your legges fir, put them to motion.
Vio. My legges do better vallerstand me fir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olinia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heatiens raine O-

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel. Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchfafed eare

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchfafed : He get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be flut, and Jeaue meeto my hearing. Give me your hand fir.

. Uto My dutie Madam, and nioft humble feruice?

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cefario is your feruants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My feruant fir? Twas neuer merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complement: y are feruant to the Count Orsino youth.

Vio And he is yours, and his must needs be yours? your feruants fernant, is your feruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill I with me

Vio Madain, I come to wher your gentle thoughts On his behalfe

Ol. O by your leave I pray you. I had you never speake againe of him; But would you undertake another fuite I had rather heare you, to folicit that, Then Mulicke from the Spheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giueme leave, beseech you!: I did send. After the last enchantment you did heare, A Ring in chace of you. So did labule My felfe, my feruant, and I feare me you: Vinder your hard construction must I fit, To force that on you in a shaniefull cunning Which you knew none of yours What might you think? Haue you not fet mine Honor at the stake And baited it with all th vnmuzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can thinks To one of your receluing Enough is thewne, a Cipreste, not a bosome, Hides my heart ; fo let me heare you speake.

Vio I pittie you.
Of That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grize i for tis a vulgar proofe

That vene oft we pitty enemies

Of Why then me thinkes 'tis time to fmile agen: Oworld, how aprthepoore are to be proud? If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke Strikes. The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of times Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you. And yet when wit and youth is come to harvell, your wife is like to reape a proper man : There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westwardhoe .

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship : you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me :

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou think it of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are. Ol. If I thinke to, I thinke the fame of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am. Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vie Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole. Ol. Owhat a deale offcorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip, A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone, Then love that would feeme hid: Loves night, is noone. Cofario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and cuery thing. I love thee fo, that maugre all thy pride,

Not

Nos wit, not reason, can my passion hide Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, For that I woo, thou therefore haft no cause: But rather reason thus, with reason fetter; Loue fought, is good : but gruen vnfought, is bester.

Vio. By innocence I fweare, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth, And that no woman has, nor never none Shall miftels be of it, faue I alone.

And so adieu good Madam, neuer more, Will my Maffers teares to you deplote.

QI. Yet come againe : for thou perhaps may ? moue That heart which now abhorres to like his loue. Excust

Sciena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, He not stay a int longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, give thy ressen. Pat. You must needer yeelde your reason, Sir An-

धेरणा ? And. Marry I saw your Neece do more sauours to the

Counts Seruing-man, then ever the bestow'd vpon mee: I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did the fee the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I fee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of lone in her toward

And S'light; will you make an Affe o'me.

Feb. I will proue it legitimate fir, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reason.

To. And they have beene grand furie men, fince before

Noab was a Saylor.

Fab, Shee did fhew favour to the youth in your fight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dermouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver : you should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jefts, fire-new from the mint, you should have bangd the youth into dumbeneffe : this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now layld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, valeffe you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or

and. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Brownist, as a Politi-

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the bafis of Valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it, and affure thy felfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Pab. There is no way but this fir Andrew.

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him? To Go, write it in a martial hand, be curft and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, fo it bee eloquent, and full of invention : taunt him with the license of Inke : if thou thou'ft him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the thecre were bigge enough for the bedde of ware in England, let'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulte e-nough in thy inke, though they write with a Goofe-pen. nomatter :about it.

And Where Chall I finde you?

To, Weel call thee at the Cubiculo : Go.

Era Sir Audren.

Fr. This is a deere Manakin so you Sir Toby.

Ta I have beene deere to himlad, some two therfand Grong, or fo.

Fo. We shall have a race Letter Lorn hime but you'le not deliner'L

To. Nour trust am then : and by all mesne: flire on the youth to an answer. I thinke Ozen and waine-ropes cannot hale them rogether Eas Andrew, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the foote of a fles, He ease the reft of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no

great prolage of cruckry.

Exter diana.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes. Mar. If you defire the spleene, and will laughe your felies into flitches, follow me ; youd gull Maluslie is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be faued by beleeuing rightly, can ever beleeve fuch impossible pallages of groffenetse. Hee's in yellow flockings.

To. And croffe gamer'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him : He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will Brike him: if thee doe, hee'l fmile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeant Omnos.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Schaftenvand Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you, But fince you make your pleafure of your paines, I will no further chide you,

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my destre (More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth, And not all love to fee you (though io much As might have drawne one to a longer voyage) Betieslousse, what might befall your rrauell, Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger, Vinguided, and vitriended, often prote Rough, and vnhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of seare Set forth in your purfuite.

Sib, My kinde Anthonio, I can no other answer make, but thankes, And thankes : and ever oft good turnes, Are shuffel'd off with such vicurrant pay: But were my worth, as is my confcience firme,

You should finde better dealing: what's to do? Shall we go fee the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow fir, best first go see your . Lodging?
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let ve fatisfie our cycs

With the memorials, and the things of fame

That do renowne this City.

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me: I do not without danger walke thefe freetes. Once in a sea-fight 'gamst the Count his gallies, I did fome fervice, of fuch note indeede, That were I tane heere, it would scarse be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you flew great number of his people. Ant. Th offence is not of fuch a bloody nature, A!beit the quality of the time, and quarrell Might well have given ve bloody argument : It might have fince bene answer'd in repaying

What we took e from them, which for Traffiques fake Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out, For which is I be lapsed in this place

I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open. Ant. It doth not firme : hold fir, here's my purse, In the South Suburbes at the Elephant Is beft to lodge: I will befpeake our dyet,

Whiles you beguise the time, and feed your knowledge With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Aut. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase: and your store I thinke is not for idle Markets, fir.

Sob. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you

For an houre

Ant. To th'Elephant. Seb. Ido remember.

Exenst.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Olinia and Maria.

Ol. I have fent after him, he fayes hee'l come: How shall I feast him? What bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd. I speake too loud : Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and civill, And fuites well for a feruant with my fortunes, Where is Maluolio?

Mar. He's comming Madame:

But in very strange manner, He is sure possess Madam.
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mer. No Madam, he does nothing but imile: your Ladyfhip were befit to have forme guard about you, if hee come, for fure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malnolio.

I am as madde as hee, If fad and merry madneffe equall bee. How now Malaslis?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'ft thou? I fent for thee vpon a fad occasion. Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad :

This does make some obstruction in the blood: This croffe garrering, but what of that?

Is it please the ege of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is : Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why how doest thou man? What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we docknow the swegg Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?
Mal. To bed! I sweet heart, and He come to thee. Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and

kille thy hand to oft?

Mar. How do you Malnolio? Maluo. At your request : Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this tidiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that Malrolio?

Mal. Some are borne great.

01. Ha?

Mal. Some archeeue greatnesse.

Ol. What fayst thou?
Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust spon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow flockings.
Of Thy yellow flockings:

Mal And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd, .
Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Gosoo, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am Imade?

Mal. If not, ler me see thee a seruant still.

OL Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Exter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count Orfino's is return'd, I could hardly entreste him backe: he attends yout Ladyships pleasure.

Cl. Ile come to him.

Good Maria, let this fellow belook d too. Where's my Cofine Toby, let some of my people have a speciall care of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of rey Dowey

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now : no worle man then fir Toby to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, the fends him on purpose, that I may appesre flubborne to him: for the incites meto that in the Letter. Cast thy humble sough sayes the z be oppofite with a Kinsman, furly with servants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of fingularity; and confequently fetts downe the manner how: as a fad face, a reverend carriage, a flow tongue, in the hablte of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I have lymde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too : Fellow? not Alalnolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres togisher, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vusase circumstance: What can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well loue, not I, Is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria

To. Which way is bee in the name of fanctity. If all the divels of hell be drawne in little, and Legioo himfelfe polich him, yet Ile fpeake to him.

Fab. Heerehe is, heere be is : how ift with you fir?

How ift with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you . let me enioy my private:

Afar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not Itell you? Sit Toby, my Lady prayes you to have a cate of him.

Mal. Ahha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alooe. How do you Malaolist Howist with you? What man, defie the divell : consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you fay?

Mir. Layou, and you speake ill of the divell, how hetakesit ar heart Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loofe him for more then ile

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way : Doe you not fee you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend

is rough, and will not be roughly vaid.

To. Why how now my bawcock?how doft y chuck?

To. Ibiddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with fathan Hang him foul Collist.

War. Get him to say his prayers, good fir Toby gette

him to pray

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-

Mal. Go hang your felues all : you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heeresster.

To. Ist possible?

Fa. Ifthis were plaid vpon a stagenow, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take syre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l have him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, ril our very passime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but fee, but fee. Enter Sie Androw.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FAB. Ift lo lawey?

And. I, ill? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth what soener thou art, thou art but a scurry fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder net, nor edmire not in thy minds why I doe call

theo for for I will show thee no reason for t.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of \$ To. Thou counft to the Lady Olines and in my fight for what

(Law

theekindly, but thou lyest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-leffe.

To I will may lay thee going bonne, where if it be thy charge

sotill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou helf me lies croque and a villaine.

Ta. Sull you keepe o'th windie fide of the Law. good. Tob. Fartheenell, and God bememercie rpon one of our Soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my bepe is beerer, and so looke to the felfe. The friend as then vieit bim, or the sworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot :

Ile giu't him.

Mar. Yonmay have verie fit occasion fot't : he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by

To. Go fir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: fo foone as ever thou feest him, draw, and esthou drawist, swesse horrible : for comes to passe oft, that a terrible outh, with a swaggering accent sharpely twang'd off, gives manhoodemore approbation, then euer proofe it felfe would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

To. Now will not I deliver bis Letter : for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding; his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leffe. Therefore, this Letter being fo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But fir; I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth; fer upon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aprly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, surie, and impersolitie. This will so fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and prefently after him.

To I wil meditate the while vpoa some horrid makings

for a Challenge.

Cl. I have faid too much voto a hert of stone, And laid mine honour too vnchery on't: There's fomething in me that reproves my fault : But fuch a head-firong potent fault it is, That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the fame haviour that your pastion bezres,

Goes on my Masters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this lewell for me, tis my picture : Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I befeech you come agains to morrow. What shall you aske of me that He deny, That honour (fau'd) may upon asking gine.

Uio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that, Which I have gluen to you.

Vio I will acquir you.

Ol. Well-come againe to morrow: far-thee-well, A Friend like thee might bears my fouls to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee.

Plo. Andyou fir.

To. That desence thou hast, betake the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou half done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hun-ter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy cucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy affaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Fio. You mistake fir I am fure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembranco is very free and tleere from

jany image of offence done to any man.
To. You'l finde it otherwise I affure you: therefore, it you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, firength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. 1 pray you fir what is he?

To, He is Emght dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet confideration, but he is a discell in private bralla foules and bodies hath he divore'd three, and his incenfement at this moment is so implacable, that fatistaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't of take't.

Vio. I will returne agains into the house, and defire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to talle their valour : belike this is a man of that

quirke

To. Sir, no : his indignation derives it selse out of a very computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much fafetie you might answer him : therefore on, or firippe your sword flatke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or for-Sweare to weste iron about you.

Vio. This is as vaciuill as ftrange. I heleech 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 purpole.

To. I will doe fo. Signious Fabien, stay you by this Exis Toby. Gentleman, till my returne. Exi

Fab. I know the knight is lucenst against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vie. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Feb. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede fir, the most skilfull, bloudy, &c fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in anie part of Illyria i will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with fir Prieft, then fir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee sa verie diuell, I have not feen fuch a firago : Islad a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he gives me the flucke in with fuch a mortall motion that it is ineditable; and on the answer, he payes you as furely, as your feets hits the ground they step on. They .ay, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And Pox on't He not meddle with him. To. Ibuthe will not now be pacified,

Fahian can scarle hold him yonder.

As. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter flip, and He giue him my horfe, gray Capilet.

To. Ilemake the motion : frend heere, make a good thew on't, this shall end without the perdition of scules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarroll, I have perswaded him the youths a diuell.

FA. He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, &

lookes pale, as if a Boare were at his heeles.

There's no remedie fir, he will fight with you for's oath fake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarse to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, ha procests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make

metell them how much I lacke of a mon.

Fab. Giueground if you feehim furious,

To. Come fir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors fake here one bowe with you: he cannot by the Duello anoide it: but bee has promifed me, as he is a Geneleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Comeon, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do affure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your fword : if this yong Gentleman Haue done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defic you.

To. You fir? Why, what ere you?

Ant. One fir, that for his loue dares yet do more Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vudertaker, I am for you. EnserOfficers.

Fab. O good fir Toby hold: hecre come the Officers To. Ile be with you anon.

Fio. Pray fir, put your fword up if you pleafe.

And Marry will I fir : and for that I promis'd you lle be as good as my word. Hee will beare you casily, and raines well.

1.0ff. This is the man, do thy Office.

2 Off. Ambonio, l'arrefit thee at the suit of Count Orfine An. You do missake me sir.

1.0f. No fir, no iot: I know your favour well: Though now you have no fea-eap on your head: Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ass. I must obey. This comes with sceking your But there's no remedie, I shall answer it: What will you do : now my necessitie Makes me to aske you for my purfe. It greeues mee Much more, for what I cannot do for you, Then what befals my felfe: you fland amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come fir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

For the fayre kindnesse you have shew'd me heere, And part being prompted by your present trouble, Our of my leane and low ability He lend you fomething : my having is not much,

He make division of my present with you:

Ant. Will you deny me now, If possible that my deferts to you

Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery, Leaft that it make me fo vnfound a man As to vpbraid you with those kindaesses

Twelfe Night, or, What you will.

That I have done for you. Fio. I know of non.,

Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature : I hate ingratitude more in a man,

Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse, Or any taine of vice, whose firong corruption Inhabites our fraile blood,

Ant. Oh heavens themselves.

2. Off. Come fir, I pray you go.
Avi. Let me speake a little. This youth that you fee I snatch'd one halfe out of the iswes of death, Releaved him with fuch fanctitie of loue; And to his image, which me thought did promife

Most venerable worth, did I deuction.

1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away. Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God: Thou halt Sebastian done good feature, shame. In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde : None can be call'd desorm'd, but the unkinde. Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous enill

Are empty trunkes, ore-flourish'd by the deuill.

2. Off The man growes mad, away with him.

Come, come fir.

Ant. Leademeon. Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye That he beleeves himselfe, so do not I:

Proue true imagination, oh proue itue, That I decre brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian : Weel whifper ore a couplet or two of most lage fawes.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know Yet living in my glaffe : even fuch, and fo In fauour was my Brother, and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate: Ohifit proue, Tempests are kinde, and salt wattes fresh in loue.

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leaving his frend heere in necessity, and denying him: and for his coward Thip 2ske Fabian.

Fab. A Coward, amost deuout Coward, religious in

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him foundly, but never draw thy fword And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. Exist

Adus Quartus, Scana prima.

Enter Schaftian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not feat for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou att a foolish fellow,

Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held our yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not fent to you by my Lady, to bid you come fpeake with her : nor your name is not Mafter Cefario,

nor this is not my note neyther: Nothing that is fo, is fo.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly fome-where elfe, thou

know Ano: me.

Clo. Vent my folly : He has heard that word of fome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will prome a Cockney: I preshee oow regird thy firangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to but that thought comming?

Seb. I prethee fool in greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you carry longer, I shall give works

paiment.

Cle. By my troth thou halt an open hand, the's Wifemen that give fooles money, get themselves a good seport, after soureteene yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Teby, and Fallen.

And. Now he, have I met you again scher's for you. Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there, Are all the people mad?

To Hold fir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house Clo. This will I tell my Lady Arzight, I would not be in some of your costs for two pence.

To. Come on fir, hold.

An. Nay let birn alone, lle go another way to worke with him: The haut an action of Battery againf him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I ftroke him firft, yet t's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.
To. Come fir, I will not let you go. Come my yong fouldier put vp your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would I now? If thou dar'it rempt me further, draw thy fword

To. What, what? Nay then I must have an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Clinia.

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold. To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus : Vagracious wretch,

Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues, Where manners nere were preach'd : out of my fight. Be not offended, deere Cefario: Ruderbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend, Let thy fayre wifedome, not thy passion sway In this vnctuill, and vniust extent Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And heare thou there how many fruitlelle prankes This Russian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby Mayft fmile at this : Thou fhalt not choose but goe: Do not denie, bestirew his soule for mee,

Seb. What rellish is in this? How runs the streame? Or I ammad, or elie this is a dreame : Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,

If it be thus to dreame, fill let me fleepe.

He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Cl. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ft be rul'd by me Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. Ofay fo, and fobe.

Exercit

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Meria and Close.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art su Topas the Curate, doe it quickly. He call fit Toby the whilft.

Cle. Well, He put it on, and I will differ ble my felfe

in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in Such

in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, not leane enough to bee thought a good Studient: but to be faid an honest man and a good house keeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Icue blesse thee M. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dier fit Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage that neuer faw pen and inke, very wittily fayd to a Neece of King Gorbodaske, 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 his Topa.

Clow. What hos, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio wishin.

Mal. Who calsthere?

Clo. Sit Topas the Curate, who comes to vifit Maluo-

Mel. Sir Topes, fit Topas, good fit Topas goe to my

radie.

Clo. Outhyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well faid M. Parlon.

Mal. Sir Topar, neuer was man thus wronged, good fir Topar do not thinke I sm mad: they have layde mee beere in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest fathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I amone of those gentle ones, that will vie the divell himselfe with curtesse: says thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell for Topas.

clo. Why it hathbay Windowes transparant as barlcadoes, and the cleete stores toward the South north, are as sustrous as Ehony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mid. I am not mad fir Topas, I fay to you this house is

darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreft: I fay there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the

Ægyptians in their fogge

Mad. 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 conflant question.

Clo: What is the opinion of Pythegoras concerning

Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the foule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinks thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the foule, and no way aproue

bls opinion

Cio. Fare thee well remaine thou fill in darkeneffe, thou shalt hold th'opinion of Pysbagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, less thou disposses the souleof thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Str Topas, fix Topas.

Tob. My most exquisite fir Topas. Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might thave done this without thy berd and gowne, 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 her conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so fatte in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppethot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit

Ch. Hey Robin, folly Robin, tell me how thy Lady

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.

Mal. Foole.

Cle. Alas why is the fo?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt deferue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. Alajuolio?

Alal. I good Poole.

Clo. Alas fir, how fell you befides your fine witts?

Mall. Foole, there was never man fo noteriouslie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou are.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be

no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have hecre propertied me, skeepe mee in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adule you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heavens restore: endeauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble

Mal. Sis Topas

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I fit, not I fit. God buy you good fit Topas: Matry Amen, I will fit, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I fay.

Clo. Alas fir be parient. What fay you fir, I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpeme to fome light, and fome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illytia.

Clo, Well-a-day, that you were fir.

Mal. By this hand 1 am: good foole, fome inke, paper, and light: and convey what I will fet downe to my Lady: it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not

mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeve me I am not. I tell thee truc.

Clo. Nay, Ilencre beleeve a madman till I fee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree :

I prethee be goue.

Clo. I am gone fit, and anon fit, Ile be with you againe:

In a trice, like to the old vice,

your needeto sustaine. Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,

cries ah ha, to the diuell: Like a mad lad, pare thy nayles da**d,**

Adieu good man diuell

Exit

Scana Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne, This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't, And though tis worlder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'the not magnette. Where's Authorie then, I could not finde him at the Elephane, Yetthere he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the towne to feele me out, His councell now might do me golden feruice, For though my foule disputes well with my sence, That this may be some error, but no madnesse, Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune, So farre exceed all inthange, all discourse, That I am teadie to distrutt mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that perswades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or che the Ladies mad; yet if twerefo; She could not fway her house, command her fullowers, Take, and gine backe affayres, and their dispatch, With fuch a smooth, diffreet, and stable bearing As I perceive the do's tihere's fomething in't That is decenueable. But heere the Lady comes

Enter Olivia, and Prist.

Ol. Blame not this hafte of mine i if you means well Now go with me, and with this holy man fitto the Chantry by: there before him, And vinderneath that confectated roofe, Plicheme the full affutance of your faith, That my most itealious, and too doubtfull foule May live as peace. He first conceale it Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keepe According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. He fallow this good man, and go with you,

And having fwome truth, curs will be true.

Of. Then lead the way good father, & heavens fo fhine,
That they may fairely note this except mine.

Exercise.

Fine Allus Quartus.

Adus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Eab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me sechis Letter. Cla Good M. Fabian, grant me another request.

Eab. Any thing.

Cio. Donot defire to fee this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in recompense defire my dogge againe.

Duke Belong you to the Lady Olima, friends?

Clo. I fir, we are four other trappings.

Duke Lady New well how doed then my se

Date. I know thee well how doeff thos my good Peliow?

Clo Truely fir, the better for my foes, and the worfe for my friends.

DN. Inft the contrary . the better for thy friends.

Clo. No fir, the worle.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry firsthey praise me, and make an affe of me now my foes telline plainly, I cm an Affe: for that by my foes fir, I profit in the knowledge of my felfe, and by my friends I em abused: for that conclations to be as killes, if your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du, Why this is excellent.

Cle By my troth fu, so ! though it please you to be one of my friends.

Da. Thou fishenes be the worke forme, there's gold.
(16. But there is would be double dealing to, I would you could make it another.

DH. O you gue me ill counsell.

C'o. Put your grace in your pocket fit, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du Vell, I will be so much's suner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, feeunds, tertie, is a good play, and the olde faying is, the third payer for all: the triples fir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. Bennet fir, may put you in ininde, one, two, three.

Em. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may amake my

bounty further.

clo. Marry fir, lullaby to your bountietill I come agen. I go fir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my defice of having is the finne of couctouf peffe. but as you fay fir, let your bounty take anappe, I will awake it anop

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vie Here comer the man fir, that aid refeue mee.

Dx. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I favir last, it was before d As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre; A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of, For shallow draught and bulke superable, With which such scatched grapple did he make, With the most noble bottome of our Freeze, That very couy, and the tongue of losse Cride same and honor on hun; What's the matter?

t Offi. Or fine, this is that Anthonio
That tooke the Phanix, and her fraught from Condy,
And this is he that did the Tiger boord,
When your yong Nephew Titue loft his legge;
Herre in the firects, desperate of theme and thate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Uso. He did me kindnelle fir, drew on my fide, But in conclution put firange speech upon me, I know not what I was, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou falt-water Theese, What fool, the boldnesse brought thee to their mercus, Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere Hast made thing enemies?

Ant. Orfine Nable fir, Be pleas'd that I thake off thefe names you give mee: Arthonio neuer yet was Theese, or Pyrate, Though I confeste, on bale and ground enough Orfine enemie. A witcheraft drew me hither: That most ingratefull boy there by your fide. From the rude less enraged and formy mouth Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was: His life I gave bim, and did thereto adde My loue without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication. For his fake, Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love) Into the danger of this adverse Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was befet : Where being apprehended, his felle cuoning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing While one would winke : denide me mine owne purfe, Which I had recommended to his vie, Not balfe an houre before.

. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Aut. To day my Lord 1 and for three mouths before, No intrim, not a minutes vacancie,

Both day and night did we keepe companie. Enter Olinea and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Councile, now heaven walkes

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madneffe, Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon ince, But more of that anon. Take him slide.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he inay not have, Wherein Olinia may feeme feruiceable?

Cefare, you do not keepe promise with me.

Du. Gracious Oliala.
Ol. What do you say Cefarie? Gooding Lord. Vie. My Lord would speake my durie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord, It is as fat and fullome to mine eare

As howling after Muficke.

Die Still fo cruell?

Ol. Still fo conftant Lord.

Da What ca peruerlenelle s you vneivill Ladie To wholetngrare, and vnauspicious A tars My foule the faithfull'A offrings have breath'd out That ere devotion tender d. What shall I do?

Of Even what it please my Lord, that shall becom him Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)

Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death Kill what I loue : (a lauage realousie, The fometime fauours nohly) but heare me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the influment That screwes me from my true place in your fauour ? Line you the Marble brefted Tirant fill. But this your Minion, whom I know you love, And whom, by heaten I sweare, I tender deerely, Him will I teare out of that cruell eye, Where he fits crowned In his mafters fpight Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in milchiele r

Ile factifice the Lambe that I do love, To Spighta Rauens heart within a Doue Un. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,

To do you test, a thousand deaths would dye. Ol. Where goes Cofarn? Vio. After him I loue,

More then I love these eyes, more then my life, More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife. If I do feigne, you witnesses shoue Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me detefted, how am I beguil'd?

Uss. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong? Ol. Haft thou forgot thy felfe : Is it fo long?

Call forth the holy Bather.

Dw. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? Cefario, Husband, flay.

Da. Husband?

Ol. 1 Husband, Can he that depy?

Dw. Her hosband, firrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not 1.

Ol. Alas, it is the basemesse of thy feare,

That makes thee firangle thy proptiety: Feare not Celario, take thy fortunes up Be that thou know's thou art, and then thou srt As great as that thou fear'A.

Enter Pruft

O welcome Father: Father, I charge thee by thy reverence

Heere to enfold, though lately we intended To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now Reueales before 'tis ripe: wharthou doft know Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Prieft. A Contract of eternali bond of loue, Confirm'd by mutuall loynder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lippes, Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings, And all the Ceremonle of this compact Seal'd in my function, by my testimony : Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave I have trauail'd but two houres.

Du. Othou diffembling Cub: what wilt thou be When time hath fow'd a grizzle on thy cafe? Or will not elfe thy craft to quickely grow, That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow : Farewell, and take her, but dired thy feete. Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do procest.

-OL Odo not fweare.

Hold little faith, though thou haft too much feare,

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God & Surgeon, fend one prefently to fir Toby.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. Has broke my head a-croffe, and has ginen Sir Toby a bloody Cox combe too : for the love of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this he Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cefario: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie divell incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman Cofario?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my bead for nothing, and that that I did, I was fet on to do't by fir

Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurryous ou drew your (word vpon me wishout caufe, But I bespake you faire, and hure you not.

Enser Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me il thinke you fee nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes fir Toby halting, you shall heare more; but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickel'd you other gates then he did

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th end or to Sot, didft fee Dicke Surgeon, for?

Clo. Ohe's drunke fir Toby an noure agone : his eyes were fet at eight ith morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a pally measures panyn: I

hate a drunken rogue. Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke

with them? And Ile helpe you he Toby, because we'll be dreft to-

gerher.
To. Will you helpe an Affe-head, and a cox combe, & a knaue : a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

OI.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his burt be look'd too.

Enter Schaftian.

Seb. I am forcy Madam I have here your kinfman: But had it beene the brother of my blood, I must have done no lesse with wit and fafety. You throw a strangeregard you me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you.

Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes

Pardon me (fweet one) even for the vowes We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere Anthonio, How have the houres rack'd, and tottur'd me, Since I have loft thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'ft thou that Anthonio?

Ant. How have you made division of your felle, An apple eleft in two, is not more twin Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I frand there? I never had a brother:
Not can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and every where. I had a fifter,
Whom the blinde waves and furges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Dis. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my Father, Such a Sebastian was my brother too: So went he suited to his watery tombe: If spirits can assume both forme and suite,

You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And fo had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth Had numbred thirteene yeares,

Seb. Other record is lively in my foule, He finished indeed his martall acte

That day that made my lister thirteene yeares.

Fig. Is nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and immpe
That I am Fiola, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was present'd to secue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord,

But Nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,

You are bettoth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Benot amaz'd right noble is his blood:
If this be lo, as yet the gladfe feemes true,
I thail have thate in this most nappy wracke,
Boy, thou half faide to me a thou land times,
Thou never thould'st love woman like to me.

Vis. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare, And all those swearings keepe as true in soule, As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire, That fouers day from night.

Dw. Glue methy hand,

And let me fee thee in thy womans vicedes.

Use. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Adson Is now in durance, at Maluolide source,

A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him. setch Maluolio hither, And yet alas, now I remember me,

They say poore Gentleman, he's much diffract.

Enter Clowne with a Latter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frense of mine owne From my remembrance, clearly banishe his.

How does he fi rah?

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds Belzebub at the flaues end as well as a man in his case may do; has heere write a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole delivers the Madman. By the Lord Madem.

Ol. Hownow, are thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will have it as it ought to bee, you must allow Vox.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right witt.

Co. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, it to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princefle, and give eare.

Ol. Readit you, firrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world (hall know it: Though you have put mee into dathenesse, and guen your drunken Cosine rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-ship. I have your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leave my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out of my iniury. The madly wid Maluolio.

oi. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.
Du. This savours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd Fabian, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wise,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer: Your Master quits you: and for your service done him, So much against the mettle of your sex, So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me Master, for so long: Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee

your Masters Mistris

CI. A lister, you zee she.

Enter Malnotio.

Dv. Is this the Madman?
Ol. Imy Lord, this fame: How now Maluolie?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong,

Ol. Haue I Maluolio? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter. You must not now denie it is your hand, Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,

Ot

Or fay, tis not your feale, not your invention to You can fay none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me in the modestic of honor, Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour, Bad me come similing, and crosse-garter'd to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a darke house, wisted by the Priest, And made the most notorious gecke and gull That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Maluolio, this is not my writing,

Though I confessemuch like the Charracter But out of question, tis Marias hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shall be both the Plaintiffe and the ludge

Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
Set this device against Malustic heere,
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at sir Tobyes great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married hera
How with a sportfull malice it was followed,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass

Ol. Alss poore Foole, how have they baffel'd thee?
Clo. Why fome are borne great, fome atchieue greatneffe, and fome have greatneffe throwne sponthem. I
was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's

all one t By the Lord Foole, I am not mad t but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at fach a berren rafcall, and you smile not he's gag'd and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his revenges.

Mai. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Dw. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:

He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,

When that is knowne, and golden time contents

A solemne Combination shall be made

Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,

We will not part from hence. Cesais come

(For so you shall be while you are a man;)

But when in other habites you are seene,

Orsino's Mistris, and his sancies Queene.

Exenst

Clorune fings.
When thus I was and a little tine boy,
with boy, ho, the winds and the raine r
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine is raineth enery day,

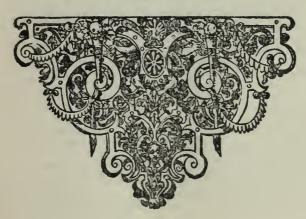
But when I came to mans estate, with hey be, &c. Cairst Knows and Theenes men sout their gate, for the raine, &c.

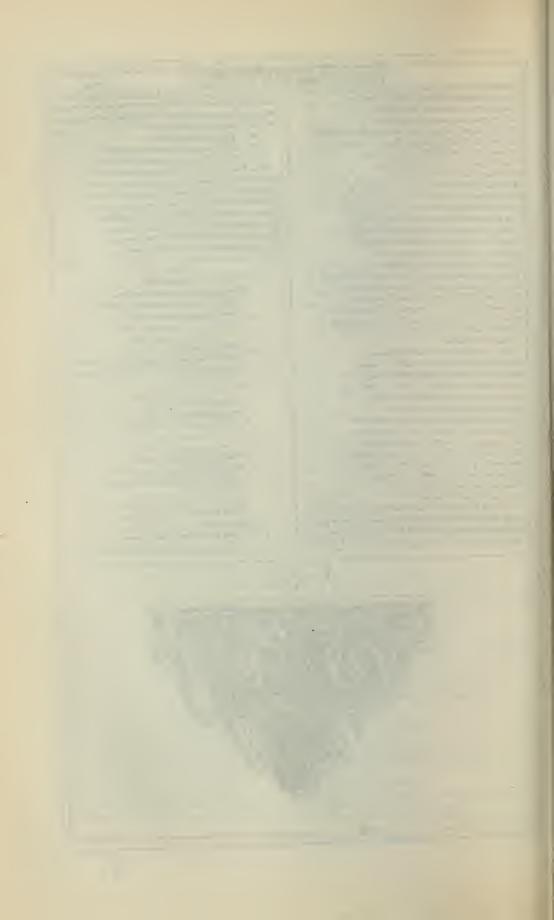
But when I carre alas to pine, with hey ho, ct. By swaggering could I never threne, for the rame, ct.

But when I came unto my beds, with her howe With tospotter still had drunken heades, for the raine, To.

A great while ago the world begon, hey ho, &c. Bus that's all one, our Play is done, and wee'l firing soplease you every day.

FINIS.







The Winters Tale.

Scana Prima. Attus Primus.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Fyou shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bonemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixe our Bohemsa, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia meanes to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be justified in our Loues: for indeed---

Cam. Befeech you-

Arch. Vetely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge : we cannot with fuch magnificence --- in fo rare--I know not what to fay --- Wee will give you fleepie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our infufficience) may, though they cannot prayle vs, as little aceufe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Belceue me, I speake as my understanding infructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vecerance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe over-kind to Bobemia: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perfonall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Einbaffies, that they have feem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as over a Vaft; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable coinfort of your young Prince Mamilius: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Nore.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: cis a gallane Child : one, that (indeed Phylicks the Subiect. makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was home defire yet their life, to fee him a Man.

Arch, Would they elfe be content to die?

Com. Yes; if there were no other excule, why they should

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would defire to line on Crutches till he had one. Exenne.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione Mamillina, Polixenes, Camillo. Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, fince 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 thanke you, many thousands moe, That goe before it.

Lee. Stay your Thanks a while, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow's am question'd by my feares, of what may chance, Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow No fnesping Winds at home, to make vs fay, This is put forth too truly: be fides, I have flay'd To tyre your Royaltie,

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)

Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay. Leo. One Seue night longer.

Pol. Very footh, to mottow.
Lee. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that

He no gaine-faying.

Pol. Presie me not ('beseech you) so: There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World So foone 25 yours could win me: fo it should now, Were there necessitie in your request, although "I were needfull I deny'd ir. My Affaires Doe cuendrag me home-ward : which to hinder, Were (in your Loue) a Whip tome; my flay, To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both, Farewell (our Brother.)

Les. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? Speake you. Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, vntill You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you(Sir) Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are fure All in Bohema's well : this fatisfaction, The by-gone-day proclaym'd, (ay this to him, He's bear from his best ward.

Leo. Well faid, Hermione. Her. To tell, he longs to fee his Sonne, were ftrong: But let him fay fo then, and let him goe; But let him fweere fo, and ne shall not stay, Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes. Yet of your Royall presence, the adventure The hotrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemin You take my Lord, He give him my Commission, To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes, I loue thee not a larre o'th' Clock, behind

Wha

What Lady the her Lord You'le Ray ,

Pal. No, Madame.

Ha. Nay, but you will? Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vower but 1, Though you would feek i'vnfphere the Stars with Oaths, Should yet by, Sit, no going Verely You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 10 As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet? Force me to keepe you as a Priloner, Not like a Guest: lo you shall pay your Fees When you depart, and faue your Thanks. How by you? My Priloner? or my Gueff? by your dread Verely, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame : To be your Prisoner, should import offending: Which is for me, leffe easie to commit,

Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then, But your kind Hostesse. Come, He question you Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes: You were pretty Lordings then ?

Pal. Wewere (laste 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 veryer Wag o'th'two?

Pol We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun, And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd, Was Innocence, for Innocence: we know not The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did: Had we pursu'd that life, And our weake Spirits ne're been higher cest d With A onger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven Boldly, nor guilty; the Imposition clear'd, Heroditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather

You have eript fince

Pol Omy most facted Lady, Temptations have fince then been borne to's: for In those vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Gule; Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the oper Of my young Play fellow

Her. Grace to boot Of this make no conclusion, least you say Your Queene and I are Deuils : yet goe on, Th'offcirces we have made you doe, weele answere, If you field finn'd with vs and that with vs You did continue fault; and that you flipt not With any, but with vs

Lea. Is he woon yet i

Ha. Hee'le Ray (my Lord.) Les. At my request he would not Bermone (my dearest) thou never (poak's

To better purpole. Her. Never?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her Whate have I twice (aid well? when was't before) I prethee tell me . cram s with prayle, and make's As fat as came things: One good deed, dying congueleffe. Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that, Out prayies are our Wages. You may ride's With one foft Kille a thouland Furlongs, ere With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good dred, was to entrest his flay. What was my first it ha's an elder Sifter, Or I miffake you O, would her Name were Grace. But once before I spoke to the purpose? when? Nay Jet me have't : I long.

Lee Why, that was when Three crabbed Moneths had fowr'd themselves to deads, Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand A clap thy felfe my Loue; then druft thou vicer, I am yours for ever.

Her. Tis Grace indeed.

Why lo-you now; I have spoke toth' purpose twice The one, for ever earn'd a Royall Husband ; Th'other for some while a Friend

Les Too hot, too hot : Tomingle friendship farre is mingling bloods. I have Tremer Corde on me : my heart daunces, But not for toy; not toy. This Entertainment May a free face put on: denue a Libertie From Heartinelle from Bountie, fertile Busome, And well become the Agent: tmay, I graunt: But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers, As now they are, and making practised Smiles As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere The Mott o'th' Deere nh, that is entertainment My Bolome likes not, not my Brower. Manulan, Att thou my Boy

Man I, my good Loid

Leo. I'lecks:

Why that a my Bawcock: what has't fourth'd thy Nofe? They fay it is a Coppy out of mine, Come Captaine, We mult be neat; not neat, but cleanly Capraine: And yet the Steere, the Heyefer, and the Calfe, Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calle) Art thou my Calfe '

Mam. Yes, il you will (my Lord.)
Les Thou want starough pash & the shoots that I have To be full, like me : yet they fay we are Almost as like as Egges; Women say so, (That will say any thing) But were they false As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false As Diceare to be wish'd, by one that fixes No borne twist his and mine; yet were it true. To fay this Boy were like me Come(Sir Page) Looke on me with your Welkin eye: [weer Villaine, Molt dear'ft, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may's be Affection? thy Intention flabs the Center. Thou do'ft make possible things not fo held, Communicat'il with Dreames (how can this be?) With what's vorzall: thou coactive art, And fellow's nothing Then tis very credent. Thou may's co-toyne with fomething, and thou do's, (And that beyond Commission) and I find it, (And that to the infection of my Braines, And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes Sacilia? Her. He something seemes valetled. Pal How my Lord?

Lee. What cheered how is't with you, best Brother? Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction;

Are you mou'd (my Lord!) Lee. No, in good earneft.

How fometimes Nature will betray it's folly? It's tenderneffe? and make it felfe a Pathone To harder bolomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle Twentie three yeeres, and taw my felfe va-breech's, In my greene Veluer Coat; my Dagger muzzef d. Leaft it should bire it's Master, and to proue (As Omaments oft do's) too dangerous : How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell, This Squath, this Gentleman. Mine booch Friend, Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Hefight.
Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother Are you to fond of your young Prince, as we Doe feeme to be of ours?

Pol If at home (Sir) He's all my Exercise, my Mirch, my Motter; Nowmy I wome Priend, and then mine Enemy s My Patalite, my Souldier: Statef-man; all: He makes a Julyes day, More as December, And with his varying child-neffe, cures in me Thoughts, that would thick my blood.

Leo. So frands this Squire Offied with me : We two will walke (my Lord) And leave you to your graver freps. Hermione, How thou lou's ve, thew in our Brothers welcomes Let what is deare in Sicily, he cheape: Next to thy felfe, and my young Rover, he's Apperant to my heart,

Her. If you would feeke vs.

We are yours ith Garden : thall's arrend you there? Leo. To your owne bents dispote you you'le be found, Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now, (Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne) Goetoo, goe too.
How the holds up the Nebr the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wite To her allowing Husband. Gone already, Ynch-thick, knee-deepejore head and eares a fork'd one. Goe play (Boy)play: thy Mother playes, and I Play too; but to difgrac'd a part, whose issue Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor Will be my Kitell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been (Or I am much deceived) Cuckolds ere now, And many a man there is (even at this prefent,

Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th'Arme, That little thinkes she ha's been shaye'd in's absence, And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't, Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd (As mine) against their will Should all despaire

That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind Would hang themselves. Physick for tathere's nonet

It is a bawdy Planer, that will ftrike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: minke le : From East, Welt. North, and South, be it concluded, No Barricado for a Belly. Know's,

It will let in and out the Bnemy,

With bag and baggage a many thousand on's Haue the Disease, and feele's not. How now Boy & Mani. I sm like you fay.

Lea Why that's fome comfore. What ? Comillo there !

Can. I, my good Lord.
Leo. Goe play (Manillius) thou're an honest maus Camillo, this greet Sir will yet Asy tonger.

Can. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold, When you cast out, it still earne borne.

Los DidA note le?

Com. He would not Azy as your Peditions, made His Bufinelle more materiall.

Leo. Didft perceiue it?

They're here with me stready; while 'rings rounding : Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'dis farre gone, When I shall gust is last How cam't (Camillo) That he did flay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreate.
Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good bould be perginent, Bur so it Is, it is not. Was this taken By any under flanding Pate but thine? For thy Concert is loaking, will draw in More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't, But of the finer Natures? by force Severalls Of Head-pecce extraordinarie? Lower Meffes Per hance are to this Bulinelle purblind? fay. Com. Bufineffe, my Lord? I thinke most understand

Bobenia Rayes here longen

Lea Het

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why !

Cam. To latishe your Highnesse, and the Entreattes Of our most gracious Mistrelle.

Leo. Satisfic?

Th'entreaties of your Mistreffe? Satisfie? Let that Wifice, I have trusted thee (Cantillo) With all the necreft things to my heart, as well My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Prieft-like) elsou Haft cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been Decein'd in thy Integritic, decein'd In that which feemes fo.

Cam. Be it fotbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bide upon't: thou are not honefter If thou inclin's that way, thou are a Coward, Which hoxes honeflie behind, restrayning From Courie required to or elle thou must be counted A Servant, grafted in my ferious Truft, And therein negligent: or elle a Foole That feeft a Game play'd home, the sich Stake drawne, And tak'ft it all for ieaft,

Cam. My gracious Lord, I may be negligent, foolish, and fewefull, In every one of thefe, no man is free, But that his negligence, his folly, feare, Among the infinite doings of the World, Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.) If ever I were wilfull-negligent, It was my folly: if induffricully I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence, Not weighing well the end: if ever fearefull To doe a thing, where I the iffue doubted, Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance, twas a feare Which oft infects the wifett: these (my Lord) Are fuch allow'd Infirmities, that bonefite

Is never free of. Bus beloveh your Grace Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas By it's owne visage; If I then deny it, Tis none of roine. Leo. Ha' not you feene Camillo!

(But that's past doobt: you have, or your eye-glasse Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard? (For to a Vision to apparent, Rumor Cannot be mute) or thought (for Cogitation Refides not in that men, that do's not thinke)

Ae 2

My Wife is lipperie? If thou wilt confesse, Or elle be impudently negative, To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, noe Thought, then fay My Wife's a Holy-Horfe, deferues a Name As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to Before her croth-plight fay't, and juflify't.

Cam. I would not be a flander by, to heare My Soueraigne Mistrelle clouded so, without My prefent vengeance taken; Threw my heart, You never spoke what did become you lesse Then this; which to testerate, were fin

As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whilpering nothing? Is leaning Checke to Cheeke? is meating Nofes Killing with in-lide Lip? Hopping the Cariere Of Laughter, with a figh? (a Note infallible Of breaking Honeltie) horfing foot on foot: Skulking to corners? withing Clocks more (wift? Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night I and all Eyes Blind with the Pin and Web but theirs; theirs onely, That would unfeene be wicked? Is this nothing? Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing, The covering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing, My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thele Nothings, If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd Of this difeas'd Opinion, and betimes,

For tis most dangerous. Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Gam. No, no, my Lord. Leo. It is: you lye, you lye: I fay thou lyest Camillo, and I hate thee. Pronounce thee a groffe Lowt, a mindleffe Slave. Or else a houering Temporizer, that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill, Inclining to them both: were my Wives Lives Infeded (as her life) the would not live

The running of one Glasse.

Com. Who do sinfect her? Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging About his neck (Bobemia) who, if I Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits, (Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that Which should vadoe more doing: I, and thou His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may it see Plainely, as Heaven fees Earth, and Earth fces Heaven, How I am gall'd, might'ft he-fpice a Cup, To give mine Enemy a lasting Winke: Which Draught to me, were cordialL

Cam. Sir (my Lord) I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion, But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke Maliciously, like Poylon: But I cannot Beleeve this Crack to be in my dread Mistrelle (So foueraignely being Honorable.) I haue lou'd thee,

Leo Make that thy question, and goerot: Do'll thinke I am fo muddy, fo vnfetled, To appoint my felfe in this vexation? Sully the puritie and whitevelle of my Sheetes (Which to preserve, is Sleepe; which being spotted, is Goades, Thornes Nettles, Tayles of Walpes) Give foundall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne, (Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)

Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this? Could man fo blench:

Cam. I must beleeue you (Sir) I dee, and will feech off Bobemia for't. Provided, that when hee's remon'd, your Highnesse Will take againe your Queene, as yours at bift, Even for your Sonnes fake, and thereby for fealing The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes Knowne, and ally d to yours.

Leo. Thou do A adule me, Euen fo as I mine owne course have set downe : He give no blemish to her Honor none.

Cam. My Lord,

Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bohemia, And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer, If from me he have wholesome Beveridge, Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all:

Do't, and thou half the one halfe of my heart; Do't not, thou splitt'ft thine owne.

Cam. He do't my Lord.

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as shou hast aduis'd me. Exa Cam, Omiserable Lady. But for me,

What case stand I in? I must be the poylones Of good Polizenes, and my ground to do t, Is the obedience to a Master; one. Who in Rebellion with himfelfe, will have All that are his, fo too. To doe this deed, Promotion followes: If I could find example Of thousand's that had struck anounted Kings, And Rourish'd after, Il'd not do't : But fince Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one, Let Villanie it felfe forsweat't. I must Forfake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now, Here comes Bohemia. Enter Polixones.

Pol. This is strange: Methinkes My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake? Good day Camillo.

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sit. Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare (iny Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him fuch a countenance, As he had loft fome Province, and a Region Lou'd, as he loues himfelfe : even now I met him With customatic complement, when her Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and So leaves me, to confider what is breeding, That changes thus his Manners.

(am. I dare not know (my Lord.) Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not? Be intelligent to me, tis thereabouts; For to your felfe, what you doe know, you must, And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror, Which shewes me mine chang'd too. for I must be

A partie in this alteration, finding My selfe thus alter d with't

Cam. There is a ficknelle Which puts some of vs in distemper, but I cannot name the Difeale, and it is caught Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me? Make me not fighted like the Bafilifque.

Ihaue

The Winters Tale.

I haue look'd on thousands, who have sped the better By my regard, but kill'd none fo : Camillo, As you are certainely a Gentleman, thereto Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names, In whose successe we are gentle : I beseech you, If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge, Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not answere.

Pol. A Sickneffe caught of me, and yet I well? I must be answerd. Do it thou heare Camillo, I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, Which Honor do sacknowledge, whereof the least Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare What incidencie thou do'll ghelle of harme Is creepingtoward mes how farre off, how neere, Which way to be preuented, if to be: If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you, Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counfaile, Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as I meane to veter it; or both your felfe, and me, Cry loft, and fo good night

Pol. On, good Camillo

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo? Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what !

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares, As he had feen't, or beene an Instrument To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene

Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne To an infected Gelly, and my Name Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Beft : Turoe then my freshest Reputation to A fauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill Where I arrive, and my approch be shun'd, Nay hated too, worfe then the great'ff Infection That ere was heard, ot read

Cam. Sweate his thought over By each particular Starte in Heauen, and Byall their Influences; you may as well Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone, As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counfaile) (hake The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow? Cam. I know not: but I am fure 'tis fafer to Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne. If therefore you dare trust my honestie, That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night, Your Followers I will whifper to the Bulineffe, And will by twoes, and threes, at several Posternes, Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my felfe, lle put My fortunes to your feruice(which are here By this discouerie loft.) Be not vncertaine, For by the honor of my Parents, Haue vttred Truth: which if you feeke to proce, I dare not stand by; nor shall you be fafer, Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth: Thereon his Execution (worne.

Pol. I doe beleeve thee: I faw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand, Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and My people did expect my hence departure Two dayes agoe. This lealousie Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare, Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie, Must it be violent : and, as he do's conceiue, He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever Profes d to him: why his Reuenges must In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me: Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come Camille, I will respect thee as a Father, if Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command The Keyes of all the Posternes : Please your Highnesse To take the vegent houre. Come Sir, away.

A Etus Secundus. Scena Prima

Enter Hermione, Mamillius Ladies: Leontes, Antigonia. Lords.

Her Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,

Tis paft enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)

Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, He none of you

Lady. Why (my (weet Lord)) Mam. You'le kille me hard, and speake to me, as if

I were a Baby ftill. I loue you berter,

1. Lady. And why fo(my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they fay Become some Women best, so that there be not Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,

Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. Lady, Who taught this? Mam. I leatn'd it out of Womens facest pray now,

What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew(my Lord.) Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have feene a Ladies Nofe

That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes

Lady. Harke ye,

The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall Present out services to a fine new Prince One of these dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs, If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late

Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wildome ftirs among ft you? Come Sir, now

I am for you againe: Pray you fit by vs, And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or fad, fhal't be ? Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A fad Tale's best for Winter:

I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins. Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)

Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best. To fright me with your Sprights: you're powtefull st it

A = 3

Mam. There

CMam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe : then on.

Man. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it foftly, Yond Crickets shall not heare It.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

Leon Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them Euen to their Ships.

Leo. How bleft am I In my iust Centure? in my true Opinion? Alack, for leffer knowledge, how accurs'd, In being fo bleft? There may be in the Cup A Spider fleep'd, and one may drinke; depart, And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge Is not infected) but if one present Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his fides With violent Hefrs: I have drunke, and feene the Spider, Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar: There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne; All's true that is mistrufied: that falle Villaine, Whom I employ d, was pre-employ'd by him: He ha's discouer'd my Designe, and I Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yos, a very Trick For them to play at will; how came the Posternes So easily open ?

Lord. By his great authority.

Which often hath no lesse preuail d, then so, On your command,

Lee. I know't too well. Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him: Though he do's beare tome fignes of me, yet you Haue coomuch blood in him

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her. A way with him, and let her sport her selfe With that shee 6 big-with, for 'tis Polixenes Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But Il'd fay he had not; And He be fwome you would beleeve my faying,

How e'te you leane to th' Nay-ward.

Les. You (niv Lords) Looke on her, marke her well: be but about To fay the is a goodly Lady, and The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde 'Tis pitty shee's not honest: Honorable; Prayle her but for this her without-dore-Forme, (Which on my faith deferues high speech) and straight The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (thele Petty-brands That Calumnie doth vie; Oh, I am out, That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will feare Vertue it felfe) thefe Shrugs, thefe Hum's, and Ha's, When you have faid thee's goodly, come betweene, Ere you can fay shee's honest: But be'e knowne (From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be) Shee's an Adultreffe.

Her. Should a Villaine fay fo, (The most replenish'd Villaine in the World) He were as much more Villaine : you (my Lord) Doe but mistake.

Lee. You have mistooke (my Lady) Polixenes for Leontes: O thou Thing, (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place, Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent) Should a like Language vie to all degrees, And mannerly diffinguishment leave out. Betwint the Prince and Begger.) I have faid Shee's an Adultreffe, I have faid with whom: More; shee's a Traytor, and Camello 13 A Federarie with her, and one that knowes What the thould thame to know her felfe, But with her most vild Principall: that shee's A Bed-fwaruer, even as bad as those That Vulgars give bold'st Titles; I, and privy To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life) Priny to none of this; how will this grieve you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord, You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say You did mistake.

Lro. No. if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build voon, The Centre is not bigge enough to beare A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with ber, to Prifon : He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie. But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes: I must be patient, till the Heavens looke With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords, I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex Commonly are) the want of which vaine de w Perchance shall dry your pitties : but I have That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes Worle then Teares drowne: befeech you all (my Lords) With thoughts fo qualified, as your Charities Shall beft instruct you measure me; and so The Kings will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? befeech your Highnes My Women may be with me, for you fee My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles) There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris Ha's deleru'd Prison, then abound in Teares, As I come out; this Action I now goe on, Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord) I never wish'd to see you forry, now I trust I shall: my Women come, you have seave. Les. Goe, doe our bidding : honce.

Lord, Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe. Antig. Be certaine what you do(Sir)least your Justice Proue violence, in the which three great ones fuffer, Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir) Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane In this, which you accuse her,)

Aurig. If it proue Shee's otherwise, He keepe my Stables where I lodge my Wife, He goe in couples with her: Then when I feele, and fee her, no farther trust her. For every ynch of Woman in the World, I, every dram of Womans flesh is falie, If the be.

Leo. Hold your peaces. Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selves: You are abus d, and by some putter on. That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would

I would Land-damnehim : be the honor-flaw'd, I have three daughters I the eldeft is eleven; The fecond, and the third, nine : and some five : If this proue true, they I pay for t. By mine Honor le gell'd em all : fourteene they shall not see To bring falle generations : they are co-heyres, And I had rather glib my felfe, then they Should not produce faire iffice.

Leo. Ceale, no more : You fmell this bufineffe with a fence as cold As is a dead-mans note : but I do fee't, and feel't, As you feele doing thus: and fee withall The Instruments that feele.

Anng Ifit be fo, We neede no grave to burie honefly, There's not a graine of it, the face to lweeten Of the whole dungy-earth. Leo. What? lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord) Vpon this ground; and more it would content me To have her Honor true, then your suspition Be blam'd for't how you might

Leo. Why what neede we Commune with you of this? but rather follow Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogative Cals not your Counfailes, but our navurall goodnesse Imparts this a which, if you, or stupisted, Or feeming fo, in skill, cannot, or will not Rellish a truth, like vs : informe your selves, We neede no more of your adurce, the matter, The loffe, the gaine, the ording on's, le all properly ours

Antig. And I wish (my Liege) You had onely in your filent judgement tride it, Without more ouerture,

Les. How could that be ? Either thou art most ignorant by age, Or thou wer't bornes foole : Camello's flight Added to their Familiarity Which was as groffe, as euer touch'd consecture, That lack'd fight onely, nought for approbation But onely feeing, all other circumftances Made vp to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding. Yet, for a greater confirmation (For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere Most pitteous to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in post, To facted Delphos, to Appollo's Temple, Cleamoies and Dion, whom you know Of Ruff'd-fufficiency: Now, from the Oracle They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had Shall ftop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Lee. Though I am fatisfide, and neede no more Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle Give rest to th'mindes of others; such as ne Whole ignorant credulitie, will not Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good From our free person, the should be confinde, Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence, Be left her to performe. Come follow vs, We are to speake in publique: for this businesse Will raife vs all

Cressi

Amig Tolaughter, as I take it, If the good truth, were knowne

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulana, a Gentleman, Caolor, Emilia. Paul The Keeper of the prison, call to him Les him haue knowledge who I am. Good Ladys No Court in Europe is too good for thee, What doft thou then in prison? Now good Sir. You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady, And one, who much I honour Pan. Pray you then, Conduct me to the Queene. Guo. I may not (Madain)

To the contrary I have expresse commandment. Pan. Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from Th'accelle of gentle vilitors. Is't lawfull pray you To fee her Women? Any of them? Emila?

G. Sopleafe you (Madam) To put a-part thele yout attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Pan. I pray now call her s With-draw your felues.
Gao. And Madam,

I must be present at your Conference. Pen. Well be't fo sprethee. Herre : fuch a-doe, to make no ftaine, a flaine,

As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one fo great, and fo forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater) She is, something before her time, deliver'd. Pan. Aboy?

Emd. A daughter, and a goodly babe, Lufty, and like to live : the Queene receives Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore priloner, I am innocent as you.

Pan. I dare be sworne: These dangerous, unsafe Lunes i'th'King, beshrew them: He must be told on't, and he shall : the office Becomes a woman best. He take't vpon me If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blifter. And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee The Trumper any more : pray you (Enidia) Commend my best obedience to the Queene, If the dares trust me with her little babe I'le thew't the King, and undertake to bee Her Aduocate to th'lowd'ft. We do not know How he may foften at the fight o'th' Childe : The filence often of pure innocence Perswades, when speaking tailes.

Emil. Most worthy Madain, your honor, and your goodnesse is fo evident, That your free undertaking cannot miffe A thriving yffue: there is no Lady living So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship To visit the next roome, He presently Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer, Who, but to day hammered of this deligne, But durft not tempt a minister of honour Least the should be deny'd.

Pau

The Winters Tale.

Paul Tellher (Emilia) He ve that rongue I have : If wit flow from't As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted I shall do good, Emil. Now be you blest for it.

lle to the Queene: please you come something neerer.
Gao. Madam, ist please the Queene to send the babe

I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,

Hauing no warrant

Pan Youneede not feare it (fir) This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is By Law and processe of great Nature, thence Free d, and enfranchis d, not a partie to The anger of the King, nor guilty of (Ifany be) the trespalle of the Queene. Cao. I do beleeue it,

Paul Do not you feare : vpon mine honor, 1 Will stand betwixt you, and danger. Excunt

Scana Tertia.

Enter Leoutes, Sernants, Paulina, Autigonus, and Lords

Les Nornight, nor day, no rest : It is but weaknesse To beare the matter thus : meere weaknesse, if The cause were not in being : part o th cause, She, th'Adultreffe : for the harlot-King Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke And levell of my braine : plot-proofe : but thee, I can hooke to me : fay that the were gone, Given to the fire, a moity of my refl Might come to me againe. Whole there?

Ser. My Lord Leo. How do's the boy?

Ser. He tooke good reft to night i'ds hop'd

His licknelle is discharg'd

Les To see his Noblenesse, Conceyung the dishonour of his Mother. He ftraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply, Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe; Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe, And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely: goe, See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him, The very thought of my Reuenges that way Recoyle vpon me : in himfelfe too mightie, And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be, Vittill a time may ferue. For prefent vengeance Take it on her: Camillo, and Polixenes Laughet me: make their pastime at my forrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor Shall the, within my powte.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter. Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be fecond to me : Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas) Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent foule, More free, then he is jealous.

Amig. That's enough.

Artig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded None should come at him.

Pas. Not fo 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 needleffe hearings : fuch as you Nourth the cause of his awaking. I Do, come with words, as medicinell, as true; (Honest, as either,) to purge him of that humor That preffer him from fleepe.

Les. Who noyfe there, hoe?

Fan. No noyle (my Lord) but needfull conference, About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Lee. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonius, I charg'd thee that the should not come about me, I knew the would.

Ans I told her fo (my Lord) On your displeasures perill, and on mine, She should not visit you

Lee. What? canft not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestic he can i in this (Vnleffe he take the course that you have done) Commit me, for commutting honor, truff it He shall not rule me:

Ant. La-you now, you heare, When the will take the raine, I let her ru.,

But Thee I not flumble.

Paul, Good my Liege, I come : And I beleech you heare me, who professes My selfe your loyall Servant, your Physitian, Your moft obedient Counfailor : yet that deter Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles, Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come From your good Queene.

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene, I fay good Queene, And would by combate, make her good fo, were I A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau Let him that makes but triffes of his eyes First hand me: on mine owne accord, He off, But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene (Por theis good) hall brought you forth a daughter, Heere its. Commendation your blessing

Lee Out A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore :

A most intelligencing bawd.

Prul. Notio: I am as ignorant in that, as you, In so entit ling me ; and no lesse honest Then you are mad: which is enough, He werrant (As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors ; Will you not push her out? Gine her the Bastard, Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : vntooffed By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Bastard, Take't vp, I lay : giue't to thy Croane.
Paul. For euer

Vinvenerable be thy hands, if thou Tak'ft vp the Princeffe, by that forced baleneffe Which he ha's put vpon's

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt Youl'd call your children, yours.

Lee. Aneft of Traitors

Aut. I am none, by this good light,

Pas. Not I : nor any But one that's heere : and that's himfelfe : for he,

The

The Iscred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes, His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander, Whole sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not (For as the case now flands, it is a Curse He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,

As euer Oake, or Stone was found. Lee. A Callat

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband, And now beyes me: This Brat is none of mine, It is the Iffue of Polixenes, Hence with It, and together with the Dam,

Commit them to the fire,

Paul. It is yours: And might we lay th'old Proverb to your charge, So like you, ris the worfe. Behold (my Lords) Although the Print be little, the whole Matter And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nofe, Lippe, The trick of 's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley, The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles: The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.) And thou good Goddeffe Nature, which half made It So like to him that got it, if thou halt The ordering of the Mind too, mongst all Colours No Yellow in't, least the suipect, as he do's, Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groffe Hagge ! And Lozell, thou are worthy to be hang'd, That wilt not flay her Tongue,

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leave your felfe Hardly one Sublect.

Les. Once more take her hence. Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnatural! Lord Can doe no more,

Leo. He ha' thee burnt. Paul. Teare not : It is an Heretique that makes the fire, Not the which burnes in't. He not call you Tyrent . But this most cruell viage of your Queene (Not able to produce more accusation

Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) fornthing fauors Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you, Yea. Candalous to the World.

Lee. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with here Were Ia Tyranra Where were her life? fhe durft not call me fo, If the did know me one, Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone. Looke to your Babe (my Lord) the youts. long fend het A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands? You that are thus fo tender o're his Follyes, Will never doe him good, not one of you. So, fo: Farewell, we are gone. ExI

Les. Thou(Traytor) halt fet on shy Wife to this. My Child? away with's? even thou, that haft A heart fo tender o're it, take it hence, And see it instantly consum'd with fire. Euen thou, and none bus thou. Take it vp straight: Within this houre bring me word 'tis done, (And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life With what thou else call'it thine : if thou refuse, And will endounter with my Wrath, fay fo; The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire, For thou fett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir: These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please, Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege, He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beleech your Highnesse, give vs better eredit: We haut alwayes truly feru'd you, and befrech So to effeeme of vs : and on our knees we begge. (As recompence of our deare feruices Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose, Which being so horrible, so bloody, must

Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Lee, I am a Feather for each Wind that blows t Shall I live on to fee this Bastard kneele, And call me Father? better burne it now. Then curse it then. But be it : let it liue. It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither t You that have beene fo tenderly officious With Lady Margerie, your Mid. wife there, To faue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard, So fure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure, To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may undergoe,
And Nobleneffe impofe: at least thus much; He pawne the little blood which I have left, To faue the Innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : Sweare by this Sword

Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Marke, and performe it: feeft thou for the faile Of any point in't, shall not onely be Death to thy felfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife. (Whom for this time we pardon) We emoyne thee, As thou art Liege-man to va, that thou carry This female Baftard hence, and that thou beare it To some remote and defart place, quite out Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave It (Without more mercy) to It owne protection, And favour of the Climate: 22 by Arange fortune It came to vs,I doe in lustice charge thee, On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture, That thou commend it Arangely to some place, Where Chance may nutse, or end it : take it vp

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe) Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Beares, they say, (Casting their sauagenesse aside) have done Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous In more then this deed do's require; and Bleffing Against this Crueltie, fight on thy fide (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) Exit.

Leo. No: le not rearc

Anothers Issue, Enter a Sernant. Sern. Please your Highnesse, Posts From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come An house fince: Cleamines and Dien, Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed, Hasting to th' Court.

Lord So please you (Sir) their speed

Hath beene beyond accompt-

Leo. Twentic three dayes They have beene absent : tis good speed: fore-tells The great Apollo Suddenly will have

The

The truth of this appearers Prepare you Lords, Summon a Seffion, that we may arraigne Our most disloyall Ladys for as the hath Been publikely accused, so shall she have A sust and open Triall. While she lives, My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me, And thinke upon my bidding.

Exercise

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Circomines and Duon.

Clo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet, Fertile the life, the Temple much supassing. The common prayse it beares.

Dien. I shall reports
For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
(Nie thinker I so should terme them) and the reverence
Of the grane Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.
How ceremonious, solemne, and vin-earthly
It was a thi Officine?

It was it in Offring?

Clee But of all, the burft

And the eare-deaff ning Voyce oth Otacle,
Kin to laner Thunder, to furprized my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Die. If the event of th' lourney
Prove as successefull in the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to es, sare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vision t.

Cheo Great Apollo
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Die The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Bitfineffe, when the Oracle
(This by Apolle's great Divine feal'd vp)
Shall the Contente discourt : fornething rate
Even then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue Exernes.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Leoner, Lords Officers Hermione (2000 her Triall) Ladies: Cleonomes, Dem

Les. This Selfions (to out great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pulhes 'gainfl' out heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, out Wife, and one
Of vision much belou'd. Let vis be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, fince we fo openly
Proceed in luthice, which fhall have due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation.
Produce the Priloner.

Office. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene Appears in person, liere in Court. Silence.

Leo, Reade the Indictment.

Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worth, Leonies, King of Sicilia, thow art here accused and arraigned of High Treafon in commuting Adultery with Polixenes King of Boherma, and configure, with Corrillo to take away the Life of our Soverraigne Lord the King shy Royall Howband the presence whereast being by evering ances partly land open shoot Hermitone) compart to the Fasth and Alegeance of a true Subuill diaft comfash and ayde shorm, for these better fastess, so figs away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to lay, must be but that Which contradicts my Acculation, and The testimonie on my patt, no other But what comes from my felte, it shall fcarce boot me To Tay, Not guillie : mine Integritte Being counted Fallehood, Shall (24 1 expresse ic) Be lo received But thus, if Powres Divine Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make Falle Acculation bluth, and Tyrannie Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know (Whom least will feeme to doe fo) my past life Hath beene as continent, as chafte, as true, As I am now +nhappy; which is more Then Historie can patterne, though denis'd, And play d, to take Specastors. For behold me, A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe A Moitie of the Throne . a great Kings Daughter, The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here flanding To prace and talke for Life, and Honor, fore Who please to come, and hearc. For Life, I prize it Az I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor, Tis a derivative from me to mine. And onely that I fland for. I appeale To your owne Conscience (Sit) before Polistees Came co your Court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be fo: Since he came, With what encounter forneurrant, I Haur fleayn'd cappeare thus; it one int beyond The bound of Honor, or in act, or wit That way enclining hardned be the hearts Of all that licate me, and my neer'st of Kin Cry fie vpon my Graue.

Lee. I ne reheard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Then to performe it first,

Her That's true enough,
Though the a laying (Sir) not due to me.

Lee. You will not owne it. Har. More then Miltreffe of, Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polizenet (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confelle Hou'd him as in Honor he required . With fuch a kind of Love, as might becom A Lady like me; with a Love, even fuch, So, and no other, as your felle commanded: Which, not to have done, I thinke had been in and Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude To you, and toward your Friend, whole Loue had spoks Even fince it could speake, from an Infant, freely, That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie I know not how it taftes, though it be dish'd For me to try how: All I know of it, Is, that Camillo was an honest man; And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves (Worring no more then I) are ignorant.

Lee. You knew of his departure, as you know What you have enderta'ne to doe in's absence.

Ho. Sir,

Her. Sit,
You speake a Language that I understand not t
My Life stands in the levell of your Dreames,
Which He lay downe.

Les. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by Polisense,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then availes: for as
Thy Brar hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
Nd Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt seele out suffice; in whose cassels passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, fpare your Threass: The Bugge which you would fright me with, I feeke: To me can Life be no commoditie; The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Pauor) I doe give loft, for I doe feele it gone, But know not how it went. My fecond loy. And first Fruits of my body, from his presence I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort (Star'd most valuckily) is from my breast (The innocent milke in it most innocent mourh) Hal'd out to murther. My felfe on every Post Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred The Child-bed priviledge deny'd, which longs To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before I have got Arength of limit. Now(my Liege) Tell me what bleffings I have here aline, That I should seare to die? Therefore proceed a But yet heare this i mistake me not : no Life, (I prize it not a fraw) but for mine Honor, Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd Vpon furmizes (all proofes fleeping elfe. But what your lealousies awake) I tell you Tis Rigor, and not Law Your Honors all,

Apollo be my Iudge.
Lord. This your request
Is altogether inst: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle.

I doe referre me to the Oracle:

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pierror of Research

Of Pitry, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here that tweere you this 5 word of Iustice,
That you (Cleamer and Dion) have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This scal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
Off great Apolo's Priest; and that fince then,

You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale, Nor read the Secrets in't.

Clos Dio. All this we sweare.

Les. Breake up the Seales, and read.

Officer. Hermione w chaft, Polixenes blomeieste. Cemillo a true Subiece, Leontes a vealous Tyraut, bis vanocent Babo sruly begotten, and the King shall line wishous an Heire of that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now bieffed be the great Apollo.

Her. Praysed.

Leo. Haft thoo read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) even so es it is here fee downe.

Lee. There is no truth at all i'th Oracle:

The Selfions shall proceed: this is meere fallehood.

Ser. My Lord the King : the King ?

Lee. What is the bufineffe?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone

Les. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Lee. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themselves

Doe flaike at my Iniuffice. How now there?

Paul, This newes is mortall to the Queene; Look downers

And fee what Death is doing.

Leo, Take her hence: Her heart is but o're-charg'd : The will recover. I have too much beleev'd mine owne suspition: Befeech you tenderly apply to ber Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophanenesse gainst thine Oracle. He reconcile me to Polixenes, New woe my Queene, recall the good Camillo (Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:) For being transported by my lealousies To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose Camillo for the minifler, to poyfon My friend Polixenes: which had been done, Rut that the good mind of Carvillo terdied My fwift command: though I with Death, and with Reward, did threaten and encourage him, Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane, And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueft Vnclsfp d my practile, quit his fortunes here (Which you knew great) and to the hazard Of all Incertainties, himfelte commended, No richer then his Honor: How he glifters Through my Ruft? and how his Piette Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, least my heat of cracking it)
Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady? Paul. What fludied torments (Tyrant) half for meg What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling? In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Totture Must I receive? whose every word deserves To talle of thy most worft. Thy Tyranny (Together working with thy lessoulies, Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and Idle For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have doze, And then run mad indeed: flarke-mad: for all Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it. That thou betrayed it Polixenes, twas nothing, (That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant, And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was'e much Thou would'it have poylon'd good Camillo's Honor, To have him kill a King: poore Trespaties, More monfitous flanding by : whereof I reckon The cashing forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter, To be or none, or little; though a Deuill Would have fhed water out of firegere don't s Nor is't directly layd to thee the death Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts (Thoughts high for one lo tender) cleft the heart That could conceive a groffe and foolish Sire Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no, Layd to shy answere: but the last: O Lords, When I have faid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The The fweet h. deer'A creature's dead & vengeance for t

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Pro 1 (sy the s dead: lle (wear't, 1f word, nor oath Preuaile not, go and feer if you can bring Tincture, or luftre in her lip, het eye Heare outwardly, or breath within, Ileferue you As I would do the Gods. Birt, O thou Tyrant, Do not tepent thefe things, for they are heare Then all thy woes can flure: therefore becake thee To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees, Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting, Vpon a barren Mountaine, and fill Winter In storme perpetual, could not moue the Gods To looke that way thou wer't.

Les. Go on, go on Thou canst not speake too much, I bave deserv'd All tongues to talke their bittest.

Lord. Say no more; How ere the businesse goes, you have made sault I'th boldnesse of your speech.

Paw. I am forty for it;
All faults I make, when I hall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shewld too much
The rashnesse of a woman; he is coucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greese: Do not receive assistant
At my petition I besech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sit, Royall Sit, forgive a soolish woman;
The love I bore your Queene (Lo, soole againe)
He speake of her no more, nor of your Children;
Ite not remember you of my owne Lord
(Who is lost root) take your patience to you,
And He say nothing

Lee. Thou didft speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receive much better,
Theo to be pittied of thee. Ptethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne.
One grave shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, sle visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teaces shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly yow to vseit. Come, and leade me
To these forrowes.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne.

Ast. Thou are perfect then, our thip hath toucht vpon The Defarts of Bohimia.

Mar I (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten prefent bluffers. In my conference
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne ypon's.

Are. Their facred will's be done: go get a-boord, Looke to thy barke, lle not be long before call vpon thee

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not Too-fatre ith Land i tis like to be lowd weather. Besides this place is famous for the Creatures Of prey, that keepe vpon't,

Anue Gothou away, Ile follow instantly

Tobe foridde o'th businesse.

Exu

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I have heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe a iffuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night formere was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessell of like forrow
So fill d, and so becomming a in pure white Robes

Like very fanctity the did approach
My Cabine where I lay thince bow d before me,
And (gasping to begin fome speech) her eyes
Became two spnuts; the suite spens, anon
Did this breake from her. Good Anisonal,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-ook

Of my poore babe, according to thine oath, Places remote enough are in Babenia, There weepe, and leave it crying; and for the babe

Is counted loft for cuer, Perdita
I prethee call't: For this vingentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shrickes
Shemelted into Ayre. Affighted much,
I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
This was so, and no stumber. Dreames, are coyes,

Yet for this once, yea supershissously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hash futier death, and that
Apolle would (this being indeede the issue
Of King Polizener) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) upon the earth
Ofice right Father. Blossomer, speed thee well,
There lye, and there thy chartader: there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
And still test thine. The storme beginnes, poote wretch,

That for thy mothers fault, art thus exposed To loffe, and what may follow. Weepe I camot, But my heart bleedes: and most accurit am I To be by oath enloyn'd to this. Farewell, The day frowner more and more: thou'rt like to have

A lullable too rough: I never faw
The heavens fo dim, by day. A favage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,

Lam gone for euer.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would fleep out the reft for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, fleahing, fighting hearke you now i would any but these boyldebraines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scarred away two of my best Sheepe, which I seare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mainter; if any where I have them, its by the sea-side, brouzing of luy. Good-lucke (and's be thy will) what have we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verte prettie one) sure some Scape; Though I amnot bookish yer I

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can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke t they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. He take it up for pity, yes He tarry till my sonne come : he hallow'd but even now. Whos-ho-hoz.

Enter Clourse.

Clo. Hilloz, loz.

Shep. What? art fo neere ? If thou It fee a thing to calke on, when thou are dead and rotten, come hither t

what ayl'ft thou, man?

Cla. I have feene two fuch fights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to favit is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins

Shop. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chases, how it toges, how it takes up the shore, but that's not to the points Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to fee 'em and not to fee 'em : Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a Corke into a hogshead. And then for the Land-service, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and faid his name was Antigoniu, 2 Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to fee how the Sea flapdragon dit : but first, how the poore souler roared, and the lea mock'd them; and how the poore Gentleman toared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the fea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd fince I faw thefe fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman : he's at it now.

Shop. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olde

Ch. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but looke thee heere boy Now bleffe thy felfe: thou met'ft with things dying, I with things new borne Here's a fight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-clossh for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: fo, let's fee, it was cold me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad oldeman : If the finnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to live. Golde, all

shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue fo: vp with t, keepe it elofe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee fo ftill requires nothing but fecrecic. Let my sheepe go . Come (good boy) the next way bome.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go fee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hash eaten: they are never curft but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, He bury it.

Shop. That's a good deed : if thou mayest difeerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'light

Clowne. Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Sop. Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds Exempt

Adus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Cherr . Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror Of good, and bad : that makes, and vnfolds error, Now take *pon me (in the name of Time) To vie my wings : Impute it not a crime To me, or my swift passage, that I slide Ore fixteene yeeres, and leave the growth vittide Of that wide gap, fince it is in my powre To orethrow Law, and in one felfe-borne howre To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was, Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to The times that brought them in, so shall I do To this seefhest things now reigning, and make state. The glistering of this present, as my Tale. Now feemes to it: your patience this allowing, I turne my glaffe, and gine my Scene fuch growing As you had slept betweene : Leonter leaving Th'effects of his fond realouties, to greening That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be In faire Bohemia, and remember well, I mentioned a fonne o'th Kings, which Florized I now name to you: and with speed so pace To speake of Perdua, now growne in grace Equall with wond ring. What of her insues I list not prophelie: but let Times newes Be knowne when tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-And what to her adheres, which followes after, Is th'argument of Time: of this allow, If ever you have spent time worle, ere now: If never, yet that Time himselfe doth lay, Exit. He wishes earnestly, you never may.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camello.

Pol 1 pray thee (good Camello) be no more importunate: 115 a licknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this

Cam. It is hiteene yeeres fince I faw my Countrey: though I have (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I defire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Mafter) hath fent for me, to whole feeling forrowes I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which

is another spurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'st me (Camillo) Wipe not out the rest of thy ferusces, by leaving me now : the neede I have of thee, thine owner goodnesse hath made : better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Bulinelles, (which none (without thee) can lufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very feruices thou haft done; which if I have not enough confidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countray Sicillia, prethee speake no more, whole very naming, punisifies me with the remembrance ВЬ

of that penitent (as thou call him) and reconciled King my brother, whole losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are such now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw if thou the Prince Floricell my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are inloosing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes fince I faw the Prince, what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne: but I liaue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is leffe frequent to his Princely exercises then

formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have confidered to much (Camillo) and with tome care, to farte, that I have eyes under my fervice, which looke upon his removed neffer from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is feldome from the houfe of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard (fir) of fuch a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pel. That's likewife part of my Intelligence: but(I feare) the Angle that pluckes our fonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have fome question with the shepheard; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vnease to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. Preshe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo, we must disguise our selves. Exit

Scena Tertia

Enter Autolicus singing,
When Dassadis begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxyoner the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeare,
For the redblood raigns in sumiers pale.

The white seets bleaching on the hedge, with hey the sweet birds, O how they sing: Doth set my pugging tooth an edge, For a quart of Ale u a dish soza King

The Larke that tirra Lyra chaunts,
Which beigh the Thruth and the lay:
Are Summer fongs for me and my Aunts,
While welpe tumbling in the hay.
I have feru'd Prince Florizeth, and in my time wore three
pile, but now I am out of fervice.

But hall I go mourne for that (my decre)
the pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and beare the Sow-thin Bouget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stocker anowin-it.

My Trafficke is theeces: when the Kite builds, looke to leffer Linnen. My Father nam'd me Andrew, who being (as I am) lytter'd order Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-up of onconsidered insteas. With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Capacison, and my Revenuew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to meet For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize

Clo. Let me see, every Leaven-weather todder, every tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fifteene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut Is the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine

Clo I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee fee, what am I to buy for out Sheepe-shearing. Feast? Three pound of Sugar, sheepound of Curtence, Rice: What will this fifter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the sheath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the sheaters (three-man song-men, all, and very good one:) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Purtan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes, I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Daies, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Premyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Suo.

Aut Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo I th name of me.

Ant. Oh helpe me, helpe mee . placke but off thefe ragges : and then, death, death,

Cle. Alacke poore foule, shou half need of more rags

to lay on thee, rather then have these off

Aut. Oh fir, the loathformesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I have received, which are mightie ones and millions.

Cle. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come

to a great matter.

Ast. I am rob d fir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell cane from me, and these derestable things pur upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?
Aut. A footman (sweet sit) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has lest with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coase, at hath seene very hor seruice, Lend me thy hand, lie helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good lit, renderly, ob.

Cle. Alas poore soule.

Am. Oh good fir, suftly, good fu : I feare (fir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canfl fland?

Ast. Softly, deere fir: good fir, foftly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Cla. Doeft lacke any mony? I have a little mony for

Aut. No, good (weet fit: no. 1 befeech you fit: 1 have a Kinfman not past three quarters of a mile hence, who whome I was going: I shall there have money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart

Clos What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd

you?

Am. A fellow (fir) that I have knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I know him once a feruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Vertues it was, but her was certainely Whips out of the Court.

Clo.

Clo. His vices you would fay: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there;

and yer it will no more but abide.

Aur. Vices I would fay (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene fince an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-server (a Bayliffe) then hee compaft a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes; and (having flowne over many knauish prosessions) he setled onely in Rogue: some call him Antolicus.

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig for my life Prig:he haunts

Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true fir : he fir hee : that's the Rogue that

put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bokemia; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld have

Aut. I must consesse to you(sir) I am no fighter : I am falle of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aur. Sweet fir, much better then I was : I can ffand, and walke: I will even take my leave of you, & pace foftly towards my Kinimans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way? Aus. No, good fac'd fir, no sweet fir.

Clo. Then farthcewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you sweet fir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too : If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

> Song. log-on, log.on, the foot path way, And merrily bent the Stile-u: A merry beart goes all the day, Tour Sadtyres in a Mile-a.

Exu.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdisa, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Ca-

millo, Mopfa, Dorcas, Seruants, Antolicus.
Flo. These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdelle, but Flora Peering in Aprils front. This your theepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petry Gods, And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir : my gracious Lord, To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me : (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th' Land, you have obscur'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddeffe-like prank'd vp: But that out Feafts In every Melle, have folly; and the Feeders Digest with a Custome, I should blush To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke, To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I bleffe the time. When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse

Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now Joue affoord you cause:

To me the difference forges dread (your Greattiesse

Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble To thinke your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Vildely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I (inthese my borrowed Flaunts) behold The flernnesse of his presence?

Flo, Apprehend Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues (Humbling their Deities to love) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptone A Ram, and bleated : and the Fire-roab'd-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I feeme now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way so chaste : fince my defires Run not before mine honor : nor my Luss Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powse of the King t One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-

Or I my life.
Flo. Thou deer'st Perdita, With these fore'd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am molt constant, Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle fuch thoughts as thefe, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are comming: Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that suptiall, which We two have sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guelts approach, Addresse your seife to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon This day, the was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: feru'd all, Would fing her fong, and dance her turne: now heere At upper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle: On his floulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour, and the thing the tooke to quench it She would to each one fip. You are retyred, As if you were a feafted one : and not The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is, A way to make vs better Riends, more knowne. Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe That which you are, Mistris o'th' Peast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Hostesseship o'th'day: you're welcome fir. Give me those Flowres there (Dercas.) Reverend Sirs, For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.

Bb 2

Pol. 1

Pol. Shepherdelle,

(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages With flowres of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient, Not yet on fummers death, nor on the birth Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season Are our Carnations, and Arcak'd Gilly-vors, (Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind Our ruflicke Gardens barren, and I care not To get flips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I have heard it faid, There is an Arc, which in their pidenesse shares With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:

Yet Nature is made better by no mesne, But Nature makes that Meane t fo over that Art, (Which you fay addes to Nature) is an Art That Nature makes : you fee (fweet Maid) we marry A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke, And make conceyue a barke of bafer kinde By bud of Nobler race, This is an Art Which do's mend Nature : change it rather, but The Art it felfe, is Nature,

Perd. Soit is.

Pal. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly vors, And do not call them ballards.

Perd. He not put The Dible in earth, to fet one flip of them: No more then were I painted, I would with This youth should say twee well: and onely therefore Defire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you: Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum, The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun, And with him rifes, weeping: Thefe are flowres Of middle fummer, and I think othey are given

To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome, Cam. I flould leave grafing, were I of your flocke,

And onely liue by gazing.

Perd. Outalas: You'ld be so leane, that blasts of lanuary (Friend, Would blow you through and through Now (my fairft I would I had foine Flowres o'th Spring, that might Become your time of day : and yours, and yours, That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet Your Maiden beads growing : O Proferpina, For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let's fall From Dyffer Waggon: Daffadils, That come before the Swallow dares, and take The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim, But fweeter then the lids of Inno's eyes, Or Cytheres's breath) pale Prime-roles, That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phæbus in his strength (a Maladie Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds, (The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, thefe I lacke, To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend, To firew him o're, and ore

Flo. What? like a Coarle?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on: Notlike a Coarle: or if : not to be buried, But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours, Merhinkes I play as I have feene them do In Whitfon-Pafforals: Surathia Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition;

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet) I'ld have you do it cuer : When you fing, I'ld have you buy, and fell to a fo give Almes, Pray fo : and for the ord'ring your Affayres. To fing them too. When you do dance, I wish you A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that : move first, still so :

And owne no other Function. Each your doing, (So fingular, in each particular)

Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,

That all your Ades, are Queenes.
Perd. O Dericles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth And the true blood which peepes fairely through't, Do plainly give you out an vnitain'd Sphepherd With wiledome, I might feare (my Dorules) You woo'd me the falle way.

Flo. I thinke you have As little skill to feare, as I have purpose To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray, Your hand (my Perdita:) fo Tuttles paire That never meane to park.

Perd. Ile (weare for 'em.

Po. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that ever Ran on the greene-ford : Nothing the do's, or fermes But smackes of something greater then her felfe, Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something That makes her blood looke on't: Good footh the is The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clo. Come on: Arike vp.

Dorcas, Mosso must be your Milleis: marry Garlick to mend her kissing with.

Mep. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we fland vpon our manners, Come, fitike vp.

Heere a Downce of Shipheards and Stephearddeffes.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this, Which dances with your daughter?

shep. They call him Dorieles, and boals himlelfe To have a worshy Feeding; but I have it Vpon his owne report, and I beleeve it: He lookes like footh : he fayes he loues my daughter, I thinke fo too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone Vpon the water, as hee'l frand and reade As twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine, I thinke there is not halfe a kiffe to choose Who loues another beft.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it That should be filent: If yong Dericles Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreames of. Enter Sersion.

Ser. O Mafter : if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee finges feuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee viters them as he had eaten ballads and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.

Cla He could nemer come bettet : hee shall come in : I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily fet downe : or a very pleasant thing indeede and sang lamentably.

Ser. He hath fongs for man, or woman, of all fizes: No Milliner can fo fit his conflorners with Gloves: he has the pressiest Loue-longs for Maids, so without bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthers of Dildo's and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump-her; and where fome firetch-mouth'd Rafcall, would (as it were) meane mischeese, and breake a sowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, Woop, doe meno barme good man: put's him off, flights him, with Wboop, der mee no barme good man.
Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleece mee, thou calkest of an admirable con-

cested fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Sen. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours ith Rainebow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bobemia, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groffe: Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddeffes: you would chinke a Smocke were a thee-Angell, he fo chauntes to the fleeue-hand, and the worke about the fquare on'r.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach fin-

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vie no scurrilous words in's tunes

Clow. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, shen youl'd thinke (Sifter.)

Perd. I. good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolieus finging. Laune as white as driven Snow. Cypreffe blacke as ere was Crow, Clones as sweete as Damaske Roses. Maskes for faces, and for no fes Bugle-bracelet, Necke lace Amber, Berfume for a Ladies Chamber: Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers For my Lads, to give their deere: Pins, and poaking-flickes of fleele. What Maids lacke from bead to heele: Come buy of me, come: come buy come buy. Buy Lads, or elfe your Laffes cry . Come buy

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopfe, thou shoulds take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they

come not too late now.

Dor. He haih promis'd you more then that,' or there

be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of thefe fecrets, but you must be cittle-tatling before all our guests?'Tis well they are whifpring:clamor your congues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-

lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues,

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money,

Aus. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here Aut, I hope to fir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

clo. What half heere? Ballada?

Mop. Pray now buy fome: I loue a ballet in print,

life, for then we are fure they are true

Aut. Here's one to a very dolefull tune, how a Viuters wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how the long d to eace Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?
Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old. Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsuter.

Aut. Here's the Midwines name to'c : one Mift, Tale-Porter, and five or fix honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.
Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first fee moe Bal-

lads Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coaft, on weniday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand sadom aboue water. & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought the was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fifh, for the wold not exchange flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Fine lustices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

Clo Lay 16 by 100; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue some metry ones.

Mut. Why this is a palling merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's featle a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both fing it : if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three ports.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you:

Song Get you hence, for I must gas

Where it fits not you to know. AUG.

Whether? Dor.

Mop O whether ? Dor. Whether ?

Is becomes the oath full well. Mop.

Thousome thy fecrets tell

Dor: Me 100 : Le me go thether : Or thou goest to the Grange, or Mills

Mop Dor: If to either thou doft ill.

Neither. Aut:

Dot: What neither ?

Neither A ut:

Dor: Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

Thou hast sworne it more to mee. Then whether goest? Say whether ! Mop

Clo. Wee'l have this fong out anon by our felues: My Father, and the Gent. are in fad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first choice; folow Aut: And you shall pay well for em.

Song. Willyon buy any Tape, or Lace for your (spe?

My dainty Ducke, my decre a? Any Silke, any Thred, any Topes for your head Of the news't, and fins't fins't weare-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That dotb viter all mens ware-a. Ser wars. Mayfter, there is three Carters, three Shep herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y haue made

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themselves all men of haire, they cal themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say it a gally-maustrey of Gambols, because they are not in they themselves are of himself (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away Weelnoncont; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wea-

CIC TOU.

Pol. You wearse those that refresh vs a pray let's see

these foure-threes of Heardimen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owner eport (Sir,) hath dane'd before the King and not the worst of the three, but impessively foote and a halfe by th' fquire.

Shep. Leave your prating, fince these good men are pleased, let them come in but quickly now,

Ser. Why, they flay at doore Sir

Heere a Dance of I welve Sargres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that hereafter:

It it not too farte gone? Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tols much. How dow(faire shepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from seasting. Sooth, when I was yong,
Andhanded loue, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes. I would have ransackt
The Pedlers silken Treasury, and have powr'd it
To her acceptance, you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were strated
For a cepty at least, if you make a care
Os happie holding her.

Flb. Old Sit, I know
She prizes not fuch trifles as thefe are:
The gifts the lookes from me, are packt and locke
Vp in my heart, which I have given already,
Butnot deliver'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sit, whom (it should feeme)
Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As fofe as Doues-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th Northerne blasts, twice ote.

Pol. What followes this?

How prettily the yong Swaine feemes to wash. The hand, was faire before? I baue put youout, But to your protestation: Let me heare. What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too's.
Fol. And this my neighbout too?

Flo And he, and more

Then he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperial Monarch
Theteof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More then was ever mans, I would not prize them
Withouther Loue; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to bet service,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewer a found affection.

Step. But my daughter, Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor means better
By thipatterne of mine owns thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine.
And frunds vinknowne, you shall beare witheste to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Fle. O, that must bee

I th Vertue of your daughter One being dead, I shall have more then you can dreame of yet, Enough then for your wonder but como on, Contract vs fore these Wunedes.

ship. Come, your band:

And daughter, yours.

Pd. Soft Swaine a-while, befeech you, Haue you a Father?

Fle I have : but what of him?

Pal. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall, Pd. Me-thinkes a Father,

This mechanises a rance,

Is at the Nuptiall of his foane, a guest

That belt becomes the Tible: Pray you once more

Is not your Father grownesneapeable

Of reafonable affayres? Is he not stupid

With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can be speake? heate?

Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?

Liet he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing

But what he did, being childs show the study of the second of the

Flo No good Sir He has his health, and ampier frength indeeds Then most have of his age

Pol By my white beard,
You offer him (if this belo) a wrong
Something viniliall. Reason my some
Should choose himselfer a write, but as good reason
The Father (all whose roy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsale
Li such a businesse.

Flo I yeeld all this; But for foine other reasons (my grave Sic) Which its north you know, I not acquarte My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Lethim knowit.

Flo He Chall not.

Pd. Pretheclet him.

Fle No he must not

Ship. Let him (any fonne) he finall not need to green:
At knowing of thy choice

Flo. Come, come, he must not

Marke our Contrad

Pol. Marke your divorce (yong fir)
Whom fonne! dare not eal!: Thou are too bafe
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters herre,
That thus affects a freepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am forry, that by hanging thee, I can
but thouse thy life one weeke. And thou, frosh peece
Of excellent Witcherast, whom of force must know
The royal! Foole thou coap'st with.

·Ship. Oh my heart.

Pw. He have thy beauty feratche with briefs at made More homely then thy flate. For thee (fond boy) If I may ever know thou doft but figh, That thou no more flatt never fee this knacke(as nover I meane thou fhalt) wee'l barre thee from fuccethion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farra then Dewedson 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,

Wor-

Worthy enough a Heardiman: yeahim too,
That makes himfelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
Thefe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuife a death, as cruell for thee
As thou are tender to't.

Exit.

Pord. Euen heere vndone:
I was not much a-fear d: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,
The selfe. same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt ploase you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseeth you
Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it oo inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,

Speake ere thou dyeft.

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have vindone aman of source core three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet 1 yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Whereno Priest shoulds-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew stellis was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vindone, vindone:
If I might dye within this houre, I have lived
To die when I desire.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but forry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following

My leash vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet 1 seare;
Then till the sury of his Highnesse secte
Come not before him.

Fla I not purpose it: I thinke Camillo.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you'twould be thus? How often faid my dignity would last But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The Violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift up thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Beaduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason Will thereto be obedient: I have reason: If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse, Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (fir.)
Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow.
I needs must thinke it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or
The close carth wombes, or the profound seas, hides

In whknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd i Therefore, I pray you.
As you have ever bin my Fathers honour'd friend
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsiles
Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With het, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her neede, I have
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord, I would your spirit were caser for aduice, Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke Perdita, Ile heate you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Refolu'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,
Purchase the fight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good Camille, Lam io fraught with curious businesse, thas I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke You have heard of my poore services, i'th love That I have botne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deferu'd: It is my Fathers Muficke
To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompene'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and setted proiect
May suffer atteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see
There's no distinction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeuours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualific
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How Camillo
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on A place whereto you'l go?
Flo. Not any yet:

But as th'enthought-on accident is guiltle
To what we wildely do, fo we professe
Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and slyes
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam, Then lift to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndetgo this slight; make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your sayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leoness;

Sheer

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinker I fee
Leanter opening his free Atmes, and weeping
His Welcomes for the asks the ethere Sonne for givenesse.
As iwere i'th' Fathers person: killes the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore divides him,
'Twist his vinkindnesse, and his Kindnesse. th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo.
What colour for my Visitation, shall I

Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father

To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) (hall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, He write you downe,
The which (hall point you forth ar every fitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,

And speake his very Heart, Flo. I am bound to you: There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selves
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take anothers
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be lost to be: besides yoo know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:

I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? (sy you so?
There shall not, as your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be botne another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, She's as forward, of her Breeding, as She is i'th' reare "our Birth.

Cam. I cannot fay 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for the seemes a Missesse
To most that teach

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this, le blush you Thanks.

Flo My prettiell Perdita,
But O, the Thornes we fland upon: (Camillo)
Presetuer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe!
We are not furnished like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Sicilia.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinks you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

Enier Autoliess

Aut. Ha,ha, what a Foole Honeftie is? and Truft/his fworne brother) a very fimple Gentleman. I have fold all my Tremperie. not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glaffe, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fafting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which meanes, I saw whose Putse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares; you might have pinched a Placket, it was sence-less; twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse; I would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes; no hearing, no scelling, but my Sus Song, and admiring the Nothing of its. So that in this time of Leshatgie, I picked and cut most of their Festival Purses; And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scarid my Chowghes from the Chasse, I had not lest a Purse alive in the whole Atmy.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there So foone as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King Leontes?
Cam. Shall fatisfic your Father.

Perd. Happy be you: All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who have we here?
Wee'le make an Instrument of this. omize
Nothing may give you'de.

Nothing may give vs aide.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now, why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak's thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

An., I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so fill: here a no body will fleate that from thee: yet for the out-side of shy pourrie, we must make an exchange; therefore dif-case the canflantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in t) and change Garmenta with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled already.

Aut. Are you in earneff, Sir? (I fmell the trick on't.) Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aus, Indeed I have had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fottunate Miftresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selse
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, mussle your sace,
Dismantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe seare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes, That I must beare a part. Cam. No temedie:

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat: Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.) Am. Adieu, Sir.

Fle. O Perdita: what have we twaine forgot?

Pray!

Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuzile, To force him after: in whole company I shall re-view Sicilia; for whole light, I have a Womans Longing.

Flo. Foreune (peed vs

Thus we let on (Camullo) to the Ses-fide.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Ast. I understand the bufinesse, I heare it : to have an open care, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purle; a good Nole is requifite allo, to smell out worke for th'other Sences. I fee this is the time that the vniust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot ? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conssue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (flealing away from his Father, with his Clog se his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honeffic to acquaint the King withall, I would not do t: 1 hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein are I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowne and Shepbeard

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brame: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seffion, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King the's a Changeling, and none of your fielh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me. Shep, Goe 100 then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your fleth and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whiftler I warrant you.

Shop. I will tell the King all, every word, yes, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may fay, is no boneft man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me

the Kings Brother in Law.

Claw. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce

Am. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Ass. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Mafter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at 'Pallace.

Am. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance : Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Ruffiques) whither are you bound?

Shop. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.) Am. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Ass. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but Tradef-men, and they of ten give vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with flamped Coyne, not flabbing Steele, therefore they doe not give vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worthip had like to have given vs one, if you had not taken your felfe with the manner.

Shop. Are you'a Courtier, and't like you bit?

Aut. Whether it lke me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seeft thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receives not thy Note Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Bafenelle, Coure-Concempt ! Think'st thou, for that I infinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am thereforeno Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-pe; and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Bufineffe, Sir, is to the King

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ft thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: lay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir · I have no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen. Aus. How bleffed are we, that are not simple men? Yet Nature might have made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdaine

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handlomely.

clo. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantasticall: A great man, He warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aus. The Farthell there ? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shop. Sic, there lyes such Secrets in this Farrhell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour,
Shep. Why Sur?
Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone abourd a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe : for if thou bee'st capable of things ferrous, thou must know the King is full of griefe

Shep. So 'tis faid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should

have marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Am. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faft, ler him flyes the Curles he shall have the Torrures he shall feele, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clo Thinke you lo, Sir? Am, Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are lermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vider the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whisting Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace! Some fay hee shall be ston'd : but that death is too fost for him

(lay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie. Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Soone Sir (doe you heare)

and't like you, Sit ?

Am. Hee ha's a Sonne. who hall be flayd aliue, then nounted over with Honey, fer on the head of a Waspes Nell, then fland till he be three quarters and a dram dead their recover'd againe with Aquavite, or Come other hot Infulion: then, raw as he is (and in the hotelt day Prognoflication proclaymes) thall he be fet against a Brick wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death) But what talke we of thest Traitorly-Rascab, whose miferres are to be fmil'd at, their offences being fo capitall'

Tell me (for you feeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King i being fomething gently confider'd, lie bring you where he is aboord, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfes : and if it be in man, befides the King, to effect your Suizes, here is man shall doe it.

Class He feemes to be of great authorities close with him, give him Gold; and though Authorize be a Aubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold ! fnew the in-fide of your Puile to the out-fide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember flon'd, and flay'd

Shep. And't please you(Sir) to undertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I have: He make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it

Am After I have done what I promised?

Stop. I Siz.

Am. Well, give me the Moitie: Are you a partie In this Bufinefie?

Clow. In some fort, Sit : but though my case be a pittifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aur. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne:

hang him bee'le be made an example.

Clan. Comfort, good comfort : We must to the King, and thew our strange lights: he must know its none of your Daughter, nor my Sifter : wee are gone elle. Sir,1 will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Bufinesse is performed, and remaine (es he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you

Aus. I will truft you. Walke before toward the Seafide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the

Hedge, and follow you.

We are blefs'd, in this man: as I may fay, even blefs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs : he was provided to

doe vs good.

adur. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: Thee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my advancement?) I will bring these two Mosles, these blind-ones, about him, if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being to farre officious, for I am proofe against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in Exeunt.

Astus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Learner, Clearnnes, Dion, Paulma, Servents: Florizel, Pordisa.

Cleo. 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 trespas: At the last Doe, at the Heavens have done ; forget your evill, With them, forgive your felfe. Lee. Whileft I remember

Her and her Vertues I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so fill thinke of The wrong I did my latte, which was to much, That Heire-Juste it hash made my Kingdome, and Deftroy'd the Iwert'A Companion, that ere men Bred his hopes out of true.

Perl Too true (my Lords) If one by one, you wedded all the Werld. Or from the All that ere, tooke something good, To make a perfold Woman; The you kill 4 Would be unparallell d.

Les. 1 thinks to, Kill'd? She I kill'd; I did so: but thou Arik'A me Sorely, to fay I did a it is as butter Vpon thy Tongue, in my Thought. Now, good now, Say lo but le dome.

Can. Norscall, good Lady: You might have spoken a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd Your kindnesse better.

Parl. You are one of chose Would have him wed againe.

Des. If you would not fo, You pitty not the State nor the Remembeance Of his most Soveraigne Name: Consider lirde, What Dangers, by his Highnesse saile of Islae, May drop spon his Kingdome, and descours Incertaine lookers on. What were more bely, Then to reloyce the former Queene is well? What holyer, then for Royalizes reporte, For prefent comfort, and for foruse good, To bleffe the Bed of Maiefile agains With a fixeet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, (Respecting her that's gone:) belides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their fecrat purpoles : For ha's not the Divine Apollo laid! Is't not the tenor of his Oracle, That King Leaster Ball not have an Heire, Till his lost Child be found ! Which, ther it shall. Is all as moothrous to our humane reason, As my swigomu to breake his Grave And come againe to me: who, on my life, Did perish with the Infant. The your counsell, My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary Oppose against their wills. Care not for iffue,
The Crowne will find so Heire. Great Alexander Left his to th' Worthieft : to his Saccessor Was like to be the best.

Les. Good Passono, Who half the memorie of Hermitine I know in honor: O, that ever I Had Iquar'd me to thy councell: then, eurn now, I might have look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes. Have raken Treasure from ber Lippes.

Paul. And left them More rich, for what they yeelded.

Lea Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wines, therefore no Wife: one works, And better vs'd, woold make her Sainted Spirit Againe poffeffe her Corps, and on this Stage (Where we Offendors now appears) Souls verse And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had the fuch power,

She had just fuch cause

Les. She had, and would lacense me To murther her I marryed.

Paul. I should so:

Were I the Ghost that walk'd, II'd bid you marke Hereye, and tell me for what dull part in't You chose her then II d shricke, that even your cares Should rift to heate me, and the words that follow'd, Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Statres, Statres, And all eyes elfe, dead coales: feare thou no Wife; lle haue no Wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you sweare

Neuer to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Neuer (Paulina) to be bless'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath

Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much.

Paul. Vnlesse another,

As like Hermione, as is her Picture,

Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madame, I baue done.

Parl. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sit;
No remedie but you will: Give me the Office
To chuse your Queene: she shall not be to young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take toy
To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true Panlina,

We shall not marry still thou bidst vs.

Paul. That

Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breaths Neuer till then.

Enter a Sermant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince Florizell,
Sonne of Polizenes, with his Princesse (she
The faitest I have yet beheld) defires accesse
To your high presence.

Lee. What with him? he comes not Like to his Fathers Greatneffe: his approach (So out of circumftance, and fuddaine) tells vs. Tis not a Vilitation fram'd, but forc'd By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,

And those but meane.

Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?

Ser. I: the most peere effe peece of Earth, I thinke, That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermsone,

As every prefent Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Have said, and write so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: the had not beene.
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautic once; this shrewdly ebb'd,

To say you have seene a better. Ser. Pardon, Madame:

The one, I have almost forgot (your pardom)
The other, when she ha's obtayn d your Eye.
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature.
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors esse; make Professors
Of who she but bid follow.

Panl. How? not women?

See. Women will loue her, that the is a Woman More worth then any Man: Men, that the is The rarest of all Women.

Lee. Goe Cleommes,

Your (elfe (affilled with your honor'd Friends)

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis frange, He thus should feale upon vs. Exit

Paul, Had out Prince

(Icwell of Children) feene this houre, he had payr'd Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth Betweene their births.

Lee. Prether no more; ceefe: thou know if He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of; fure When I shall fee this Gentleman, thy speeches Will bring me to consider that, which may Vusurish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleamines, and others.
Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off.
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you.
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform d before. Most dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that twint Heauen and Earth
Might thus have slood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitic too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command Haue I here touch'd Sierlia, and from him Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)

Can fend his Brother: and but Infirmitie (Which waits upon wornerimes) hath fomething feiz'd His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselse

The Lands and Waiers, 'twist your Throne and bis Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues (He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,

And those that beare them, living.

Leo Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
Aftesh within me: and these thy offices
(So tarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th's fearefull vsage
(At least ungente) of the decadfull Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her paiaes; much lesse,

Th'aduenture of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,

She came from Libia.

Leo. Where the Warlike Smalus,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Traine
I have from your Sieilian Shores dismis'd;
Who for Bobernia bend, to signific
Not onely my successe in Libia (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wises, in safetie
Here, where we are.

Lee. The bleffed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whileft you
Doe Clymare here: you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person

(So facted as it is) I have done finne, For which, the Heauent (taking angry note) Hauelese messible-lesse; and your father's bless'd (As he from Heaven merics it) with you, Worthy his goodnesse. What might I have been, Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on, Such goodly things as you.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sit, That which I shall report, will beare no credit, Were not the proofe to night. Please you (great Sir) Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me: Defires you to attach his Sonne, who has (His Dignitie, and Dutic both cast off) Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's Bobemea? speake.
Lord. Here, in your Crite: I now came from him I speake amazedly, and ic becomes My meruaile, and my Mellage. To your Court Whiles he was hallning (in the Chafe, it feemes, Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way The Father of this feeming Lady, and Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted, With this young Prince

Flo. Camilla ha's betray'd me, Whole honor, and whole honeftic till now, Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay's foto his charge: He's with the King your Father.
Lee. Who & Cansillo?

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now Ha's these poore men in quellion. Neuer faw I Wrotches to quake: they kneele, they kille the Earth; Forfweare themselves as often as they speake: Bohemia flops his eares, and threatens them With divers death, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father: The Heaven fers Spyes upon vs, will not have Our Contract celebrated.

Les. You are marryed?
Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be: The Starres (I fee) will kiffe the Valleyes first: The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord, Is this the Daughter of a King? Tlo. She is,

When once flie is my Wife: Les. That once (1 ice) by your good Fathers speed Will come-on very flowly. I am forry (Most forry) you have broken from his liking, Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as forry, Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie, That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though Forme, visible an Enemie, Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no 10: Hath the to change our Loues. Beleech you (Sir) Remember, fince you ow'd no more to Time Then I doe now: with thought of fuch Affections, Step forth mine Advocate: a your request, My Father will graune precious things, as Trifles.

Los. Would be doe fo, I'ld beg your precious Miffris,

Which he counts but a Trifle. Paul. Sir (my Liege)

Your eye liath too much youth in't : not a month

Fore your Queene dy'd, the was more worth fuch gazes, Then what you looke on now

Leo. I thought of ber, Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition Is yet vo-answer'd: I will to your Father: Your Honor not o're-throwne by your defires, I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand I now goe coward him: therefore follow me, And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord

Scana Secunda.

Ester Antolum, and a Gestlemun.

Ant. Befeech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: Whercupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard fay, he found the Child.

Am. I would most gladly know the issue of it. Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Lufineffe; but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camillo, were very Notes of admiration: they feem'd almost, with Ilaring on one another, to toure the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wifest boholder, that knew no more but feeing, could not fay, if th'unportance were loy, or Sorrow: but in the extremitie of the one, it must

Enter enother Gentleman. needs be. Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:

The Mewes, Rogero.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-firesithe Oracle is fulfill'de the Kings Daughter Is found: fuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this house, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it. Enter another Gentlesson Here comes the Lady Fanlina's Steward, hee can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspicion: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumsance: That which you heare, you'le sweare you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene Hermioner: her lewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of Antigoniu found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maieffie of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblencae, which Nature Thewes about her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gem. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to bee seence annot bee spoken of. There might you have bebeld one loy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it feem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their loy waded in teares. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of fuch diffraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that loy were now become a Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes Bohomia forginenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which flands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of fuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gens. 2. What, pray you, became of Antigones, that

carryed hence the Child?

Cont. 3. Like an old Tale fill, which will have matter to rehearle, though Credit be alleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This avouches the Shepheards Sonne; who has not onely his Icnocence (which seemes much) to instific him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Fol-

Gent 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: fo that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were even then loft when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt loy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another eleusted, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if thee would pin her to her heart, that thee might no More he in danger of loofing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the au-

dience of Kings and Princes, for by fuch was it afted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't brauely confela'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one figne of dolour to another) shee did (with an Alas) I would faine say, bleed Testes; for I am fure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: fome fwownded, all forrowed: if all the World could have seen't, the Woe had beene vniuerfall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peece many yeares in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Mafter, Iulio Romano, who (had he himfelte Erernitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so necre to Hermione, hath done Herenione, that they fay one would speake to her, and fland in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought the had fome great matter there in hand, for thee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever fince the death of Hermione, visited that removed House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Re-

ioycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? cuery winke of an Eye, some new Grace will behorne: our Absence makes vs vnthriftie to our

Knowledge, Let's along.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Fartheliand I know not what: but

he at that time outr-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (To he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained undiscouer'd. But 'tis all one to me : for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have rellish'd among my other discredits. Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadic appearing in the blossomes of their For-

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne : You were best fay these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Ant. I know you are now(Sir)a Gentleman borne. Clow. I, and have been fo any time thefe foure houres.

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have : but I was a Gentleman borne befare my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princelle (my Sifter) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept : and there was the first Gentleman-like tearesthat euer we fhed.

Shep. We may live (Some) to flied many more.

Clow. I: or elfe twere hard luck, being in fo preposte-

Aut. I humbly befeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now

we are Gentlemen.

Close. Thou will amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will fweare to the Prince, thou are as honest a true Fellow at any is in Bobenia.

Shep. You may fay it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweate it, now 1 am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, He sweare it,

Shep. How it it be falle (Sonne?)

Clow, If it be ne're fo false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke; but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but lle fweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue fo(Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar it venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to fee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wec'le be thy good Mafters. Exeunt.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Panlina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords Oc. Lee. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee?

Paul. What

Paul. What (Souersigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchfat'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Hences of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answere.

Leo. O Paulina,

We bonor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene, Your Gallerie
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As the liv'd pecteleste,
So her dead likenessed doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well,
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere:

Lea. Hernaturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding: for she was as tender As Insanci, and Grace. But yet (Paulina) Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh,not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence. Which lets goe-by fome fixteene yeeres, and makes her As she liu'd now.

Lee. 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 Maieflie (warme Life,
As now it coldly flands) when first I woo'd het.
I am a flam'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maieflie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirith,
Standing like Stone mith these

Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not fay 'is Superfition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleffing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience :

The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's Not dry.

Cars. My Lord, your Sorrow was too fore lay'd-on, Which fixteene Winters cannot blow away, So many Summers dry: fearce any Ioy Did euer fo long live; no Sorrow, But kill'd it felfe much fooner.

Pol. Decre my Brother, Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre To sake-off so much griefe from you, as he Will peece up in himselse.

Panl. Indeed my Lord, If I had thought the fight of my poore Image Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine) Il'd not have thew'd it.

Lee. Doe not draw the Curraine.

Paul. No longer thall you gaze on't least your Fancie
May thinks anon, it moves.

Lee. Let be, let be:

Would I were dead, but that me thinker alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd; and that those veines
Did verily beare blood?

Pol. 'Masterly done:

The very Life seemes warme upon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,

As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. He draw the Curtaine: My Lord's almost so fatte transported, that Hee'le thinke anon it lives.

Leo. Oh Sweet Paulina,

Make me to thinke fo twentie yeeres together the No setled Sences of the World can match The pleasure of that madnesse, Let't alone,

Paul. I am forty (Sir) I have thus farre flir'd you: but I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe Panlina:

For this Affiction ha's a talle as fweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayte comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kille her.

Paul Good my Lord forbeate:
The ruddinesse you her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oyly Palazing: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Les. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. Solong could I Stand-by, a looker-on. Paul. Either forbeare,

Quit presently the Chappell, or tesolue you For more amazement: If you can behold it, The make the Status moue indeed; descend, And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke (Which I protest against) Lamassisted By wicked Powers.

Lee, What you can make her doe, I am content to looke on: what to speake, I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is valawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Les. Proceed: No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with mertaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesses (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceuse the stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heate my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Sustor?

100. Oh the's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Law

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 stolne from the dead?

Pand. That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at Like an old Tale : but it appeares she lives, Though yet the fpeake not. Marke a little while: Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele, And pray your Mothers bleffing : turne good Lady, Our Perdira is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe, And from your facted Viols poure your graces Vpon my daughters head a Tell me (mine owne) Where half thou bin preferu'd? Whereliu'd? How found Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that 1 Knowing by Panlina, that the Oracle Gaue hope thou wast in being, have preseru'd

My felfe, to fee the yffue.

Paul, There's time enough for that, Leaft they delite (vpon this push) to trouble Your loyes, with like Relation. Go together You precious winners all : your exultation

Partake to eucry one: I (an old Turtle) Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe) Lament, till I am loft.

Leo. O peace Paulina: Thou shoulds a husband take by my consent, As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match, And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou haft found mine, But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her (As I thought) dead : and have (in vaine) faid many A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre (For him, I pattly know his minde) to finde thee An honourable husband. Come Camillo, And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty Is richly noted: and heere justified By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place. What? looke vpon my Brother : both your pardons, That ere I put betweene your holy lookes My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law, And Sonne vnto the King, whom heavens directing Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Pauling, Leade vs from hence, where we may leyfurely Each one demand, and answere to his pare Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, fince firft We were diffeuer'd : Haftily lead away. Exemps

The Names of the Actors.

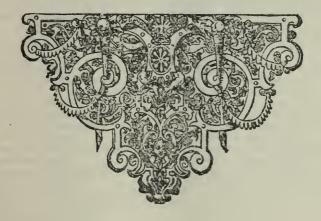
Eontes, King of Sicillia. Mamillus, jong Prince of Sicillia

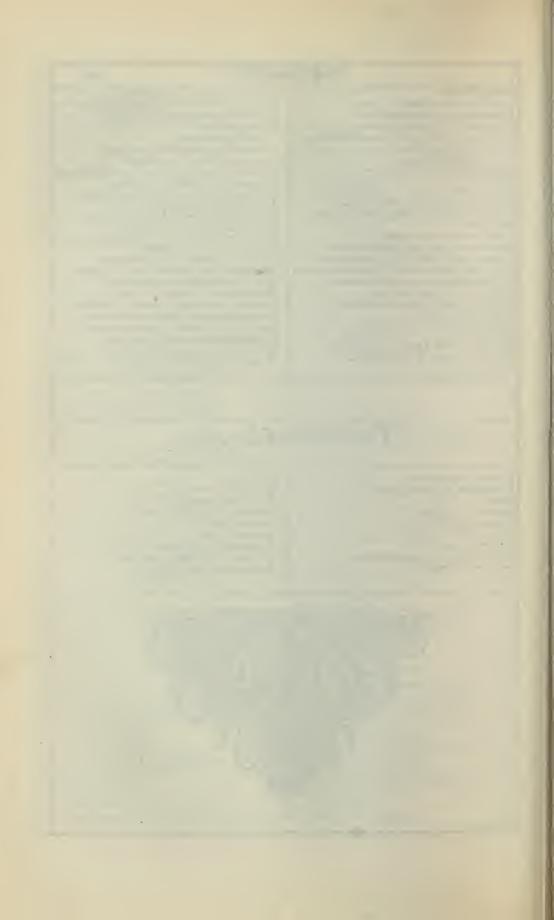
Antigonus. | Foure Cleomines. | Lordt of Sicilia. Dine.

Hermione, Queene to Leontes. Perdita, Daughier to Leontes and Heristone.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus

Emilia, a Lady. Polixenes, King of Bobemia. Florizell, Prince of Bobemia. Old Shepheard, repaired Father of Perdita Clowne, his Sonne. Antolicus, a Rogne. Archidanins, a Lord of Bohemia. Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruanis. Shepheards, and Shephearddelles. FINIS.







The life and death of Kinglohn.

Actus Primus, Scana Prima.

Enter King John, Queene Elinor, Perihroke, Effex, and Salubury, with the Chattylion of France.

King John.

Reference with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) fpcakes the King

of France,

The borrowed Maiefly of England heere.
Elso. A strange beginning a borrowed Maiefly?

K. Iohn. Sileace (good mother) heare the Embassile.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe.
Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyer sonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire lland, and the Territories:
To Ireland, Possiers, Anione, Toragne, Maine,

To Ireland, Positiers, Anione, Toragne, Maine,
Defiring thee to lay eside the sword
Which swaies vsurpingly the secure all titles,
And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Squeraigne.
K. John. What followes sewe disallow of this?

Char. The prond edutrole of flures and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights to forcibly with-held,
K.Jo. Here have we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Controlement for controlement: fo answer France.

Chas. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my Embassic.

K. lohn. Beare 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 : be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And sullen presage of your owne decay: An honourable conduct let him have,

An honourable conduct let him have,

Pembroke looke too't: ferewell Charillion.

Exil Char and Pem.

Ele. What how my fonne, have I not ever faid How that ambitious Conitance would not cease.
Till the had kindled France and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her fonne.
This might have beene prevented, and made whole With very easle arguments of love,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must with searcfull bloudy usure arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Fli. Your strong possession much more then your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conseience whispers in your ears,

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Effex. My Liege, here is the strangest controverse Come from the Country to be judged by you That ere I heard: shall I produce the men? K. Joba. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories thall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.
Philip. Your faithfull fubiect, I agentleman
Rotne in Northamptonfhire, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A Souldier by the Honor-guing-hand
Of Cordelion Knighted in the field.

K. John. What attthou?

Robert. The fon and herre to that fame Fauleenbridge K. labn 1s that the elder, and art thou the heyre? You came not of one mother then it feemes.

Philip, Most certain of one mother, mighty King, That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you ore to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, & dost shame thy mother, And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madaine? No.1 have no rection 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 yeere:
Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

R. John. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger borre Doth he lay elaime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once hestlanderd me with bastardy.
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be ludge your selfe
If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this soone like him:
O old sir Robert Father, on my knee
I give have thankes I was not like to thee.

R. Ishm. Why what a made cap hath heaven lent vs here?

Elm. He hath a tricke of Condelians face,

The secont of his tongue affecteth him:

Doe you not reed some tokens of my some In the large composition of this man?

K. lob

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, And findes them perfect Riebard : fura fpeake, What dorn move you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father: With halfe that face would be have all my land . A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd, Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well fir, by this you cannot get my land, Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob And once dispatch'd him in an Embaffie To Germany, there with the Empetor To treat of high affaires touching that time : Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King, And in the meane time followm'd at my fathers; Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake: But truth is truth, large lengths of leas and shores Betweene my father, and my mother lay As I have heard my father speake himselfe When this same lusty gentleman was got: Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath d His lands to me, and tooke it on his death That this my mothers some was oone of his; And if he were, he came into the world Full fourteene weekes before the course of time :

Then good my Liedge leame have what is mine, My fathers land, as was my fathers will. K. John. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate.

Your fathers wife did after wedlocke heare him: And if the did play falle, the tault was here, Which fault lyes on the bazards of all husbands That marry wives : tell me, how if my brother Who as you fay, tooke paines to get this fonce, Had of your father claim'd this forme 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 claime him, not your father Being bone of hu, refuse him: this concludes, My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre, Your fathers heyre must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force, To dispossesse that childe which is not his. Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me fir,

Then was his will to get me, as I think. Els. Whether hadft thou rather be a Faulcoubridge,

And like thy brother to enjoy thy land: Or the reputed sonne of Cordelion Lord of thy presence, and no land belide.

Baft. Madam, and if my brother had my Chape And I had his, fir Roberts his like him, And if my legs were two fuch riding rods, My armes, such cele-skins stuft, my face so thin, That in mine eare I durst noi flicke a role, Lest men should fay, looke where three farthings goes, And to his shape were heyre to all this land, Would I might never flirre from off this place, I would give it every foot to have this face: It would not be fir nobbe in any cafe.

Elinor. I like thee well: witt thou forfake thy fortune, Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.

Baff. Brother, take you my land, Ilc take my chances Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere, | Yet fell your face for five pence and 'tis decre: Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elmor. Nay, I would have you go before me thirtes. Balt. Our Country manners give our betters way. K.John. What is thy name! Baft. Philip my Liege, lo is my name begun.

Philo, good old Sir Robers wives eldeft sonne. K lohn. From henceforth beare his name

Whole forme thou bearest

Kneele thou downe Philip, bucille more great, Arise Sit Richard, and Planiagenes

Baff. Brother by th mothers fide, give me your hand, My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land : Now bleffed be the house by night or day When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Ele The very spirit of Planagines:

I am thy grandame Richard, call me fo.
Baft. Madam by chance, bur not by truth, what tho: Something about a little from the right, In at the window, or elfe ore the liatch: Who dates not flitte by day, must walke by night, And have is have, how ever men doc earch: Neere or facre off. well wonne is still well shor, And I am I, howere I was begot.

K. John. Goe, Faulcontridee, now hall thou thy defire, Almdleffe Knight, makes thee a landed Squite ! Come Madani, and come Richard, we mult speed For France, for France, for it is more then need.

Baft Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee, For thou wast got ith way of honesty.

Exeuns all bus baffard.

Baft. A foot of Honor better then I vizz But many a many foot of Land the worfe. Well, now can I make any leave a Lady. Good den Sit Richard, Godamercy fellow, And if his name be George, He call him Peter, For new made honor doth lorget mens names: Tis two respective, and too sociable For your conversion, now your traveller, Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships meste, And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd, Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize My picked man of Countries: my deate fir, Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin, I shall befeech you; that is question now, And then comes answer like an Absey booke: Ofir, fayes answer, at your best command, At your employment, at your feruice fir: No fir, faies question, I fweet fir ac yours, And so ere answer knowes what question would, Sauing in Dialogue of Complement, And talking of the Alpes and Appenines, The Perennean and the river Por It drawes toward supper in condusion so, But this is worthipfull fociety, And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe; For he is but a bastard to the time That doth not smoake of observation. And fo am I whether I fmacke or no: And not alone in habit and device. Exterior forme, outward accourrement; But from the inward motion to deliver Sweet, fweet, fweet poylon for the ages tooth, Which though I will not practice to deceive, Yet so avoid deceit I meane to learne; For it shall frew the foothers of my rising: But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What woman post is this? hath the no husband That will take paines to blow a horne beforether? O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady, What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Fullconbridge and lames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that flaue thy brother? where is he? That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.

Baft. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne: Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man, Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke so?

Lady. Sin Roberts sonne, I thou vineuerend boy, Sit Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at sit Robert? He is Sit Roberts sonne, and so att thou.

Bast. Sames Gournie, wilt thou give'vs leave a while?
Gour. Good leave good Philm.

Gour. Good leave good Philip. Baft. Philip, Sparrow, lames,

There's toyes abroad, snon lie tell thee more.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts fonne,
Sir Roberts might have eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fait:
Sir Robert could doe well, matrie to confesse
Could get me fit Robert 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. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine owne gaine shouldst desend mine honor? What meanes this scome, thou most vntoward knaue?

Bail. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like: What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder: But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne, I haue disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land, Legitimation, name, and all is gone; Then good my mother, let me know my father, Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Haft thou denied thy felfe a Faulconbridge?

Baft. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,

By long and vehement fuit I was feduc'd

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgreffion to my charge,
That art the iffue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence. Baft. Now by this light were I to get againe, Madam I would not with a better father t Some finnes doe beare their priviledge on earth, And fo-doth yours : your fault, was not your follie, Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, Sublected tribute to commanding love, Against whose furie and annatched force, The swiesse Lion could not wage the fight Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand: He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts, May eafily winne a womans: age my mother With all my heart I thanke thee for my father : Who lives and dares but fay, thou didft not well When I was got. He fend his foule to hell. Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne, And they shall say, when Richard me begot, If thou hadft sayd him nay, it had beene finne; Who fayes it was, he lyes, I fay twas not.

Exeunt.

Scana Secunda.

Exter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Confrance, Arthur.

Lowis. Before Angiers well met braue Auftria,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palefine,
By this braue Duke came early to his grage:
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the viurpation
Of thy vanaturall Vacle, English Isha,
Embrace him, loue him, give him welcome hether,

Arth. God shall for give you Cordelions death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Standowing their right under your wings of warres
I give you welcome with a powerleffe hand,
But with a heart full of vostained love,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Asf. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiffe.

As feale to this indenture of my loue:

That to my home I will no more returne

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore.

Whose foot spurmes backe the Oceans roaring tides,

And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,

Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,

That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure

And consider from forreine purposes,

Euen till that vtmost corner of the West

Salute thee for her King, till then saire boy

Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Conft. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks, Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength, To make a more requitall to your love.

Anst. The peace of heaven is theirs ŷ list their swords In such a inst and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent Against the browes of this resisting towns, Call for our cheefest men of discipline, To call the plots of best advantages:

Wee'll lay before this townse our Royal bones, Wade to the market-place in French-mens bloud, But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stayfor an enswer to your Embessie, Left vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud, My Lord Chartillon may from England bring That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre, And then we shall repent each drop of bloud, That hot rash haste lo indirectly shedde.

Enter Chattilion.

Kong. A wonder Lady:lo vpon thy wish

Our Messenger Chattilion is arriv'd,

What England sizes, say breefely gentle Lord,

We coldly pause for thee, Chatilion speake,

Char. Then turne your forces from this paltry fiege, And stirre them up against a mightier taske:

England impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himselse in Armes, the adverse windes

Whole

Wholeleifure I haue flaid, haue given him time To land his Legions all as foone as 1. His marches are expedient to this towne , His forces Rrong, his Souldiess confident 1 With him along is come the Mother Queene, An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine, With them a Baftard of the Kings deceaft, And ell th'unfetled humors of the Land, Rash, inconsiderace, fiery voluntaries, With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons Spleenes, Haue fold their fortunes at their natiue homes, Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs, To make a hazard of new fortunes heere In briefe, a brauer choyle of dauntlesse spirits Then now the English bottomes have wast o'te, Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide. To doe offence and scathe in Christendome : The interruption of their churlish drums Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand, Drum tegts.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.

Kin. How much vnlook d for, is this expedition.

Auft By how much vnexpected, by so much

We must awake indeuor for defence,

For courage mounteth with occasion,

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baftard, Queene, Blanch, Pembrake, and others.

K.lohn. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit Our just and lineall entrance to our owne; If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heaven. Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne From France to England, there to live in peace: England we love, and for that Englands fake, With burden of our armor heere we fwest: This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine; But thou from louing England art to farre, That thou haft under-wrought his lawfull King, Cut off the sequence of posterity, Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne: Looke heere vpon thy brother Geffreyes face, Thefe eyes, thefe browes, were moulded out of his; This little abstract doth contains that large, Which died in Goffrey and the hand of time Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume: That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne, And this his fonne, England was Geffreys right, And this is Coffreger in the name of God: How comes it then that thou art call'd a King, When living blood doth in thefe temples bear Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masteres?

K. Ichn. From whom hall thou this great commission.
To draw my answer from thy Articles?

(France

Fre. Fro that supernal sudge that sire good thoughts in any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right.
That sudge hath made me guardian to this boy
Vider whose warrant a impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helps I meane to chastise to.

R. John. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.

Pran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.

Queen. Who is a thou dost call vsurper France?

Const. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King.

That thou mais be a Queen, and checke the world.

Com. My bed was ever to thy some as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in seature to his father Gestrey
Then thou and John, in manners being as like.
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His sather neuer was so true begot.
It cannot be and if thou were his mother.

Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blocs thy fa-

That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.
Bast. Heare the Cryet.

Auft. What the devill art thou?

Baft. One that wil play the deuill fir with you. And a may catch your hide and you alone. You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes Whose valour placks dead Lyons by the beard; Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right. Sirra looke 200's, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that I your robe, That did difrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as fightly on the backe of him.
As great Alcider snoots upon an Asse:
But Asse, lie take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Auft. What cracker is this fame that deafes our eares With this abundance of superfluous breath? King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King Ichn, this is the very fumme of all:
England and Ireland. Angiers, Toraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee.
Wile thou refigoe them, and by downe thy Armes?

Ichm. My life as foone: I doe deficitee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere love Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Conf. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue 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 graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee
Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no.
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heauen mouing pearles fro his poor eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him suffice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thon monstrous stenderer of heaven and earth.
Con. Thou monstrous Injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me standerer, thou and thine vsurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe, The Canon of the Law is laide on him, Being but the second generation Removed from thy finne-conceiving wombe.

Tobn. Bedlam haus done.
Con. I haue but this to fay,
That he is not onely plagued for her fin,
But God hath made her finne and her, the plague
On this remoued iffue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her finne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her finne,
All punth'd in the perfon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.

Que. Thou vnaduifed scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate, It ill beseemes this presence to cry ayme
To these ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, Ariburs or Johns.

Trumpet founds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that both warn d vs to the walles?

Fra. Tis Prance, for England.

Iohn. England for it felfe.

You men of Angiers, and my louing subjects.

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, Archar subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

lahn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs full. Thefe flagges of France that are advanced heere Before the eye and prosped of your Towne, Have hither march'd to your endamagement. The Canons have their bowels full of wrath, And ready mounted are they to spit forth Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles i All preparation for a bloody fiedge And mereiles proceeding, by these French. Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gares: Andbut for our approch, those sleeping stones, That as a walte doth girdle you about By the compulsion of their Ordinance, By this time from their fixed beds of lime Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made For bloody power to rush vppon your peace. But on the light of vs your lawfull King, Who painefully with much expedient march Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates, To faue vnicratch'd your Cittles threatned cheekes: Behold the French amaz'd vouchfase a parle, And now insteed of bulletts wrapt in fire To make a shaking seuer in your walles, They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake, To make a faithleffe errour in your eares, Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens, And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,

Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I have faide, make answer to vs bothLoe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong Plansagenes,
Some to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes: For this downe-troden equity, we tread In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne, Being no further enemy to you Then the constraint of hospitable zeale, In the releefe of this oppressed childe, Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then To pay that dutie which you truly owe, To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince, And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare, Saue in aspect, hath all offence feal'd vp : Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent Against th'involverable clouds of heaven. And with a bleffed and vn-vext retyre, With vnhack'd (words, and Helmets all vnbruis'd, We will beare home that luftie blood againe, Which heere we came to spout against your Towne, And leave your children, wives, and you in peace But if you fondly palle out proffer'd offer, Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles, Can hide you from our meffengers of Warre, Though all these English, and their discipline Were harbour'd in their rude eircumference : Then tell vs. Shall your Citie call vs Lord, In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it? Or shall we give the signall to our rage, And flalke in blood to our poffession?

Cu. In breefe, we are the King of Englands fubices
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

lobn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyall, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, produc the
King /

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed
Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lives.

Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those. Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whole right is worthieft,
We for the worthieft hold the right from both.

Tobn. Then God forgine the finne of all those soules,
That to their enertasting residence,
Reference day of evening fell. (hall steep

Before the dew of cuening fall, shall fleete In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Atmes.

Baft. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dote
Teach vs some sence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:

And make a monster of you.

Auft. Peace, no more.

Baß. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

10bm. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l fet forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Baft. Speed then to take advantage of the field, Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand, God and our right, Exeunt Heure after excursions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates, And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,

As3

Who

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made Much worke for tearer in many an English mother, Whose sonnesslye scattered on the bleeding ground a Many a widdowes husband groueling lies, Coldly embracing the discoloured earth, And vistorie with little losse doth play Vpon the dancing banners of the French, Who are at hand triumphantly displayed To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime Aribur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enest English Herald with Trumpot. E. Her Reloyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels, King John, your king and Englands, doch approach, Commander of this hot malicious day Their Armours that march'd hence lo filuer bright, Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood There Rucke no plume in any English Creft, That is removed by a staffe of France . Our colours do returne in those same hands That did display them when we first marche forth And like a fally troope of Huntimen come Our lustie English, all with purpled hands, Dide in the dying flaughter of their foes, Open your gates, and give the Victors way Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold From first to last, the on-fet and retyre . Of both your Armies, whose equality By our best eyes cannot be censured : (blowes. Blood bath bought blood, and blowes have answerd Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted

power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even.
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, as fewerall doores.

John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right rome on,
Whose passage vert with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and ore-swell
with course disturbed even thy confining shores.
Vnlesse thouse his silver Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood. In this hot trial! more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare.
That swayes the earth this Climate oner-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our just-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes wee.
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,

With flaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baff. Ha Maiefty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is fet on fitt:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with fleele,
The fwords of fouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feafts, mousing the flesh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauncke kings, backet to the stained field
You equall Potents, ficrie kindled spirits,
Then let consusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iahn. Whose party do the Townessmen yet admit?

Fra. Specke Critzens for England, who feyour king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in va, that heere hold vp his right.

Iohn. In Vs., that are our owne great Deputie,

And beare polletion of our Person house,

Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powrethen We denies all this,

And till it be vindoubted, we do locke

Our former scrupte in our strong barr'd gates:

Kings of our feare, vinith our fearer resolu'd

Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depor'd.

Baft. By beaven, these scroyles of Anglers floor yeur And fland fecurely on their battelments, (Kings, As in a Theater, whence they gape and point At your industrious Scenes and acts of death. Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee, Do like the Mutines of lerufalem, Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend Your harpest Deeds of malice on this Towne. By East and West let France and England mount. Their battering Canon charged to the mouther, Till their foule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie, I'de play incessantly upon these sades, Even till unsenced desolation Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre: That done, diffeuer your valled Arengths, And part your mingled colours once againe. Turneface to face, and bloody point to point: Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth Our of one fide her happy Minion, To whom in fauour the shall give the day, And kiffe him with a glorlous victory: How like you this wilde counfell mighty States, Smackes it not formething of the policie

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads, I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres, And lay this Angiers even with the ground, Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Baft. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong das we are by this pecurih Towne:
Turne shouthe mouth of thy Artilleric.
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we have dash dthem to the ground,
Why then desire each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke upon our selves, for heaven or hell.

Fra. Let it be so: say, where will you affault?

John. We from the West will send destruction
lato this Cities besome.

Auft. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South, Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towns.

Baf. O prudent discipline! From North to South: Austria and France shoot in each others mouth, Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away,

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchfafe awhile to flay And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league: Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound. Rescue those breathing lives to dye in beds, That beere come factifices for the field. Persever not, but beare me mighty kings.

John. Speake on with sauout, we are bent to beare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch Is neare to England, looke upon the yeeres Of Lemes the Dolphin, and that lovely maid. If luftle love should go in quest of beautic,

Where

Where should be finde it fairer, then in Blanch : If zealous love should go in search of vertue, Whate should be finde is puter then in Blanch? If leve ambitious, fought a march of birth, Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady Blanch? Such as the is, in beautie, vertue, birth, Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat, If not compleat of, isy he is not shee. And the againe wants nothing, to name want, If want it benot, that the is not hee: Heisthe halfe part of a bleffed man, Left to be finished by such as shee, And she a faire dluided excellence, Whole fulnelle of perfection lyes in him. O two fuch filver currents when they joyne Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in : And two fuch shores, to two fuch streames made one, Two fuch controlling bounds shall you be, kings, To these two Princes, if you marrie them: This Vnloa shall do more then batterie can To our fast closed gates : for at this match, With swifter spleene then powder can enforce The mouth of passage shall we sling wide ope, And give you entrance : but without this match, The fea enraged is not halfe to deafe, Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes More free from motion, no not death himfelfe In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie, As we to keepe this Citie.

Baff. Heeres a fray,
That thakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his tagges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and scas,
Talkes as samiliarly of roaring Lyons.
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere bogot this suffice blood.
He speakes piaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He gives the baskinado with his tongue:
Our cares are cudges d, not a word of his
But buffers better shen a fift of France:
Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first calld my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match Give with our Neece a downle large enough. For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye. Thy now unfur deflurance to the Crowne, That yon greene boy shall have no Sunne torspe. The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite. I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules. Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zease now melted by the windie breath Oslos petitions, pittle and remorfe,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hob. Why answer not the double Maiesties,

This friendly treatie of our threatned Towns.

Pro. Speake England first, that hash bin forward first
To speake anto this Cittle: what say you?

foim. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely fonne,
Can in this booke of beautic read, I love :
Her Downie hall weigh equall with a Queene :
For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Portiors,
And all that we vpon this fide the Sea,
(Except this Cittienow by vs befiedged)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitic,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautic, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesseos the world.
Fra. What sai'st thou boy! looke in the Ladies sace.
Dol. I do my Lord, and in her cie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her cye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
I do protess I never lou'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the fiattering table of her cie.

Whisper: with Blanch.

Baft. Drawne in the flattering table of her eic,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselse louestraytot, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, so vile a Loue as he,

Blav. My workles will in this respect is mine.
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moves his liking,
I can with east exensiste is to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly.
I will enforce it eastle to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord
That all I see in you is worthie love,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you.
Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your

ludge.
That I can finde, thould merit any hate.

**Thought the state of the state o

Blon. That the is bound inhonor fill to do
What you in wifedome fill vouchfafe to fay.
Ichn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
For I doe love her most unfainedly.

Ichn. Then do I give Volquessen, Torchie, Maine, Popsiers, and Aniow, those sive Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne.
Phillip of France, if thou be pleaf a withall,
Command thy some and doughter to joyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: clase your hands
Aust. And your lippes too, for I am well assured,
That I did so when I was first effor'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates, Let in that amitie which you have made, For at Saint Maries Chappell prefently.

The rights of marriage shallbe folemniz'd, Is not the Ladie Confiance in this trooped. I know the is not for this match made vp, Her presence would have interrupted much.

Where is she and her sonne, 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 give her fadnesse wery little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turn d another way,
To our owne vantage,

104m. We will heale up all, For wee't crease yong Archar Duke of Britaine And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

The life and death of King lobn.

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance, Some Speedy Melleager bid her repaire I's our foleranity: I trust we shall (If not fill up the measure of her will) Yet in some measure latisfie her fo. That we shall stop her exclamation, Go weas well as bast will suffer ss, To this valook'd for vaprepared pompe. Baft. Mad world, mad kinga, mad composition: John to Rop Arthurs Title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part, And France, whole armour Conscience buckled on, Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field, As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the care, With that fame purpose-changer, that flye divel, That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith, That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all, Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids, Who having no externall thing to loofe, But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that. Thet smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie. Commoditie, the byss of the world, The world, who of it selfe is peyfed well, Made to run even, vpon even ground : Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas, This (way of motion, this commoditie, Makes it take head from all indifferency, From all direction, purpole, course, meent. And this same byas, this Commoditie, This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word, Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd, From a refolu'd and honourable watre, To a most base and vile-concluded peace. And why rayle I on this Commoditie? But for because he hath not wood meyet: Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, When his faire Angels would falute my palme, But for my hand, as vnattempted yet, Like a poore begger, raileth 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 versue then shall be, To fay there is no vice, but beggerie: Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie, Game be my Lord, for I will worthip thee. Exit.

A Etus Secundus

Enter Confeance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to fwere a peace?
Falle blood to falle blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall Levin have Blaunch, and Blaunch those Provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
Be well aduis'd, tell ore thy tale againe
It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vame breath of a common man:
Beleeve me, I doe not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,

Oppress with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A window, husbandles, subsect to feares,
A women naturally borne to feares,
And chough thou now confesse thou did ther left
With my vext spirits, I camor take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so fadly on my forme?
What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine circular lamentable thewme,
Like a proud river peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes consimers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale he true.
Sal. As true as I believe you thinke them salle,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Com. Oh is thou teach me to believe this forrow,
Teach thou this forrow, how to make me dye.
And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
As dort the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lemes marry Elaunch? O boy, then where are thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sighe,
This newes both made thee a most vegly man.

Sal. What other harme have I good Lady done, But spoke the harme, that is by others done? Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is, As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do befrech you Madam be content.
Con. If thou that bidft me be content, were gim Vgly, and flandrous to thy Mothers worthe, Full of vnpleafing blots, and fightleffe flaines, Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, Parch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes, I would not care, Ithen would be content, For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou Become thy great birth, nor deferue a Crowne. But thou art faire, and at they birth (deeze boy) Nature and Fortune loyn'd to make thee great Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies booft, And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, ch, She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee, Sh'adulterates housely with thine Vnckle lobn, And with her golden hand hatb placks on France To tread downe faire respect of Soveraigntie, And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs. France is a Bawdeo Fortune, and king lobn, That ftrumper Fortune, that viurping lobs : Tell me thou fellow, is not France for worne? Euvernor him with words, or get thee gone, And leave those woes alone, which I alone Am Sound to vader-beste.

Sal. Pardon me Madem,
I may not goe without you to the kings.
Con. Thou mailt, thou thek, I will not go with thee,
I will infruct my forrowes to be proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
To me and to the fiste of my greet greefe,
Let king a ssemble: for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the buge firme earth
Can hold it up: here I and forrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

ABRO

Allus Tertius, Scana prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Auftris, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this bleffed day, Euer in France shall be kept sestional:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist, Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Conft. A wicked day, and not a holy day. What hath this day deferuid? what hath it done, That it in golden letters should be fet Among the high tides in the Kalender? Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke, This day of shame, oppression, periury. Or sist must stand still, let wives with childe Pray that their burthens may not fall this day, Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost: But (on this day) let Seamen seare no wracke, No bargaines breake that are not this day made; This day all things begun, come to ill end, Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall have no cause To curse the faire proceedings of this day: Have I not pawn dro you my Maiesty?

Conft. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride. Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne, You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud, But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours. The graphing vigor, and rough frowne of Warre Is cold in amitie, and painted peace, And our oppression hath made up this league: Arme, arme, you heavens, against these periur'd Kings, A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens) Let not the howres of this vigodly day Weare out the daies in Peace; butters Sun-ser, Set armed discord rwixt these periur'd Kings, Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace. Conft. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre: O Lymoges, O Austria, thou dost shame That bloudy spoyle: thou slave, thou wretch, & coward, Thou little valiant, great in villanie, Thou ever strong vpon the stronger fide;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do's never fight But when her humourous Ladiship Is by To teach thee fafety: thou art periur'd too, And footh ftvp greatnesse. What a foole art thou, A ramping foole, to brag, and flamp, and sweate, Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded saue, Halt thou not spoke like thunder on my side? Beene Sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend Vponthy florres, thy fortune, and thy firength, And doft thou now fall over to my foes? Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame. And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.

Auf. Other steam thould speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant limbs

Auf. Thou dat Anot say so villaine for thy life.

Phil And hang a Caluet skin on those recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou don forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;

To thee King John my holy errand is:

1 Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinall,

And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere,

Doe in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,

So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce

Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Arshbishop

Of Canterbury from that holy Sea.

This in our foresaid holy Fathers name

Pope Innocent, I doe demend of thee.

Tohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a facred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuse a name
So slight, vinvorthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our domimons.
But as we, vinder heauen, are supreame head,
So onder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone viphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all teuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of England, you blashheme in this.

Ishn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom

Ateled so grossely by this medling Priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out,

And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:

Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,

This jugling witcherast with revenue cherish,

Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose

Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue, Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate, And blessed shall he be that doth revolt From his Allegeance to an heretique, And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, Canonized and worship'd as a Saint, That takes away by any secret course. Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with Rome to curse a while.
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law.
Therefore fince Law is felfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curfe?

Pand Philip of France, on perill of a curle, Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, And raife the power of France ypon his head, Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to Rome.

Elea. Look it thou pale France? do not let go thy hand.
Com. Looke to that Deuill, left that France repent,

And

And by dilioyning hands hell lofe a foule.

Auft. King Philip, liften to the Cardinall.

Baft. And lung a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs. Auft. Well ruffian, I must pocker vp these wrongs,

Because, Bast. Your breeches best may carry them. John. Philip, what failt thou to the Cardinall? Con. What should be fay, but as the Cardinall? Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference Is purchase of a heavy curse from Romo, Or the light loffe of England, for a friend:

Forgoethe cafter. Bla. That s the curle of Rome.

Con. O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempes thee heere In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.

Bla The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need, Which onely lives but by the death of faith, Ther need, must needs inferre this principle, That faith would live agame by death of need: O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp, Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

Jobn. The king is moud, and answers not to this. Con. O be remou'd from him, and answere well. Auft. Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt. Baft. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout. Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to fay. Pas. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?

If thou fland excommunicate, and curl??

Fra. Good reverend father, make my person yours, And tell me how you would bestow your sette? This royall, hand and mine are newly knit, And the conjunction of our inward foules Married in league, coupled, and link d together With all religous strength of facred vowes, The latest breath that gaue the found of words Was deepe-fworne faith, peace, amity, true loue Betweene our kingdomes and our royall felues, And even before this truce, but new before, No longer then we well could wash our hands, To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace, Heaven knowes they were beforear'd and over-flaind With flaughters pencill; where revenge did paint The fearefull difference of incenfed kings : And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud? So newly ioyn'd. in love? fo strong in both, Vnyoke this feyfure, and this kinde regreete? Play fast and loofe with faith ? to test with heaven, Make such vnconstant children of our selves As now againe to Inatch our palme from palme: Vn-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast, And make a tyot on the gentle brow Of true fincerity? O holy Sir My reverend father, ler it not be fo; Out of your grace, deuile, ordaine, impole Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelelle, Order orderlelle, Saue what is opposite to Englands love. Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church, Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse, A mothers curle, on her revolting fonne: France thou mailf hold a serpent by the tongue,

A cased Lion by the mottal' paw,

Then keepe in peace that hand which shou doft hold. Fra. I may dif-soyne my hand, but not my faith. Pand So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith, And like a civill warre feeth outh to outh Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow

A faffing Tyger fafer by the tooth,

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd, That is, to be the Champion of our Church, What fince thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe, And may not be performed by thy felfe,

For that which thou hast fwome to doe amisse, Is not amisse when it is truely done:

And being not done, where doing rends to ill, The truth is then most done not doing it The better Act of purpoles mistooke, Is to miliake again, though indired,

Yet indirection thereby growes direct, And fallhood, fallhood cures, as fire cooles fire Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd: It is religion that doth make vowes kept,

But thou hast sworne against religion By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear st And mak stan oath the suretie for thy truth,

Against an oath the truth, thou art vnsure To sweare, sweares onely not to be for sworne, Elle what a mockerie should it be to sweare? But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,

And most for fworne, to keepe what thou dost fweare, Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,

Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe: And better conquell never canst thou make, Then armethy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions: pon which better part, our prayes come in, If thou vouchfafe them. But if not then know

The perill of our curfes light on thee So heavy, asthon shalt not thake them off But in despaire, dye under their blacke weight.

Auft. Rebellion, flat rebellion. Baft. Wil'tnot be?

Will not a Calues-skin flop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes

Blanch. Vponthy wedding day ? Against the blood that thou hast married? What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men? Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp? O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new Is husband in my mouth? cuen for that name Which till this time my tongue did here pronounce; Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes Against mine Vnele.

Conft. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling, I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daulphin, Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.

Blan, Now shall I see thy loue, what motive may Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife ? Con. That which vpholderh him, that thee vpholds,

His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor. Dolph. I muse your Maiefty doth seeme so cold, When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will depounce a cutie vpon his head. Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro thee. Conft. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.

Elea. O foule revolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, I shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Baft. Old Time the clocke fetter, y bald fexton Times

Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's orecast with bloud: faire day adieu, Which is the Ede that I must goe withell? Iam with both, each Army hath ahand, And in their rage, I having hold of both, They whetle a funder, and difmember mee. Husband, I cannot pray that thou maift winne: Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose: Father, I may not wish the fortune thine: Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive : Who-ener wins, on that fide fhall I lofe : Affured loffe, before the match be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies. Bls. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies. John. Cofen, goe draw our puisance together, Frence, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath, A rage, whose heat hath this condition;

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood, The blood and deerest valued bloud of France. Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne To ashes, ere out blood shall quench that fire:

Looke to thy felfe, thou art in isopardie. John. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts bie. Exeunt.

Scana Secunda.

Allarums, Exautions: Enter Bastard with Austria's

Baft. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hos, Some eyery Deuill houers in the skie, And pour's downe mischiefe. Auffrias head lye there, Enter lobn, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes. Ichn. Huberr, keepeahls boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is assayled in our Tent,

And cane I feare.

Baft. My Lord I rescued her, Her Highnesse is in safety, seare you not: But on my Liege, for very little paines Will bring this labor to an happy and.

Alarents, excursions, Recreat. Enter lubn, Eleanor, Arthur Bestard, Hubert, Lords.

Ichn. So shall it bet your Grace shall stay behinde So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe. Ichn. Cofen away for England, hafte before, And ere our comming fee thou shake the bags Ofhoording Abbots, imprisoned angells Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace Must by the hungry now be fed spon: Vie our Commission in his vemost force.

Baft. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drive me back, When gold and filter becks me to come on. Heave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray. (If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire fafery: fo I kiffe your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentle Cofen.

John. Coz, farewell,

Ele. Come hether little kinfman, harke, a worde. Idm. Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert, We owe thee much: within this wall of Aeth There is a foule counts thee her Creditor, And with advantage meanes to pay thy loves And my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosome, decrely cherished. Give me thy hand, I had a thing to fay, But I will fit it with some better tune. By heaven Hubert, I am almost asham'd To fay what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiefly. John. Good friend, thou balt no cause to say so yet, Butthou shalt have:and creepe time nere so slow, Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good. I had a thing to fay, but let it goe : The Sunne is in the heaven, 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 yeon tongue, and brazen mouth Sound on into the drowzierace of night : If this same were a Church-yard where we stand. And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs a Or if that furly spirit melancholy Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke, Which elfe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines, Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes, And straine their cheekes to idle merriment, A passion hatefull to my purpoles: Or if that thou couldft fee me without eyes, Heare me without thinc cares, and make reply Without a tongue, ving conceit alone, Without eyes, eares, and harmefull found of words: Then, in despight of broaded watchfull day, I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts : But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well, And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ff me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndartake, Though that my death were adjunct to my Ad, By heaven I would doest.

John. Doe not I know thou would?? Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye On you young boy 1 He tell thee what my friend, He is a very ferpent in my way, And wherefoere this foot of mine doth tread. He lies before me: dost thou vaderstand me? Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And He keepe him fo. That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

John. Desth. Hub. My Lord. John. A Graue. Hub. He shall not live.

Exit.

Ioha. Enough. I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee. Well, He not fay what I intend for thee: Remember: Madam, Fare you well,

lle fend those powert o're to your Maiesly.

Ele. My bleshing goe with thee.

Iohn. For England Colon, goe. Hubert thall be your man, attend on you With al crue duetie: On toward Callice, hoa

Execut.

Scond

Scana Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphur, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaning Tempell on the flood,
A whole Armado of connicted faile
Is feattered and dif-ioyn d from fellowship.
Pand Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angure lost?
Are the tane prisoner? divers deere friends slaine?
And bloody England into England gone,

Ore-bearing interruption (pight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduree disposed,
Such tempetate order in so herce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praile, So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Looke who comes heere do grave vnto a foule, Holding theternall sprint against her will, In the vilde prison of affiiched breath: I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con Los now: now fee the issue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort genile Confluence.

Con. No, I defic all Counfell, all redresse.

But that which ends all counfell, true Redresse.

Death, death, O amusble, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse.

Artic forth from the couch of lasting night.
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie.

And I will kuse thy detectable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these singers with thy houshold wormes.

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe:
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou simil st,
And busser hee as thy wife: Miscries Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. Of sire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue wete in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies seeble voyce,

Which scomes a moderne Innocation.

Pord. Lady, you veter madnesse, and not forrow.

Com. Thou art holy to belye me fo, lain not mad: this haire I teare is mine. My name is Conflorice, I was Geffrejer wife, Yong Arthur is my fonne, and he is loft: I am not mad, I would to heasen I were, For then it is like I should forget my selfe: O, if I could, what griefe should I forget? Preach some Philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.) For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe. My reasonable part produces reason How I may be deliver'd of these woes. And teaches meet to kill or hang my selfe: If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinks a babe of clowis was he; I am not mad: too wall, too wall I feele The different plague of each calamitie

Fra Binde vp those tresses: O what love I note In the faire multitude of those her haires; Where but by chance a filter drop high false, Euen to that drop tenthouland wiery fiends. Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe, Like true, inseparable, suthfull loves, Sticking together in calamide.

Sticking together in calamide.

Con. To England, if you will.

Frz. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will : and wherefore will I do it I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud. O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonre As they have given these hayres their libertie; But now I enure at their libertie, And will againe commit them to their bonds, Because my poore childe is a prisoner. And Father Cardinall, I have heard you far That we shall see and know our friends in beauen; If that be true, I shall see my boy againe; For since the birth of Came, the first male-childe To him that did but yesterday suspire, There was not fuch a gracious creature borne: But now will Canker-fortow est my bud And chale the native beauty from his cheeke, And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoft, As dim and meager as an Agues fitte, And to hee'll dye: and riling to againe When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven I Thall not know him : therefore never, never Must I behold my pretty. Aribur more.

Pand. You hold too hegnous a respect of greese.
Conft. He talkes so me, that never had a sonne.
Fra. You are as fond of greese, as of your childe.

Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my abfent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme.
Then, have I reason to be fond of griefes
Farcyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could give better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Aribor, my faire fonne,
My life, my toy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my forrowes cure.

Ex

Pro. I feare some out-rage, and He follow her. Exp.
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me 107,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull care of adrowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterresses.

Pand. Before the curing of a fitting difease Euco in the inflant of repaire and health, The fit is ftrongest: Euils that take leave On their departure, most of all shew epill: What have you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All dales of glory, joy, and happinesse. Par. If you had won it, certainely you had. No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good, Shee lookes upon them with a threatning eye: Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath lost In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

Are

Arenot you grieu'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him. Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood. Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit: For even the breath of what I meane to speake, Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub Out of the path which shall directly lead Thy footeto Englands Throne. And therefore marke : lobn hath feiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be, That whiles warmelife playes in that infants veines The mif-plac'd-lohn should entertaine an houre, One minute, nay one quiet breath of reft. A Scepter inatch'd with an unruly hand, Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd. And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place. Makes nice of no vilde hold to flay him vp: That lobn may stand, then Arthur needs must fall, So beit, for it cannot be but fo.

Del. But what shall I gaine by yong Arthurs fall?
Pan. You in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claime that Arthur did.

Del. And loofe it, life and all, as Arthur did. Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world? Ichn layes you plots: the times conspire with you, For he that steepes his safetie in true blood, Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue. This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale, That none so small advantage shall steep forth To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it Nonaturall exhalation in the skle, No scope of Nature, no distemper d day, No common winde, no customed event, But they will plucke away his naturall cause, And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes, Abbortives, presages, and tongues of heaven, Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon John.

Del. May be he will not touch your Arthurs life,

But hold himfelfe fafe in his prifonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach, If that yong Arthur be not gone alreadie, Even at that newes he dies : and then the hearts Of all his people shall revolt from him, And kiffe the lippes of vnacquainted change, And picke frong matter of reuolt, and wrath Out of the bloody fingers ends of John. Me thinkes I fee this hurley all on foot; And O, what better matter breeds for you, Then I have nam'd. The Baftard Falcombridge Is now in England tanfacking 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 fnow, tumbled about, Anon becomes a Mountaine. Onoble Dolphine, Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull, What may be wrought out of their discontent, Now that their foules are topfull of offence, For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go, If you say I, the King will not say no. Execut.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hor, and looke thou stand Within the Arras: when I strike my foot Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. V ncleanly feruples feare not you: looke too't.

Yong Lad come forth; I have to fay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be : you are sad.

Hab. Indeed I haue beene merrier.

Art. 'Mercie on me:

Methinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnekle practises more harme to me:
He is affiaid of me, and I of him:
Is it my sault, that I was Coffress sonne?
No in deede is t not: and I would to heaven
I were your sonne, so you would love me, Hubert:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate He will awake my mercie, which lies dead: Therefore I will be fodaine, and dispatch.

Are you licke Hubert? you looke pale to day.
Infooth I would you were a little ficke,
That I might fit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome, Reade heere yong Arthur. How now soolish theume? Turning dispitious scotture out of doore? I must be breefe, least resolution drop. Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares. Can you not reade it? Is st not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely Hubert, for so soule effect, Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must. Arc. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ars. Have you the heart? When your head did but

I knit my hand kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poote mans sonne would have lyen still,
And nere have spoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your sicke setuice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was crassic loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If he such be pleas'd that you must vie me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes.
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have sworne to do it .

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it
The Iron of it felfe, though heare red hot
Approaching neere the fe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, confume away in ruft,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye.
Are you more fubborne-hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me Indert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleeu'd him: no tongue but Huberts.

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Art. O saue me Hubert, saue me: my eyes are out

Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron 1 say, and binde him heere

Art. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.

For heaven sake Hubers let me not be bound:

Nay heate me Hubers, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,

Nor lnoke vpon the Iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and the forgive yoo,

What ever torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go fland within: let me alone with him,

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend, He hath a fterne looke, but a gentle heart: Lethim come backe, that his compassion may Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selse.

Art. Is there no remedie:

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arr. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
A groine, a duft, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious fenfe:
Then feeling what fmall things are boyflerous there,

Your vilde intent must needs seeme hotrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong

Art. Hubert, the viterance of a brace of longues.

Must needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,

Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert, Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue, So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes, Though to no vie, but fill to looke on you. Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy

Ait No, in good footh: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vindeferued extreames: See elfe your felfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And firew'd repentance shees on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can require it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame 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 Master that doth tarre bim on.

All things that you should vie to do me wrong Deny their office: onely you do lacke That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends, Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vies.

Hub, Well, fee to live 1 I will not touch thine eye
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out

Art, Onow you looke like Hubert. All this while

You were difguis'd.

Hub. Peace no more Adico,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
lle fill these dogged Spies with false reports and, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ars. Oheauen! I thanke you Hubers,
Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vadergo for thee,
Executor

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Saluebury, and other Lorder, John, Heere once agains we fit: once against crown'd And look'd upon, I hope, with cheatefull 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 faiths of men, nere stained with reualts
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possels d with double pompe, To guard a Title, that was rich before; To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly; To throw a perfume on the Vielet, To smooth the yee, or adde another hew Vito the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light To seeke the beaucous eye of heaven to garnish. Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleafure must be done, This acte, is as an ancient tale new told, And, in the last repeating, troublesome,

Being viged at a time vinfeafonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a fhifted winde voto a faile.
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes found opinion sicke, and truth suspected.
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen ftrue to do better then we!,
They do confound their skill in couctousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the xcuse:
As pacches set you a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd We breach'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd, Since all, and every part of what we would Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

John.

Isb. Some reasons of this double Corroration
I have possess you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, than lessess is geare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reformed, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your sequests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of thefe To found the purpoles of all their hearts, Both for my felfe, and them: bas chiefe of all Your lafety : for the which, my felfe and them Bend their best studies, heartily request Th'infranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent To breake into this dangerous argument. If what in reft you have, in right you hold, Why then your feares, which (as they fay) attend The Reppes of wrong fhould moue you to mew vp Your tender kinfman, and to choake his dayes With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth The rich advantage of good exercise, That the times enemies may not have this To grace occasions: let it be our suite, That you have bid vs aske his libertie, Which for our goods, we do no further aske, Then, whereupon out weale on you depending, Counts it your weale : he haue his liberty. Enter Hubert.

loba, Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubers, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed a
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous sault
Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleeve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go Betweene his purpose and his conscience, Like Heralds'twixttwo dreadfull battailes set: His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will iffue thence
The foule corruption of a fweet childes death.

Toba. We cannot hold mortalizies from a hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The fuite which you demand is gone, and dead.
Hotels vs Arthur is deceased to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ficknesse was past cure.

Pem: Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,

Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke 1

This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Ioh, Why do you bend fuch folemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of deftiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and the shame That Greatness should so ground fer it;

So thriue it in your game, and fo farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) lle go with thee,
And finde thinheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
His blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This mult not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our forrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Extense

lo. They but n in indignation: I repent: Enter Mef.
There is no fure foundation fet on blood:

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I baue feene inhabite in those cheekes?
So soule a skie, cleeres not without a florme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
Mef. From France to England, neuer such a powre

For any forraigne preparation,

Was leuied 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 twings comes that they are all arrived.

The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.

Lob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?

Where hath it flept? Where is my Mothers care?

That fuch an Army could be drawne in France,

And the not heare of it?

Mef. My Liege, hereare
Is flopt with duft: the first of Aprill dide
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Confiance in a frenzie dide
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors and

Three dayes before: but this from Rumors conque Lidely heard: if true, or falle I know not.

Ibba. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue y teas'd
My discontented Pecres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Vnder whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Tob. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

Baft. But if you be a feard to heare the worst, Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe

Aloft the flood, and can give audience

Vinder the tide; but now I breath agains
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy mee,

The fummes I have collected shall expresse:

But as I trauail'd hither through the land,

I finde the people strangely fantasied,

Possess with rumors, full of idle dreames.

Not knowing what they feare, but full of seare.

And here's a Propher that I brought with me

From forth the streets of Pomstet, whom I found

With many hundreds treading on his heeles:

To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding times,

That ere the next Ascension day at noone,

Your Highnes should deliver up your Crowne.

Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pee. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Iohn. Hubers, away with him: imprison him,

And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes

And on that day at noone, whereon he rayes
I shall yeeld yp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must viethee. O my gentle Colen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arrived?

Baft. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of its Besides I met Lord Biges, and Lord Salieburie With eyes as red as new enkindled fire, And others more, going to seeke the grave Of Arthur, whom they say is kill do night, on your

lobn. Gentle kinfman, go (fuggestion. And thrust they selfe into their Companies,

b 2

The life and death of King John.

Thaue a way to winne their loues againe ; Bring them before me

Baft. I will feeke them out

John. Nay, but make hafte the better foote before-O, let me haue no subiect enemies, When adverse Forceyners affright my Townes With dreadfull pompe of flour inuation. Be Mercurie, fet feathers to thy heeles, And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Buft. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. Exit

John. Spokelike a sprightfull Noble Gentleman. Go after him : for he perliaps shall neede Some Mellenger betwixt me, and the Peeres, And be thou hee.

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege John. My mother dead !

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they lay five Moones were feene to Fourefixed, and the fift did whitle about (night: The other foure, in wondrous motion.

Ich. Flue Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the ffreets Doprophelic vpon it dangeroully : Yong Arthurs death is common in their mouths, And when they talke of him, they shake their heads, And whilper one another in the eare. And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers will, Whilfthe that hearts, makes fearefull action With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes. I faw a Smith Stand with his hammer (thus) The whilft his Iron did on the Anuile coole, With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes, Who with his Shecres, and Measure in his hand, Standing on Suppers, which his nimble hafte Hadfalfely thrust voon conuary scete. Told of a many thousand warlike French, That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent. Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer, Cuts off his tale, and talkes of Arthurs death. 10. Why leek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?

Why vegest thou so oft yong Archurs death?
Thy hand hath murdred him . I had a mighty cause To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him. H No had (my Lord) why , did you not prouoke me? Iohn. It is the curfe of Kings, to be attended By flaves, that take their humors for a warrant, To breake within the bloody house of life,

And on the winking of Authoritie

To vinder (tand a Law; to know the meaning Of dangerous Maiefly, when perchance it frownes More vpon humor, then aduis d respect. Hub. Heere is your hand and Scale for what I did.

Ich. Oh, when the last accompt twint heaven & earth Is to be made, then shall this hand and Scale Witnesse against vs to damnation. How oft the light 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 fign'd to doa deede of fhame, This murther had not come into my minde. But taking note of thy abhorr'd Afpect, Finding thee he for bloody villanie: Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger, I faintly broke with thee of Arthurs death. And thou, to be endeered to a King, Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Ich Had'A show but Mooke thy head, or made a paule When I spake darkely, what I purpoled Or turn dan eye of doubt upon my face; As bid metell my tale in expresse words . Deepe hame had fruck me dumbe, made me break off. And those thy seares, might have wrought feares in me But, thou did it vaderfland me by my lignes, And didft in fignes againe partey with finne Yea, without flop, didft let thy heart conferit, And confequently, thy rude hand to efte The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to mme Out of my fight, and never fee me more: My Nobles leave me, and my State is bround, Even at my gates, with rankes offormigne powies. Nay, in the body of this ficihly Land, This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe Hosfilitie, and civill tumult reignes Betweene my confcience, and my Colins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies : He make a peace betweene your foule, and you. Yong Arthur is alive This hand of mine layer a maiden, and an innocent hand. Not painted with the Crimfon spots of blood, Within this bosoine, neuer entred yer The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought, And you have flander d Nature in my forme, Which howfoeuer rude exteriorly, Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde, Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

John. Doth Arthur live? O halt thee to the Peeres, Throw this report on their incentad rage, And make them tame to their obedience. Forgiue the Comment that my passion made Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde, And foule immaginarie eyes of blood Presented thee more hideous then thou art Oh, answernot; but to my Closses bring The angry Lords, with all expedient hall, I coniure thee but flowly: tun more faft.

Exeuns

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the wallet. Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe. Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not : There's few or nane do know me, if they did, This Ship-boyes femblance hath difguis'd me quite. I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it. If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes, He finde a thouland Inites to get away; As good to dye and go; as dye, and flay. Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these slones, Heaven take my foule and England keep my bones Dus

Enter Pembroke Salubury, & Bigor Sal. Lords, I will meet him of S. Edmondsbury, It is our laferie, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perillous time. Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinal? Sal. The Count Melanne, a Noble Lord of France. Whose private with me of the Dolphines love, Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Fig.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then, S.al. Or rather then let forward, for 'twill be Two long dayes ioumey (Lords) or ere we meete. Emer Baftard.

Buff. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,

The King by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossed himselfe of vs. We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes. Returne, and tell him fo : we know the worst.

Baft. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke

were best.

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now Baft. But there is little reason in your greefe. Therefore twere reason you had manners now. Pem. Sir, fir, imparience hath his priviledge. Baft. Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else. Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere? P.Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty. The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,

Doth lay it open to vige on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you! you have beheld, Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke? Or do you almost thinke, although you fee, That you do fee? Could thought, without this obical Forme such another? This is the very top, The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame, The wildest Sauagery, the vildest Stroke That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage Presented to the teares of fost remorfe. Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:

And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable, Shall give a holineffe, a puritie, To the yet vnbegotten finne of times; And prone a deadly blood-fied, but a ieft, Exampled by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,

The graceleffe action of a heavy 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 enfue: It is the shamefull worke of Huberts hand, The practice, and the purpole of the king: From whose obedience I forbid my soule, Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life, And breathing to his breathleffe Excellence The Incense of a Vow.a holy Vow: Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world, Neuer to be infected with delight, Nor conversant with Ease, and Idlenesse, Till I have fer a glory to this hand, By giving it the worthip of Revenge.

Pem. Big. Our foules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with halte, in feeking you, Arthur doth live, the king hath fent for you. Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death, Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. Sal Must I rob Hu. I am no villaine.

Bast Your sword is bright fir, put it vp againe. Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtheters skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, fland backe I fay.
By heauen, I thinke my fword's as fharpe as yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your felfe, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Least I, by marking of your rage, forget your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou brave a Nobleman? Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare desend

My innocent life against an Emperor. Sal. Thou are a Murcherer.

Hub. Do not proue me so:

Yet I am none. Whole tongue lo ere speakes falle, Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces Baft. Keepe the peace, I fay.

Sal. Standby, of I shall gaul you Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divell Salsbury. If thou but frowne on me, or flirre thy foote, Or teach thy hastic spleene to do me shame, He firike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime, Or He fo maule you, and your tofling-Iron, That you shall thinke the divell is come from hell.

Big. What will thou do, renowned Funlconbridge?

Second a Villaine, and a Muttherer?

Hub Lord Bigor, lamnone.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince? Hub. 'Tis not an houre fince I left him well: I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe My date of life out, for his sweete lives losse.

Sal Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, For villanie is not without fuch theume, And he, long traded in it, makes it feeme Like Rivers of remorfe and innocencie. Away with me, all you whole foules abhorre Th'vncleanly fauours of a Slaughter-house, For I am stiffed with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward Burie, to the Dolphin there. P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out Ex Lords. Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work? Beyond the infinite and boundleffe reach of mercie,

(If thou didft this deed of death) art y damn'd Hubert.

Hub Do but heare me sir. Bast. Ha? He tell thee what.

Thou it damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke, Thou art more deepe damn'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.
Baft. If thou didst but consent To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire, And if thou want'ft a Cord, the smallest thred That ever Spider twifted from her wombe Will ferue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe, Put but a little water in a spoone, And it shall be as all the Ocean, Enough to stiffe such a villaine vp. I do suspect thee very greenously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or finne of thought, Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath Which was embounded in this beauteous clay, Let hell want paines enough to torture me:

I left him well.

Baft. Go, beare him in thine armes: I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loofe my way Among the thornes, and dangers of this world

How

18

How easie dost thou take all England up , From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie? Thelife, the right, and truth of all this Realme Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left To tug and feamble, and to part by th'teeth The vn owed interest of proud (welling State i Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiesty, Doth dogged warre brille his angry creft, And fnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace: Now Powers from home, and discontents as hom Meet in one line; and valt confusion wattes As doth a Rauen on a ficke-falne beaft, The inment decay of wrested ponipe Now happy he, whose cloake and center can Hold out this tempelt. Beare away that childe, And follow me with speed : He to the King: A thouland bulinelles are briefe in hand , And heaven it telfe doth fromne vpon the Land.

Allus Quartus, Scana prima.

Enter King lobm and Pandelph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yeelded up into your hand The Circle of my glory. Pan. Takezgaine

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope Your Soucraigne greatnelle and authoritie.

John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French, And from his holineffe vicall your power To ftop their marches fore we are enflain'd: Our discontented Counties due revolt: Our people quarrell with obedience, Swearing Allegiance, and the love of foule To ftranger-bloud, to forren Royalty; This inundation of millempred humor, Rests by you onely to be qualified. Then paule not . for the prefent time's fo licke . That prefent medcine mult be ministred, Or overthrow incureable enfues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest up. Vpon your stubborne vlage of the Pupe. But hince you are a gentle convertite, My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre, And make faire weather in your blullring land: On this Ascention day, remember well, Vpon your oath of feruice to the Pope, Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armos. Exil

John. Is this Ascension day: did not the Prophet Say, that before Alcention day at noone, My Crowne I should give off? even so I have: I did suppose it should be on constraint, Bur (lieau'n be thank d) it is hut voluntary. Enter Buffard.

Baft. All Kenthach yeelded : nothing there holds out But Douer Caffle : London hath receiu d Like a kinde Hoft, the Dolphin and his powers. Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gine To offer feruice to your cnemy : And wilde amazement liurries vp and downe The little number of your doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe After they heard young Arthur was alive!

Ball. They found him dead, and call into the freed An empty Casket, where the lewell of life By force damn'd hand was rob d, and cane away.

John. That villaine Hubert told me he did live Hall So on my loule he did, for ought he knew But wherefore doc you droope, why looke you fad? Be great in act, as you have beene in thought: Let not the world fee feare and fad diffrust Coverne the motion of a kingly eye. Be firring as the time, be fire with fire, Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow Of bragging horror : So thall inferior eyes That borrow their behaviours from the great. Grow great by your example, and put on The dauntlesse spirit of resolution. Away, and glifter like the god of warre When he intenderh to become the field: Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence: What, shall they seeke the Lion in his desine. And tright him there? and niake him tremble there! Oh let it not be faid! forrage, and runne To meet displeasure farther from the dores . And grapple with him ere he come so nye

John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mes. And I have made a happy peace with him, And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers

Led by the Dolphin.

Baft. Ohinglorious league: Shall we vpon the footing of our land, Send layre-play-orders and make comprimile, Infinuation, parley, and bafe truce To Armes Invaline? Shall a beardlelle boy, A cockred filken wanton brave our fields, And fielh his spirit in a warre-like soyie, Mocking the agre with colours idlely spred, And finde no cheeke ? Let vs my Liege to Armes : Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace; Orifhedoe, let it at leaft be faid They law we had a purpole of defence.

John Haue thou the ordering of this present time. hall. Aviay then with good courage : yet, I know Our Partie may well meet a prowder foc.

Scæna Secunda.

Exter (in Armer) Dolphin, Salubury, OMeloune, Perabroke Bigos, Souldsers.

Dol. My Lord Molloone, let this be coppied our. And keepe it fafe for our remembrance: Returne the president to those Lords againe. That having our faire order written downe. Both they and we, peruling ore thefenores May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament, And keepe out faithes firme and inviolable.

Sal Vpon our fides it neuer shall be broken. And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare A voluntary zeale, and an vn-ueg'd Faith To your proceedings: yet beleeve me Prince, I am not glad that fuch a fore of Time Should sceke a plaster by contemn'd revolt, And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my foule, That I must draw this merste from my side To be a widdow-maker : oh, and there Where honourable rescue, and desence Cries our vpon the name of Salubury. But fuch is the infection of the time . That for the health and Phyficke of our right, We cannot deale but with the very hand Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong: And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the fonnes and children of this Isle, Was borne to fee fo fad an houre as this . Wherein we step after a stranger, march Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe Vpon the spot of this inforced caule, To grace the Gentry of a Land remote, And follow vnacquainted colours heere: What heere? O Nation that thou couldstemous, That Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about, Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy felfe, And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore, Where these two Christian Armies might combine The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league, And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly

Dalph. A noble temper doft thou shew in this, And great affections wraftling in thy bosome Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility: Ch, what a noble combat haft fought Between compulfion, and a braue respect: Let me wipe off this honourable dewe That filuerly doth progresse on thy cheekes: My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares, Being an ordinary Inundation: But this effusion of fuch manly drops This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule, Scartles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd Theo had I feene the vaultie top of heaven Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors. Lift up thy brow (tenowned Saluburie) And with a great hears heave away this florme: Commend these waters to those baby-eyes That neuer faw the giant-world enrag'd Nor met with Fortune, other thep at fealts, Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goffipping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe Into the purse of sich prosperity As Lewis himselfe: fo (Nobles) shall you all, That knit your finewes to the strength of mine.

Euter Pandulpho.

And euenthere, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give vs warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:

The next is this: King Iohn hath reconcil'd

Himselfeto Rome, his spirit is come in,

That so shood out against the holy Church,

The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:

Therefore thy threatning Colours now windevp,

And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,

That like a Lion softered up athand,

It may lie gently at the foot of peace,

And be no surther harmefull then in shewe.

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportied To be a secondary at controll, Or viefull feruing-man, and Instrument To any Soueraigne State throughout the world. Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres, Besweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe. And brought in matter that should feed this fire: And now 'tis farretoo huge to be blowne out With that same 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 enterprize into my heart, And come ye now to tell me John hath made His peace with Kome ? what is that peace to me? I (by the honour of my matriage bed) After yong Arthur, claime this Land for mine, And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe, Because that John hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Romes Claue? What penny hath Rome borne? What men provided? What municion fent To under-prop this Action? Is't not I That vnder-goe this charge? Who elfe but I. And such as to my claime are liable, Sweat in this bufinesse, and maintaine this warre! Haue I not heard thefe Manders shout out "Usue le Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes? Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne? And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set? No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be faid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-lide of this worke.

Dol. Out-fide or in-fide, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Euen in the lawes of danger, and of death
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs f
Enter Bastard.

Ball. According to the faire-play of the world, Let me have audience: I am fent to fpeake: My holy Lord of Millane, from the King I come to learne how you have dealt for him: And, as you answer, I doe know the scope And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite And will not temporize with my intreaties: He flatly saies, hee Il not lay downehis Armes.

Baft. By all the bloud that ever fury breath'd, The youth faies well. Now heare our Englift King, For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me: He is prepar'd, and reason to he should, This spift and vnmannerly approach This barnels'd Maske, and vnaduifed Reuell, This vn-heard fawcinesse and boyish Troopes, The King doth smile 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 ftrength, even at your dore, To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch, To diuelike Buckets in concealed Welles, To crowch in litter of your Rable plankes To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chefts and truncks, To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out In yaults and prifons, and to thrill and shake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chafficement?
No. know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, O're his agerie cowies.
To fowsse amneyance that comes neere his Ness;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping up the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England blush for shames
Fot your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like Amazoni, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into atmed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To sierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace, We grant thou canft out-scold vs : Far thee well, We hold our time too precious to be spent

With fuch a brabler.

Pen. Give me leave to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre.
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Baft. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An excho with the claimot of thy drumme,
And cuen at hand, a drumme is readic brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins cate,
And mocke the deepe mouth of Thunder: for at hand
(Not trossing to this halting Legate heere,
Whoms he hash vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike sobre and in his fore-head sits
A bare-tib'd death, whose office is this day
To seast vpon whose thousands of the French.

Dal. Strike vp our drummes, to fuide this danger out.

Baft. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exercise.

Scana Tertia.

Altrums. Enter lobn and Hubert.

I ohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell are Habers.
Hab. Badly I feare; how fares your Marefty?
I ohn. This Fearer that hath troubled me lo long,
Lyes hearie on me: oh, my heart is licke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord: your valuant kinsman Falconbridge,
Desires your Maiestie to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward Surbysed, 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 Goodsin lands. This newes was brought to Richard but even now, The French fight coldly, and retyre themselves.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salubury, Pembroke, and Bigos.

Sal. I did not thinke the King to flor'd with fileada.

Pem. Vp once agains: put spirit to the French,

If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten dwell Falconbridge, In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day. Pena. They say King John fore sick, bath left the field.

Enter Meloon wanded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of England herre,

Sal When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Meloone.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold, Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion, And welcome home againe discarded saith, Seeke out King John, and fall before his seete: For if the French be Lords of this loud day, He meanes to recompence the paines you take, By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne, And I with him, and many moe with mee, Vpon the Altar at S. Edmondibury, Euch on that Altar, where we swore to you Deere Amity, and euerlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true? Mel. Have I not bideous death within my view, Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire? What in the world should make me now deceive, Since I must loofe the vie of all deceite? Why should Ethen be falle, since it is true That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth? I lay againe, if Lewis do win the day, He Is for sworne, if ere those eyes of yours Behold snother day breake in the East :" But even this night whose blacke coaragious breach Already (moakes about the burning Creft Of the old, feeble, and day-weatted Sunne, Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire, Paying the fine of rated Treachery, Euen with a treacherous fine of all your lives: If Lovi, by your assistance win the day. Commend me to one Hubert, with your Tung; The love of him, and this respect besides (For that my Grandfire was an Englishman) Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this, In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence From forth the noile and rumour of the Field; Where I may thinke the remnant of my thought lo peace: and part this bodie and my foule With contemplation, and devout defires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and before my forth,
But I do love the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will entread the steps of demand slight,
And like a based and retired flood,
Leaving our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have ore-look's,
And calmely run on in obedience
Even to our Ocean, to our great King Islan.
My arme shall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,

Fe:

For I do see the cruell pangs of death Right in thine eye. A way, my friends, new flight, And happie newnesse, that intends old tight

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and bu Traine. Del. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to fet But (taid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush, When English measure backward their owne ground In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off, When with a volley of our needlesse shot, After fuch bloody toile, we bid good night, And woon'd our tatt'ring colours clearly vp. Last in the field, and almost Lords of it. Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes !

Mef. The Count Meloone is flaine: The English Lords By his perswasion, are againe falne off, And your supply, which you have wish'd so long, Are cast away, and sunke on Goodwin lands.

Dol. Ah fowie, shrow'd newes. Bestrew thy very

did not thinke to be fo fad to night As this hath made me. Who was he that laid King John did flie an houre or two before The flumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mef. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Del. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,

The day shall not be up so soone as I, To try the faire adventure of to morrow. Excunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, sourcely. Hub. Whole there? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or I moore.

Baft. A Friend. What are thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baft. Whether doest thou go? Heb. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires, 45 well as thou of mine?

Baft. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought: I will upon all hazards well beleeve Thou are my friend, that know'ft my tongue so well: Who are thou?

Beff. Who thou wilt : and if thou pleafe Thou mailt be-friend me so much, as to thinke I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Heb. Vikinde remembrance: thou, & endlesnight, Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me, That any accent breaking from thy tongue. Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bost. Come, come: sans complement, What newes

His. Why haere walke I, in the black brow of night To finde you out.

Breefethen: and what's the newes? Hub. Omy fweet fir, newes fitting to the night, Blacke, fearefull, comfortleffe, and horrible.

Boff. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes, Lamno woman, lle not iwound at it, Imb. The King I feare is poylon'd by a Monke, I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out To acquaint you with this euill, that you might The better arme you to the fodzine time, Then if you had at leifure knowne of this.

Baff. How did he take it? Who did tafte to him? Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolued villains Whole Bowels fodainly burft out: The King Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer.

Boff Who didft thou leave to tend his Maiesty? Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,

And brought Prince Herry in their companie, Ac whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his Maicstie.

Bast. With hold thine indignation, mighty beauen, And tempt vs not to beare about our power He tell thee Hubert, halfe my power this night Passing these Flate, are taken by the Tide, Thefe Lincolne-Washes have devoured them, My felfe, well mounted, hardly have escap'd. Away before: Conduct me to the king, I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. Exeum

Scena Septima.

Bater Prince Herry, Salisburia, and Biget. Bon. It is too late, the life of all his blood Is touch'd, corruptibly : and his pure braine (Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes, Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Emer Pembroke. Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe, That being brought into the open syre, It would all sy the burning qualitie Of that fell porton which affayleth him.

Hm. Let him be brought into the Orchard beere; Dorh he still rage?

Pem, He is more patient

Then when you left him; com now he fung,

Hon. Oh vanity of ficknesses factoresmes In their continuance, vall not feele themfelues. Death having praide upon the outward parts Leanes them inuifible, and his feige is now Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds With many legions of strange santafies, Which in their throng, and presses that last hold, Counfound themselves. Tis strange y death shold sing: I am the Symet to this pale faint Salan, Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death, And from the organ-pipe of frailety fings His foule and body to their lafting weft.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne To fee a forme spon that indigeft

Which he hash left fo shapelesse, and forude.

I ohn brought in.
I ohn. I martie, now my fouls hath elbow roome,

It would not out at windowes, por at doores, There is so hot a summer in my bosome, That all my bowels crumble up to dult i I am a feribled forme drawne with a pen Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire Do I (hrinke vp. Hen. How faces your Maiesty?

Ich. Poylon'd, ill fare : dead, furlouke, east off. And none of you will bid the winter come To thrust his yeit fingers in my maw; Not let my kingdomes Rivers take their courfe

Through my burn d bosome nor increat the North To make his bloake winder kiffe my parched lips, And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much, I begge cold comfort, and you are fo Ataight And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hon. Oh that there were some vertue in my terres,

That might releeve you.

John. The falt in them is hot . Within me is a hell, and there the poylon is, as a fiend, confin d to tyrannize. On vorepreeuable condemned blood. Enger Ballard.

Baft. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion And spleene of speede, to see your Maielly.

loba. Oh Cozen, thouart come to fet mine eye: The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt, And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile, Are turned to one thred, one little haire : My heart hath one poore firing to flay it by, Which holds but till thy newes be visered, And then all this thou feeft, is but a clod, And module of confounded royalty.

Baft. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward, Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him. For in a night the belt part of my powre, As I vpon advantage did remoue, Were in the Walber all vowarily, Devoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath thele dead newes in as dead an eare My Liege, my Lord : bur now a King, now thus.

Her Even lo must I run on, and even lo Rop What furety of the world, what hope, what flay. When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Baft. Art thou gone fo? I do but ftay behinde. To do the other for thee, of revenge, And then my foule shall watte on thee to heaven,

As it on earth bath bene thy Gruare Ail. Now, now you States, that move in your right foreres Where be your powres? Shew now your monded faiths And instantly returne with me agains To push destruction, and perperual shame Our of the weake doore of our fainting Land . Straight let vs feeke, or fraight we shall be fought, The Dolphine rages at out veric heeles.

Sal It feemes you know not then fo much as we. The Cardinall Pandulph is within at rest. Who halfe an house fince came from the Dolphin. And brings from him fuch offers of our peare, As we with honor and respect may take, With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Baft. He will the rather do in whon he lees Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, tis in a manner done already. For many carriages hee hash disporth'd To the lea lide, and put his cause and quarrell To the disposing of the Cardinall, With whom your felfe, my felfe, and other Lords, If you thinke meete, this afternoone will posts To confummate this bufineffe happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince. With other Princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall waire voon your Fathers Funerall.

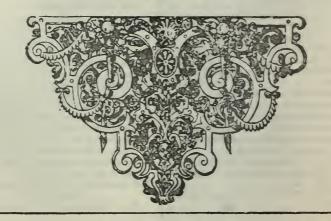
Hen. At Worffer must his bodie beintert d. For so he will'dit.

Baft. Thuher Chall it then, And happily may your fweet felfe put on The lineall state, and glorie of the Land, To whom with all lub mission on my knee. I do bequeath my faithfull ferunces And true Subie Cion everlastingly.

Sel. And the like tender of our love wee make To red withour a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde foule, that would give thankes, And knowes nothow to do it, but with reares. Baft. Ohlet vs pay the time : but need ull woe.

Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes. This England never did, nor never 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 shall shocke them : Naught fhall make vs rue, If England to it felle, do refi but true. Exmin





The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Altus Primus, Scana Prima.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

Ld John of Gauns, time-honoured Lancaster, Hall thou according to thy oath and band Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold fon: Heere to make good 9 boiltrous late appeale,

Which then our leyfure would not let vs heare, Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him, If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice, Or worthily as a good subject should On some knowne ground of treacherie in him. Gaunt. As neere as I could lift him on that argument,

On some apparant danger scene in him, Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inucterate malice.

Km. Then call them to our presence face to face, And frowning brow to brow, our selves will beare Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake; High stomack'd are they both, and full of ite, In rage, deafe as the fea; hafie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray. Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege. Mow. Heth day still better others happinelle, Vntill the heavens enuying earths good hap, Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs, As well appeareth by the cause you come, Namely, to appeale each other of high treafor. Coolin of Hereford, what doll thou object Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Monoray?

Bul. First, heaven be the record to my speech, In the denotion of a fubielts love, Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince, And free from other misbegotten hate, Come I appealant to this Princely presence. Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee, And marke my greeting well : for what I speake, My body shall make good vpon this earth, Or my divine foule answer it in heaven. Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant; Too good to be for and too bad to live Since the more faire and christall is the skie,

The vglier feeme the cloudes that in it Age: Oncemore, the more to aggravate the note. With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte, And with (fo please my Soueraigne) ere I moue, What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may prove

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale: Tis not the triall of a Womans warre, The bitter clamour of two eager tongues, Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twalne: The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this. Yet can I not of luch tame patience boall, As to be huffit, and nought at all to fay. Firft the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbes mee. From giving teines and spurres to my free speech. Which else would post, vntill it had retuin'd These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat. Setting afide his high bloods royalty, And let him be no Kinfman to my Liege, I do defie him, and I fpit at him, Call him a flanderous Coward, and a Villaine: Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes, And meete him, were I tide to tunne afoote Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes, Or any other ground inhabitable, Where ever Englishman durst set his soote. Meane time, let this desend my loyaltie, By all my hopes most falfely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage, Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King, And lay afide my high bloods Royalty, Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except. If guilty dread hath left thee fo much strength, As to take up mine Honors pawne, then stoope. By that, and all the rites of Knight-hoodelse, Will Imake good against thee arme to arme, What I have spoken, or thou canst deurse.

Mov. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare, Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my thoulder, lle answer thee in any faire degree, Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall: And when I mount, alive may I not light. If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Cofin lay to Mowbraies charge? It mult be great that can inherite vs,

So much as of a thought of ill inhim.

Bul. Looke what I faid, my life thall proue it true, That Mowbray hath teceiu'd eight thousand Nobles,

Inname of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers, The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments, Like a falle Traitor, and joiurious Villaine. Beside: I say, and will in battaile proue Orheere, or elfewhere to the furtheft Verge That cuer was furuey'd by English eye, That all the Treafons for these eighteene yeares Complorted, and contrived in this Land, Ferch'd from falle Mowbray their fifthead and spring. Further I fay, and further will maintaine Vpon his bad life, to make all this good That he did plot the Duke of Gloufters death, Suggest his loone beleeuing aductionies, And consequently, hke a Traitor Coward, Sluc'd out his innocent foule through streames of blood Which blood, like facrificing Abels cries, (Even from the toongleffe cavernes of the earth) To me for juffice, and rough chafficement : And by the glorious worth of my discent, This arme shall do it, or this life be spent. King. How high a pitch his resolution soares i Thomas of Norfolke, what layest thou to this?

Mon. Ohler my Sourraigue turne away his face, And bid his eares a little while be deafe, Till I have told this flander of his blood, How God, and good men, hate fo foule a lyar.

King. Mowbry, impartial are our eyes and eares, Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre, As he is but my fathers brothers fonne; Now by my Seepters awe, I make a vow, Such neighbour-necreneffe to our facred blood, Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize The vn-stooping firmeneffe of my vpright foule. He is our subject (Mowbray) so are thou, Free speech, and sear-lesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart. Through the falle pellage of thy throat; thou lyeft Three pares of that receipt I had for Callice, Disburst I to his Highwell'e fouldiers; The other part referu'd I by confent, For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt, Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt, Since laft I went to France to fetch his Queene : Now (wallow downe that Lye. For Gloufters death, I flew him not; but (to mine owne difgrace) Neglected my Sworne duty in that eale : For you my noble Lord of Lancafter, The honourable Father to my foe, Once I did lay an ambush for your life, A trespalle that doth vex my greeued soule: Bur ere Ilaft receiu'd the Sacrament, I did confesse it, and exactly begg d Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it. This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd, It issues from the rancour of a Villaine, A recreams, and most degeberate Traitor, Which in my felfe I boldly will defend, And interchangeably hurle downe my gage Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,]
To proue my felfe a loyall Gentleman, Even in the best blood chamber'd in his besome. In haft whereof, most heartily I pray Your Highnesse to assigne our Trial day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me t Let's purge this choller without letting blood: This we prescribe, though no Physician, Deepe malice makes too deepe incifion
Fotget, for give, conclude, and be agreed.
Our Doctors fay, Tries is no time to bleed.
Good Vinchle, let thit end where is begun
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke, you, your fon
Gaust. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolke, gags
King. And Norfolke, throw downe bis
Gaust. When Harrie when Obedience bids.
Obedience bids I should not bid agen.
King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde, there is
no boose.

Mos. My seife I throw dread Source gne) at they took
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.
The one my dute owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that lives upon my grave
To darke dishonours use, thou shalt not have
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and bassel'd heere,
Piere'd to the soule with slanders unom'd spease
The which no balme can cute, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this pouson.

King. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Me, Yea, but not change his spots take but my shame
And I resigno my gage. My deere, deere Lord.

The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.

A Icwell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.

Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.

Then (decre my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I live; end for that will I die.

Kag Coolin, throw downeyour gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. On heaven defend my foule from fuch foule lin.
Shall I feeme Crest-filme in my fathers light,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dat'd dastard? Ere my thong,
Shall wound mine honor with fuch sceble wiong;
Or found so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The south motive of recanting seare.
And spic it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth berbour, even in Mowbrages sace

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command, Which since we cannot do to make you friends, Be readie, (as your lives shall answer it) At Coventree, upon S. Lamberts day:
There shall your (words and Lances arbitrate)
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see lustice designe the Victors Chualtie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes, Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Descheffe of Glourefier.
Govern. Alas, the part I had in Gloufters blood,
Doth more folicite me then your exclaimes.
To firre against the Butchers of his life.

Bu

But fince correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heaven,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no Tharper Spurre? Hath love in thy old blood no living fire? Edwards feuen fonnes (whereof thy felfe are one) Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood, Or feuen faire branches springing from one rootes Some of those seven are dride by natures course, Some of those branches by the deftinies cut : But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster, One Violl full of Edwards Sacred blood, One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor fpilt; Is hackt downe, and his fummer leafes all vaded By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe. Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe, That mettle, that felfe-mould that fashion'd thee, Made him a man; and though thou liu'ft, and breath'ft, Yet art thou flaine in him : thou doft confent In some large measure to thy Fathers death, In that thou feeft thy wretched brother dye, Who was the modell of thy Fathers life. Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is dispaire, In fuff ring thus thy brother to be flaughter'd, Thou shew'ft the naked path way to thy life, Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee r That which in meane men we intitle patience Is pale coldeowardice in noble brefts: What shall I say, to fafegard thine owne life, The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heavens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his fight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift
An angry arms against his Minister.

Din. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe & Gan. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.
Thou go'ft to Couentrie, there to behold
Out Cofine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O fit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coline Herford:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wise
With her companion Greese, must end her life.
Gau. Sifter farewell: I must to Couentree,

As much good flay with thee, as go with mee.

Dat. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it
Not with the empte hollownee, but weight: (falls,
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For forrow ends not, when it feemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmand Tarke.
Loe, this is all; nay, yet depart not fo,
Though this beall, do not fo quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.
Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke thete fee
But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vnttoden stones?

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To feeke out forrow, that dwels every where:
Defolase, defolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exempt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. Anmerle, is Harry Herford arm'd.

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, sprightfully and bold,

Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepared, and stay

For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flouris.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Ar.
mor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion The cause of his arrivall heere in Armes, Aske him his name, and orderly proceed To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings. (29 who \$ art, And why thou com'ft thus knightly clad in Armes? A gainft what man thou com'ft, and what's thy quarrell, Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath, As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Tho. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, Who hither comes engaged by my oath (Which heaven defend a knight should violate) Both to defend my loyalty and truth, To God, my King, and his succeeding issue, Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales met And by the grace of God, and this mine arme, To prove him (in defending of my selfe) A Traitor to my God, my King, and me, And as I truly fight, desend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.
Rich. Marthall: Aske yonder Knight in Atmes,
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 lustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comft 9 hither Before King Rechard in his Royall Lifts? Against whom com's thou? and what's thy quarrell? Speake like a true Koight, so defend thee heauen.

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour)
In Lifts, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitot 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 person be so bold, Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes, Except the Marshall, and such Officers Appointed to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soucraigns hand, And bow my knee before his Maiestie: For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men, That you a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then

Then let vs take a ceremonious leave
And louing fartvell of out feuerall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes, And craves to kille your hand, and take his leave.

Rieb. We will defeend, and fold him in our armes.
Colin of Herford, as thy cause is suft,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Fareweil, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare For me, if I be got'd with Mowbrages speare: As confident, as is the Falcons flight Againft a bird, do I with Mowbray fight. My louing Lord, I take my leave of you, Of you (niy Noble Cofin) Lord samerle; Not ficke, although I have to do with death, But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath Loc, as at English Feasts, so I regreete The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet. Oli thou the earthy author of my blood, Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate, Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp To reach at victory about my head, Adde proofe voto mine Armour with thy prayres, And with thy blessings seele my Lances point, That it may enter Mowbrages waxen Coate, And furnish new the name of lohn a Gaunt, Euen in the lufty haujour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee ptospirous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. George to thrive.

Mor. How ever heaven or fortune cashiny lot,
There lives, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyall, just, and vpright Gentlemant
Never did Captine with a freet heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Adversarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres.
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to lest,

GoI to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breft.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, fecurely I efpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby, Receive thy Launce, and heaven defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I ery Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

1. Har. Harry of Herford, Lancafer, and Derbis,
Stands heere for God, his Souerasgne, and himfelfe,
On paine to be found falfe, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Moubray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,

And dares him to fet forwards to the fight.

2. Har. Here standeth Tho: Mombray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falle and recream,
Both to defend himselse, and to approve
Henry of Hersard, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Sourraigne, and to him distoyalla
Couragiously, and with a free desire

Attending but the fignall to begun. A charge founds
Mer. Sound Teumpeta, and fet forward Combassite
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder dovine.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Spearer And both returne backe to their Chaires againe: Withdraw with vs. and let the Trumpets found, While we returne their Dukes what we decree.

A long Flouryb.

Draw neere and lift
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath softered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil! wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd vp with boy strous vneun'd drummes.
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And gracing shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Herford, v, on paine of death,
Till twice suc Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be, That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me: And those his golden beames to you heere lent, Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heaver dombe, Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce. The slye flow houres shall not determinate. The datelesse limit of thy deere easile: The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne. Breath I against thee, upon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy fentence, my most Soueraigne Liege, And all valook'd for from your Highoesic mouth: A deerer merit, not fo deepe a maime, As to be cast forth in the common ayre Haue I deserved at your Highnesse hands. The Language I have learn'd thefe forty yeares (My native English) now I must forgo, And now my tongues vie is to me no more, Then an vnftringed Vyall, or a Harpe, Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp. Or being open, put imo his hands That knowes no touch to tone the harmony. Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue, Doubly percullift with my teeth and lippes, And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance, Is made my Gaoler to attend on me : I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse, Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now: What is thy fentence then, but speechlesse death, Which robsmy tongue from breatling native breath? Rich It boots thee not to be compassionate,

After our fentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries ligh

To dwell in foleme (hades of endleffe night, Ru. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee, Lay on our Royall (word, your banisht bands; Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven (Our part therein we banish with your felaes)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You were shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others ione in banishment,
Not ever looke you neach others face,

Nor

Not euer write, regreete, or reconcile This lowring tempelt of your home-bred hate, Nor ever by advised purpose meete, To plat, contriue, or complot any ill, Gainst Vs. our State, out Subjects, or our Land. Bull. I Sweate.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemie, By this time (had the King permitted vs) One of our foules had wandred in the ayre, Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh, As now our flells is banish'd from this Land. Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme, Since thou haft faire to go, beare not along The clogging burthen of a guilty foule.

Mow. No Bullingbroke: If ever I were Traitor, My name be blotted from the booke of Life, And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know, And all too foone (I feate) the King shall rue Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray, Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. Exit.

Rich. Vicle, even in the glaffes of thine eyes I fee thy greened heart : thy fad afpect, Hath from the number of his banith'd yeares Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters Spent, Returne with welcome home, from banishment:

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word: Fourelagging Winters, and foure wanton (prings End in a word, fuch is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me He shortens source yeares of my sonnes exile : But little vantage shall I reape thereby. For eac the fixe yeares that he hath to fpend Can change their Moones, and bring their times about, My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night: My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done, And blindfold death, not let me fee my fonne.

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to line. Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give; Shorten my dayes thou canft with fudden forow, And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow: Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age, But ftop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage: Thy word is current with him, for my death, But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Rie. Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice, Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue, Why at our Juftice feem'ft thou then to lowre?

Gan. Things sweet to tall, proue in digestion sowre: Youvrg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather you would have bid me argue like a Father. Alas, I look'd when some of you should fay, I was too frict to make mine owne away: But you gave leave to my vnwilling tong, Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong. Rich, Cofine sarewell; and Vncle bid him for

Six yeares we banish him, and be shall go. Exit. Flourish.

Au. Cofine farewell: what presence must not know From where you do remaine, let paper show. Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride As farre as land will let me, by your fide.

Cause. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,

That thou returnft no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you When the tongues office should be prodigall, To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gan. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time. Bull. loy absent, greese is present for that time. Gau. What is fixe Winters, they are quickely gone? Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten. Gan. Call it a trauell that thou tak'ft for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will figh, when I miscall it so, Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Can. The fullen passage of thy weary steppes Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou are to see The precious lewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand By thinking on the froftie Caucafus? Or cloy the bungry edge of appetite, by bare imagination of a Feaft? Or Wallow naked in December Inow by thinking on fantaflicke fummers heate? Oh no, the apprehension of the good Gives but the greater feeling to the worfe : Fell forrowes tooth, doth ever ranckle more Then when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gan. Come, come (my fon) He bring thee on thy way Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: fweet foil adieu, My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet: Where ere I wander, boaft of this I can, Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot. Rich. We did obserue. Cofine Anmerle, How far brought you high Herford on his way? Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him fo) but to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting rears were shed: Aum. Faithnone for me; except the Northeast wind Which then grew bitterly against our face, Awak'd the fleepie rhewme, and fo by chance Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What faid our Colin when you parted with him? An. Farewell: and for my hart diffained y my tongue Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft To counterfest oppression of such greete, That word feem'd butied in my forrowes graue. Marry, would the word Farwell, have lengthen'd boutes, And added yeeres to his short banshment, He should have had a volume of Farwels. but fince it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cofin (Cofin) but 'tis doube, When time shall call him home from banishments Whether our kiniman come to fee his friends, Our selfe, and Bushy : heere Bagos and Green Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people > How he did feeme to dive into their hearts, With hamble, and familiat courtefie, What reuerence he did throw away on flaues: Wooing poore Craftel-men, with the craft of foules, And patient under-bearing of his Fortune, As twere to banish their affects with him. Off goes his bonnet to an Oyfer-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjectenest degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts in Now for the Rebels, which fland out in Ireland, Expedient manage must be made my Liege. Ere further leyfure, yeard them surther meanes. For their advantage, and your Highnesse losse.

For their advantage, and your Highnesse losse.

Rie. We will our selse m person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are insort'd to farme our royall Reasme,
The Revennew whereof shall funish va
For our estayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Euter Bushy,

Bushy, what newes?

"Bu. Old John of Guint is verie fieke my Lord. Sodainly taken, and hath fent polt halfe To entreat your Maiefly to visit him.

Rie. Where lyzs he? Bu. At Ely house.

Rir. Now put it (heaven) in his Phylitians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coares
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heaven we may make hast, and come too late. Exm.

Adus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gount, ficke with Torke.

Gas. Will the King come, that I may breath my last In wholfome counfell to his vostated youth? Yor. Vea not your felfe, nor strive not with your breth,

For all in vaine comes counfell to his care

Gass. Oh but (they fay) the tongues of dying men Inforce attention like deepe harniony; Where words are scarse, they are seldome spens in vaine, For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine. He that no innore must say, is listen'd more, Then they whom youth and ease have taughs to glose, More are mens ends marks, then their lives before, The fetting Sun, and Musicke is the close As the last taste of sweeters, is sweetest last. Writting membrance, more then things long past; Though Richard my lives counsell would not heare, My deaths sad tale, may yet vindease his eare.

Tor. No, it is flopt with other flatt'ring founds. As praifes of his flate: then there are found Laterinous Meeters, to whose venom found. The open care of youth doth alwayes listen. Report of faithions in proud Italy, Whose manners still our cardie apish Nation.

Limper after in bafe imitation.

So it be new, there's no respect how vile, That is not quickly buz'd into his extes ? That all too late comes councell to be beard, Where will doth mutiny with with regard: Direct not him, whole way himselfe will choose, Tis breath thon lackft, and that breath wile thou longe Cause. Methinkes I am a Prophet new inspit And thus expiring, do foretell of him, His rash herce bleze of Ryot cannot last, For violent fires soone burne out themselves, Sniall (howres last long, but fodame flormes are shore. He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes; With eager feeding, food doth thoake the feeder: Light vanity, infatiate curmorant, Confuming meanes soone preyes upon it selfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred life, This earth of Maiefly, this seece of Mars, This other Eden, demy paradife, This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe, Against insection, and the hand of warre : This happy breed of men, this little world. This precious flone, fet in the filuer fea, Which ferues it in the office of a wall, Or as a Monte defensive to a house, Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands, This bleffed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England, This Nurse, this reeming wombe of Royall Kings, Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth. Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home, For Christian service, and true Chivalrie, As is the Sepulcher in Hubborne lury Of the Worlds ransome, bleffed Maries Sonne. This Land of fuch decre foules, this deere-deere Land. Deere for her reputation through the world, Is now Less'd out (I dye pronouncing it) Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.

Where doth the world thruft forth a vanity,

Enter King, Queene Azmerle, Bufty, Greene,
Runger, Ros, and Willoughby.

Tor The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being 123'd do rage the more,
Qu. How fares our noble Vincle Lancaster?

Ri. What comfort man? How iff with aged Gount?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old Gauser indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedous fish,
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For fleeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers seede upon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gauntam I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

England bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious siedge Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame, With Inky blocces, and totten Perchment bonds.

Ahl would the foundall vanish with my life,

How happy then were my enfuing death?

That England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.

Ric. Can fieke men play fo nicely with their names?

Gus. No, milery makes sport to mocke it selfe:
Since thou doft seeke to kill my name in mcc,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee
Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Cau. No, no, men living flattet those that dye. Rich. Thounows dying, fayit thou flatter'ff me.

Can Ohno, thou dyell, though I the ficker be. Rich. Iam in health, I breath, I fee thee ill.

Can. Now he that made me, knowes I fee thee ill: Ill in my felfe to fee, and in thee, feeing ill, Thy death-bed is no leffer then the Land, Wherein thou lyelt in reputation ficke, And thou too care-leffe patient as thou art, Commit's thy anointed body to the cure Of those Physicians, that first wounded thee. A thousand flatterers fit within thy Cowne. Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head, And yet ineaged in fo Small a Verge, The waste is no whic lesser then thy Land : Oh had thy Grandlire with a Prophets eye, Seene how his fonnes fonne, fhould deftroy his fonnes, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame, Depofing thee before thou wert pollett, Which are pollelt now to depole thy felfe. Why (Cofine) were thou Regent of the world, It were a shame to let his Land by lease: But for thy world enjoying but this Land, Is it not more then shame, to shame it so? Landlord of England are thou, and not King: Thy stare of Law, is bondstaue to the law,

And-Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole, Prefuming on an Agues primledge, Dar'R with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood With fury, from his native relidence Now by my Seates right Royall Maichie, Wer't thou not Brother to great Edwards fonne, This tongue that runs foroundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy voreverent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards some, For that I was his Father Edwards fonne : That blood already (like the Pellican) Thou haft capt out, and drunkenly carows'd My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning foule Whom faire befall in heaven mongst happy soules) May be a prefident, and witneffe good, That thou respect it not spilling Edwards blood 1 loyne with the present ficknesse that I have, And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age, To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre, Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee, These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee, Convey me to my bed, then to my grave, Loue they to liue, that love and bonor have. Exil

Rich And let them dye, that age and fullens have, For both hast thou, and both become the graue. Tor. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words To wayward ficklineffe, and age in him : He loves you on my life, and holds you deere As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

Rich. Right, you say true : as Herfords love, so his ; As cheirs, so mine : and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor My Liege, olde Gaunt commends him to your Moreflie.

Rich. What fayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is faid: His congue is now a firinglesse instrument, Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yer. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt fo,

Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Rich. The ripefl fruit first fals, and so doth he, His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be: So much for that, Now for our Irish warrer We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes. Which live like venom, where no venom else But onely they, have priviledge to live. And for thele great affayrer do aske forme charge Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs The place, coine, revennewes, and moueables, Whereof our Vnele Gaum did fland poffell.

Tor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long Shall tender dutie make me fuffer wrong? Not Gloufters death, nor Herfords banishment, Nor Gauntes rebukes, not Englands private wrongs, Nor the prevention of poore Bullingbrooks, About his marriage, nor my owne diffrace Haue ever made me fowre my pasient checke, Or bend one wrinckle oo my Sourraignes face: I am the last of noble Edwards fonnes, Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firft, In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce: In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde, Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman. His face thou hall, for even fo look'd he Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers: But when he frown'd, it was against the French, And not against his friends: his noble hand Did win what he did spend : and spene not that Which his triumphant fathers hand had won: His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood, Bur bloody with the enemies of his kinne: On Richard, Torke is too farre gone with greefe, Or elle he neuer would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Vocle, What's the matter?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleafe, if not I pleas'd nor to be pardon'd, am content with all: Seeke you to feize, and gripe into your hands The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford ? Is not Gauss dead? and doth not Herford live? Was not Gannt juft? and is not Harry true? Did not the one deferue to have an heyre? Is not his heyre a well-deferving fonne? Take Herfords rights away, and take from time His Charters, and his cultomerie rights: Let not to morrow then infue to day, Be not thy felfe. For how art thou a King But by faire lequence and fuccession? Now afore God, God forbid ! fay true, If you do wrongfully leize Herfords right, Call in his Letters Parents that he hath By his Attumeyes generall, to fue His Liverie, and denie his offer'd homage, You plucke a chousand dangers on your head, You looke a thouland well-disposed hearts, And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Rie. Thinke what you will : we seile into our hands, His place, his goods, his money, and his lands. Tor. He not be by the while: My Liege fatewell, c 3

What will enfue heereof, there a none can tell. But by bad cou fes may be understood, That their euents can neuer fall out good, Kich. Go Bufbie to the Earle of Wilifber Reighe. Bid him repaire to ve to Ely house, To fee this businelle . to motion next We will for Ireland, and tis time, I trow . And we create in ablence of our lelfe Our Vncle Yorke, Lotel Governor of England: For he is suff, and alwayes loud va well Come on our Queer e, to morrow must we part, Be merry, for our time of flav is fhort.

Manet North. Willoughby. & Rof Nor Well Lords, the Duke of Lancafter is dead. Rof. And living too, for now his forme is Duke. Wil Barely in title, not in revennew Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right. Koff My heatt is great : but it must break with filence, Er's be disburthen d with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind. & let him ne'r speak more That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Fil Tends that thou dif speake to th Du. of Hereford,

If it be fo, out with it boldly man, Quicke is mine ease to heare of good towards him

Roff. No good at all that I can do for him, Vnleffe you call it good to pitie him, Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Ner. Now afore heaven, 'tis fhame luch wrongs are

borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe Of noble blood in this declining Land; The King is not himselfe, but balely led By Flatterers, and what they will informe Meerely in hace 'gainst any of vs all, That will the King feuerely profecute Gzinst vs, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Ref. The Commons harh he pill d with greenous taxes. And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde For ancient quarrels, and quite loft their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are denis'd, As blankes, beneuolences, and I wornot what: But what o'Gods name doch become of this?

Nor. Wars hathnot walled it, for war'd lie bath not. But basely yeelded upon comprimize, That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes a

More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.
Rof. The Earle of Willshire hath the realme in Farme. Wil. The Kings growne bankrupe like a broken man. Nor. Reproach, and diffolution hangeth over him.

Rof. He hach not monie for these Irish warres: (His burthenous tazations not with flanding)

But by the robbing of the banish d Duke. Nor. His noble Kinfman, most degenerate King: But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeft fing, Yet leeke no shelter to avoid the storme: We fee the winde hi fore upon out failes, And yet we strike not, but securely perish

Rof. We lee the very wracke that we must fuffer, And vnauoyded is the danger now For luffering to the caules of our wracke.

Nor. Not fo : even through the hollow eyes of death, I face life peering : but I date not fay How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs Thate thy thoughts, as thou doft outs Rof. Be confident to speake Northumberland, Ne three, are but thy felfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold Nor. Then thus I have from Port & Blan A Bay iti Britaine, receiv d intelligence, That Harry Duke of Herford, R mald Lord cobbone That late broke from the Duke of Extrer, His brother Archbishop, late of Camerbury, Sis Thomas Expingham, Sis John Kainflon, Sit John Norberie, Sit Robert Waterion, & Francis Quern All these well furnish d by the Duke of Britains. With eight tall thips, three thousand men of warre Are making hither with all due expedience, And shortly means to touch our Northerne shore I Perhaps they had ere this, but that they flay The first departing of the King for Ireland. If then we shall shake off our flausth youke. Impe out out dronping Countries broken wing, Redeenie from broaking pawne the blemish & Crowne Wipe of the duft that hides our Scepters gile, And make high Maieftie looke like it felle, Away with ine in pulleto Rausnipurgh, But if you faint, as fearing to do fo, Stay, and be feeret, and my felfe will go. Rof. To horse, to horse, vige doubts to them & fear wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Scena Secunda.

ENGUNE.

Enter Queene, Rufny, and Bagon. Bush. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad. You promis'd when you parted with the King. To lay afide felfe-harming heavineffe, And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. Toplezie me King, I did toplezse my selse I cannot do it : yet I know no cause Why I should welcome such a guest as greele, Sauc bidding farewell to fo fweet a guest As my lwcer Richard; yet againe me thinkes, Some unborne lorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe Is comming towards me, and my inward foule With nothing trembles, at fomething it greenes, More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a greefe hash twenty shadow Which shewes like greefe it lelfe, but is not so: For forrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares. Divides one thing intire, to many objects, Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd vpon Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry, Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie Looking awry vpon your Lords departure, Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waite, Which look'd on as it is, is naught bur shadowes 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 falle forrowes eie, Which for things true, weepe things imaginary,

Qu. It may be fo : but yet my inward foule Perswades me it is otherwise : how ere 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 shrinke. Bufb. Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing leffe: conceit Is still deriv'd From some fore-father greese, mine is not so, For nothing hath begot my something greese, Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue, Tis in reversion that I do possess.

But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree, Heaven faueyour Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland. (men:

Qu Why hop'ft thou for Tis better hope he is t For his delignes craue hast, his hast good hope, Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. Thathe our hope, might have retyr'd his power, and driven into dispaire an enemies hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this Land. The banish'd Bulling broke repeales himselfe, And with up-listed Armes is safe arsiu'd

At Rauenspurg.
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tistoo true: and that is worfe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong fonne Henru Percis,
The Lords of Roffe, Beaumond, and Willongbby,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bush Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland And the reft of the revolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester Hath broke his staffe, refigned his Stewardship, And al the houshold servants sted with him to Bullin brock

Qn. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe, And Bullinbrooke my fortower difmall heyre:
Now hath my foule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new deliucted mother,
Haue woe to woe, fortow to fortow loyn'd.

Bufs. Dispaire not Madam.
Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enmitte
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolute the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Tarke

Gre. Heere enmesthe Duke of Yorke.

Qw. With fignes of warreabout his aged nerke, Oh full of carefull bufineffe are his lookes: Vncle, for heavens take (peake comfortable words:

Vor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth, Where nothing lives but croffes, care and greefe in Your husband he is gone to fave farre off, Whilf others come to make him loofe at home? Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land, Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe. Now comes the ficke houre that his surfet made, Now shall he try his friends that slattered him.

Enter a ferwant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why so: go all which way it will.

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I fear revolt on Herfords side.

Sirea, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring

Ser My Lord, I had forgot To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there, But I shall greeue you to report the rest.

Tor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Durcheffe di'de. Yor. Heav'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 heaven (So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it) The King had cut off my head with my brothers. What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland? How shall we do for money for these warres? Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me. Go fellow, get thee home, poouide some Carts, And bring away the Armour that is there. Gentlemen, will you muster men? If I know how, or which way so order these affaires Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinsmen, Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath And dutie bids defend : th'other againe Is my kiniman, whom the King bath wrong'd, Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right: Well, fomewhat we must do : Come Cozen, Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men, And meet me presently at Barkley Castles I should to Plashy too: but time will not permit. All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at fix and feuen. Exit

Bufb. The winde firs faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leavy power
Proportionable to thenemy, is all impossible.

Gr. Befides our neeseneffe to the King In love, Is neere the hate of those love not the King.

Ba And that's the wavering Commons, for theirloue Lies in their purfes, and who so empties them, By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate,

Bufh. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd Bag. If judgement lye in them, then so do we, Because we have beene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,

The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadic there.

Bulh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,

Except like Currey to rease wall in precess.

Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to reare vs all in peeces?
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No. I will to Iteland to his Maiestie:

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Matelite:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu r shall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back Bullinbroke
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes
Is numbring fands, and drinking Oceans drie.
Where one on his fide fights, thoulands will flye.
Bulb. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Buft. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and e Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Exit.

Scana Tertia.

Enser the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Betkley now?
Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord.
I am a ftranger heere in Glouftershire,
These high wilde hilles, and rough vineeuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them weartsomes
And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,

Mak in

Making the hard way fweet and delecable i But I bethinke me, what a weatie way From Rauenspurgh to Cottshold will be found, In Roffe and Willoughby, wanting your companie, Which I proteft hath very much beguild The tedioulnelle, and procelle of my trauelli But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have The present benefit that I possesse; And hope to soy, is little leffe in soy. Then hope entoy'd: By this, the wearie Lords Shall make their way feeme short, as mine hath done, By fight of what I have, your Noble Companie. Bull. Of much leffe value is my Companie.

Then your good words: but who comes here Enter H. Peren.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percue, Sehr from my Brother Worcefter , Whence foeuer. Harry, how fates your Vnckle?

Percee. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd bis

health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene? Perce. No, my good Lord, he hath for look the Court, Broken his Staffe of Office, and dispers The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not fo refolu'd, when we last spake together. Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor. But hee, my Lord, Is gone to Rauenspurgh, To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, And sent me over by Barkely, to discover What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there, Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh. North, Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot Which ne're I did temember : to my knowledge, I never in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my feruice, Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme To more approved feruice, and defert,

Bell. I thanke thee gentle Percue, and be fure

I count my felfe in nothing elfe fo happy, Asin a Soule remembring my good Friends: And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue, It shall be still thy true Loues recompence, My Heart this Covenant makes, my Hand thus feales it.

North. How faire is it to Barkely? and what flirre Keepes good old Torke there with his Men of Warre? Percie. There stands the Castle, by youd tust of Trees, Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard, And in it are the Lords of Torke, Barkely, and Soymor,

None elfe of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.
North. Here come the Lords of Rosse and Willowghby, Bloody with spurring, fierie red with hafte.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wor your love pursues A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie Is yet but vafelt thankes, which more enrich'd, Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Roff. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord, Willo. And farre furmounes our labour to attaine it. Bull. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,

Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres, Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here? Enter Bobdy

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghelle. Bot, My Lord of Hereford, my Meffage is to you. Bull. My Lord, my Answere is to Lancafter, And I am come to leeke that Name in England, And I mult finde that Title in your Tongue, Before I make reply to aught you lay.

Bok. Miftake me nor, my Lord, tis not my meaning To raze one Title of your Honor out. To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will) From the most glorious of this Land. The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on To take advantage of the absent time, And fright our Native Peace with felfe-borne Armer. Emm Yoke.

Bull. I Chall not need transport my words by you. Here comes his Grace in Person My Noble Vnckle. Tork. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whole dutie is decemable, and falle,

Ball My gracious Vnckle.

Tork. Tut, tut Grace me no Grace, not Vnckle me, I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace, In an vngracious mouth, is but prophene. Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges, Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground & But more then why, why have they dar'd to march So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome, Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre, And oftentation of despiled Armes? Com'fl thou because th'anoyated King is hence? Why foolish Boy, the King is lest behind, And in my loyal Bosome lyes his power. Were I but now the Lord of fuch hot youth, As when brave Gaunt, thy Father, and my felfe Rescued the Black Prince that yong Mars of men, From forth the Rankes of many thousand French ; Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine, Now Priloner to the Palfie, chaftife thee. And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnekle, let me know my Fault, On what Condition flands it, and wherein?

York Even in Condition of the worlt degree, In groffe Rebellion, and detefted Treason: Thou are a banish'd man, and here are come Before th'expiration of thy time, In braving Atmes against thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was bantih'd, I was banish'd Horeford, But as I come, I come for Lancafter And Noble Vnckle, I befeech your Grace Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye: You are my Father, for me chinkes in you I fee old Gamt alive. Oh then my Father, Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away To vpftart Vnthrifts ! Wherefore was I borne ! If that my Coulin King, be King of England, It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster. You have a Sonne, Aumerie, my Noble Kiniman, Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe, He should have found his Vnckle Gaver a Father, To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay. I am denyde to fue my Liverie bere, And yet my Letters Parents give me leave: My Fathers goods are all diffraynd and fold, And thefe, and all, are all amille imployd.

Y has

What would you have me doe? I am a Subiet, And chaltenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me; And therefore personally I by my claime Tomy Inheritance of free Discent.

Morth. The Noble Duke bath been too much abus'd. Roff. It Rands your Grace vpon, to doe him right. Willo. Basamen by his endowments are made great. Tork, My Lords of England, let me tell you this,

I have had feeling of my Cofens Wrongs, And labour'd all I could to doe bim right : But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes, Be his owne Caruer, 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 sworne his comming is But for his owne; and for the right of that, Wee all have frongly sworne to give him ayd, And les him neu't fee Toy, that breakes that Oathe

Tork, Well, well, I fee the iffue of theie Armes, I cannot mend ir, I must needes consesse, But if I could, by him that gaue me life, i would attach you all, and make you floope Vnto the Soucraigne Mercy of the King. But fince I cannot, be it knowne to you, I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well, Valeffe you please to enter in the Calile, And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:

But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs To Bristow Cassle, which they say is held By Bufbie, Bagot, and their Complices, The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth, Which I have sworne to weed, and plucke away.

Tark, It may be I will go with you: but yet lle pawle, For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes: Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are, Things past redresse, are now with me past care. Exercis.

Scæns Quarta.

Emer Selisbury, and a Capacine.

Copt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have fleyd ten dayes, And hardly kept our Countreymen together, And yet we heare no tidings from the King; Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewell. Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trushe Welchman,

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not flay; The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd, And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven; The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth, And leane-look'd Prophets whilper fearefull change; Rich men looke fad, and Ruffians dance and lespe, The one in feare, to loofe what they enioy, The other to enloy by Rage, and Warret Thefe fignes fore-run the death of Kings, Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled As well affor'd Richard their King is dead. Exit.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heavie mind, I fee thy Glory, like a shooting Starre, Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament: Thy Sunne fets weeping in the lowly West, Witnesling Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest: Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes, And croffely to thy good, all fortune goes.

Allus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Torke, Northumberland, Roffe, Percie, Willowghby, with Buffree and Greens Prifoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men: Bufbie and Greene, I will not vex your foules, (Since prefently your foules must part your bodies) With too much veging your pernitious lives, For twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood From off my hands, here in the view of men. I will unfold some causes of your deaths. You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King. A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments. By you rnhappied, and disfigur'd cleane: You have in manner with your finfull houres Made a Dinorce betwixt his Queene and him, Broke the possession of a Royali Bed, And flayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes, With teares drawn fro her eyes, with your foule wrongs. My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth, Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue, Till you did make him mif-interprete me. Haue floopt my neck vnder your iniuries, And figh'd my Enghish breath in forraine Clouds, Eating the bitter bread of banishment; While you have fed vpon my Seignories, Dif-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods; From mine owne Windowes tome my Household Cost, Raz'dout my Impresse, leaving me no signe, Save mens opinious, and niy living blood, To shew the World I am a Gentleman. This, and much more, much more than twice all this, Condemnes you to the death: fee shem delivered over To execution, and the hand of death.

Bufbie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me, Then Bullingbrooks to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our foules,

And plague Iniuffice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd: Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House. For Heavens sake sairely let her be entreated, Tell her I fend to her my kind commends; Take speciall care my Greetings be deliver'd.

Tork. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,

To fight with Glendoure, and his Complices; A while to worke, and after holliday.

EXCHIL

Scana

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourist, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Anmerie, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle tall you this at hand? An. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre, After your late coffing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must like it well: I weepe for loy To thend upon my Kingdoine once againe. Deere Earth, I doe falute thee with my hand, Though Rebels wound thee with their Horles hoofes: As a long parted Mother with her Child, Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting; So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth, And dor thee favor with my Royall hands. Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth, Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his ravenous sence: But let thy Spiders, that fuck vp thy Venome, And heavie-gated Toades lye in their way, Doing annoyance to the trucherous feete, Which with vsurping steps doctrample thee. Yeeld flinging Neccles to mine Enerales, And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower Guerd it I prethee with a lurking Adder, Whole double tongue may with a mortall touch Throw death upon thy Soueraignes Enemies. Mock not my sencelesse Consuration, Lords; This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native King Shall falter under foule Rebellious Armer.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you king Hath power to keepe you King, in spight of all.

Aum. Hemeanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,

Whileft Bullingbrooke through our fecuritie, Growes flrong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,

That when the fearthing Eye of Heauen is hid Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World, Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene, In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here: But when from under this Terreffriall Ball Helires the prowd tops of the Eafterne Pines, And darts his Lightning through eury guiltic hole, Then Morthers, Treasons, and detested linnes (The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backr) Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves. So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bulling brode, Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night, Shall seevs rising in our Throne, the East, His Treasons will six blushing in his face, Not able to endure the light of Day; But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne. Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King; The breath of worldly men cannot depose The Deputie elected by the Lord: For every man that Bulling brooks hath preft, To lift fhrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,

Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious Angell : then if Angels fight,
Weake men mult fall, for Heaven full guards the right, Enter Salubury

Welcome my Lord, how farre of lyes your Power? Salub. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord, Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue, And bids me speake of nothing but despaire.
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord) Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth! Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne, And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men: To day, to day, vnhappie day too late Orethrowes thy loyer, Friends, Fortune, and thy State; For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead, Are gone to Bullingbrowd adilperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace fo

pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men Did triumph in my face, and they are fled, And till fo much blood thinher come againe, Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead? All Soules that will be fafe, flye from my fide, For Time hath fet a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Coinfort my Liege, temember who you ere.
Rich. I had forgot my felfe. Am I not King? Awake then fluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest: Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names? Arme, arme my Name: a punie subie & strikes At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground, Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high: High be out thoughts: I know my Vnckle Torks Harh Power enough to ferue our turne. But who comes here a Enter Scroope

Scroope. More health and happinelle beude my Liege, Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar J: The world is worldly loffe, thou canfl vnfold: Say, Ising Kingdome loft? why 'twas my Care: And what loffe is it to be rid of Care? Strives Bullingbrooke to be 21 Great as wee ? Greater he shall not be: If hec serve God, Wee'l serve him too, and be his Fellow so. Revolt our Subjects? Ilust we cannot mend, They breake their Faith to God as well as vs : Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay, The worst is Death, and Death will have his day

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnelle is lo arm'd To beare the tidings of Calamitie. Like an vnleasonable flormie day, Which make the Silver Rivers drowne their Shores, As if the World were all dislou'd to seares; So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rag Of Bullingbrooks, coueting your fearefull Land With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele: White Beares have arm'd their thin and haireleffe Scalps Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces, Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints In stiffe viwieldie Armes : against thy Crowne Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes Of double fatall Eugha against thy State Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills: Against thy Seat both young and old rebell, And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well too well thou tell'it a Tale foilL Where is the Earle of Wilchitel where is Baget? What is become of Bufbie? where is Greene?

That

That they have let the dangerous Enemie Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps? If we preusile, their heads shall pay for it. I warrant they have made peace with Bullingbrooke.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my

Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption, Dogges, easily woon to fawne on any man, Snakes irrmy heart blood warm'd, that fling my heart, Three Iudalies, each one thrice worle then luda, Would they make peaced terrible Hell make warre Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (1 fee) changing his propertie, Turnes to the fowrest, and most deadly hate: Againe vncurfe their Soules; their peace is made With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand, And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. 18 Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wileshire

Scroope. Yes all of them at Bristow lost their heads. Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power? Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake: Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs, Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth. Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills: And yet not fo; for what can we bequeath, Saue our deposed bodies to the ground? Our Lands, our Lives, and all are Bullingbrookes, And nothing can we call our owne, but Death, And that small Modell of the barren Earth, Which ferues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones : For Heavens (ake let vs fit vpon the ground, And tell fad flories of the death of Kings: How some haue been depos'd, some saine in warre, Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd, Some poylon'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd, All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne That rounds the mortall Temples of a King, Keepes 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, be fear'd, and kill with lookes, Infuling him with felle and vaine conceit, As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life, Were Braffe impregnable: and humor'd thus, Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne Bores through his Caftle Walls, and farwell King. Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect, Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie, For you have but mistooke me all this while : I live with Bread like you, feele Want, Talle Griele, need Friends: lubieded thus, How can you fay to me, I am a King? Carl. My Lord, wife men ne're waile their prefent woes, But presently present the wayes to waile:

To feare the Foe, linee feare oppresseth ftrength, Gives in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe; Feare, and be flaine, no worfe can come to fight,

And fight and die, is death destroying death, Where fearing, dying, payes death feruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,

And learne to make a Body of a Limbe. Rich. Thou chid R me well: proud Bulingbrooks I come

To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome, This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne, An eafic taske it is to winne our owne. Say Scroope, where Iyes our Vnckle with his Power?

Speake (weetly man, although thy lookes be fource,
Scroope, Men judge by the complexion of the Skie The flare and inclination of the day So may you by my dull and heavie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to lay: I play the Totturer, by small and small To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken. Your Vnckle Torke is toyn'd with Builing brooke, And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp, And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes

Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thouhaft faid enough. Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me south Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire: What fay you now? What comfort have we now? By Heaven Ile hate him everlastingly, That bids me be of comfort any more. Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away, A King, Woes flaue, shall Kingly Woe obey: That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow, For I haue none. Let no man speake againe To alter this, for counsaile 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: ler them hence away, From Richards Night, to Bullengbrookes faire Day.

Scana Tertia.

Enter with Draws and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Torke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury, Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed With some few private friends, vpon this Coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord, Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head

Tork. It would besceme the Lord Northumberland, To fay King Richard: alack the heavie day. When such a facred King should hide his head.

North. Your Gracemistakes: onely to be briefe, Left I his Title out.

Tork. The time hath beene, Would you have beene to briefe with him, he would Have beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,

For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should. Tork. Takenot (good Coulin) farther then you thould. Least you mistake the Heavens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and opposenot my selfe Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie.

Welcome Harry: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord, Against thy entrance.

BUR Roy.

Bull. Royally t Why, it containes no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containes a King: King Riebard lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Anmerke, Lord Salubury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reurence; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

BKA. Noble Lord, Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caffle, Through Brazen Trumpet fend the breath of Parle Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver : Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiffe
King Richards hand, and fends allegeance
And true faith of heatt to his Royall Person: hither come Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power, Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd, And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted: If not, He vie th'advantage of my Power, And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood, Rayn d from the wounds of flaughter'd Englishmen; The which, how farre off from the mind of Bulling brooks It is, fuch Crimson Tempest should bedrench The fresh greene Lap of faire King Richards Land, hey stooping dutie tenderly shall shew. Goe fignific as much, while here we march Vpon the Graffie Carpet of this Plaine: Let's march without the noyle of threatning 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 lesse terror then the Elements Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen: Be he the fire, le be the yeelding Water; The Rage be his while on the Earth I raine My Waters on the Earth, and not on him. March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish. Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Saladoure.

Saladury.

See See, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bene
To dimme his glory, and to staine the track
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Tork Yetlookes he like a King: behold his Eye

Tort: Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Ey (As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth Controlling Msiestie: alack, slack, for woe, That any harme should staine so faire a shew

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long have we flood
To watch the fearcfull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy loynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to out presence?
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismis'd vs siom our Stewardship,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse ho doe prophase, steale, or viurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet unborne, and anbegot.
That lift your Vassall Handa against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every stride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treasont He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warres,
But ere the Crowne he lookes for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King Should so with civill and vncivill Armes Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin, Harry Bulling brooks, doch humbly kille thy hand, And by the Honorable Tombehe (weares, That Hands upon your Royall Grandfires Bones, And by the Royalties of both your Bloods, (Currents that spring from one most gracious Head) And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt, And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe, Comprising all that may be sworne, or said, His comming hither hath no further scope, Then for his Lineall Royalries, and to begge Infranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy Royall partie graumed once, His glittering Armes he will commend to Ruft, His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart To faithfull service of your Maiestie: This fweares he as he is a Prince, is just, And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich Northumberland, say thus: The King returnes, His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither, And all the number of his faire demands Shall be accomplished without contradiction: With all the gracious viterance thou hash, Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends. We doe debase out self-(Cousin) doe we not, To looke so pootely, and so speake so faite? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send. Desiance to the Traytor, and so die?

Ann. No. good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banithment
On yond prowd man, should take it off againe
With words of footh: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now:
Swell'st thou prowd heart? He give thee scope to beat,
Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke.

Ruch. What must the King doe now: must be submits
The King shall doe it: Must be be deposed.
The King shall be contented: Must be loose.
The Name of King I o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile gine my lewels for a fett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Appartell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur d Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subjects, for a payre of carued Saints, And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave, A little little Graue, an obscure Graue. Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way, Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet May howrely trample on their Soucraignes Head: For on my heart they tread now, whilest I live; And buryed once, why not vpon my Head? Aumerle, thou weep's (my tender-hearted Cousin) Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares: Our fighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne, And make a Dearth in this revolting Land. Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes, And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares? As thus : to drop them still vpon one place, Till they have fretted vs a payre of Graves, Within the Earth: and therein lay'd there lyes Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes? Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I fee I talke but idly, and you mock at mee, Most mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland, What fayes King Bullingbrooke? Will his Maiestie Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?

You make a Legge, and Bullingbrooke fayes I.

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like gliss ring Phaston,
Wanting the manage of varuly Iades,

In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base, To come at Traytors Calls, and doethem Grace. In the base Court come down: down Court, down King, Fornight-Owls shrike, where mouting Larks should sing.

Bull. What fayes his Maieflic?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull Stand all spart, And shew faire dutie to his Maicstie.

My gracious Lord.

Rieb. Faire Cousin.

You debase your Princely Knee,
To inake the base Earth prowd with kissing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleased Eye see your Courtesse.

Vp Cousin, vp., your Heart is vp., I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Reb. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and

all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

Rich. Well you deferu'd:
They well deferue to haue,
That know the strong st, and surest way to get.
Vackle give me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Loue, but want their stemedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we most, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London.

Coufin, is it fo?

Ball. Yea, my good Lord.

Reb. Then I mult not fay, no.

Flouris. Exenus.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Gerden, To drive away the heavie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu'Twill make methinke the World is full of Rubs

And that my fortune runnes againft the By as.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight, When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe. Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madame, wee letell Tales. 24. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of cyther, Madame. 28. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Yoy, being altogether wanting, It doth remember me the more of Sorrow: Or if of Griefe, being altogether hed, It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy: For what I haue, I need not to repeat; And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame Ile fing.

Qu.' Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.
Lea Leavild weepe Madama would it doe you good

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good, Qu. And I could fing, would weeping doe me good, And never borrow any Tears of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But flay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, vato a Rowe of Planes,
They le talke of State; for every one doth so,
Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goebindethou vp yond dangling Apricocks, Which like viruly Children, make their Syre Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight: Give some supportance to the bending twigges. Goethou, and like an Executioner. Cut off the heads of too saft growing sprayes,

That looke too loftic in our Common-wealth a All must be even, in our Government. You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away. The noylome Weedes, that without profit sucke

The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

So. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges tuin'd,

Her Knots diforder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath fuffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter.

That feem'd, in cating him, to hold him vp, Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bulling brooks: I meane, the Earle of Wileshire, Bushie, Greene.

Ser. What

Srr. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bulling brooke hash feiz d the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And dress his Land, as we this Garden, as time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-treet,
Least being outer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Hadhe done so, to great and growing men,
They might have hu'd to beare, and he to talle
Their fruites of dutie. Superstuous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe,

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Ger. Depress he is already, and depos'd

Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night

To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,

That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am press to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adam; likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:
How dates thy harsh rude tongue found this vapleasing
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee, (newes
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why do'st thou say, King Rebard is deposid,
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diume his downsall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little 10y haue 1
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrocke, their Fortunes both are weigh'd a
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some sew Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrocke,
Besides himselse, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Rechard downe.
Poste you to London, and you'l finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of soote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think's
To scrue me Isss, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in wee.
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great Bulingbrowse.
Gardiner, for telling me this newes of woe.

I would the Plants thou graft'st, may never grow. Exit.

O Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curser
Heere did she drop a teare, beere in this place
I leste a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Graces
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrocke, Ammerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Swrig, Carlile, Abbot of Westimusser. Herauld, Officers, and Eaga.

Bullingbrocke. Call forth Bagar.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde, What thou do it know of Noble Glouffers death t Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bag. Then let before my face, the Lord Americ.
Bul. Cofin, frand forth, and look evpon that man.
Bag. My Lord Aumeric, I know your doring conque

Scotner to vollay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Gloufters death was plotted,
I heard you lay. Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reffull English Court
As fatte as Callis, to my Vinkles head,
Among th much other talke, that very time,
I heard you lay, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crowner,
Then Bullinghammer resumes to Ecological and Security Land

Then Bullingbroker returne to England; adding withell, How bleft this Land would be in this your Cotin. death.

Aum. Princer, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Scarres,
On equal termes to give him chasticement?
Either I must, or have mine honor soy!'d
With th' Attaindor of his slandrous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manual Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy beart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. Bager forbeate, thou that toot take it vp.
Aura. Excepting one, I would be were the best
In all this prefence, that hath mou'd me fo.

There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stands,
I heard thee say (and vauntlegly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou spak,
And I will tutne thy falshood to thy hert,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

Aum. Thou dar's not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fitt. Now by my Soule, I would it were this boute.

Aum. Fittemetr thou art dama'd to hell for this.

Per. Anmerie, thou lye's his Hono; is as true

In this Appeale, as thou art all visits:

And that thou art o, there I throw my Gage

And that thou art fo, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to the extreamest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar's,
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands for off.

And neuer brandish more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord Fuz. water:

I do remember well, the very time

Aumeria, and you did take

Fire. My Lord,

Tis very true t You were in prefence then, And you can witnesse with me, this is true.

States. As follo, by beauen.

Surrey. As falle, by beauen, As Heauen it felfe is true. Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyeft.

Fire. Surrey, thou Lycs.
Surrey. Dishonourable Bop;
That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Revenge,
I'll thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar st.

Filze

Fitzw. How fondly do'A thou fourres forward Horse? If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or line, I dare meece Surrey in a Wilderneffe, And fpit vpon him, whilest I say he Lyes, And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith, To tyo thee to my fitting Correction. As I intend to thrive in this new World, Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale. Befides, I heard the banish'd Norfolke (ay, That thou Aumerle didft fend two of thy men, To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

Aum. Somehonelt Christian crust me with a Gage, That Norfolkelyes: heredoe I throw downe this,

If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

Bull. These differences shall all rest under Gage,

Till Norfolke be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be: And (though mine Enemie) reftor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd, Against Aumerle we will enforce his Trysll.

Carl. That honorable day shall ne're be seene.

Many a time hath baniin'd Norfolke fought For Jelu Chrift, in glorious Christian field Streaming the Entigne of the Christian Crosse, Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens: And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe To Italy, and there at Venice gaue His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,

And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chrift, Vader whose Colours he had fought so long. Bull. Why Bilhop, is Norfolke dead? Carl. As fure as I live, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule To the Bosome of good old Abraham. Lords Appealants your differeces that all reft under gage,

Till we assigne you to your dayes 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 yeelds To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long line Henry, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, He ascend the Regall Throne.

Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake-Yet belt befeeming me to speake tho truth. Would God, that any in this Nuble Presence Were enough Noble, to be vpright Judge
Of Noble Rubard: then true Noblenesse would Learne him forbearance from fo foule a Wrong, What Subject can give Septence on his King. And who fits here that is not Richards Subject ? Theeues are not sudg'd, but they are by to heare, Although apparant guilt be feene in them 1 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie, His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect, Anoynied, Crown'd, planted many yeeres, Be judg'd by inblect, and inferior breathe, And he himselse not present? Oh, forbid it, God, That In a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de Should thew to heynous, black, obfeene a deed. I speake to Subicets, and a Subject speakes, Stirr'd vp by Heaven, thus boldly for his King My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King, Is a foule Traytor to prowd Herefords King. And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,

The blood of English shall manure the ground. And future Ages groane for his foule Aot 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, Feare, and Mutinie Shall here inbabite, and this Land be call'd The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls Oh, if you reare this Honle, against this House It will the wofullest Division prove, That ever fell vpon this curled Earth. Prevent it, telift it, and let it not be fo, Leaft Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines, Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here. My Lord of Weilminster, be it your charge. To keepe him fafaly, 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 proceede

Without suspition.

Torke. I will be his Conduct. Bull. Lords, you that here are voder out Acreft, Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Aulwer: Little are we beholding to your Loue, And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Torke. Rich. Alack, why am I fent for to a King, Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd To infinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee. Give Sorrow leave a while, to tuture me To this submission. Yet I well remember The fauous of thele men: were they not mine? Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me? So Iudas did to Christ: but he in twelve, Pound truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none. God faue the King: will no man fay, Amen? Am I both Prieft and Clarker well then, Amen. God faue the King, although I be not hee: And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him mee. To doe what ferrice, am I lent for hither?

Torke. To doe that office of thine owne good will, Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer: The Refignation of thy State and Crowne

To Henry Bukingbrooks.

Rich Giue inc the Crown Here Cousin, seize & Crown: Here Coulin, on this lide my Hand, on that fide thine. Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well, That owes two Buckets, filling one another, The emptier ouer dancing in the ayre, The other downe, vnfcene, and full of Water: That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I, Drinking my Griefes, whil'It you mount vp oo high Bull. I thought you had been willing to refigue. Rich My Crowne I am but fill my Griefes are mines

You may my Glories and my State depole, But not my Griefer, All am I King of thate. Bull Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne. Rub. Your Cares let vp, do not pluck my Cares dovine.
My Care, is lotte of Care, by old Care done, Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne: The Cares I give, I have, though given away,

They 'tend the Crowne, yet full with me they flay: Bull. Are you contented to religne the Crowne?

Rich. I.

Rich. I,no; ro,1: for I must nothing bee: Therefore no, no, for I religne to thre. Now, marke me how I will viidoe my felfe. I give this heavie Weight from off my Head, And this vieldie Scepter from my Hand, The pride of Kingly Iway from out my Heart. With mine owne Teares I wath away my Balme, With mine owne Hands I give away my Crowne, With mine owne Tongue deile my Szered State, With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes, All Pompe and Maieftie I doe forsweare ; My Manors, Rens, Revenues, I forgoe; My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie: God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee, God keepe all Vowes unbroke are made to thee. Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieu'd, And thou with all pleas'd, that haft all archien'd. Long may'ft thou live in Richards Seat to fit, And foone lye Richard in an Earthie Pit. God faue King Henry . vn-King'd Richard fayes, And fend him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes. What more remaines?

North. No more : but that you reade These Acculations, and these grieuous Crymes, Committed by your Person, and your followers, Against the State, and Profit of this Land : That by confessing them, the Soules of men May deeme, that you are worthily depos d.

Rich. Must I doc fo? and must I rauell out My wean'd-up follyes? Gentle Northumberland, If thy Offences were vpon Record, Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe, To reade a Lecture of them ? If thou would'ft, There should'st thou finde one heynous Article, Contayning the depoling of a King. And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath, Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen. Nay, all of you, that fland and looke vpon me, W'hil'it that my wretchednesse doth bait my felfe, Though fome of you, with Pilate, wash your hands, Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates Haue here deliuer'd me to my fowre Croffe, And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles Rich. Mine Eves are full of Teares, I cannot fec: And yet falt. Water blindes them not so much, But they can fee a fort of Traytors here. Nay at I turne mine Eyes vpnn my felfe, I finde my felfe a Traytor with the reft: For I have given here my Soules confent, T'undeck the pompous Body of a King; Made Glory bale; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue; Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pelant

North. My Lord Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-infulting man; No, not no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title; No, not that Name was given me at the Font, But 'cis vfurpt; alack the heavie day, That I have worne formany Winters out, And know not now, what Name to call my felfe, Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow, Standing before the Sunne of Bulling brooke, To melt my felfe away in Water-drops. Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good, And if my word be Sterling yet in England, Let it command a Mirror hither Rraight,

Since it is Bankrupt of his Maielie. Trul, Goe form of you and ferch a Looking Classe. North Read o'se this Paper, while & Claffe doth cone. Rich Frend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell Bull Vige it no more, my Lord Northumberland North The Commons will nor then be satisfy'd Rich. They shall be satisfy d. He reade enough, When I doe fee the very Booke indeede, Where all my finnes are writ, and that a my felfe.

That it may fnew me what a Face I have,

Enter one with a Glaffe Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade. No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow flucke So many Blowes upon this Face of mine, And made no deeper Wounds ! Oh flatt'ring Glade, Like to my followers in prosperitie, Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face That every day, under his House-hold Roose, Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Fate, That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke? Is this the Face, which foe'd fo many follyes, That was at last out-fac'd by Bulling brooke? A brittle Glory Shineth in this Face, As brittle as the Glory, is the Face, For there it is, cracke in an hundred Thivers. Marke filent King, the Morall of this fport. How foone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face. Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hash destroy d

The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe. The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see, 'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within, And thefe externall manner of Laments, Are meerely shadowes, to the unseene Griefe, That swells with filence in the cortur d Soule. There lyes the fubflance: and I thanke thee King For thy great bountie, that not onely giu ft Me caufe to wayle, but teacheft me the way How to lament the cause. He begge one Boone, And then be gone, and trouble you no more Shall I obtaine it :

Bull. Name it, faire Coalin. Rich. Faire Coulin? I am greater then a King: For when I was a King, my Astrerers Were then but subjects; being now a subject, I have a King here to my flatterer: Being so great, I have no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And Shall I have ! BAR. You shall,

Rich. Then give me leave to goe. Bull Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, to I were from your lights. Rull. Goe some of you, convey him to the Tower.

Rick. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all, That rife thus nimbly by a true Kings fall Bull. On Wednelday next, we folemaly fee downe

Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your felues. Abbot A wofull Pageant have we here beheld. Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet unborne, Shall feelerhis day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Jum Youholy 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 onely take the Sacrament,

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What

What ever I shall happen to deviso.

I see your Browes are full of Discontent, Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares. Come home with me to Supper, le lay a Ploc Empatret. Shall shew vs all amerry day.

Adus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies. On. This way the King will come: this is the way To Iulim Cafars ill-crecked Tower: To whole flint Bolome, my condemned Lord Is doom'd a Priloner, by prowd Bullingbrooke. Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. Enter Richard and Guard.

But foft, but fee, or rather doe not fee, My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold, That you in pittie may dissolute to dew, And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teases. Ahthou, the Modell where old Troy did stand, Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tembe, And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne, Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee, When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not lo, To make my end too fudden: learne good Soule, To thinke our former State a happie Dreame, From which awak'd, the truth of what we are, Shewes vs but this. I am (worne Brother (Sweet) To grim Necessitie; and hee and I Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France, And Cloyster thee in some Religious House: Our holy lives must winne a new Worlds Crowne, Which our prophane houres here baue stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke Depor'd thine Intelled? hath he beene in thy Heart? The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw, And wounds the Earth, if nothing elle, with rage To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like, Take thy Correction mildly, kittle the Rodde, And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie, Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beafts?

Rich. A King of Beafts indeed: if aught but Beafts, thad beene ftill a happy King of Men. Good (fometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France: Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou tak'fly As from my Death-bed, my last living leave. in Winters tedious Nights fit by the fire With good old folices, and les them tell thee Tales Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide: And ere thou bid good-night to quit their griefe, Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, And fend the hearers weeping to their Beds: For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize The heavie accent of thy moving Tongue, And in compassion, weepe the fire out And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black, For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooks is chang'd.

You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower. And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you: Wish all (wift speed, you must a way to France, Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall

The mounting Bullingbrocke ascends my Throne, The time shall not be many houres of age, More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head, Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke, Though he divide the Realme, and give thee halfe, It is too little, helping him to all: He shall thinke, that thou which know if the way To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe, Being ne're fo little veg'd another way, To pluck him heedlong from the vsurped Throne. The Loue of wicked friends converts to Feare; That Peare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both, To worthie Danger, and deferued Death. North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:

Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate A two-fold Marriage; 'twist my Crowne, and me,

And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife. Let me vn-kille the Oath 'twixt thee, and me; And yet not fo, for with a Kiffe twas made. Part vs. Northumberland: I towards the North; Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme: My Queene to France: from whence, fet forth in pompe, She came adorned hither like sweet May; Sent back like Hollowmas, or short it of day.

Qs. And must we be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand my Loue) and hears fro hears. Qn. Banish vs both, and send the King with me. North. That were fome Loue, but little Pollicy. 24. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe. Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woc. Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:

Better forre off, then neere, be ne're the neere. Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes. Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes. Rich. Twite for one Rep Ile groane, Way being short, And peece the Way out with a heavie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe, Since wedding it, there is fuch length in Griefe: One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part; Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue memine owne againe: twere no good part To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart. So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone, That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay: Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow fay. Exeunt.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Ducheffs.

Duch. My Lord you told me you would tell the reft, When weeping made you breake the story off, Of our two Coufins comming into London.

Torke. Where did I lezue?
Duch. At that fad Roppe,my Lord,
Where rude mif-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Tothe. Then

Yorke. Then, as I faid, the Duke, great Bulling brocks, Monnted ypon a hot and ficrie Steed, Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know, With flow, but stately pace, kept on his course t While all conques cride, God faue thee Bullmgbrooks. You would have thought the very windowes spake, So many greedy lookes of yong and old, Through Calements darted their defiring eyes Vpon his vilage: and that all the walles, With painted Imagery had faid at once, Iclu preserve thee, welcom Bullingbrooke. Whil'ft he, from one fide to the other turning. Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke, Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen : And thus fill doing, thus he past along. Duch. Alas poore Richard, where rides he the whilfi?

Torke. As in a Theates, the eyes of men After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage, Are idlely bent on him that enters next, Thinking his practle to be tedious ; Euch fo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes Did scowle on Richard: no man cride, God saue him: No loyfull tongue gave him his welcome home, But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head, Which with fuch gentle forrow he shooke off, His face still combating with reares and smiles (The badges of his greefe and patience) That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted, And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him. But heaven bath a hand in thefe events, To whose high will we bound our calme contents. To Bellingbrooke, are we Iworne Subjects now, Whose State, and Honor, I for sye allow.

Enter Aumerle,
Drus. Heere comes my fonne Aumerle,
Tor. Aumerle that was,
But that is loft, for being Richards Friend.
And Madam, you must call him Rusland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dus. Welcome my fonne: who are the Violets now,
That frew the greenelap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, not I greatly care not,

God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.

Torke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time

Leaft you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold those lusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord they do. Torke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Tor. What Scale is that that hange without thy bofom? Yes, look if thou pale? Let me fee the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Torks. No matter then who tees it,

I will be fatisfied, let me fee the Writing.

Aum. I do befeech your Grace to pardon me, It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seene.

Yorke, Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see
I feare. I feare.

Dur. What should you seare?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
Por gay apparrell against the Triumph.

Terke. Bound to himselfe? What doth be with a Bond That he is bound to? Wife, thou are a foole. Boy, let me fee the Writing.

Aum. I do befeech you pardon me, I may not thew is Ter. I will be fatished: let me fee it I fay. Snatcher at Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slave.

Det. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hos, who's within there? Saddle my horfe. Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dat. Why, what is' i my Lord?

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth, I will appeach the Villaine.

Dat. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Anm. Good Mother be content, it is no more Then my poore life must answer.

Dur. Thy life answer?

Enter Sermant with Books.

Ter. Bring me my Boots, I will voto the King, Duc. Strike him Aumerle. Poore boy, \$ set amaz'd, Hence Villaine, neuer mote come in my fight.

Tor. Give me my Boots, I fay.

Dat. Why Yorke, what wilt thoudo?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Muthers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Ter. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall benone:

Weel keepe him lieere: then what is that to him?

Yor Away fond woman sweet liee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadfi thou grozn'd for him as I have done, Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do it suspect
That I have bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Basslard, not thy Sonne;
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, benet of that minde;
He is as like thee, as a man may oce,
Not like to me, not any ofmy Kin,
At dyet I love him,

Torke. Make way, varuly Woman.

Dat. After Anmerle. Mount thee vpon his hotfe,
Sputte poff, and get before him to the King.
Andbegge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not butto inde as said as Yorker
And neuer will trise vp from the ground,
Till Bulling brooks have pardon'd thee: A way be gone. Exit

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Buffing brooks, Procise and other Lords.

Bul. Can no mancell of my unthriftse Sonne?

Tis full three monthes fince I did techim laft.

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he,

I would to heaven' my Lords he might be found:

Enquire at London, 'mong ft the Tauernes there:

For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent, With vnrestrained loose Companions Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes, And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers, Which he, yong wanton, and effentinace Boy Takes on the point of Honor, to Support So dissolute a crew

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince. And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what faid the Gallant?

Per. His answer was ; he would vnto the Stewes, And from the common'it creature plucke a Glove And weare it as a fauour, and with that He would enhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bul As diffolute as desp'rate, yet through both, I fee some sparkes of better hope : which elder dayes May happily bring forth. But who comes heere? Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Cono, that hee flares

And lookes fo wildely?

Anm. God laue your Grace. I do beleech your Maiefly To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your felues, and leave va here alone > What is the matter with our Cofin now?

Asm. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

My rongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth, Vnlesse a Pardon, ete I rise, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault? If on the first, how heynousere it bee,

To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then glue me leave, that I may turne the key, That no man enter, till my tale me done.

Bul. Haue thy defire. Torke wisbin.

Tor. . My Liege beware, looke to thy felfe,

Thou half a Traitor in thy presence there

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee fafe.

Anns. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no eaule ro feare.

Torke. Open the doore, secure soole-hardy King : Shall I for love speake treason to thy face? Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Torke.

Bul. What is the marter (Virkle) speak, recover breath, Tell vs how neere is danger,

That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Tor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know Thereason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'it, thy promile pall 1 I do repent me, reade not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand. Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did fet it downe.

I tore it from the Traitors bosonie, King. Forger to pitty him, leaft thy pitty proue A Serpent, that will fling thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh heihous, strong, and bold Conspiracie, O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne : Thou freere, immaculate, and filuer fountaine, From whence this fireame, through muddy pallages Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe. Thy overflow of good, converts to bad, And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse

This deadly blot, in thy digressing some.

Torke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd, And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame ; As thriftleffe Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold. Mine honor lives, when his dishonor dies, Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies: Thou kill'A me in his life, giving him breath, The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheffe within.

Dur. What hos (my Liege) for heavens lake lee me in, Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cty? Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,

A Begger begs, that never begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter d from a ferious thing, And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King My dangerous Cofin, let your Mother in, I know the's come, to pray for your foule fin.

Torke. Ifthou do pardon, who loever pray. More finnes for this forgivenesse, prosper mays This fefter'd joynt cut off, the reft refts found, This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Exter Duscheffe.

Dur. O King, beleeve not this hard-hearted man, Love, louing not it selfe, none other can.

Tor. Thou franticke woman, what doll y make here,

Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bw. Rife vp good Aunt. Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech. For ever will I kneele vpon my kneer, And never fee day, that the happy fees, Till thou give toy: votill thou bid me toy.

By pardoning Rutland, my transgretting Boy. Anm. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee. Torke. Against them both, my true loynts hended be. Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face, His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in ieft:

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breft. He prayes but faintly, and would be denide, We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside : His weary ioynts would gladly rife, I know, Our knees thall kneele, till to the ground they grow a

His prayers are full of false hypocrifie, Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:

Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them hand That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt fland vp. Dut. Nay, donet fay stand vp. But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp. And il were thy Nurle, thy tongue to teach, Pardon should be the first word of thy speach. I neuer long'd to heare a word till nov Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how. The word is shore; but not so shore as sweet,

No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's former.

Torke. Speake it in French (King) fay Pardon'ne more.

Due. Doft thou teach pardon, Pardon to deftroy? Ah my fowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord, That fee's the word it felfe, against the word. Speake Pardon, 25 'tis currant in our Land, The chopping French we do not vinderstand Thine eye begins to speake, fee thy tongue there, Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine care, That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearces Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearle

EM. Good Aunt, stand vp. Dat. I do not sue to fland Pardon is all the fuire I have in hand.

Bul. I pardon him, se heaven shall pardon mee. DML. Ohappy vantage of a kneeling knee : Yet am I ficke for feare : Speake it againe, Twice faying Pardon, dorh not pardon twaine, Bur makes one pardon frong

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Die. A God on earth thou att. Bal, But for our trufty brother-in-Law, the Abbot, With all the rest of that conforted crew, Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles: Good Vickle helpe to order leaerall powres To Oxford, or where ere thefe Traitors are i They shall not line within this world I tweare, But I will have them, if I once know where. Vnckle farewell, and Cofin adicu: Your mother well hath praid, and prove you true.

Dur. Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new. Excunt.

Enter Exton and Sermants.

Ext. Didft thou not marke the King what words hee

Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare: Was it not fo?

Sor. Those were his very words, Ex. Haue I no Priend? (quoth her) he spake it twice, And vrg'd it twice together, did he not? Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wishly look'd on me, As who should say, I would thou wer't the man That would divorce this terror from my heart, Meaning the King at Pomfret : Come, let's goe; Exit. I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

Scana Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have bin fludying, how to compare This Prison where I live, vnto the World: And for because the world is populous, And heere is not a Creature, but my felfe, I cannot doit : yet le hammer't out. My Braine, He proue the Female to my Soule, My Soule, the Father: and thele two beget A generation of still breeding Thoughts; And these same Thoughts, people this Little World In humors, like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better fort, As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe Against the Faith: 25 thus: Come litle ones: & then again, It is as hard to come, as for a Camell To thred the polteme of a Needles eye. Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot Volikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles: And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride. Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves, That they are not the first of Fortunes saucs, Nor shall not be the last. Like filly Beggars, Who litting in the Stockes, tefuge their thame That many have, and others must be there; And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eafe,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe Ot fuch as haue before mdur'd the like, Thus play I in one Prison, many people And none contented, Sometimes am I King ; Then Treason makes me with my felle a Beggar, And fo I am. Then crushing penuric, Perswades me, I was better when a King : Then am I king'd againe : and by and by, Thinke that I am vn . king'd by Bulling brooks, And firaight 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 eat'd With being nothing. Musicke do I heare? Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowie sweet Musicke it, When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept? So is it in the Mulicke of mens lives: And heere have I the daintine le of eare. To heare time broke in a diforder'd firing: But for the Concord of my State and Time, Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke. I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me : For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke; My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre, Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch, Whetero my finger, like a Dialls point, Is pointing still, in cleanling them from teares. Now fir, the found that rels what houre it is, Are clamorous groanes, that strike your my heart, Which is the bell: fo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones, Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times : but my Time Runs poalling on, in Bulling brookes prouding, While I stand fooling heere, his lacke o'th Clocke. This Mulicke mads me, let it found no more, For though it have helpe madmen to their wits, In me it feemes, it will make wife-men mad: Yet bleffing on his heart that gives it me; For tis a figne of love and love to Ruhard, Is aftrange Brooch, in this all hating world. Enser Groome.

Groo. Hsile Royall Prince. Rich. Thankes Noble Peere, The chespeft of vs, is ten groates too deere. What are thou? And how com's thou hither? Where no man euer comes, but that fad dogge That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King) When thou wer't King; who travelling towards Yorke, With much adoo, at length have gotten leave To looke vpon my (fometimes Royall) masters face. O how it yem'd my heart, when I beheld In London Streets, that Coronation day, When Bulling brooke rode on Roone Barbary, That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid, That hotse, that I so carefully have drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend, How went he vnder him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground. Rich. So proud, that Bulling brooke was on his backe; That Iad intheate bread from my Royall hand. This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he not stamble? Would he not fall downe (Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke Of that proud man, that did vourpe his backe? Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I taile on thee, Since thou created to be aw'd by man Was't bome to beste? I was not made a borfe,

And

And yet I beare a butthen like an Asse, Sput-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing Boiling brooks. Enter Keeper with a Diffs.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer flay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wee't away.

Groo. What my tongue dores not, that my heart shall

Exp.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Rkb. Tafte of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I date not: Sir Pieres of Exton,

Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henrie of Lancaster, and thee;

Patience is staie, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude affalt? Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrumens, Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.
That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching sire,
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, sain'd the Kings own land,
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh linkes downward, heere to dye.

Exten. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,

Both have I spile: Oh would the deed were good.

For now the divell, that told me I did well,

Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the living King I le beare,

Take hence the rest, and give them burial heere.

Exist.

Scæna Quinta.

Plourift. Enter Bullingbrooks, Torke, with other Lords of attendents.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the laceth newes we heare, Is that the Rebels have confum'd with fire Our Towne of Ciceter in Glougestershire,

But whether they became or flaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland,

Welcome my Lord: What is the nevies?

Mor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesses
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salsbury Spencer, Blune, and Kener

The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

Eul. We thank thee gende Percy for thy paines,
And to the worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fix waters.

Fire. My Lord, I have from Oxford ferring London, The heads of Breceas, and Sir Bennes Seely,
Two of the dangerous conforted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.
Bul. Thy paints Fitzmaters shall not be forgot,

Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded up his body to the graue:
But heere is Carlile, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bul. Carlie, this is your come:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ion thy life:
So as thou liv's in peace, due free from strife:
For though mine enemy, thou hast ever beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee have I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffun
Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I prefere.
Thy buried feare. Herrein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

Bel. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand, Vpoo my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed. Bul. They love not poylon, that do poylon neede, Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead, I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered. The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour, But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour. With Caine go wander through the Bade of night, And never thew thy heed by day, nor light. Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe, That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow. Come mourne with me, for that I do lament, And put on fullen Blacke incontinent: He make a voyage to the Holy-land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand. March fadly after, grace my moutning heere, In weeping after this votimely Beere. Execus

FINIS.



The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Allus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter the King. Lord Ichn of Lantafter, Earle of westmerland, was others.

Cing.

Chaken as we are, fo wan with care,

Cod Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,

And breath (hortwinded accents of new broils

To be commencid in Stronds a-farre temote:

No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile. Shall daubehor lippes with her owne childrens blood : No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields, Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hooses Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes, Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven, All of one Nature, of one Substance bred, Did lately meete in the intestine shocke, And furious cloze of civil Butchery, Shall now in mutuall well-befreming rankes March all one way, and be no more oppos'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 Sepulcher of Christ, Whole Souldier now under whole bleffed Croffe We are impressed and ingagid to fight. Forthwith a power of English shall we levie, Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe, To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields. Ouer whose Acres walk'd those bleffed feete Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were naul'd For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse, But this our purpose 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 Coulin Westmerland, What yesternight our Councell did decree, In forwarding this deete expedience.
sveft My Liege: This halle was hot in question,

sucfi My Liege: This halle was not in question, And many limits of the Charge set downe But yesternight: when all athwart there came A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes; Whose worst was, That the Noble Martimer, Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wilde Glandown, Was by the rude hands of that Welssman taken, And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whole dead corpes there was such missie,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.
King It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Haiffur ethere,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approaued Scot.
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody house:
As by discharge of their Arcillerie,
And shape of ikely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncettaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a decreand true industrious friend,
Sit Walter Blust, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each (oyle,
Betwixt that Holmeden, and this Seat of ours:
And he hash brought vs smooth and welcomes newers.
The Earle of Donglas is discomfitted,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sit Walter see
On Holmedens Plaines. Of Prisoners, Harspare tooke
Merdage Earle of Fise, and eldest sonne
To beaten Donglas, and the Earle of Arbell,
Of Murry, Angus, and Mentesth.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gall an prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is,
West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin, In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland Should be the Father of so bless a Sonne:

A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors rongue;
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong Harry. Othat it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
Aud call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenes:

Then

Then would I have his Harry, and he mine: But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze Of this young Pereies pride? The Prisoners Which he in this adventure hath furpriz'd, To his owne vie he keepes, and fends me word I shall have none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

Weft. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worceste

Maleuolent to you in all A spects:

Which makes him prune himselse and brissle vo The creft of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I have fent for him to answer this: And for this cause a while we must neglect Our holy purpose to letusalem. Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold At Windfor, and so 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 vetered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exempt

Scana Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Bal, what time of day is it Lad?

Proce Thouart fo fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and fleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haft forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know. What a divell half thou to do with the time of the day? valeffe houses were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the fignes of Leaping-houses, and the bleffed Sunne bimselfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I ice no resion, why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by Phoebushee, that wand ring Knight fo faire. prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace, Maietty I should say, for Grace thouwalte haue none.

Pris What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will scrue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prm. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, beccall'd Theeves of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dunnes Forre-Rers, Gentlemen of the Shade. Minions of the Moone; and lee men fay, we be men of good Gouernment, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaft miffris the Moone, under whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou fay'st well, and it holds well too : for the fortune of vs that are the Moonea men, douth ebbe and How like the Sea, beeing governed as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely fratch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by: and (pent with crying, Bring in : now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow

as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Ful. Thoutay'st crue Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle : and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most (weet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague, have I to doc with a Buffe-leikin?

Prin. Why, what a poxehaue I to doe withmy Ho. fleffe of the Taverne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I cuer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou halt paid al there. Prin. Yes and ellewhere, to farre as my Coine would firetch, and whereit would not, I have va'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and fo vs'dit, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee fweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when shou art King ? and resolution thus sobb'd as ar is, with the ruflie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou are a King, hang a Theefe.

Fris. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall 1? O rate! He be a brave Judge.

Pris. Theu indgest false already. I meane, thou shalt have the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some fort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell

Prin. For obtaining of fuites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no scane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.
Ful. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnfnire Bagpipe. Prin. What fay's thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou halt the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparative tascallest sweet youg Prince, But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street shout you sit; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wifely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiscly, and in the street too.

Prot. Thou didft well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me Hall, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly)little better then one of the wicked. I must give o. uer this life, and I will give it over : and I do not, I am a Villaine, He be dann'd for neuer a Kings fonne in Christendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, lacke? Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, I le make one: and I doe not, all me Villaine, and baffile me.

Prm. I see a good amendment of life in thee : From

Praying, to Purse-taking.
Fal. Why Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no fin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointe. Now shall wee know if Gads hill have fet a Watch. O, if men were to be faued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omaipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Rointz.

Poines, Good morrow [weet Hal, What fales Monficus Remorfe ? What fayes Sir John Sacke and Sugar : Jacke? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldell him on Good-Friday laft, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the dinel shall have his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs:

He will give the disell bis duc.

Poin. Then are thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the dinell.

Prin. Else he had damn'd for cozening the divell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbusy with rich Offerings, and Traders tiding to London with fat Purfes. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your sclues : Gads-hill lyes to night in Rochester, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in East cheape; we may doe je as secure as sleepe; if you will go, I will stuffe your Purfes full of Crownes : if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,

Ile hang you for going,
Poy. You will chops,
Fal. Hal, will thou make one?

Prin. Who, Irob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither hopeffy, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'it not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ff not fland for ten shillings.

Priv. Well then, once in my dayes lle be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well faid

Prin. Well, come what will, lle rarry at home, Fal. He be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Pris. I care not.

Pojn. Sit Iohn, I prythee leave the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe fuch reasons for this adventure, that

Fal. Well, maist thou have the Spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakell, may moue; and what he heates may be beleeved, that the true Prince, may (for recreation fake) proge a falle theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape.

Prin. Farwell she latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown

Summer.

Poy. Now, my good [weet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. Thauca self to execute, that I cannot mansage alone. Falftaffe, Harney Roffill, and Gads-bill, Mall robbethole men that wee have already way-layde, 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 thoulders,

Priss. But how shal we part with them in setting forth? Pops. Why, we wil fet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleafure to faile ; and then will they adventure vppon the exploit rhemselves, which they shall have no sooner archiened, but wee'l fet vpon them.

Pris. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to

be our selues.

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, He tye them in the wood, our vizerds wee will change after wee leave them: and firrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prom. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs. Pem. Weil, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn d backe, and for the shird If he fight longer then he fees reason, He forswear Asmes. The vertue of this left will be, the incomprehensible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Support: how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what blower, what cattemities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the left.

Prin. Well, He goe with thee, proulde vs all things necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape,

there He sup. Farewell.

Poja. Farewell, my Lord. Exil Points Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse: Yetheerein will I imitate the Sunne, Who doth permit the bale contagious cloudes To smother up his Beauty from the world, That when he please againe to be himseise, Being wanted, he may be more wondred at By breaking through the foule and vgly mifts Of vapours, that did feeme to firangle him. It all the yeare were playing holidates, To sport, would be as tedious as to worke: But when they teldome come, they wisht for come, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So when this loose behaviour I throw off, And pay the debt I never promited By how much better then my word Iam, By fo much shall I falshe mens nopes, And like bright Mettall on a fullen ground : My reformation glittering o're my fault, Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes, Then that which hath no foyle to fet it off. Ile fo offend, to make offence a skill, Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scana Tertia.

Enter the King Northumber Lind Porcefter Hoffurre SIT Walter Blunt, and others.

Kmg. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate, Vnapt to flirre at these indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly, You tread vpon my patience: But be fure, I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe, Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition Which hath beene imooth as Oyle, foft as yong Dovme, And therefore loft that Title of respect, Which the proud foule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege)little deserues The securge of greatnesse to be vsed on it, And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands

Haue holpe to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord. King. Worcester ger thee gone : for I do fee Danger and disobedience in thine eye. O fir. your presence is 100 bold and peremptory, And Maieftie might neuer yet endure The moody Frontier of a feruant brow, You have good leave to leave vs. When we need Your vic and counfell, we shall send for you. You were about to speake.

Nath. Yes, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded, Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke, Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied As was deliuered to your Maiesty:
Who either through enuy, or misprisson,

Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne. Hor. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners. But, I remember when the fight was done, When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle, Baeathleffe, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword, Came there a certaine Lord, near and trimly drell; Fresh asa Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt, Shew'd like a flobble Land at Haruelt home. He was perfumed like a Milliner, And twist his Finger and his Thumbe, he held A Pouncer-box : which cuer and anon He gauchis Nofe, and took't away againe: Who therewith angry, when it next came there, Tooke it in Snuffe . And fill he smil'd and talk'd a And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by, He call'd them entaught Knaues, Vnmannerly, Tobring a flouenly vnhandfome Coarfe Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility. With many Holiday and Lady tearnie He question'd me : Among the rest, demanded My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe. I then, all-imarting, with my wounds being cold, (Tobe io pestered with a Popingay) Out of my Greele, and my Impatience, Answer'd (neglectingly) I know nos whar, He should, or should not : For henisde me mad, To fee him shide so briske, and finelt so sweet, And talke falike a Waiting-Gentlewoman, Of Guns & Drums, and Wounds: God faue the marke; And telling me, the Soueraign'it thing on earth Was Parmacity, for an inward bruife a And that it was great picty, fo it was, That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth, Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes, He would himselse have beene a Souldier, This bald, unioynted Charofhis (my Lord) Made me to answer indirectly (as I faid.) And I beseech you, let not this report Come cutrant for an Accusation, Berwixemy Loue, and your high Maielly.

Elunt. The circumliance confidered, good my Lord, What ever Harry Persie then had faid, To fuch a person, and in fuch a place, At fuch a time, w.th all the refirecold, May reasonably dye, and neuer rife. To do him wrong, or any way impeach What then he said, so he vniay it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Priloners,
But with Provilo and Exception,
That we atour owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mertwier,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The lives of rhose, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd Gloudower:
Whose daughter (as we lieare) the Barle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Cossets then,
Be empried, to redeeme a Fraitor home?
Shall we buy Treason, and indent with Feares,
When they have lost and sorteyted themselves.

No: on the barren Mountaine let him flerue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
Toransome home revolted Mortimer,

Hot. Revolted Antimer?
He never did fall off, my Soveraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Severnes siedgie banke.
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did consound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement, of swift Severnes shood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran searcfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nornever could the Noble Mornimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be stand'red with Revolt.

King. Thou do'ft bely him Percy, thou do'ft bely him;
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durft as well have met the divell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Artthou not asham'd; But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heate you speake of Mortimer.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lotd Northumberland,
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'l heate of it.

Exit King.

Send vs your Priloners, or you'l heare of it. Exit King Hor. And if the discillance and roare for them I will not fend them. I will after firsight And tell him fo: for I will eafe my heart, Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. Whate drunke with choller thay & paule awhile, Heere comes your Vnckle. Enter Worcefler.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Waht mercy, if I do not loyne with him.
Inhis behalfe, lie empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop ith dust,
But I will lift the downfall Astronomer
As high ith Ayre, as this Vothankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred Bellingbrooke.

Nor. Brother, the King bath made your Nephew made svor. Who strooke this heate up after I was gone Hw. He will (forfooth) have all my Prisoners; And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe Of my Wines Brother, then his cheeke look d paie,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Martimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,

And then it was, when the vnbappy King
(Whole wrongs in vs God pardon) did let forth

Ypon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did teturne

To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth

Liue scandaliz d, and fouly spoken of.

Hat.

Hor, But loft I pray you; did King Richard then Proclaime my brother Mortimer. Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my felfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Coufin King, That with d him on the barren Mountaines Haru'd. But fiell it be, that you that fet the Crowne Vpon the head of this forgetfull man, And for his fake, wore the detelled blos Of murtherous Subornation? Shall'it be, That you a world of curses undergoe, Being the Agents, or bale fecond meanes, The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather? O pardon, if that I descend so low, To thew the Line, and the Predicament Wherein you range under this fubrill King. Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes, Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come, That men of your Nobility and Power Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe (As Both of you, God pardon it, have done) To put downe Richard, that Iweet lovely Role, And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullimbrooke? And shall it in more shame be further spoken, That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off By him, for whom these shames ye underwent? No : yet time ferues, wherein you may redeeme Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selves Into the good Thoughts of the world againe. Revenge the geering and dildain'd contempt Of this proud King, who fludies day and night To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you, Even with the bloody Payment of your deaths: Therefore I fay

Wor. Peace Coufin, say no more. And now I will vnclaspe a Sceret booke, And to your quicke conceyving Discontents, He reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous, As full of perill and aditenturous Spirit, Asto o're-walke a Current, roaring loud On the anstedfall fooring of a Speare.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or finke or fwimme: Send danger from the East vnto the West, So Honor croffe it from the North to South, And let them grapple: The blood more thirres Torowzea Lyon, then to fart a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit, Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.

Ha. By heauen, me thinkes it were an ease leap, To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone, Or dive into the bottome of the deepe, Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground, And plucke up drowned Honor by the Lockes: So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare Wishout Co-rinall, all her Dignities: But out vponthis halfe-lac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a World of F gures here, But not the forme of what he should attend: Good Coufin give me audience for a-while,

Andlistrome.

Hor. I cry you mercy. Wer. Those same Noble Scottes That are your Prisoners.

Hor. He keepe them all. By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them: No if a Scot would faue his Soule, he fall not,

Wer. You flattaway, And lend no este vnto my purpofes. Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

He keepe them, by this idend.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat : He faid, he would not ransome Mortmer, Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortmon, But I will finde hirs when he lyes ssleepe, And in his ease, He bolls Merimer, Nay, Ile houe a Starling thall be taught to speake Nothing but Mortomer, and give it hum, To keepe his anger still in motion,

Wer, Heare you Coulin : a word. Her, All Rudies heere I solemnly defie, Sauchow to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooks,
And that fame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales. Bur that I thinke his Father loves him not And would be glad he mer with some mischance, I would have poylon'd him with a por of Ale.

Wor. Farewell Kinfinan : Ile talke to you When you are better temper'd to attend.

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impation soole Art thou, to breakcioto this Womans mood, Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hor. Why look you, I am whipt & fcourg'd with rods, Netled, and flung with Pilmires, when I beare Of this vile Politician Bulling brooke. In Richards time: What de'ye call the place? A plague vpon't, it is in Glouftershire Twas, where the madeap Duke his Vacle kept, His Vicle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bulling brooks: When you and he came backe from Ravenspurgh.

Nor. At Backley Callle. Hor. You say true ! Why what a caudle deale of correfie, This fawning Grey-hound then did profier me-Looke when his infant Fortune came to age, And gentle Harry Parry, and kinde Coulin:
O, the Divell take such Couzeners, God forgize me, Good Vnele tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, too't againe, Wee'l ftay your leyfure.

Hot. I have done infooth.

stor. Then once more to your Scottish Prilogers. Deliver them vp without their ransome ftraight, And make the Dangles forme your onely meane For powres in Scotland: which for divers reasons Which I shall send you written, be afford Will eafily be granted you, my Lord. Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd, Shall fecretly into the bosome ereepe Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd, The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not? Wor. True, who beares hard His Brothers death at Eriften, the Lord Screeps. I speake not this in estimation, As what I thinke might be, but what I know Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe, And onely flayes but to behold the face Of that occosion that shall bring it on. Her. I smellit:

Vpon my life, it will do wond rous well. Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou fill ler's lip. Her. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke To joyne with Martiner, He.

syor. And fo they shall.

Hor. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd. Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed, To faue our heads, by raising of a Head: For, beare out selves as even as we can, The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt, And thinke, we thinke out felues vnfatisfied, Till he hath found a time to pay vs home. And fee already, how he doch beginne To make vs Arangers to his lookes of love.

Hos. He does, he does; wee'l be reveng'd on him. Then I by Letters shall direct your course When time is ripe, which will be fodainly: He feele to Glendower, and loe, Morismer, Where you, and Donglas, and our powres at once, As I will fashion it, shall happily meete, To beare our fortunes in our owne ftrong armes, Which now we hold at much uncertainty,

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust Hot Vncle,adieu : Olet the houres be fhort, Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport. exa

Adus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Entor a Carrier with a Lanterne m bis hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. Charles waine is over the new Chimney, and yet our horsenoz packt. What Offer?

Off. Anon, anen.

1.Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point : the poore lade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceffe.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Cor. Peafe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog. and this is the next way to glue poore lades the Bo tes This house is turned vplide downe since Robin the Offler dyed

1.Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd fince the price of ozts

tole, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the most villanous houte in al

London rode for Fleas: I am flung like a Teneh.

- . Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chriflendome, could be better bit, then I have beene fince the first Cocke.
- 2. Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a' Tourdeo, and then we leake in your Chamney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What Offier, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2. Car. I have a Gainmon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as farre as Charing-croffe.

s. Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite flatued. What Offer? A plague on thee, haft thou never an eye in thy head? Can'st not heare ? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haft no faith in thee?

Enser Gads-bell.

Gad Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke? Car Ithinke it be two a clocke.

Gad I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to fee my Gel-

ding in the stable

1. Car. Nay fost I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that

Gad. I pretheelend me thine.

2. Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend meethy Lanchorne (quoth a) marry He fee thee hang'd firft.

Gad. Sirra Carrier : Whatstime do you mean to come to Lendon?

2. Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Conse neighbour Mugger, wee'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-putle.
Gad. That's even as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou varieft no more from picking of Purles, then giving direction, doth from labouring

lay It the plot, how.

(bam. Good morrow Master Gade-Hill, it holds curtant that I told you yesternight. 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 as Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vo already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away prescurly.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks,

Ile give thee this occke.

Tham. No, lle none of it : I prythee keep that for the Hangaian, for I know thou worships S. Nicholas as tru-

ly as a man of fallhood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, He make a fat payer of Gallowes. For, If I hang, old Sir lobn hangs with once, and thou know if hee's no Starueling. Tue, there are other Troisns that of dream'f not of, the which (for fport lake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee lock'd into) for their owne Credit lake, make all Whoie. I am joyned with no Poor-land-Rakers, no Long-Raffe fix-penny frikers, none of these mad Mustachto-purplehu'd Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, fuch as can helde in, fuch as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke fooner then pray: and yet Ilye, for they pray continually voto their Saint the Commonwealth; or tather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they tide up & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootest Will

the hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, the will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We feale as in a Caftle, cockfure : we have the receit of Fernseede, we walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking invisible.

Gad. Gine me thy hand

Thou frelt haue a share in our purpose

As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a falle Theefe.

God. Goetoo: Home is a common name to all men. Bid the Offler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue.

Scena

Scana Secunda.

Enter Prince Paynes, and Pero.

Points Come Shelter, Shelter, I have removed Falfafr Horfe, and he frets like a gum d Veluce.

Prin. Stand close

Enter Falftaffr.

Fal. Poiner, Poiner, and be hang'd Poiner.
Prus. Peace ye fat-kidney d Rafcall, what a brawling doll thou keepe

Fas. What Poines. Hall

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, He go feck

Fal. I am accurate rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him Iknow not where. If I travell but foure foot by the squire further a foore, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I sope hanging for killing that Rogue, Ihaue for fworne his company hoursly any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rafeall have not given me medicines to make me love him, He behang'd; it could not be elle : I haue drunke Medicines. Poines, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Pete: He starue ere I rob a foote further. And twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leave these Rogues, 1 am the verielt Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threefcore & ten miles afoot with me : and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. They whifile.

Whew : a plague light vpon you all. Give my Horfe you

Rogues : give me my Horfe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and lift if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leavers to lift me vp again being downe? He not beare mine owne fielh fo far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer What a plague meane yeto colt me thus?

Prim. Thou ly'ft, thou are not colted, thou are uncolted. Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me tomy horfe,

good Kings fonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, Shall I be your Ofter?

Fal. Go hang thy felfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, lle peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and fung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke being poyfon: when a ieft is fo forward, & a foote too, I hate it

Emer Gads. hill.

Gad Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poin. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce .

Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer,

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make ve all.

Fal. To be hang'd

Prin. You foure thall front them in the partow Lane: Ned and I, will waike lower; if they scape from your an. counter, then they light on vs.

Pero. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight of ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vi?

Prm. What, a Coward Sir Inh Paunch a

Fal. Indeed I am not labor of Gam your Grandlesher; but yet no Coward, Hal

Pem. Wee'lleave that to the penofe.

Poin. Sicra facke, thy horse flands behinde the hede. when thon need it him, there thou halt finde him, Fartwell, and fland faft.

Fal. Now cannot I frike him, if I fhould be hang'd.

Prus. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by : Scand close

Fal. Now my Mafters, happy man behis dole, fay I : every man to his bufinelle.

Enser Trauellers.

Tra Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'l walke a foot a while, and eale our

Theower. Stry.

Tra. lefu bleffe vs.

Fal. Strike. down with them, cut the villains throater a whorfon Caterpillers. Becon-fed Knewes, they hate we youth; downe with them, fleece them,

Tra. O, we see undone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your flore were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaues? Youg men must liur, you are Grand lurers, are ye ? Weel inte ye ifath.

Herrethey rob them, and binde them Enter the

Prince and Pornes

Prin. The Theeves have bound the True-men : Now could thou and I tob the Theeues, and go metaly to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iell for ever

Paymes. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theenes agains.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then roborse before day : and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity farring. There's no mot valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin Villaines

As they are sharing she Prince and Poynes for upon them .. They all run away leaving the boosy behind them.

Prince. Got with much eafe. Now mertily to Horfe: The Theeves are scattred, and postest with fear fo frongly, that they dare not meet each other : each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falfafe Sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Pour. How the Rogue toar'd.

Excunt

Scana Tervia.

Enter Hotfpuere schus, reading a Letter. But for more owne pare my Lord, I could bee well comemed to be there, in reflet of the love I beare your bonfe.

He could be contented: Why is he not then in respect of the love he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loves his owne Barne better then he loves our house. Let me fee some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to fleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertaine, the Time is selfe unforted, and your whole Plet too light, for the counterpoise of fogreat an Opposition.
Say you to, say you to: I say voto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lackebraineisthis? I proteft, our plot is as good a plot as ener was laid; our Friend true and conflant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not belides, the Dowglas? Have I not all their letters, to meetome in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not tome of them fet forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall fee now in very fincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O,I could divide my felfe, and go to buffets, for moving fuch a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will fet forwards to night

Enter bis Lady.

How now Kate, I must lease you within these two hours. La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight bin A banish'd woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me (Sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe? Why doft thou bend thing eyes vpon the earth?

And flart fo often when thou fitt'ft alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes > And given my Treasures and my rights of thee, To thicke-ey'dmusing, and curst melancholly In my faint-flumbers, I by thee hane watchr, And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres: Speake teatmes of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry courage to the field. And thou half talk'd Of Sallies, and Recires; Trenches, Tents, Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets, Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin, Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers Slaine. And all the current of a headdy fight. Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre, And thus hath so bestitt'd thee in thy sleepe, That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow, Like bubbles in a late-diffurbed Streame; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we fee when men restraine their breath On some great sodaine half. O what portents are these? Some heavie bufineffe hath my Lord in hand, And I must know it : else he loues me nor.

Hot. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone?
Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.
Hot. Hath Buller brought those horses fro the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horfe, my Lord, he brought cuen now.

Hot. What Hotle? A Roane, a crop care, is itnot.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him straight. Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heate you, my Lord.

Hot, What say's thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse.

La. Out you mail-headed Ape, a Weazell hathnot such a deale of Spleene, as you are to shill. In sooth lie know your businesse Harry, that I will. I feate my Brother Mortimer doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent syout oline his enterprize. But if you go

Hat. So fatte a foot, I shall be weary, Loue, La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly voto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede lie breake thy little singer Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hos. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not, I eare not for thee Kate: this is no world
To play with Mammets and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.
What say it thou Katel what wold it thou have with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed? Well, do not then. For fince you loue me not I will not loue my selse. Do you not soue me? Nay, tell me if thou speak? It in iest or no.

Hos. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate,
I must not have you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then Harry Percus wise. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will believe
Thou wilt not viter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I stust thee, gentle Kate.

I.a. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke 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.

Execut

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethec come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poince. Where halt bene Hall?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3. or sourescore Hogsheads. I have sounded the verie base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom Dicke, and Francis. They take it already upon their considence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curtesfertelling me starly I am no proud sack like Folfasse, but a Cotinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I shall command at the good Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scatlet; and when you breath in your watering, then

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am lo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language duringmy life. I tell thee Ned, thou halt lost much henor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penivrorth of Sagar, clapt eucnnow into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then Eight Bellings and fix pence, and. Tou are welcome: with this foul addition, Anon, Anen fir, Score a Pint of Baftard in the Halfe Moone, or fo. But Ned, to drive away time till Falsaffe come, I prythee doe thou find in fome by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling Traces, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon iften alide, and He Thew thee a Prefident.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Pois. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon fir; looke downe into the Pomgarnee, Raife.

Prince. Come hither Francis.

Frae, My Lord.

Prin. How long haft thou to ferue, Francis?

Fran. Forfooth five yeares, and as much as to

Poin. Francis.

Free. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Fine yeares: Berlady along Leafe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dateft thou be fo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & thew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from 11?

Fren. OLord fir, He be sworne vpon all the Books in

England, I could finde in my heate.

Pain. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Priss. How old are thou, Francis?

Fran Let me fee, about Michaelmas neat I fhalbe-

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon fin pray you fray a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gsmilt me, twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord fir, I would it had bene two.

Prin I will give thee for it a thouland pound : Aske me when thou wilt, and thou fast have it.

Poin, Francis.

Fran, Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis : or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou wile. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Pake flocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanith pouch.

Fr.m. O Lord fir, who do you meane?

Prm. Why then your browne Baffard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Capuas doublet will fulley. In Barbary fir, it cannot come to fo much

Fran. What fir?

Poin. Francis.

Priss. Away you Rogue, doft thou heare them call? Heere shey both call bie, the Dreser france conceed, was knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'ft thou ftill, and bear'ft fuch a cal

ling ? Looke to the Gueffs within: My Lord, olde Sir John With halfe a dozen more, are at the doore : Oull I let them to

Prus. Let their alone awhile, and then open the doore. Pomes.

Enter Potnet.

Poin. Anon, anon fir.

Prin. Sirra, Fallafe and the reft of the Theeres, are at the doore, shall we be merry !

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. Bushark yee, What cunning match have you made with this isst of the Drawer? Come, vihat's the illie?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have themed them. selves humors, fince the old dayes of goodrann Adam, to the pupill age of this prefent twelve a clock at midnight, What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon fir.

Prm. That ever this Fellow should have sewer words then a Parret, and yet the foone of a Wom-n. His indufiry is vp-flatter and down-flatter, his eloquence the par-cell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Farens mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some fixe or season dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and fairs to his wife; Fie vpon this quie: life, I want worke. O rey Sweet Harry sayes the, how many haft thou kall'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (layer hee) and answerer, fome tourteene,an house after : a tille,a trifle. I prethee call in Falftaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortiour his wife. Rim, layes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Ener Faiftaffe.

Poin Welcome lacke, where hall thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give mea cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, He fowe nether flockes, and ineed then too. A plague of all cowards. Gice me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extent?

Frin. Didft thou neuer fee Titan kille a difh of Butter, pitusull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didft, then behold that compound,

Ful. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke toothere is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worfe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A vil-Isnous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth then am I a shotten Herring : there lines not three good men unbeng'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helps the while, a bad world I fay. I would I were a Weaver, I could fing all manner of longs. A plague of all Cowards, I fay fill.

Prin. Hownow Woolfack, what motter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne: If I do not beate thee out of the Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drive all the Sub-ie As afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geefe. He never weste haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prim. Why you horson round man? what's the matter? Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Points there?

Frin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile

Fal. I call thee Coward? He fee thee damn'dere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care no: who sees your backe : Call you shar that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will fare me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, fince

thou drunk'ft laft.

He drinkes. Falf. All's one for that. A plague of all Cowards fill, fay L.

Prince. What's the matter?
Falft. What's the matter? here be foure of ve, have ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, lack? where is it?
Falf. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred apon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falft. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doubler, foure through the Hole, my Buckler out through and through, my Sword backt like a Hand-law, ecce figurans. I neuer dealt better fince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or leffe then truth, they are villaines, and the fonnes of darkneffe.

Prince. Speake firs, how was le?

Gad. We foure let vpon forne dozen.

Falit. Sizteene, at leaft, thy Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Pers. No, no, they were not bound.

Falf. You Rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a lew elfe, an Ebrew lew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some fixe or seven fresh even fet vpon vs.

Falft. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What fought yee with them all?

Falft. All? I know not what yee call all : but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radifi : If there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde lack, then am I no two-legg'd Cresture.

Pois. Pray Heaven, you have not murthered fome of

them

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am fute 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 Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou fayd'ft but two, even now.

Falft. Foure Fal, I told thee foure.

Poin. I,I,he faid foure.

Faist. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust et the; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seven points in thy Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seven? why there were but foure, even now.

Fala. In Buckrom.

Pain, I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falft. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine elfe. Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon-

Fulft. Doeft thou heare me, Hali

Prin. I and marke thee too, lack.

Falft. Doe fo, for it is worth the liftning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Frin. So,two more alreadie. Falft. Their Points being broken.

Pom. Downe fell his Hofe.

Falft. Began to give me ground: but I followed me

close-came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleven Buckrom men growne

out of two?

Falf. But as the Deuill would have it, three mif-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was fo darke, Hal, that thou could'it not fee thy Hand.

Prm. These Lyes are like the Father that begers them, groffe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybrzyn'd Girs, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horlon ob-

scene greasie Tallow Carch.

Fall. What, art thou mad? are thou mad? is not the

truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendali Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not feethy Hand? Come, tell vs your reasons what say's thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason lack, your reason.

Falft. What, vpon compulsion? No s were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not reli you on compulsion. Giue you a resson on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue so mana Resson vpon compulsion, l.

Prim: He be no longer guilrie of this sinue. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker,

this huge Hill of Fleft.

Falf. Away you Statueling, you Elfe-tkin, you dried Neats conque, Bulles-piffell, you flocke-fish: O for brech to viter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-cafe, you vile flanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe and when shou hast tyr'd shy selfe in bale comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

Poin. Marke lacke.
Prin. Wetwo, fave you fourefet on foure and bound them, and were Matters of their Wealth : mark now how a plaine Tôle shall put you downe. Then did we two, sez on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and housit : yes, and can shew it you in the House . And Falftaffe, you carred your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roated for mercy, and fill ranno and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slave are thou, to hacke thy fword as thou hast done, and then fay it was in fight. What trick? what device? what flarting hole canft thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent (hame?

Poiner. Come, let's beare lacke : What tricke haft

thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare yerray Masters, was it for me to kill the Helre apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware Inflind, the Lion will not touch the true Prince : Inflinch is a great matter. I was a Coward on Inflina: I shall thinke the better of my felfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valuant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Mony. Hostelie, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What, Chall we be merry? Chall we have a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing

Fal. A, no more of that Hall, and thou loucit me. Enter Hofteffe.

Mof. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st

Hoffesse Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would speake with your hee sayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin, Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and fend him backe agains to my Mother.

Fulft. What manner of man is hee?

Hofteffe. Anoldman.

Fall. What doth Gravitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doc lacke.

Falft. Faith, and He fend him packing.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire: fo did you Pero, fo did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inftinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, he.

Bard. Faith, I ranne when I faw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falftaffer Sword io hackt ?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and faid, hee would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe the like.

Burd Yea, and to tickle our Nofes with Spear-graffe, to make them bleed, and then to beflubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this feuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare his monstrous devices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer fince thou haft blusht extempore : thou hadst fire and (word on thy fide, and yet thou ranst away; what inflinct hadft thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you

behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. ilot Livers, and cold Purfes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin No, if rightly taken, Halter,

Enter Falstaffe

Heere comes leane lacke, heere comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe,

lacke, fince thou faw'ft thine owne Knee ?

Falft. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Wafte, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of fighing and gricle, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad : heere was Sir John Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and hee of Wales, that gave Amamon the Bastinado, and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true Liege-man upon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin O, Glendower.

Falft. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne In Law Morrimer, and old Nerthumberland, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runnes a Hotle-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hec that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll

kills a Sparrow flying.

Falft. You have hit it

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Pal, 1. Well, that Rascall hash good mertall in him, bee will not runne.

Prin Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to pray se him

so fortunning?
Full. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a fe or hee will

not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes Inchesupon instinct.

Falft I grant ye, vpon inftinet: Well, her is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blew-Cappes more. Worceller is Rolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is rutn'd white with the Newes ; you may buy Land now as cheape as flinking Mackrell.

Prin Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and thus civill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as

they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falft. By the Masse Lad, thou say street, it is like wee shall have good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afear of thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three fuch Enemyes againe as that Fiend Douglas, that Spirit Percy, and that Deuill Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doib not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Nota whit: Hacke some of thy inftinct.

Falft. Well thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou doc lout me, pracufe an answere.

Prin. Doe thou fland for my Father, and examine mee

vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falf. Shall I? content: This Chayte shall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Joyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich

Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falit. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I have wept for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it in King Cambyfes vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand ande Nobilitie. Hofteffe. This is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falft. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his counternance?

Falft. For Gods Take Lords, convey my truffull Queen, For teares doe flop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoffeste. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry

Players, at euer I fee.

Falst. Peace good Pint pot, peace good Tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the fafter it growes; yer Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it westes. Thou art my Sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point : why, being Sonne to me, art thou fo poynted at? Shall the bleffed Sonne of Heaven prove a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England prove a Theele, and take Purles? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou halt often heard of, and it is knowne to

many mour land, by the Name of Pitch : this Pitch (as ancient Writers, noe report) doth defile; to doth the companie thou keepelt: for Harry, now I doe not speake to chee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Pasfron ; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy companic, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Ma-

ieffie?

Felf. A goodly portly man ytaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a mott noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age fome fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threelcote; and now I remember mee, his Name is Falftaffe: if that man should be lewdly given, hee decesues mee; for Harry, I fee 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 Falftaffe : him keepe with, the relt banish. And cell mee now, thou naughtie Varle:, tell mee, where half thou beene this moneth :

Prin. Do'ft thou speake like a King? doe thou fland

formee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depose me : it thou do'ft it halie so gravely, so maieflically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, ora Poukers Hare.

Frin. Well, heere I am fet.
Falft. And heere I fland: judge my Mafters. Pris. Now Harry, whence come you? Falft. My Noble Lord, from East-cheape.

Pro. The complaints I heare of thec, are grieuous. Palit. Yfzith, my Lord, they are falle: Nay, lle tickle

ye fora young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Devill haunes thee, in the likenesse of a tot old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaftlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropfies; that huge Bombard of Sacke, that Huft Cloakebagge of Guts, that rofted Manning Tree Oze with the Pudding in his Belly, that renerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to tafte Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Crate? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein wotthy, but in nothing

Falit, I would your Grace would take me with you:

whom meanes your Grace ?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, Falstaff, shacold white-bearded Sethan.

Fali?. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do ft.

Falst. But to fay, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to says more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe wimefie it: but that hee is (saving your, reverence) a Whore-ma-Her, that I veterly deng. If Sacke and Sugar bec a fault, Heaven helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a finne, then many an olde Hofte that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be bated, then Pharaobs leane Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poines: but for tweete lacke Faistaffe, kinde lacke Falltaffe, true lacke Falstaffe, valiant lacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valuant, being as hee is olde lack Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, benish

not him thy Harryes companies banish plumpe locke and banish all the World.

Prince , I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph ruming.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most most monstrous Watch, is at the doore.

Palft. Outyou Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to fay in the behalfe of that Falft of e.

Enter the Hoffeffe.

Hosteffe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Faist. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill tides voon a Fiddle

Ricke : what's the matter?

Hostelfe. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falft. Do'ft thou heare Hat, neuer call a true peece of Gold'a Counterfeit: thou are effentially made, without feeming fo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without In-

FAR. I deny your Mann: if you will denv the Sherife, fo : if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up : I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as ano-

Hince Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reft walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falfe. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore lle hide me.

Prince. Call in the Sherife

Enter Shorsfe and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Mafter Sherife, what is your will with mee ?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houle.

Prince, What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groffe fat man.

Car. As fac as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe affure you, is not beeze, For I my selfe at this time have imploy'd him t And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow Dinner time, Send him to answere thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall: And so let me entrest you, leave the house.

Sbr. I will, my Lord : there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie loft three hundred Marke .

Prince. It may be fo: if he have robbed thefe men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke; · Exit.

Prince. This only Rascall is knowne as well as Poulei: goe call him forth

Pero. Faistaffe ! fast asscepe behinde the Arres, and fnorting like a Horfe.

Prisce. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: fearch bis Pockets.

He seureboth his Pockets, and sinaceb certaine Papers.

Prince. What half thou found?
Pero. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.
Prince. Let's fee, what bethey? reade them.

Pito. Item,a Capon. ii.s.il.d. Item, Sawce. iiiid.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

Item, Anchouse and Sacke after Supper.

Item, Bread.

ob,

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is elle, keepe close, weele reade it at more advantage: there ler him sleepe till day. He to the Court in the Morning: Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honotable. He procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelve-score. The Money shall be pay'd backe agains with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good mostow Peto.

Pero. Good morrow, good my Lord. Exwest

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hosphere, Worcester Lord Mortimer,
Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Horf. Lord Mortimer, and Coulin Glendower,

Will you fit downe?
And Vnckle Worcefler; a plague vpon it,

I have forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is: Sit Coulin Percy, he good Coulin Hospure:

For by that Name, as oft as Lancefter doth speake of you. His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising figh, He wishest you in Heaven.

Horfp. And you in Hell as oft as he heares Owen Glendower spoke of.

Gland. I cannot blame him: At my Nativitie,
The front of Heaven was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cresses: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

. For p. Why foit would have done at the fame leafon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your felfe

had neuer beene borne.

Clend. 1 (ay the Earth did shake when I was borne. Holf. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,

if you suppose, 2s feering you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did

cremble.

Hosp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heavens on fire,
And not in feare of your Nativitie.
Discased Nature of continues breakes forth
In strange eroptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Gollick pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of varuly Winde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement friuing, Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe. Steeples, and mostle growne Towers At your Birth, Our Grandern Earth, having this difference ture, In passion shooks.

Clend. Coulin, of many men

t doe not beare these Croffings | Grue me leave To tell you once againe, that at my Birth The scont of Heaven was full of herie snapes, The Goales range from the Mourraines and the Mour

The Goales ranne from the Mountaines and the Heards Were firangely claimorous to the frighted fields. These fignes have marke the extra ordinarie,

And all the couries of my Life doe thew, I am not in the Roll of common men. Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales, Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Some,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Att,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Horp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:
tle to Dinner.

Mors. Peace Coufin Percy, you will make him mad. Glead. I can call Spirits from the raftie Despe.

Halfs. Why so can I for so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Gland. Why I can teach thee Course to command.

Clend. Why, I can teach thee, Coulin, to command the Devill.

Holp. And I can teach thee, Coulin, to shame the Devil.

By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

It thou have power to rayle him, bring him hither,
And He be sworne, I have power to shame him hence
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and strame the Deuill.

Alar. Come come, no more of this voprofitable

Glend. Three times hath Heary Bullingbrocke made head Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye. And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, have I hent him Bontlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hosfp. Home without Bootes, And in foule Weather too, How (capes he Agues in the Deuils name)

Glend Come, herre's the Mappe: Shall wee divide our Right, According to our three-fold order to'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it Into three Limits, very equally: England, from Trent, and Severne, bitherto By South and East is to my part affign'd: All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severne Shore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To Open Glendower: And deare Couze, to you The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne : Which being fealed enterchangeably, (A Bofineffe that this Night may execute) Fo morrow, Coufin Percy, you and i, And my good Lord of Worcefter, will fee forth, To meete your Father, and the Scottith Power, As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury. My Father Glandower is not seadie yet; Nor shall wee neede his helpe these source eene dayes : Within that space, you may have drawne together Your Tenants Friends and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords: And in my Condest shall your Ladies come, From whom you now must steel and take no leave, For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wives and you.

Holf. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here, In quantitic equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
Ille have the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and evenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.
More, Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
And cunnes me op with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,

As on the other fide it takes from you.

Wore. Yes, baca little Charge will treach him here, And on this North fide winne this Cape of Land, And then he roomes fleaight and even.

Hosp. He have it fo, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. He not have it alter d.
Horst. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Horst. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.

Hosp. Les me not understand you then, speake it is

Welsh.

Gland. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Hsrpe
Many an English Dirtic, louely well,
And goue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you.

Hotip. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my hears, I had rather be a Kitten, and ery mew,
Then one of tricle fame Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlellick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would fee my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing fo much, as minoting Poetrie;
Tis like the fore't gate of a faushing Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn d.

Hosp. I doe not care: He give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,

lle caull on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawner thall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone thines faire,
You may away by Hight:
He hafte the Writer; and wishall,
Breake with your Wives, of your departure hences
I am afraid my Daughter will sugne medde,
So much the doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mort. Fie, Coulin Persy, how you crosse my Fa-

ther.

Hoth. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me, With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant, Of the Dieamer Merlin, and his Prophecies; And of a Dragon, and a sinne-less Fith, A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Ranen, A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cas, And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff, As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what, He held me last Night, at least, nine howers, In reckning up the several Deuils Names, That water this Lacqueyes;

I cry'd hum, and well, goe too, But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious As a tysted Horfe, a rayling Wife, Worle then a smookie House. I had eather live With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill force, Than seede on Cates, and have him talke to me, Ia any Summer-House in Christendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Grudemen, Exceeding well read, and profited, In strange Concealements. Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrows affable, And as to bountifull, as Mynes of India. Shall I tell you, Cousin, He holds your temper in a high respect, And curves himselfe, even of his natural scope, When you doe crosses himselfe, the hot aline, worth you, that man is not aline, Might so have tempted himses you have done, Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:

But doe not vie it of ; let me entrest you.

Were. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
And fince your comming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite believe his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it deth present harsh Rage,
Desect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaines
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman.
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behinde a stayne
Vpon the beaute of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hosp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wines, and let va take our leane.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly fright, that angers use,
My Wife can speake no English; I no Welsh.
Gland, My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Wastes.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aust. Perry
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glandwar freakes to her in Welfh, and fe anforces bim in the same.

Gland. Since is desperate heere:
A pecuish selfe-will'd Haslotry,
One that no perswasion can doe good vpon-

The Lady freakes in Wellb

More. I understand thy Lookes: thet pretty Welsh Which thou powr's down from these swelling Heavens, I am too perfect in: and but for shame, In such a parley should I answere thes.

The Lady agains in Wellh.

Mort. I understand thy Msse, and thournine, And that's a seeling disputation: But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue, Till I have seam'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes

Maken Wellh as Iweet as Ditties highly penn'd, Sung by s faire Queene in a Summers Bowre, With raufhing Division to her Lute. Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runnemadde.

The Lady peaker agains in Wellb.

Mort. O, l'am Ignorance it selse in this, Gland. She bids you, On the wanton Rushes lay you downe, And reft your gentle Head vpon her Lappe, And the will ling the Song that pleafeth you, And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe, Clarming your blood with pleasing heavinesse; Making such difference betwirt Wake and Sleepe, Asis the difference betwixt Day and Night, The houre before the Heavenly Harners'd Teeme Begins his Golden Progresse in the East. Afort. With all my heart He fit, and heare her fing: .

By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne. Gland, Doeso:

And those Musitians that shall play to you, Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;

And streight they shall be here: lit, and attend.

Hoth. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe: Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goofe.

The Muficke player.

Hasp. Now I perceive the Deuill understands Welsh, And 'ris no maruell he is so humorous: Byrlady hee's a good Mufician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall, For you are altogether gouerned by humors: Lye (till ye Theele, and heare the Lady fing in Welfh.

Harf. I had tather heate (Lady) my Brach howle in Irifh.

Lady. Would'it have thy Head broken?

Heif. No. Lady. Then be flill

Halp. Neyther, tis a Womans foult.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Holf. To the Welfh Ladies Bed.

1104p. Peace, thee lings.

Heere the Lady fings a Welfb Song.

Horf. Come, lle haue your Song too. Lady. Not mine, in good footh. Holp. Not yours, in good footh? You sweste like a Comfit-makers Wife: Not you, in good footh; and, as true as I live ; And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day's And givest such Sarcener suretie for thy Oathes, As if thou never walk'ft further then Finsbury. Sweare me, Kare, like a Lady, as thou are, A good mouth-filling Oath; and leave in footh, And fuch proteft of Pepper Ginger-bread, To Veluce-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.

Come, fing.
Lady. I will not fing.
Both. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or bo Redbrest teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, He away

within thefe two howress and fo come in, when yee will

Glend. Come, come, Lord Morumer, you are 2: Now, As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe. By this out Booke is drawne : wee'le but feale, And then to Horse immediately, Mors. With all my heart. Exercit.

Scana Secunda.

Enter the King Prince of Wales and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaues The Prince of Water, and I, Must have some private conference: But be neere at hand, For wee shall presently have neede of you.

I know not whether Heaven will have it fo. Por some displeasing service I have done; That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood, Hee'le breede Revengement, and a Scourge for met But thou do'ft in thy pallages of Life, Makemebeleeue, that thou art onely mark'd For the hor vengeance, and the Rod of heaven To punish my Multreadings. Tell me sile, Could fuch inordinate and low defires, Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such mezne attempts, Such barren plezsures, rude societie, As thou are matche withall, and grafted too, Accompanie the greatnelle of thy blood, And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?

Prince So please your Maiesty, I would I could Quit all offences with as cleare excuse, As well as I am doubtleffe I can purg My felfe of many I am charg'd withall : Yet such extenuation let me begge, As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd, Which of the Eare of Greatnelle needes must heare, By Smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers; I may for fome things true, wherein my youth Hath faultie wandred, and irregular, Finde pardon on my true fub million.

Rug. Heaven pardon thee: Yet let me wonder, Harry, Acthy affections, which doe hold a Wing Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors. Thy place in Councell thou haft rudely loft, Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de; And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the Court and Princes of my blood The hope and expectation of thy time Is ruin'd, and the Soule of every man Propherically doe fore-thinke thy fall. Had I lo lauish of my presence beene, So common hackney'd in the eyes of men, So stale and cheape to vulgar Company; Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne, Had still kept loyall to possession, And left me in reputcleffe banishment, A fellow of no marke, nor likely hood. By being schoone seene, I could not firre, But like a Comer, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This it hee Others would fay; Where, Which is Bullingbrooks. And then I fole all Courtefie from Heaven, And drest my felfe in such Humilitie, That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts, Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes. Euen In the presence of the Crowned King. Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new. My Presence like a Robe Pontificall, Ne're feene, but wondred at a and fo my State, Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feuft, And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitle. The skipping King hee ambled up and downe, With shallow Jesters, and rash Bauin Wits, Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his State, Mingled his Royaltle with Carping Fooles, Had his great Name prophened with their Scornes, And gave his Countenance, against his Name, To laugh at gybling Boyes, and stand the push Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparative; Grew a Companion to the common Streetes, Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitle: That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes, They furfeted with Honey, and began to lost be The talke of Sweetnesse, whereof a little More then a little, is by much too much. So when he had occasion to be seene, He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune, Heard, not regarded: feene but with fuch Eyes, As ficke and blunted with Communitie, Affoord no extraordinaric Gaze, Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maieflie, When it thines feldome in admiring Eyes: But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe, Stept in his Face, and tendred fuch afpect As Cloudie men vie to doe to their aduerfaries Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou: For thou hall loft thy Princely Priviledge, With vile participation. Not an Eye But is a wearie of thy common fight, Saue mine, which hath defir'd to fee thee more : Which now doth that I would not have it doe, Make blinde it seise with soolish tendernesse.

Prince. I shall bereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,

Be mote my felfe.

King. For Il the World, As thon art to this house, was Richard then, When I from France fer foot at Rauenspurgh; And even as I was then, is Percy now a Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot, He hath more worthy interest to the State Then shou, the shadow of Succession; For of no Right, nor colour like to Right. He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme, Turnes head against the Lyons armed lawes; And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou, Leader ancient Lords, and reverent Bishops on To bloody Bettailes, and to brusing Armes. What never-dying Honor hath he got, Against renowned Douglas? whose high Decdes, Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes, Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Majoritie, And Militarie Tule Capitall Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ, Thrice hath the Hosfins Warr, in fwathing Clothes,

This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprifes,
Discomsted great Dougla, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Desiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetile of our Throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell these of my Focs,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vasfall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spiecee,
To fight against me vader Percles pay,
To dogg his heeles, and cursie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doenot thinke so, you shall not finde it for

And Heaven forgive them, that fo much have fway'd Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me: I will redeeme all this on Parcies head, And in the closing of some glorious day, Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne, When I will weare a Garment all of Blood, And staine my favours in a bloody Masker Which washe away, shall scowre my shame with ie. And that shall be the day, when ere it lights, That this same Child of Honor and Renowne, This gallant House, this all-prayled Knight, And your vnthought-of Harry chance so meet: For every Honor fitting on his Helme, Would they were multitudes, and on my head My shames redoubled. For the time will come, That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange His glotlous Deedes for my Indignities: Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord, To engrosse up glorious Deedes on my behalfe: And I will call him to so strict account, That he shall render every Glory vp, Yea, even the sleightest worthip of his time, Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart. This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here: The which, if I performe, and doe furuive, I doc beseech your Maiestie, may salue The long-growne Wounds of my interaperacures If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands, And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths, Ere breake the imallest parcell of this Vow. King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this: Thou shalt have Charge, and soveraigne trush herein.

Enter Blunt,

How now good Blum? thy Lookes are full of speed.

Blums. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,

That Douglas and the English Rebels mee

The cleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:

A mightie and a searefull Head they are,

(If Promises be kept on every hand)

As ever offered soule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day s

With him my fonne, Lord Isbn of Lancafter,

For this advertisement is five dayes old.

On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward:

On Thursday, wee our selves will march.

Our meeting is Bridgenorth; and Harry, you shall course.

Through

Through Glocefterthire: by which account, Our Bufincile valued forme twelvo dayes hence, Our generall Porces at Bridgenorth (hall meete. Our Kandt are full of Bulmelle : let's away, Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. Excent.

Scena Tertia.

Exter Fall affe and Bordolph

Falls. Bordalph, am I not falne away vilely, fince this luft action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loofe Govene: I am withered like an olde Apple lebu. Well, He repent, and that fuddenly, while I am in some liking : I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no Arength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the in-fide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hails beene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sie lobn, you are so freefull, you cannot live

Falf. Why there is it: Come, fing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously ginen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, fwore little, die'd not aboue feuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times: lived well, and in good compasse: and now I live out of all order, out of compalle.

Bard Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needes bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable

compasse, Sit loha.

Falft. Doe shou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou are our Admirall, shou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir lobe, my Face dnes you no harme.

Fail. No le be sworne: I make as good vie of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Momento Mori. I never fee thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Dixes that lived in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to vertue, I would Sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art alrogether given oner: and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of veter Darkeoeffe. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill, in the Night, to earch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadfi beene an Ignis fature, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchale in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne : But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would have bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I have maintein'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heaven reward me for it.

Bard I would my Face were in your Belly. Falst. So Chould I be sure to be heart-burn'd Esser Hofteffe.

How now, Dame Partles the Hen, have you enquire yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Holde. Why Sil lown, what doe you thinke, Sir loba? doe you shinke I keepe Theeues in my Houle? I have fearch'd, I have enquired, fo haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy hy Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a hayre was never loft in my house before.

Falf. Yelye Hollelle: Bardoft was Mau'd, and loft many a hayre; and lie be for the my Pocket was pick'd!

goe to you are a Woman, goe.

Hossesse. Who I? I defic thee : I was neuer call'd fo in mine owne bouse before.

Falt. Goeto, I know you well enough.
Holleffe. No. Sit I obn, you doe not know me, Sit I obn; I know you, Sit lobe: you one me Money, Sit lohn, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of Shirrs to your Becke.

Faist. Doulas, filthy Doulas : I hane given therm away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of

Hosteffe Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight fhillings an Ell: You owe Money here befides, Sir lobn, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falf. Hee had his part of it, let him pay,

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath no-

thing.

Falft. How? Poore? Looke spon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nofe, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall have my Pocket picket ? I have lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand fathers, worth forthe Marke.

Hofteffe I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not

how off, that that Ring was Copper.

Falft. How? the Prince is a Iacke, 2 Sneake-Coppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if her would fay fo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falft offe meets bim, playing on bis Trunchion like a Pife.

Falf. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all merch?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me. Prince. What say it shou, Mistresse Quicky? How does thy Husband? I love him well, hee is an hones

Hofieffe. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Faift. Prethee let her alone, and lift to mee.

Prince. What fay'st thou, lacket
Falft. The other Night I fell asseepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Frace. What didft thou lose, lacke?

Falft. Wilt thou beleeve me, Hall Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grandfathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.
Hof. So I told him, my Lord; and I faid, I heard you: Grace fay fo: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and faid, bee would cudgell you.

Prisce. What hee did not?

Hoft. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elfe. Ea.E. There's

Falft. There's no more faith in thee then a stude Prunes nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox : and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing 1 go.

Hoft. Say, what thing? what thing?
Falf. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.
Hoft. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou should know it : I am an honest mans wife : and fetting thy Knighthood afide, thou are a knaue to call me fo.

Falft. Setting thy woman-hood afide, thou art a beaft

to fay otherwife.

Hoff. Say, what beaft, thou knaue thou? Fal. What beaft? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, fir lobn? Why an Otter?
Fal. Why? She's neither fifth nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Hoft. Thou are vniust man in laying fo; thou, or anie man knowes where to have me, thou knaue thou,

Prince. Thou lay'A true Hofteffe, and he flanders thee most groffely.

Hoft. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound? Falft. A thousand pound Hall A Million. Thy love is worth a Million : thou ow'ft me thy loue.

Hoft. Nay my Lord, he call'd you lacke, and faid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardulph?

Bar. Indeed Sir lobn, you faid to.
Fal. Yea, if he faid iny Ring was Copper.

Proce. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou know'ft, as thou are but a man, I dare : but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the rosting of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himfelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'A chourhinke He feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay

if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But fires: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine : 11 is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imbolt Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, Memorandum of Bawdie-houses, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie o-ther iniuries but their, I am a Villaine: And yet you will fland to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not alham d?

Fal. Do'ft thou heare Hal? Thou know this the flate of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore lacke Faffe do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou feeft, 1 haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.

You confesse then you picke my Pocket !

Prin. It appeares fo by the Story. Fal. Hostesse, I forgue thee : Gomake ready Breakfall, loue thy Husband. Looke to thy Seruants, and cherich thy Gueffs: Thou shalt find me tradable to any honest reason: Thou feelt, I am pacified ftill. Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Holteffe. Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. Omy (weet Beefe : I must still be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe agains.

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.

Ed. Rob me the Exchequer the full thing thou do'ft.

and do it with vowash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prine I have procured thee Jacke, a Charge of Foot

Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shall finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefer of two and twentie, or thereabout : I am heynously vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. Bardolph. Bar. My Lord.

Prm. Go beare this Letter to Lord lobn of Lancaster To my Brother John. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go Pero, to horse : for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time. lacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, Percie frands on hye, And either they, or we must lower ly e. Fal. Rare words! brave world.

Hostesse, my breakfast, come ; Oh, I could with this Tauetne were my drumme.

Except ormes.

Adus Quartus. Scana Prima.

Enter Harie Hotfparre, Worcefter, and Dowglas.

Het. Well faid, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution flould the Douglas have, As not a Souldiour of this leasons stampe, Should go fo generall current through the world. By heaven I cannot flatter : I defie The Tongues of Soochers. But a Brauer place In my hearts love, hath no man then your Selfe. Nay, taske me to my word; approve me Lord.
Dow. Thou are the King of Honor.

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will Beard bim.

Enter a Meffenger.

Hot. Do fo, and 'tis well, What Letters haft there? I can but thanke you,

Meff. These Letters come from your Father. Hor. Letters from him?

Why comes he not himselfe?

Mef. He cannot come, my Lord,

He is greenous ficke.

Hor. How? haz he the leyfure to be ficke now, In such a justing time? Who leades his power? Vnder whole Gonernment come they along?

Mef. His Lecters beares his minde, not I his minde. Wor. I presheetell me, doth he keepe his Bed? Mef. He did, my Lord, source dayes ere I fee forth a And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fear d by his Phylician.

Wor. I would the flate of time had first beene whole, Ere he by ficknessa had beene vificed:

His health was never better worth then now.

Halp. Sicke now? droope now? this ficknes doch infect The very Life-blood of our Enterprise, Tis carehing hither, even to our Campe He writes me here, that in ward ficknesse, And that his friends by deputation Could not fo foone be drawne; nor did he thinke it meet, To lay to dangerous and deare a trust On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.

Yet doth he give vs bold advertisement, That with our small conjunction we should on, To fee how Fortune is dispos'd to vs 1 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainely possest Of all our purposes. What say you to je? Wor. Your Fathers fickneffe is a mayme to va.

Hosp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lope off: And yer, in faith, it is not his prefent want Seemes more then we shall finde it. Were it good, to let the exact wealth of all our flaces All at one Cast? To fet so rich a mayne On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre, It were not good: for therein should we reade The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope The very Lift, the very vemost Bound Of all our fortunes.

Dong. Faith, and fo wee should; Where now remaines a fweet tenerison. We may boldly (pend, vpon the hope Of what is to come in :

A comfort of retyrement lives in this.

Hosp. A Randeunus, a Home to flye omo, If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires. Ivor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:

The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt Brookes no division: It will be thought By forne, that know not why he is away That wifedome, loyaltie, and meere diflike Of our proceedings, kept the Barle from hence. And thinke, how such an apprehension May tume the tyde of featefull Faction, And breede a kinde of question in our cause: For well you know, wee of the offring fide, Must keepe aloofe from stick arbittement, And stop all fight-holes, every loope, from whence The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs : This absence of your Father drawes a Curraine. That shewes the ignorant a kinde of seare, Before not dreamt of.

Hoff. You frayme too farte. I rather of his absence make this wie: It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion, A larger Dare to your great Encerprize, Then if the Earle were here : for men must thinke, If we without his belpe, can make a Head To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe, We shall o're-turne it topfic-turny downe: Yet all goes well, yet all our joynes are whole.

Dong. As heart can thinke : There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland. As this Dreame of Feare.

Ever Sir Richard Varnou.

Haff. My Coufin Vernon, welcome by my Soule. Vam. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord. The Earle of Westmerland, seven thousand strong, Is merching hither-wards, with Prince lobn.
Hosp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I have learn'd. The King himselfe in person hath set forth, Or hither-wards intended speedily, With strong and mightle preparation.

Horp. He shall be welcome too. Where is his Sonne,

The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales, And his Cumrades, that daft the World alide,

And bid it paffe?

Vem. All furnisht, all in Armer, All plum'd like Effridges, that with the Winde Bayted like Eagles, having larely bath'd, Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images, As full of spirit as the Moneth of May, And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-furnmer, Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls I faw young Harry with his Beuer on, His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd, Rise from the ground like seathered Mercary, And vaulted with fuch eafe into his Seat, As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds, To turne and winde a fierie Pegafus, And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship.

Horp. No more, no more, Worse then the Sunne In March: This prayle doth courish Agues: let them coras. They come like Sacrifices in their trimme, And to the fire-ey'd Maid of Imoakie Warre, All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them a The mayled Mars shall on his Alvar six Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire, To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh, And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Harle, Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt, Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales Rarry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarle ? Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes: I learned in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frofty found. Hosp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach

Ver. To thirty thousand. Hor. Forty let it be, My Father and Glendower being both sway, The powres of vs, may fense fo great a day. Come, let vs take a muster speedily: Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeus Onner, Scena

Scana Secunda.

Enter Faift afe and Bardolph.

Fall. Bardalph, get thee before to Coventry, fill me a Bortle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: weele to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Fall. And if it doe, take it for thy labour . and if it make twentie, take them all. He answere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Pero meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell.

Falf. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a lowe't-Gurner: I have mil-vs'd the Kings Presse damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: fuch a Commoditie of warme flauts, as had as lieve heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; fuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worfe then a ftruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Prones heads, and they have bought out their services: And now, my whole Charge confifts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Glottons Dogges licked his Sores; and fuch, as indeed were never Souldiers, but dis-carded vaiust Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, renolted Tapfters and Offiers. Trade-faine, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Aucient; and fuch have I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought out their feruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had valoaded all the Gibbers, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: He not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide between the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt togestier, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleenes: and the Shire, to say the truth, Rolne from my HoA of S. Albones, or the Red-Nofe Inne-keeper of Danistry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince and the Lord of Westmerland

Proce. How now blowne lask i how now Quilt? Faift. What Half How now road Wag, what a Deulli do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought you Honout had already beene at Shrewsbury.

West 'Faith, Six labre,'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vsall: we must away

all to Night

Fall. Tut, never feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to Reale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to Resle Creame indeed, for thy thefr hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, lack whole fellowes are thefe that come after ?

Falft. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never fee such pittifull Raseals.
Falft. Tut, tut, good enough to toller foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pic, as well as better. sush man, mortall men, mortali men.

svoftm. 1, but Sir John, me thinkes they are exceeding

poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fall. Faith, for their pouertie, I know nor where they had that ; and for their bareneffe, I am fure they never leam'd that of me.

Prince. No, lle be sworne, volesse you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But fitta, make hafte, Percy is already

Falf. What, is the King encamp'd?

Wellm. Hee is, Sie John, I feare wee thall flay too

Falft. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a treene Gueft.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Heifper Worcefter, Dowglas, and

Hasp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

19076. It may not be.

Deng. You give him then advantage.

Horp. Why lay you lo? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe vice.

Hoff. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wore, Good Coufin be aduis'd, flirte not to algh.

Vern. Doe oot, my Lord.

Dong. You doe not counsaile well: You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Dae me no flander, Dowglas: by my Life, And I dare well maintaine it with my Life, If well-respected Honor bid me on, I hold as little counfaile with weake feare, As you,my Lord, or any Scot that this day lines. Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell, Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yez, or to night. Vern. Content.

Buff. To night fay I.

Vem. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much being me of fuch great leading as you are

That you fore-fee not what impediments Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse Of my Coulin Vernons are not yet come vp. Your Vnckie Worceffers Horfe came but to day, And now their pride and metrall is afleepe. Their courage with bard labour tame and dull,

That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe. Haff. So are the Horses of the Enemie in generall lourney bated, and brought low: The better part of ours are full of reft. f 3

APO. The

Were. The number of the King exceedesh ours: For Gods fake, Coulin, ftay till all come in.

The Trumpet founds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Bluns. I come with gracious offers from the King, If you wouchfafe me hearing, and respect.

Holf. Welcome, Sir Walter Blam:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs love you well: and even those some
Envie your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie.

Blun: And Heaven defend, but still I should stand so, So long as out of Limit, and true Rule, You standagainst anoynted Maieste.
But comy Charge.
The King hath sent to know

The nature of your Gricles, and whereupon You conjute from the Brest of Civill Peace, Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land Audarious Crueltie. If that the King Haue any way your good Deferts forgot, Which he consesses be manifold. He bids you name your Crieses, and with all speed You shall have your desires, with interest;

You shall have your desires, with interest;
And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
Herein mis-led, by your suggestion.

Hosp The King is kinde : And well wee know, the King Knowes at what time to promife, when to pay. My Father, my Vnckle, and my felfe, Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares: And when he was not fixe and twentie ftrong, Sicke in the Worlda regerd, wrerched, and low, A poore vnmlnded Out-law, Ineaking home, My Father gave him welcome to the shore: And when he heard him fweare, and vow to God. He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To fue his Liverie, and begge his Peace, With teares of Indocencie, and tearmes of Zeale; My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd, Swore bim affiftance, and perform'd it too. Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane 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 him their Oathes, Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him, Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes. He presently, as Greatnesse knower it selfe, Steps me a little higher then his Vow Made to my Father, while his blood was poore, Voon the naked (hore at Rauen(purgh: And now (for footh) takes on him to reforme Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees, That lay too heaule on the Common-wealth; Cryes out vpon abules, seemes to weepe Quer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face, This feeming Brow of Justice, did he winne The hearts of all that hee did angle for. Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads Of all the Fauorites, that the abfent King In deputation lest behinde him beere,

When hee was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hears this.
Hosp. Then to the point. In short time after, hee depos'd the King Soone after that, deprited him of his Life: And in the neck of that, rask't the whole State, To make that worle, luffer'd his Kindman Catereb. Who is, if every Owner were placed, Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales, There, without Ranforme, to lye forfeited i Difgrac'd me in my happie Victories, Sought to intrap me by intelligence, Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord, In rage dismis'd my Father from the Court. Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong, And in conclusion, drove va to feeke out This Head of Sasetie; and withall, to prie Into his Title : the which wee finde Too indirect, for long continuance. Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King? Haffe Notio, Sit Walter. Wee'le with-draw a while. Goe to the King, and let there be impawa'4 Some surecie for a safe retorne againe And in the Morning early (hall my Vnckle Bring him our purpose 1 and so farewell. Bhore. I would you would accept of Grace and Lone. Half. And't may be, so wee shall Blum. Pray Heaven you doe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bulhop of Torke and Sir Muchell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this lealed Eriele With winged hasteto the Lord Marshall, This to my Coulin Screepe, and all the rest To whom they are directed.

If you knew how much they doe Import, You would make haste.

Sr Mich. My good Lotd, I guesse their tence.

Arch. Like enough you doe.

To morrow, good Six Michell, is a day,

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men

Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,

As I am truly given to understand,

The King, with mightie and quick-raysed Power,

Meetes with Lord Harry: and I seare, Six Miches,

What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,

Whose Power was in the first proportion;

And what with Owen Glendwarer absence thence,

Who with them was rated firmely too,

And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,

I seare the Power of Perty is too weake.

To wage an instant tryall with the King.

Sa Mich. Why. my good Lord, you need not fear

Sa Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortuner.
Arch. No, Mortuner is not there.

Sor Mrs. But there is Mordake Vernon, Lord Harry Perry, And there is my Lord of Worcester, And a Head of gallant Warriots, Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And fo there is, but yet the King hath drawne The special head of all the Land together The Prince of Wales, Lord low of Lancafter, The Noble Westmerland, and warlike Blant; And many moe Corruals, and deare men Of estimation, and commad in Armes

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well eppes'd Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare, And to predent the worlt, Siz Miebell speed; For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs: For he hath heard of our Consederacie, And, 'ris but Wifedome to make frong against him : Therefore make haft, I must go write agains To other Friends : and so farewell, Sir Michell.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Exter the King, Prince of Wales. Lord loba of Lancafter. Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blune, and Falftaffe.

Kory. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peers About yon busky hill: the day lookes pale At his distemperature.

Pres. The Southerne winde Doth play the Trumpet to his purpoles, And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues, Fortels a Tempeft, and a bluff'ring day.

King. Then with the lofers let it fympathize, For nothing can feeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet founds.

Enter Wercefter.

King. How now my Lord of Worfter? Tis not well That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes, As now we meet. You have decest dour trust, And made va dosse our easie Robes of Peace, To crush our old limbes in vngentle Sceeles This is not well, my Lord, this is not well. What fay you to it? Will you againe vnknit This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre? And mous in that obedient Orbe againe, Where you did give a faire and naturall light. And be no more an exhall'd Meteor, A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent Ofbroached Mischeese, to the vnbome Times? Wor. Heare me, mg Liege For mine owne pare, I could be well content To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life With quiet houres: For I do proteff, I have not fought the day of this diflike.

King. You have not fought it: how comes it then? Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your lookes Of Pauour, from my Selfe, and all our House; And yet I must remember you my Lord, We were the first, and dearest of your Friends a For you, my staffe of Office did I breake In Richards time, and poasted day and night To meere you on the way, and kille your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account Nothing & strong and fortunate, as 1; It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne, That brought you home, and boldly did out dare. The danger of the time. You swore to vs, And you did I we see that Oath at Doncaster Ther you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State, Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right, The seare of Gouns, Dukedome of Lancaster, To this, we fware our side : But in fbort fpace, It rain'd downe Fortune howring on your head, And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you, What with our helpe, what with the ablent King, What with the injuries of wanton time, The feeming sufferances that you had borne And the contrarious Windes that held the King So long in the valucky Itish Warres, That all in England did repute him dead: And from this swarme of faire aduantages, You cooke occasion to be quickly woo'd, To gripe the generall Iway into your hand, Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster, And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs fo, As that vagentle gull the Cuckowes Bird Vieth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest, Grew by our Feeding, to fo great a bulke, That even our Loue durft not come necre your light For feare of swallowing & But with nimble wing We were inforc'd for fafety fake, to flye Out of your fight, and raile this prefent Head, Whereby we It and opposed by such meanes As you your felfe, have forg'd against your felfe, By wakinde wiage, dangerous countenance, And violation of all faith and troth

Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.

Kin. Thefe things indeede you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croffes read in Churches, To face the Garment of Rebellion With some fine colour, that may please the eye Offickle Changelings, and poore Discontents, Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes Of hurly burly Innouation And never yet did Infurrection want Such water-colours, to impaint his cause: Nor moody Beggars, steruing for a time Of pell-mell hauocke, and confution.

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a foule Shall pay full dearely for this encounter, If once they loyne in triall. Tell your Nephew, The Prince of Wales doth loyne with all the world In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes, This present cuterprize for off his head, I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman, More action, valiant, or more valiant yong, More daring, or more bold, is now slive, To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds. For my part, I may speake it to my shame, I have a Truant beene to Chiualry, And to I heare, he doth account me too: Yet this before my Fathers Maiefly, I am content that he shall take the oddes Of his great name and estimation, And will, to faue the blood on either fide, Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.

Ring. And Prince of Wales, fo dare we wereer thee, Albert, confiderations infinite Do

A A 2

Do make against it i No good Worster, no, We love our people well; even those we love That are milled upon your Couline part : And will they take the offer of our Grace t Both he, and they and you t year every man Shall be my Friend againe, and lle be his. So tell your Coulin, and bring me word, Whathe will do But ifhe will not yeeld, Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs. And they shall do their Office. So bee gone, We will not now be troubled with reply, We offer faire, taken aduisedly.

Exa Warcefter.

Pron. It will not be accepted, on my life, The Dauglas and the Harpura both together, Ale confident against the world in Armes,

King. Hence therefore, every Lesder to his charge. For on their answer will we fet on them; And God befriend vs, as our cause is rust.

Mond Prince and Fulfaffe. Sal. Hal, if thou fee me downe in the battell, And bestride me, lo; 'tis a point of friendship. Pro Nothing bat a Coloffus can do thee that frendship Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would't were bed time Hal, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow's heaven a death

Palf. 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, its no marter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour let too a legge? No: or an arroe? No: Or take away the greefe 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'de a WedneL day. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is is insensible then? yea. to the dead. But wil it not live with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not luffer it, therfore He none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and fo ends my Catechilme.

Scena Secunda.

Enser Worcefter, and Sa Richard Deroca.

Wor. One,my Nephew must not know, Sie Richard The liberall kinde offer of the King. Ver. Twere best he did Wor. Then we are all endone. It is not possible, it cannot be. The King would keepe his word in louing vs., He will suspect vs fail, and finde a time To punish this offence in others faults Supposition, all our lives, shall be stocke full of eyes ; For Treason is but irufted like the Foxe, Who ne're fo tame, fo cherifht, and lock'd vp. Will have a wilde tricke of his Ancestors . Looke how he can, or fad or mernly, Interpretation will misquare our lookes. And we shall feede like Oven at a stall. The better cherifte, fall the nearer death My Nephewes trespalle may be well for got, It hath the excuse of youth, and heave of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptruledge, A haire-brain'd Hoffperre, govern'd by a Spiceos-All his offeners live you my head, And on his Fathers. We did traine him on, And his corruption being une from vs. We ar the Spring of all, Thall pay for all Therefore good Coulin, let not Herry know In any case, the offer of the King

Ver. Delroer what you will, the lay tis lo.

Heere comes your Cofin.

Enser Hospurre.

Ha. My Vakle is respond Deliver vp my Lord of Westwerland Vokle, what newe- 1

Wer. The King will bid you battall preferrily. Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Wellmerland Ha. Lord Dangles: Go you and tell him Co. Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

war There is no feeming mercy in the King. Hor. Did you begge any? God forbid. war I told him gently of our greenances, Of his Ozth-breaking : which he mended thus, By now forfwearing that he is forfworme, He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge With haughty armes, this hacefull hame in Th

Zmer Deuglas. Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Hearks weeth And Westmerland that was ingaged did beare it, Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

War. The Prince of Wales fleps forth before the king. And Nephew, challeng dyou to fingle fight.

Has. O, would the quarrell lay voon our heeds, And that no man rought draw short breath to day, But I and Harry Mormouth. Tell me, ed mee, How them'd his Talking ? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule - I never in my life Didheare a Challenge vig'd more modefly, Vnlesse a Brocher should a Brother dare To gende exercise, and proofe of Armen. He gave you all the Duties of a Man. Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue, Spoke your deferrings like a Chronicle, Making you ener better then his praife, By full dispraising praise, valent'd with you t And which became him like a Prince indeed, He made a bluffung citall of himfelfe, And chid his Trewant youth with inch a Grace, As if he mastred there a double spiric Of reaching, and of learning inflantly: There did he pause. But let me tell the World, If he out-live the entile of this day, England did never owe to fweez a hope, So much misconstrued in his Warronnesse.

Her. Coufio, I thinke thou are enamored On his Follies : never did I heare Of 2017 Prince to wilde at Liberty But be he as be will, yet once ere night, I will imbrace him wish a Souldiers acree, That be shall shrinke vndor my currefie. Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends, Better coolider what you have to do. That I that hime not well the gift of Tangue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. Enter a Meffenger.

Mef. My Lord, heere are Letters for you. OGentlemen, the time of life is fhort; To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point, Sull ending at the arrivall of an house, And if we live, we live to treade on Kings: If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs. Nowfor out Consciences, the Armes is faire,

When the intent for bearing them is luft.

Enter another Meffenger. Mef. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace. Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts nie from my tale: For 1 professe not talking: Onely this, Let each man do his hest. And heere I draw a Sword, Whole worthy temper I intend to Haine With the best blood that I can meete withall, In the adventure of this perillous day. Now Esperance Percy, and let on : Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre, And by that Mulicke, let vs all imbrace : For heaven to eatte, fome of vs never shall,

A lucond time do ldch a cuttefie. They embrace, the Trumpers found, the King entereth with his power, alarum vino the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sor Walter Blune.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y croffest me? What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow Know then my name is Douglas, And I do haunt thee in the battell thus Because some tell me, that thou are a King.

Blant. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought Thy likenesse : for insted of thee King Harry, This Sword hath ended him, fo shall it thee, Vnlesse thou yeeld thee 25 2 Prosoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot, And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge Lords Scaffords death.

Fight, Blunt is flaine, then enters Hotfpur. Hor. O Donglas, hadft thou fought at Holmedon thus

I never had triumphed o'te a Scot.

Dow All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king Hor. Where?

Dow Heere.
Hot. This Douglas? No. I know this face full well: A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt, Sernblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy foule whether it goes, A borrowed Title half thou bought too deere. Why didft thou tell me, that thou wer ta King ?

Hos. The King hath many marching in his Coats. Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates, lle murdet all his Wardrobe peece by peece, Vntill I meet the King.

Hor. Vp, and away

Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day. Excum Alorum, and enter Falltaffe folus.

Fal. Though I could scape shor-free at London, I fear the fhot heere : here's no scoring, but vponche pate. Soft who are you? Sit Walter Blum, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heaven keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I have led my rag of

Maffins where they are pepper'd : there's not three of my 150. left aline, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Brier the Prince.

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword, Many a Nobleman likes starke and stiffe

Vinder the hooses of vaunting enemies,
Whole deaths are vinteueng d. Prethy lend me thy fword Fal. O Hal, I prethee give me leave to breath a while: Turke Gregory neuer did fuch deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him fure. Prm. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:

I prethee lend me thy fword.

Falft. Nay Hal, if Percy bee alive, thou geth not my Sword; but take my Piffoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Cale! Fal. I II al, 'tis hot : There's that will Sacke a Ciry. The Prince drowes one a Bostle of Sacke.

Prim. What, is it a time to left and dally now. Eine. Thrower it as him.

Fal. If Percy be alive, lle pierce him: if he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. Hike noc fuch grinning honour as Sir Walter hath : Give mee life, which if I can faue, fo. if not, honour comes valook'd for, and ther's an

Scena Tertia.

Marum excursions, enter the King the Prince, Lord lohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy felfe, thoo bleedell too much. Lord lohn of Lancaster, go you with him. P. Ish. Not I, my Lord, vnlette I did bleed too.

Prin. I befeech your Maiefly make vp, Least you retirement do amaze your friends.

Kmg. I will do to:

My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent.

Well. Come my Lord, He leade you to your Tent. Prin. Lead memy Lord? I do not need your helpe; And heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on, And Rebels Armes triumph in maffacres,

Isb. We breath too long: Come cofin Westmerland, Our duty this way lies, for heavens lake come.

Pro. By heaven thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster, I did not thinke thee Lord of fuch a spirit : Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, loba But now, I do respect thee as my Soule.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance then I did looke for Of such an ungrowne Warriour.

Prin Othis Boy, lends mettall to va all. Enter Dowgles.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's head: I am the Douglas, fatall to all those That weare those colours on them. What are thou-That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Dowglas grieves at hart

So many of his shadowes thou hast mee, And not the very King. I have two Boyes Sceke Percy and thy felfe about the Field: But feeing thou fall floor me fo luckity, I will allay thee I fo defend thy feife.

Dem. I feare thou are another counterfeit: And yet Infaith thou bear ft thee like a King a But mine I am fure thou art, who cre thou be, And thus I win thee. They fight, the Kheing in danger,

Enter Prince

Prin. Hold up they head vile Scot, or thouast like Neuer to hold it vp againe : the Spirits Of valiant Shorly, Stafford, Bluns, are in my Armes; It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who never promifeth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight , Donglas fyeb.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace? Sit Nicholas Gamfe, hath for fuccour fent, And to hath Cliften : He to Clifton Araight. King. Stay, and breath awhile.

Thou haft redeem'd thy lost opinion, And thew'd thou mak'ft fome tender of my life In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much iniary, That ever faid I hearkned to your death, If it were fo, I might have let along The infulting hand of Donglas ouer you, Which would have bene as speedy in your end, As all the poylonous Potions in the world, And fau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonke.

K. Make up to Clifton He to Sit Nicholas Ganfigs Exit

Emer Hotfour, Hot. If I millake not, theu att Hary Monmouth.

Prin. Thou speal: It as if I would deny my name. Hor. My name is Harrie Percie.

Prin. Why then I fee a very valiant rebel of that name, I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy, To there 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. Not shall it Harry, for the house is come To end the one of ve; and would to heaten,

Thy name in Armes, were now as great 25 mine. Prin. He make it greater, etc I part from thee, And all the budding Honors on thy Creft, He crop, to make a Gatland for my head.

Hor. I canno longer brooke thy Vanities. Enter Falstaffe

Fal. Well faid Hal, to it Hal. Nay you thall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enser Dowglas be fights with Faift affe who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hos. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth : I better brooke the loffe of brittle life, Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me, They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh: But thought's the flave of Life, and Life, Times foole; And Time, that takes furuey of all the world, Muft hanc a ftop. O, I could Prophefie, But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death, Lyer on my Tongue : No Porty, thou art dut And food for-

Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great hearts Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou flaunker 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. Beares not aline fo flout a Gentleman, If thou wer's fensible of curvehe, I should not make so great a shew of Zeale. But let my fauours hide thy mangled face, And even in thy behalfe. He thanke my felfe Fordoing their fayre River of Tendernesse. Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen, Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the grace, But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh Keepe in a little life! Poore Iacke, farewell: I could have better fpar'd a better man. O, I should have a heavy misse of thee. If I were much in love with Vanity. Death hatinnot fleucke fo far a Deere to day, Though many deater in this bloody Fray: Imbowell'd will I fee thee by and by, Till then, in blood, by Noble Persulye.

Exit.

Palitafe rifeth up.

Falst. Imbowell d' If thou imbowell mee to day, The

give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morow, I was time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me feor and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; But to counterfelt dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life in-deede. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have faued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeit too, and rife? I am afraid hee would proue the hetter counterfeit: therefore lle make him fure: yea, and He sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rife as well as I : Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie fees me. Therefore fura, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. Takes Hasparre on bis backe. Enter Prince and labor of Lancafter.

Prim. Come Brother Lohn, full bravely haft thou flethe thy Maiden Sword.

John. But foft, who have we heere? Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead? Prin. I did, I faw him dead,

Breathlesse, and bleading on the ground: Art thou sine? Or is it funtafie that playes vpon our eye-fight? I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes

Without our eares. Thou art not what thou feem' ?. Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not lacke Falliaffe, then am I a lacke: There is Per-ey, if your Father will do me any Honor, fo: if not, let him kill the next Perciehimselfe. I looke to be either Eatle or Duke, I can affure you.

Prin. Why. Percy I kill'd my felfe, and faw three dead.
Fal. Did'ft thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and lo was he, but we role both at an inflant, and fought a long house by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, so : if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the finne upon their owne heads. He take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man yvere alive, and would deny it, I would make him exte a peece of my lword.

Ioha. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard, Pris. This is the firangest Fellow, Brother land

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe : For my part of a lye may do thee grace, He gil die with the happiest tearmes I have. A Retreat is founded.

The Trampers found Retreat, the day is ours: Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field, To fee what Friends are limng, who are dead.

Fal. He follow as they fay, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile growleffe ? For Me purge, and leave Sacke, and live cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Sciena Quarta.

The Trumpets found Enser the King, Prince of Wales, Lord lobn of Lancafte Earle of West merland, wab Worcester & Vernon Prifancri.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke Ill-spirked Woreester, did we not send Grace, Perdon, and cearmes of Loue to all of you ? And would'll thou carne our offers contrary? Misuse the tenot of thy Kinsman's trust? Three Knights vpon out party flaine to day, A Noble Earle, and many a creature elle, Had beene alive this houre, If like a Christian thou had fi truly borne Betwirt out Armies, true Intelligence.

wor. What I have done, my fafety vrg'd me to

And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be anoyded, it fals on mee. King. Beare Worcester to death, and Verson too :

Other Offenders we will paule vpon. Exit Worce fler and Vornoz

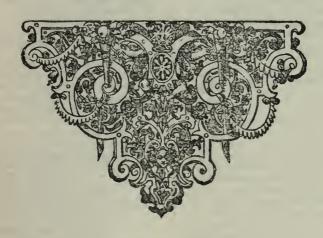
How goes the Field?

Pros. The Noble Scot Lord Douglas, when bee faw The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The Noble Percy flainc, and all his men, Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reft; And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd That the pursuers tooke him. Atmy Tent The Douglaris, and I beleech your Grace. I may dispose of him.

Kong. With all my heart.
Prim. Then Brother lobn of Lancaster, To you this honourable bounty shall belong ? Go to the Donglas, and deliver him Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free: His Valour showae vpon our Crests to day, Hathtaught vs how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bolome of our Adversaries

King. Then this remaines : that we divide our Power. You Sonne John, and my Coufin Westmerland Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your decreft speed To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope, Who(as we heare) are builty in Armes. My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales, To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March. Rebellion in this Land (hall lofe his way, Meeting the Checke of tuch another day : And fince this Bufmelle fo taire is done, Let vs not leave all all our owne be wonne. Excurs.

FINIS.





The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Alus Primus. Scana Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enser Kumons.

Pen your Estes: For which of you will flop The vent of Hearing, when loud Romer (peaker) 1, from the Orient, to the drooping West (Making the winde my Post-horse) still vasold The Ace commenced on this Ball of Earth. Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride, The which, in every Language, I pronounce, Studing the Eares of them with falle Reports . I speake of Peace, while couert Enmine (Vinder the Imile of Safety) wounds the World: And who but Rumour, who but onely I Make fearfult Musters, and prepar'd Defence, Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes, Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre, And no fuch marter? Russem, is a Pipe Blowne by Surmifes, Icloufies, Coniectures; And of so easie, and so plaine a stop, That the blunt Monster, with vincounted heads, The still discordant, wavering Multitude, Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus My well-knowne Body to Anathomize Among my houshold? Why is Rumour heere? I run before King Harries victory, Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie Hath beaten downe yong Hospiore, and his Troopes, Quenching the flame of hold Rebellion, Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I To speake so true at first My Office is To noyle abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell Vader the Wrath of Noble Halfpurree Sword: And that the King, before the Douglas Rage Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death. This have I rumout'd through the pessant-Townes, Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie, And this Worme-exten-Hole of ragged Scone, Where Hospherres Father, old Northumberland, Lyes crafty ficke. The Postes come tyring on, And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they have learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues, They bring smooth-Comforts-falle, worse then True-Exis. wrongs.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Land Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeper the Gate heere hoa? Where is the Earle?

Par. What shall I say you are? Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth arrend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk d forth into the Orchard Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate, And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nn. What newes Lord Bardoffe? Ev'ry minute now Should be the Father of fome Straragem; The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse

Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loofe, And beares downe all before him. L. Ear. Noble Exile,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury
Nor. Good, and heaven will.

L.Bar. As good as hears can wish: The King is almost wounded to the death : And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne, Prince Harru flaine out-right: and both the Blams Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince lobs, And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field, And Harris Monmouth's Brawne (the Ilulke Six lobs.) Is prisoner to your Sonne, O, such a Day, (So fought, fo follow'd, and fo fairely wonne) Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times Since Cafars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury? L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came fro thence,

A Gentleman well bred, and of good name, That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Tracers, whom I fent On Tuelday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Transer.

L.Bar. My Lord, I over-rod him on the way, And he is furnish'd with no certainties, More then he (haply) may retaile from me.

Nor Now Travers, what good tidings comes fro you?

Tra. My Lerd, Sir John Umfraust turn'd me backe With foyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd) Out-rod me. After him, came sporring head A Gentleman (almost fore-speut with speed) That flopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horfe. Heask'd the way to Chefter : And of him I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury a He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke, And that yong Harry Persies Spurre was cold. With that he gave his able Horfe the head, And bending forwards frooke his able heeles Against the panting sides of his poore lade Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so, He feem'd in running, to deuoure the way, Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? Againe Said he yong Harris Persyes Spurre was cold? (Oi Hot-Sparre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellious

Had met ill lucke?

L. Bar. My Lord : He tell you what, If my yong Lord your Sonne, have not the day, Vpon mine Honor, for a filken point He give my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers

Give then luch infrances of Loffe?

L.Bar. Who, he?

He was some hislding Fellow, that had stolne The Morfeherode-on : and vpon my life Speaks at adventure. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yes, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe, Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume: Solookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood Hath left a witnest V surpation. Say Merron, did'it thou come from Shresvsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord) Where hatefull death put on his vglieft Maske

To fright our party,
North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother? Thou trembl'ft; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand. Euen fuch a man, lo faint, lo spiritlesse, So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone, Drew Prican Curtaine, in the dead of night, And would hauctold him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd. But Priamfound the Fire ere he his Tongue; And I, my Percies death, ere thou report Il it This, thou would'it fay: Your Sonne and thus, and thus: Your Brother, thus . So fought the Noble Dauglar, Stopping my greedy earc, with their bold deeds. But in the end (to ftop mine Esre indeed) Thou halt a Sigh, to blow away this Praife, Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead. Mer. Donglasis liuing, and your Brother, yets

But for my Lord, your Sonne. North. Why, he is dead. See what a ready tongua Suspition hath 1 He that but feares the thing, he would not know, Hath by Inflinct, knowledge from others Eyes, That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Marton) Tell thou thy Earle, his Diulnation Lies, And I will take it, as a fweet Difgrace, And make thee rich, for doing me fuch wrong,

Mer. You are too great, to be (by me) gainfaid t

Your Spirit 12 200 true, your Febres two certaine.
North. Yet for all this, by not that Porcus dead. I fee a ftrange Confession in thine Eye: Thou flak'fi thy head, and hold'fl it Feare, or Sinne. To fpeake a truth. If he be flaine, fay fo : The Tongue offends noz, that reports his death : And he doth finns that doth belye the dead: Not he, which fayes the dead is not alive: Yet the first bringer of anwelcome Newes Hath but a loofing Office: and his Tongue, Sounds euer after as a sullen Beil

Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L.B.w. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your fon is dead.

Mor. I am forry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to besuen, I had not seene. But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody steet, Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd) To Henrie Mommonsh, whose swift wrath beace dowing The neuer-daunted Percis to the earth, From whence (with life) he never more forung up. In few; his death (whole spirit lent a fire Even to the dullest Peazant in his Campe) Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes. For from his Mettle, was his Parry Reel'd; Which once, in him abated, all the reft Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy Lead : And as the Thing, that's heavy in it felfe, Vpon enforcement, Ayes with greatell speede, So did our Men, heavy in Hatfrares loste, Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare, That Arrowes fled not fwifter toward their ayme, Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their fafety) Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcefter Too foone ta'ne prisoner : and that furious Scot, (The bloody Dauglas) whose well-labouring sword Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King. Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame 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 speedy power, to encounter you my Lord, Vider the Conduct of yong Lancaster And Wellmerland. This is the Newes at full.

North. For this, I fhall have time enough to mourns, In Poylon, there is Phylicke: and this newes-(Hauing beene well) that would have made me ficke, Being ficke, haue in fome measure, made me well. And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-wealmed joynts, Like Arengthlesse Hindges, buckle under life, Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire Out of his keepers armes : Euen fo, my Limbes Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe, Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch, A featie Geuntlet now, with loynts of Steele Must glove this hand. And hencethou fickly Quolife, Theu are a guard too wanton for the head, Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest syme to bit. Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach The ragged'A houre, that Time and Spight dare bring To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland, Let Heaven kiffe Earth: now let not Natures hand Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order And let the world no longer be a flag To feede Contention in a ling'ring A&: But let one spirit of the First-bome Ceice

Reigne

Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being fer On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end. And darkiiellebe the burier of the dead. Honor

L. Rar Sweet Earle, divorce not wisedom from you Mor. The lives of all your louing Complices Leane-on your health, the which if you give-o're To flormy Passion, must perforce decay You call th'event of Watte (my Noble Lord)
And fumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you faid Let vs make head : It was your prefurmize, That in the dole of blower, your Son might drop. You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge Morelikely to fall in, then to get o're: You were aduis'd his fielh was capeable Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit Would life him, where most trade of danger rang'd, Yet did you fay go forth : and none of this (Though firongly apprehended) could reftraine The fife-borne Action: What heth then befalme? Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth, More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. Weall that are engaged to this loffe, Knew that we ventur'd on fuch dangerous Seas, That if we wrought out life, was ten to one ; And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd, Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd, And fince we are o're-fer, venture againe. Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mer.'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord) I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth: The gentle Arch-bishop of Yorke is vp With well appointed Powres : he is a man Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers: My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes, But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight. For that fame word (Rebellion) did dinide The action of their bodies, from their foules, And they did fight with questineffe, confrain'd As men drinke Potions; that their Wespons only Seem'd on our fide: but for their Spirits and Soules, This word (Rebellion) it had froze them *p. As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop Turnes Infurrection to Religion, Supposed fincere, and holy in his Thoughts : He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde : And doth enlarge his Rifing, with the blood Of faire King Richard, Icrap'd from Pornfret Rones, Derives from heaven, his Quarrell, and his Cause: Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land, Gasping for life, under great Bullingbrooke, And more, and leffe, do flocke to follow him,

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth, This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde. Go in with me, and councell every man The aptest way for safety, and revenge: Ger Posts, and Lerrers, and make Friends with speed, Neuer fo few nor neuer yet more need Excent.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falltaffe and Fage. Fal. Sirra, you giant, what faies the Dod. to my water? Pag He laid fir, the water it felfe was a good healthy water; but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more

Fal. Men of all fores take a pride to gird at meet the

difeafes then he knew for.

braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my felfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I docherre walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Sernice for any other reason, then to let mee off, whiy then I have no sudgement. Thou horfon Mandiake, thou are fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait ar my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now ; but I will fette you neyther in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apporell, and fend you backe againe to your Master, for a Tewell. The Inuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chio is not yet fledg'd, I will fooner have a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke : yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a haire smille yet : he may keepe it fillata Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne fix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, at if he had writ man euer fince his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepehis owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What sald M. Dombledon, about the Satten for my thort Cloake, and Slops ?

Pag. He faid fir, you should procure him better Afinrance, then Bardolfo: he wold not take his Bond & yours,

he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee dame'dlike the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson Achitophel; a Rascally-yeafor sooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then fland upon Security? The horson smooth-pares doe now weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securities I had as here they would put Rats-bene in my mouth, as offer to floppe it with Security. Hook'd hee should have sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and be fends me Security. Well, he may fleep in Security. for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he fee, though he have his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's Bordsfet

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and bee'l buy mee a horse in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mana'd, Hors'd, and Win'd.

Enter Chiefe Luftice and Servant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed

the Prince for Ariking him, about Bardelfe. Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch.Juft. What's he that goes there? Ser. Falftaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but be hath fince done good feruice at Shrewsbury: and(as I besre) is now going with fome Charge, to the Lord lobs of Lancafter.

lust, What to Yorke Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir Iebn Falft offe. Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is desse.

Iust. I am sore he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him.

Ser. Sit John.

Fal. Whates youg knave and begils there not warrils there not imployment/Doth not the Klack subjects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on any tide but one, it is worle thame to begge, then to be on the world fide, were it worle then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miftake me Sit.

Fal. Why fir? Did I fay you were an honest man? Serting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had Iyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then fet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give mee leque to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an boneft man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me fo? Ilsy a-fide that which growes to me? If thou get'ft any leaue of me, hang me : if thou tak'fleaue, thou wer't better be hang'd :you

Hunt-counter, hence : Auant.

Ser. Sir,my Lord would speake with you luft. Sit lobo Falftaffe, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to fee your Lordship abroad: I heard fay your Lordship was ficke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduife. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yer fome Imack of age in you: Iome rellish of the falineste of Time, and I most humbly befeech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Inft. Sir lobn, I fent you before your Expedition, to

Shrewsburie.

Fal. Hit please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Infl. I talke not of his Maiefty: you would not come when I fent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreover, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie.

Infl. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with Ful. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargic, a fleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

luft. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.
F.d. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study and percurbation of the braine. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. Is in a kinde of deafeneffe.

laft. I thinke you are falue into the disease : For you

heare not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well : rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the maledy of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Juff. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your cares, & I care not if I be your Physician

Fal. Yam as poore as lab, my Lord; bur not fo Patient: your Lordship may minister the Petion of Imprisonment to me, in respect of Powersie: but how I should be your Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple le selfe.

luft. I fent for you (when there were matters against

you for your life) to come speake with me.

Fal. As I was then adulted by my learned Councel, in
the lawes of this Land-fernice, I did not come.

Inf. Wel the truth is (fir lobs) you live in great to famy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, canot live in leffe. luft. Your Meanes is very flender, and your wast great.
Fal. I would it were otherwise : I would my Meanes were greater, and my waste stenderer.

Inf. You have missed the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath missed mee. I am the Fel-

low with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

luft. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wounds your daies feruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded oner your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vinquiet time, for your quiet o're-polting that Action

Fal. My Lord? Inf. But fince all is wel, keep it fo: wake no: a fleeping Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

In. Whateyou are as a candle, the better part burst out Fal. A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did fay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Inft. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold

haue his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Juff You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like

his cuill Angell.

Fel. Not fo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light : but I hope, he that lookes vpou mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go s f cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costor. mongers, that true velor is turn'd Beare-heard, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in gitting Recknings : all the other gifes appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooleberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of va that are yong : you measure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals. & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are wagges too.

luft. Do you let downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charrace ters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke?a white beard? a decreasing leg? an incresing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit lingle? and every part about you blasted with Anti-

quityrand wil you cal your felfe yong Fy, fy, fy, fit loba.
Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & fornthing a round belly. For my voice, I have loft it with hallowing and finging of Anthemes. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in sudgement and anderstandings and he that will esper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a fenfis ble Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents : Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Inft. Wel, heaven send the Prince a better companion. Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince : 1

cannot rid my hands of him.

Inft. Well, the King hath feuer'd you and Prince Harry, I heare you are going with Lord I alm of Lancaster, a-gainst the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty (weet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that killerny Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two thirts out with me, and I meane not to fweat extraordinarily : if it bee a hot day, if I brandilh any thing but my Bottle, would Imight never spit white againe : There is not a daungerous A dion can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Isft. Well, be honest, be bonest, and heaven blesse your

Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,

to furnish me forth?

108. Not a peny, nee a peny 1 you are too impeticm to beare croffes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Cofin Westerrland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Couetousneffe, then he can part yong limbes and leachery : but the Gowt galles the one, and the pos pinches the other; and so both the Degrees present my earles. Boy?

Pogr. Sir.

Fal. Wheemoney is in my purfe?
Page. Seven grosts, and two pente.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Orfula, whome I have weekly swome to marry, since I perceived the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe i for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I have the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vice of any thing: I will turne diseases to commodity.

Scena Quarta.

Enter e Archbishop, Hastings, Mombray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our caufes, & kno our Means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Miss. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better fatisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should advance our selves
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and pulsance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File To fine and twenty thousand men of choice; And our Supplies, line largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hallings) flandeth thus Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold-up-head, without Northumberland:

Haft. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:

But If without him we be thought to feeble,

My judgement is, we should not step too farre.

Till we had his Afsistance by the hand.

For in a Theame so bloody sac'd, as this,

Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise.

Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed
It was yong Hospurer case, at Shrewsbury.

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himfelf with hope, Eating the ayre, on promife of Supply,
Flatting himfelfe with Proiect of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Haft. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this prefent quality of warre,
Indeed the inflant action: a cause on soot,
Lives so in hope: As in anearly Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruite,
Hope give not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we lee 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-new the Modell In fewer offices " Or at leaft, defift To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke, (Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe. And fer another vp) should we surve The plot of Situation, and the Modell: Confere vpon a fure Foundation. Question Surveyors, know our owne estate, How able such a Worke to undergo, To weigh against his Opposite? Or elle, We fortifie to Paper, and in Figures, Ving the Names of men, inflead of men i Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through) Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Coff A naked fubicato the Weeping Clouds, And waste, for charlish Winters tyranny.

H # Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be fill-borne; and that we now posses
The vemost man of expectation:
Ithinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.
L. Bu., What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more may not so much Lord Bardass. For his diunsions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Clindower Personce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnstrme King
In three divided: and his Costers sound
With hollow Powersy, and Emptinesse.

And come against vs in full pussionce
Need not be dreaded.

Haft, Ifhe (hould do fo, He leaves his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

LBer. Who is it like should lead his Forces hisher?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Weish himselfe, and Harrie Monmourb.
But who is substituted gainst the French,
I have no certaine notice.

Artb. Letvion: And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice, Their over-greedy love hath furferred: An habitation giddy, and valure Hath he that builderh on the vulgar heart. O thou fond Many, with what loud applaule Did'ft thou beate heaven with bleffing Bulling brooks, Before he was, what thou would'st have him be? And being now trimm'd in thine owne delires, Thou (beaftly Feeder) are fo full of him, That thou prouok it thy felfe to cast him vp So, lo, (thou common Dogge) did ft thou difgorge Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard, And now thou would it eate thy dead vomit vp And howl'it to finde it. What truft is in thefe Times? They, that when Richard liu'd, would have him dye, Are now become enamour'd on his graue Thou that threw it dust upon his goodly head When through proud London he came lighing on, After th'admired beeles of Bullingbrooke. Cri'finow, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agive,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd) " Paft, and to Come, feames best; thongs Present, worst. Mow. Shall we go draw our our bers, and fer on? Hall. We are Times lubiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scana Prima.

Enter Hostelle with two Officers . Fang, and Sware. Hosteffe. Mr. Fang, have you entred the Action? Fang. It is enter d.

Hosteffe. Wher's your Yeoman' Is it a lufty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?

Fong. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hostefe. I,1,good M. Snare ..

Snare, Heere, heere.

Fong. Snare, we must Acted Sit John Falltaffe. Hoft. I good M. Snare, I have enter d him, and all. Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our lives: he wil flab

Hoflefe. Alas the day, take heed of him : he flabd me in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will ipare neither man, woman, nar childe.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust. Hosteffe. No.nor I neither : Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fift him once: if he come but within my

Hoft. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good M Fang hold him fure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (fauing your manhoods) to buy a faddle, and hee is indired to dinner to the Lubbars head in LombardAreet, to M. Smoother the Silkman. I praye, fince my Exion is enter'd, and my Cafe so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer: A too. Marke is along one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have bin fub'doff, and Sub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a Chame to be thought on. There is no honefly in fuch dealing, vnles a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery Knaues wrong. Enter Falftaffe and Bardolfe. Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeley-Nose Bardolfo with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang, & M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter? Fong. Sit lobn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Queckly. Fals. Away Variets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the Villaines head, throw the Queane in the Channel,

Hoft. Throw me in the channell? He throw thee there. Wile thou? wile thoughou baffardly rogue. Murder, mutder, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wist thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? Othou hony-feed Rogue, thou at? a honyfeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Falft. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang A relcu, a relcu. Hoft. Good people bring a refcu. Thou wilt not thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempfeed.

Page Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillinan. He tucke your Catastrophe. Enter, Ch. Inflice. Juft. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Hoft. Goodmy Lord be good to mee. I befeech you fland to ore.

Ch.Juft. How now fir lobs? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and bufinefle? You should have bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow ; wherefore hang'ft vpon him

Hoft. Ohmy most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre Cb. Inf. For what furnme? Aed at my fuit.

Hoft. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all; all I have, he hath eaten me out of boule and home; hee hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his ; but I will have fome of it out againe, or I will tide theco Nights. like the Mare.

Falf. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have

any vantage of ground to get vp.

Ch. Inft. How comes this, Sir John? Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdows to fo rough a course, to come by her owner

Fall. What is the groffe firmme that I owe thee?
Hoft. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy felle,& the mony too. Thou didlt (weare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, fitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a fea-cole fire, on Wednelday in Whitlon week, when the Prince broke thy head for likining him to a finging man of Windfor; Thou didft fweare to me then(as 1 was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canft y deny it? Didnoti goodwife Keech the Butchers wife coine in their, and cal me goffip Quick-19? comming in to borrow a melle of Vinegar: telling va, the had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y didst desire to eat soine: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didft not thou (when the was gone downe staires) defire me to be no more familiar with such poore people, faying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And did it & not kille me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.5? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canfl?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad foulerand the fayes vp & downe the town, that her eldeft fon is like you. She hath bin in good cafe, & the truth is, powerty hath diftra-Sted ner : but for thefe foolish Officers, I befeech you, I

may have redrelle against them.

Inft. Sit lobn, lit lohn. I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the falle way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sweines from you, can thrust me from a levell confideration, I know you ha pra-Ais'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman.

Hoff. Yes introthing Lard.

Inft. Prethee peace:pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you have done her the one you maydo

with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.
Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcine Te: If a man wil curt lie, and fay nothing, he is vertuous: No. my Lord (your humble duty remebred)! will not be your futor. I fay to you, I defire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hally employment in the Kings Affaires.

Inft. You speake, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and saushe the

poore woman.

Falst. Come hither Hostesse. Enter M. Gower

Ch. luft. Now Master Gower; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Falf. As I am a Gentleman. Hoft. Nay, you faid so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words ofit Hoft. By this Heavenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my Place, and the Tapiftry of my dyning Chambers.

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Fel Glalles, glalles, is the onely drinking , and for thy waller a presty flight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Flybitten Tepiffries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canft.) Come, if it were not for thy humois, there is not a better Wench in England Go, wash thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, shou must not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't fer on to this.

Hoft. Prethee (Sir lohn)let it be burtwenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnell la

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift : you'l be a fool

Haft. Well. you shall have it although I pawne my Gowne. Thope you'l come to Supper. You'l pay me altogether i

Fal. Will I live ! Go with her, with her i nooke-on.

booke-on.

Hoft. Will you have Doll Tewe feet meet you at lup-

Fal. No more words Let's have her. Ch. Iuff. I have heard bitter newes Fal What's the newes (mg good Lord))

Ch. Iu. Where lay the King last night? Wies. At Basing stoke my Lord.

Ful. Ihope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Cb. Inft. Come all his Forces backe?

Mef. No: Fificene hundred Foot, five hundred Horfe Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,

Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L? Ch. Iuft. You shall have Letters of me prefensly. Corne.go along with me, good M. Court.

Fal. My Lord. Cb. Juft. What's the matter?

Fal. Mafter Gowre, Mall Tentreste you with mee to dinger?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lordherre.

I thanke you, good Sir lohn.
Cb. Inft. Sir lohn, you loyter heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp. In Countries as you go.

Fal. Will yon sup with me, Mafter Gowre?

Ch Juft. What foolish Master raught you these man-Ders, Six John?

Fel. MaRer Gower, if they become mee not, hee was a Foolethat taught them mee, This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and fo part faire.

Ch. Inft Now the Lord lighten thee, thouses a great Exemi Poole.

Scena Secunda.

Ester Prince Henry . Points, Bordoff. and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that I had thought wearines durit not have arrach'd one of to high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth is not shew vildely in me, to defire fmall Beere?

Par Why a Prince hould not be lo loofely Audied,

as to remember to weake a Composition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got . for (in 110th) I do now remember the poore Creasure, Small Beere. But indeede thefe humble confiderations make me out of love with my Greatnette. What a diffrace is le to me, to remember thy name? Or to kno w thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk flockings & halle (Viz.thele, and thole that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Joventorie of the thirts, as one for Superfluity, and one other, for vie. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for is is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keps if not Racket there, as thou half not done a great while, be-cause the rest of thy Low Countries, have made a shift to ease up thy Holland.

Pom. How Ill it followes, after you have labour'd fo hard, you thould talke foidlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do fo, their Fathers lying fo ficke, as

yours la?

Prin. Shall tell thee one thing, Peintz !

Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing. Prin. It shall ferue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Pein. Go to: I ftand the pull of your one thing, that

you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it Is not meet, that I should be lad now my Father is ficke : albers I could rell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be fad, and fad indeed too.

Pour Very hardly, vpon fuch a fablect.

Pris. Thou think it me as farre in the Divels Booke, as thou, and Falfreffe, for obdaracie and perfettencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inward. ly, that my Father is fo ficker and keeping fuch vild company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all oftentation of forrow.

Pops. The reasons

Prm. What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep? Poin, I would thinke thee 2 most Princely hypocrite.

Prm. It would be every mans shought : and thou art a bleffed Fellow, to thinke as every man thinkes : never a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine t every rean would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your most worthipful thought to thinke fo?

Poin. Why, because you have beene so lewde, and so oruch ingraffed to Fallaffe.

Pron. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can herre It with mine owne eareithe worlt that they can fay of me is, that I am a fecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I canot belpe. Looke looke here comes Bardolfe.

Prince. And the Boy that I gene Falfafe, he had bim from me Christian, and fee if the fat villain have not trans

form'd him Ape,

Emer Bardotfe.

Bar. Sane your Grace,

Prin. And gours, most Noble Badoffe.

Poin. Come you pernitious Affe, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now! what a Maidenly man at Armes are vou become ? Is it fuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head!

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the

window : at laft I fpy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, & pee-Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away, Page. Awiy, you rascally Alchear dreame, away. Prin, Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy !

Page. Marry (my Lord) Athlea dream'd, the was de-liner dof a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation : There is is, Boy.

Pom. Other this good Blossome could beekept from Cankers : Well, there is fix pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallower fall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doch thy Mafter, Bardolph?

Bar. Wellimy good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Pein. Deliver'd with good respect: And how dorn the Martlemas, your Mafter

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian , but that moues not him : though that bee ficke, it dyes

Prince. I do allow this Wento bee as femiliar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you be writes.

Poin Letter. John Falfloffo Rnight: (Every man must know that, 25 oft as lice hath occasion to name himselfe;) Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they never pricke their finger, but they say, there is fom of the kings blood spilr. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpoor bim not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrowed.cap: I am the Kings poore Cofin, Sit.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil ferch It from lapber. But to the Letter: -Sir lebn Falftaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, necrest bis Eather, Harrie

Prince of Wales, greeting.
Poin. Why this is a Certificate,

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in brenkle.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee, Bes not too familiar with Pointz, for hee missifes thy Fausurs fo much, shat be sweares show art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repens as idle times as thou may fl, and fo farewell.

Thine, by yea and no : which is as nunch as to fag, as thou

viest bim. locke Felsteffe with my Familiars. loba with my Di others and Sifter: & Sir John, with all Europe.

My Lord, I will fleepe this Letter in Sack, and make him

Prin. That's to make him eaterwenty of his Words. But do you vie me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haueno worse Fortune. But I

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time,& the spirits of the wife, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs 1 13 your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.
Prim. Where suppes be? Doth the old Bore, seede in the old Franke?

Bord. As the old place my Lord, in Eaft-cheape.

Prin. What Company 2
Page. Ephelians my Lord, of the old Church. Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Miltris Quickly, and M. Dell Tears-fheet.

Prim. What Pagan may that be?

Page A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinfwoman of my Musters.

Priss. Euen fuch Kin, as the Parish Heyfore are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale upon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poir. I am your shadow, my Lord, lie follow you. Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardohh, no work to your Master that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your filence. Bar. I have no tongue, sit.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.
Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This Doll Teare-frees should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we see Falflaffe bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our felues be feene?

Pein, Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and

waite upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prm. From a God, to a Bull? A heavie declenfion: It was Ioues cafe. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low trans formation, that shall be mine: for in cuery thing, the purpole must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned Exeum

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, bis Ludie and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter, Give an even way voto my rough Affaires: Put not you on the vilage of the Times, And be like them to Percie, troublesome,

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more, Do what you will : your Wisedome, be your guide, Nurb. Alas (fweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne, And but my going, nothing cau redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens fake, go not to thefe Warrs; The Time was (Father) when you broke your word, When you were more endeer'd to it, then now, When your owne Percy when my heart-deere - Harry, Threw many a Northward looke, to fee his Father Bring up his Powers : but he didlong in vaine. Who then persweded you to flay at home? There were two Honors loft; Yours, and your Sonnes. For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it: For His, it flucke vpon him, as the Sunne In the gray vault of Heaven ; and by his Light Did all the Chevalrie of England move To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaffe Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreffe themselves. He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate: And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
Become the Accents of the Valiant. For those that could speake low, and tardily, Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse, To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate, In Diec, in Affections of delighe In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke. That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him, O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave (Second to none) va-feconded by you. To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre, In dif-advancage, to abide a field, Where nothing but the found of Halfari Name Did seeme defensible : so you left him. Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghoft the wrong, To hold your Honor more precise and nice With others, then with him. Let them alone : The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong. Had my freet Harry had but halfe their Numbers, To day might I (hanging on Horfer, Necke) Figue talk d of Monmouth , Grave

North. Beshrew your heart, (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me, With new lamenting socieot Over-fighes. But I must goe, and meet with Danger there, Or it will seeke me in another place, And finde me worse provided,

Wife. Offye to Scotland, Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons, Haue of their Puillince made à little tafte.

Lody. If they get ground, and vantage of the King, Then loyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steete, To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loves, First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne, He was lo luffer'd; lo came la Widow And never shall have length of Life enough, To raine upon Remembrance with mine Eyes, That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heaven, For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North, Come, come, go in with me: tis with my Minde As with the Tyde, fwell'd vp vnto his height, That makes a ftill-fland, running neyther way. Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop, But many thouland Realons hold me backe. I will refolve for Scotland. there am 1, Till Time and Vantage craue my company. EXTRAI

Scans Quarta.

Easer 1000 Drowers

1. Drawer. What half thou brought there? Apple-Johns > Thou know A Sir John cannot endure an Apple-

s. Draw. Thou fay'ft true: the Prince once fer a Difh of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were hue more Sir Johns : and putting off his Hat laid, I will now take my leane of these fixe dne, round, old-wither'd Krights It anger'd him to the beart ; but hee hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why then cover, and fet them downe: and fee if thou can't finde out Smeaker Noyfe; Mistris Tours Beer would faine have forme Mulique.

2. Draw. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Mafter Point, anon: and they will put on two of our lerkins, and Aprons, and Sir Jobs must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. Draw. Then here will be old Vis a will be an excellent ftratagem.

2. Dras le le e il I con hade out smede.

Emer Hafteffe, and Dal.

11. f. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie; your Pulfidge beutes as ex traordinarily, as heart would defire; and your Colour (I warrant you) to so red as any Rofe : But you have drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous fearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can lay what's this How doe you now?

Del Better then I was i Hem.

Hoff Why that was well faid A good heart's worth Gold, Looke, here comes Sit lahm.

Emor Falfaffe.

Falft. When Arehur first in Court-(empile the locdan) and was a worthy King How now Millini Dal?
Holf Sick of a Calme yea, good looth.

Fall. So is all her Sect : if they be once in a Calme, they are fick.

Dal You muddhe Rascall, is that all the comfort you giuc me ?

Falft. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dal

Del. I make them? Gluttonie and Difeales make them, I make them not.

Full If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diferes (Da) we catch of you (Da) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Del I marry, our Chaynes, and our I ewels.

Full Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: Forto ferue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgeme brauely; to venture upon the charged-Chambers

Haft. Why this is the olde fathion: you two never meete, but you fall to lome discord : you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toftes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you. you are the weaker Vessell; so they say, the emption Vessell.

Dal Caoa weake emptie Veffell beare such a hoge full Hogs-head ? There's a whole Marchams Venture of Burdens-Stuffe in him: you have not seene a Hulke better flufft in the Hold. Come, He be friends with thee lacke Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall ever fee thee againe, or no, there is no body CALCA

ENG DIESG.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pullett is below, and would Speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither. it is the foule-mouth dft Rogue in Eng-

Hoff. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must five amongst my Neighbors, He no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: Thut the dogre, there comes no Swaggerers heere . I have not liu'd all this while, to have fwaggering now: That the doore. I pray you.

Falst Do'st thou heare. Hostelle?

Hoft. Pray you pacifie your felle (Six lobs) there comes no Swaggeress heere. FAA.DOT

Talst. Do'st thou hearer it is mine Ancienz.

Hoff. Tilly-fally (Sir Iobn) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores, I was before Mafter Tifick the Deputie, the other day: and as bee faid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wedne day last: Neighbour Quickly (fayes hee;) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (layes hee) receive those that are Civill; for (fayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee faid fo, I can tell whereupon: for (fayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receive : Receive (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleffe you to heare what hee said. No, lle no

Falft. Hec's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a came Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call

him vp (Drawer.)

Hoft. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest man my house, nor no Cheater : but I doe not love swaggering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Pecle Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Del. So you doe, Hosteste.

Hoft. Doe 1? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Af-pen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Erner Piftel, and Bardolph and bu Bey.

Pift. 'Saue you, Sir Iobn.

Falft. Welcome Ancient Piftol. Here (Piftol) I charge you with a Cup of Sacker doe you discharge vpon mine Hostesse.

Pift. I will discharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two Bullets.

Falft. She is Piltoll-proofe (Sir.) you shall hardly offend her.

Hoft. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pift. Then to you (Mistris Dorothio) I will charge

you.

Dol. Charge me ? I scorne you (scuruie Companion) what? you poore, bale, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Mafter.

Pift. I know you, Mistris Dorotlie.

Del. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung, away : By this Wine, He thrust my Knife in your mouldle Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Rafcall, you Basker-hilt Rale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your shoulder ? much.

Piff. I will murcher your Ruffe, for this.

Hoft No, good Captaine Piftol : not heere, sweete

Dol. Capraine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not a sham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captaine? you flaue, for what ? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang him Roque, hee lives voon mouldie flew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. Przy thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falf. Hearke thee histor, Millris Dol.

Plit. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporell Bardolph, I could teare her: He be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe,
Pife. Ile fee her damn'd first: to Pluto's damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where Erobus and Tottures vilde alfo. Hold Hooke and Line, fay I: Downer downe Dogges, downe Fares: have wee not Hiren here?

Hoft. Good Captaine Peefel be quiet, it is very late;

I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Piff. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Indes of Asia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cafar, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King Carberse, and let the Welkin roare; Shall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoff. By my noth Captaine, thefe are very birrer

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Pift. Die men, like Dogger; glue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not Hiren here i

Hoft. On my word (Captaine) there's none fuch here. What the good-yere, doc you thinke I would denye her?

I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis.) Come, give me some Sack, Si fortune me tormente, ferato me contente. Feare wee broad-sides 'No, let the Fiend give fire: Give me fome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are et cesera's no-

Fel. Pistel I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaste: what wee have feene the feuen Starres.

Dol. Thrush him downe stayres, I cannot endure such a Fustien Rascall.

Pift. Thrust him downe slayres? know we not Galloway Negges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a shoue-groat shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.
Pift. What? shall wee have Incision? shall wee embrew? then Death rocke me affeepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grievous, gastly, gaping Wounds, vnewin'd the Sisters three: Come Arropos, I fay.

Half. Here's good stuffe toward.

Fal. Giuememy Rapier, Boy. Dol. I prethee lack, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe stayres.

Boft. Here's a goodly tumult : Ile forsweare keeping house, before Ile be in these tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your oaked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee lack be quier, the Rascall is gone: ah,

you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoff. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee made a threwd Thrust at your Belly.

Eal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores ?

Bad. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you have hurt him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Fal. A Rascalleo braue me.

Del. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou sweat it? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou

sit as valorous as Helter of Troy, worth fue of Againem nen, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: sh Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slave, I will tolle the Roque in a Blan-

Del. Doe, if thou dar'ft for thy heart : if thou doo'ft, He canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Mulique is come, Sir.
Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dd. A Rascall, bragging Slave: the Rogue fled from me like

Del. And thou followd'A him Tike a Church: thou whorfon little tydic Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayer, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Emerthe Prince and Poises disputs'd

Fal. Peace (good Dol) doe not speake like a Deathshead: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Del. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : hee would have made a good Pantler, hee would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say Poines hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit ! hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard; there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dal. Why doch the Prince love him to then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde. Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpoo loyn'd-Rooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and fuch other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himfelfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their Haber-de-pois.

Proce. Would not this Naue of a Wheele have his

Eares cut off?

Pom. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Proce. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not frange, that Delire should so many veeres out-line performance?

Fal. Kille me Do!.

Pronce. Saturne and Venus this yeers in Conjunction?

What fayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man, be not lisping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ft give me flatt'ring Buffes.

Del. Nay truely, I kiffe thee with a most constant

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young

Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt shou haue a Kirtle of? I shail receive Money on Thursday: thou shalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come : it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wile fee me a weeping, if show fay ft fo. prove that ever I dreffe my felfe handforms, till thy serorne : well, hearken che end.

Fal. Some Sack, Francis.

Frm. Poin Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal Ha? a Baffard Sonne of the Kings? And are not thou Power, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of finfull Comments, what a Life do'ft thou lead ?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou are a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sis : and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaven bleffe that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorlon mad Compound of Maichie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol How? you fat Foole, I scome you.

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 whorlan Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me even now, before this bonest, vertuous, civill Gentlewornan?

Hoft. Bleffing on your good heart, and so shee is by my treth.

Fal. Didft thou heare ma?

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.

Fal. No, no, no: not so I did not thinke, thou wast

within hearing.

Price. I shall drive you then to confesse the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abule (Hall) on mine Honor, no abule, Prince. Not to disprayle mer and call rae Pander, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abule (Hal.)

Poin. No abole?

Fal. No abuse (Ned) in the World : honest Ned none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend and a true Subiech, and thy Father is to give me thankes for it. No abuse (Hal:) none (Nrd) Bone; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Comardife, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentle-woman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hofteffe heere, of the Wicked ? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardupb (whose Zeale burnes in his

Nose) of the Wicked?

Foin. Answere thou dead Elme, answere.
Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Badelph irrecoverable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roft Mault-Wormes : for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill ourbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, thee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules : for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know nos.

Heff. No.1 warrant you.

FAL. No.

Fal. No, I thinke thou are not : I thinke thou are quit for that. Marry, there is another Indicament upon thee, for fuffering flesh to bee cated in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Holl. All Victuallers doe so; What is a Loynt of

Murcon, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman

Del. What sayes your Grace?
Felf. His Grace sayes that, which his slesh rebells

Hoff. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the

doore there, Francis?

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes , Pero. The King, your Father, is at Westrainster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Poftes, Come from the North: and as I came along, I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines, Bare-headed, I weating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for Sir lobn Falfraffe. Prince. By Heaven (Poines) I feele me much to blame,

So idly to prophane the precious time, When Tempels of Commotion, like the South, Bome with black Vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,

Give me my Sword, and Cloake:

Falshaffe, good night. Exit. Fall. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and wee must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bod. You must away to Court, Sit, presently,

A dozen Captaines stay as doore for you.

Falt. Pay the Mulitians, Sirths: farewell Hoftelle, farewell Dot. You fee (my good Wenches) how men of Meric are fought after: the undeferuer may sleepe, when therman of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: If I be not fent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst -- Well (sweete lacke) have a care of thy

felfe.

Falft. Farewell, farewell. Hoff. Well, fare thee well : I have knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time. but an honefler, and truer-hearted man --- Well, fare thee

Bard. Mistris Teare-sheet,

Hoft. What's the matter?
Bod. Bid Miftris Toxe-freet come to my Masser. Hoff. Oh runne Del, runne: runne, good Del.

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick : But ete they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well confider of them: make good speed. Exit.

How many thousand of my poorest Subjects Are at this howre afleepe ? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures fost Nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more will weigh my eye-lids downe, And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse? Why rather (Sleepe) lyest thou in smoakie Cribs, Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee, And huiffir with buffing Night, flyes to thy flumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of coffly State And full'd with founds of fweeteft Melodie? O thou dull God, why lyest thou with the vilde, In loathfome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch, A Warch-cafe, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, ypon the high and giddie Maft, Seale up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the tude imperious Surge, And in the visitation of the Winder, Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deastining Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it felfeawakes? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) give thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre fo rude: And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Euter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords? War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all(my Lords:) Have you read o're the Letters that I fent you?

War. We have (my Liege.) King. Then you perceive the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is : what ranke Difeales grow, And with what danger, neere the Heatt of it? War. It is but as a Body, yet diftemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor d, With good aduice, and little Medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will foone be cool'd. King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,

And fee the revolution of the Times Make Mountaines levell, and the Continent Wearse of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe Into the Sea : and other Times, to fee The beachie Girdle of the Ocean

Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration With divers Liquors. Tis not tenne yeeres gone, Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends, Did feast together; and in two yeeres after, Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres fince, This Percie was the man, neerest my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires, And layd his Loue and Life under my foot: Yea, for my take, even to the eyes of Richard Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by (You Coulin Newil, as I may remember)

When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland) Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:) Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Coulin Bullingbrooks afcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knowes, I had no fuch intent,
But that necessitie fo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse;
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that soule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the division of our Amitie.

War. There is a Historie in all mens Llues, Figuring the nature of the Times deceased. The which observed, a man may prophecie With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of thinga, As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes And weake beginnings lye entreatured: Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time; And by the necessaries forme of this, King Richard might create a perfect guesse, King Richard might create a perfect guesse, Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse, Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon, Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, even now cryes out on vs.
They say, the Bishop and Northamberland

Are fiftie thouland Ittong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie have fent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certaine instance, that Glandow is dead.
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And these unseason'd bowres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse.

King. 1 will take your counfaile: And were these inward Warres once out of hand, Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Excunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shakow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeblo, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give mee your Hand. Sit; give mee your Hand, Sit: an early flitter, by the Rood. And how doth my good Coufin Silonce t Sil. Good-morrow, good Coufin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my Coufin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter

Elles !

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Coufin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I date fay my Coufin William
is become a good Scholler? here is at Oaford fill, is here
not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coft.

Shal. Her most then to the inner of Court shortly 1 I was once of Clements Inne 3 where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lustic Shallow then (Coufin)
Shal I was call'd any thing; and I would have done
any thing indeede too and roundly too. There was I, and
little lobe Dost of Stassouthite, and blacks George Bare,
and France Pick-bose, and will Squele a Cot-fal-man, you
had not foure (uch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of
Courtagaine: And I may fay to you, were knew where
the Bara-Rebair were, and had the best of them all at
commandement. Then was lacke Fall affe (now Six lobe)
a Boy, and Page to Thomas Membray, Duke of Notfolke.

Sil. This Sir John (Coufin) that comes hirher anon s-

bout Souldiers?

Shal. The fame Six lobn, the very fame: I faw him breake Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gare, when here was a Crack, not thus high: and the very fame day did Inght with one Sampfon Stock-fifth, a Fruiterer, behinde Gieyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have fpent! and to fee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sd. Wee shall all follow (Coufin.)

Shal. Certainer 'ess certaine: very fure; very fure: Death is certaine to all, all thall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Coulin, I was not there,

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne living yet?

Sil Dead, Sir.

Shal Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee shot a fine shoote. Isha of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would have elapt in the Clowt at Twelve-fcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shass at fourereene, and soure-teene 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.

Shal And is olde Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and bu Boy.

sil. Heere come two of Sit lobo Falfaffer Men (as I thinke)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.
Bord. I beseech you, which is lustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Justices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?

What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sit) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sit John Fallaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a

most gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon : a Souldier is better accommoda-

ted, then with a Wife.

Shall It is well faid, Sir; and It is well faid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommoda:

very good, a good Phrase.

Bard. Patdon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to 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

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falftaffe.

Shal. It is very just : Looke, heere comes good Sir John. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your geares very well. Welcome, good Sit Iobn.

Fal. I am glad to fee you well, good M. Robert Shal-

low: Master Sme-card as I thinke?

Shal. No fir lobn, it is my Cofin Schence : in Commission on with mee.

Fal. Good M. Silence, it well befits you should be of

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.
Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me heere halfe a dozen of fufficient men?

Shal, Marry have 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 fee, let me fee : fo, fo, fo, fo 1 yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I callt let them do fo, let them do fo : Let moe fee, Where is

Moulde? Moul. Heere, If it please you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sit lohn) a good limb'd fellow: youg, firong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldle? Mont. Yez, if it please you.

Fal. The more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vie : very fingular good. Well faide Sie John, very well faid.

Pel. Pricke him.

Med. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you hall goe. Mouldie,

it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other fit lot : Let me fee: Simon Shadow.

Fal. I marry, let me have him to fit vnder: he's like to be a cold fouldier,

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Heere fit.

Fal. Shadow, whole sonne are thou?

Shad. My Mothers Sonne, Sit.

Falft. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathets shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often fo indeede, but not of the Fathers Substance.

Shal. Do you like him, fir lobn?

Falf. Shadow will ferue for Summer : pricke him : For wee have a number of shadowes to fill appethe Muster-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falf Where's he?

Wart. Heere fir.

Falf. Is thy name War?

Wart. Yezfir.

Fal. Thouarta very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe.

Sir John?

Falft. It were superfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame flands vpon pins:prick him no more

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it lir: you can doe it 1 1 commend you well,

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere fir.

Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble?

Freble. A Womans Taylor fir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sit? Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would have pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will fir, you can have no

Falft. Well faid, good Womans Tailour: Well fayde Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans Taylour well Mafter Shallow, deepe Maifter Shal-

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that & might'st mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a private fouldier, that is the Leader of fo many thoufands Let that fuffice, most Forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It Mall Suffice.

Falft. I am bound to thee, reuerend Fooble. Who is

Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

Bul. Heere fit.

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bul calfe till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'ft thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh fir, I am a difeased man. Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorfon cold fir, a cough fir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, ypon 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 heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number : you must have but source heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner,

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to fee you in good troth, Master

shal. Ofir lobn, doe you remember fince wee lay all

night in the Winde mill, in S Georges Field,

Falftaffe. No more of that good Mafter Shallow: No more of that.

Shal. Hal'it was a merry night. And is lone Nightworke alive?

Fal. She lives, M. Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: The would alwayes fay thee could not abide M. Shallow.

Shall could anger her to the heart: Thee was then a Bona Roba. Doth the hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M Shallow.

Shal. Ney, the must be old, the cannor choose but be

old: certaine thee's old; and had Robin Night-works, by old Night-works, before I came to Chowers Inne

That's little live yeeres agoe.

Shal, Hah, Coulin Silence, that thou hadft leene that, that this Knight and I have feene : hah, Sir Isha, faid I well?

Fall. Wee have heard the Chymes at mid-night, Ma-Act Shallow

Shal. That wee have, that wee have; in faith, Sir lohn, wee have : our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee have forne. Come, come.

Bul Good Mafter Corporate Bordolph, fland my friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French

Crownes for you: in very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd fir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, fir, I do not care; but rather, because I am vowilling, and for mine owne part, have a defire to flay with my friends : elfe, fir, I did not care for mine owne part, fo much.

Bard. Go-too: fland afide.

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames lake, stand my friend . shee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and the is old, and cannot helpe her felfe : you shall have forcie, fir.

Bard Go-100: Aand alide,

Feeble, I care not, a man can die but once : wee owe a death. I will never beare a base minde: if it be my deshnie, fo: if it be not, fo: no man is too good to ferue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well faid, thou are a good fellow Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde.

Falf. Come fir, which men shall I have !

Shal. Foure of which you pleafe.

Hard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free Mouldie and Ball-cafe.

Falft. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, fir lohn, which foure will you have?

Falf. Doe you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, Moulder, Bull-calfe, Feeble, and

Falft. Mouder, and Bull-calfe: for you Moulde, Play at home, till you are past feruice : and for your part, Bulealfo, grow till you come vnto it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir laba Sir laba, doe not your felfe wrong they are your likelyest men, and I would have you feru'd with

Falf Will you tell me (Mafter Shallow) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the flature, balke, and bigge affemblance of a man? give mee the Spirit (Mafter Shallow.) Where's Wari? 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, fwifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd sellow. Shadow, give me this man : hee presents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great syme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolpho

Bard Hold Wart, Traverse thus, thus, thus.

Falft Come, manage me your Calyuer · fo: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, give me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well faid wor, thou att a good Scab. hold, there is a Teller for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafes-mafter, hee doch not doe it right I somember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then Sit Doposes in Arthur Show there was a little quier fellow, and her would manage you his Peece thus and hee would about and about, and come you in, and come you in a Rah, esh, esh, would here say, Bowner would here say, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would be come; I hall never fee fuch a fellow.

Falf. There fellowes will doe well, Mafter Shallow Farewell Mafter Silvace, I will not vie many worder with ou: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke your must a dozen mile to night, Bardolph, grue the Soulders Costes.

Shal. Sit Ish, Heaven blette you, and profper your Affaires, and fend vs Peace. As you retorne, vibr my house. Let out old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court

Fall. I would you would, Master shallow

Shal. Gonoos I have spoke as a word. Fare you

Era.

Falf. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bodolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will ferth of these lastices; I doe see the bottome of lustice Shall low. How subject were old men are to this vice of Lying? This same staru'd Justice hath done nothing but prace to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feater hee hath done about Turnball-street, and corry third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements lime. like a man made after Supper, of a Cheefe-paring. When bee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd rpon at with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimenhous (to any thicke fight) were inuncible. Hee was the very Gemus of Famine: bee came ever in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of John of Grant, as if hee had beene (wome Brother to him; and He be (wome hee never faw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told Iohn of Gaunt, hee best his owner Name, for you might have trofs'd bim and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy was a Manfion for him : a Court : and now hath hee Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainced with him, if I returne: and it shall goe bard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bays forthe old Pike, I fee no resson, in the Law of Nature, but I may frap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. Excus.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Encer ibe Arch-bipop. Mostra Hastings, Westmerland, Coleade.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd? Haft. Tis Gualtree Forrest, and't shall please your

Bish. Here fund (my Lords) and send discoverers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Hall Wee

Hart. Wee have fout forth alreadic.

Bifh. Tis well done.

My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

New-dated Lettors from Northumberland:

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.

Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers

As might hold fortance with his Qualitic,

The which hee could not levie: whereupon

Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,

To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,

That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,

And searefull meeting of their Opposite.

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in hum, touch ground,

Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground, And dalls themfelves to pieces.

Enter a Mossenger.

Haft. Now? what newes?

Meff. West of this Forces, servely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rase of thirtie thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Letys sway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmerland.

Bib. What well-appointed Leader fronts va here? Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland. weft. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall, The Prince, Lord Ishn, and Duke of Lancatter. Bilb. Say on (my Lord of Weltmerland) in peace; What doth concerne your comming? West. Then (my Lord) Vnto your Grace doe 1 in chiefe addresse The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion. Came like it selfe, in base and abject Routs. Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage, And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie: I say, if damn d Commotion so appeare, In his true, native and most proper shape, You (Reverend Father, and thele Noble Lorde) Had not beene here, to dreffe the ougly forme Of bale, and bloodie Infurrection, With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop, Whole Sea is by a Civill Peace maintain'd, Whole Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd, Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd, Whole white Inuestments figure Innocence, The Doue, and very bleffed Spirit of Peace. Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe, Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace. Into the harsh and hoystrous Tongue of Warre? Turning your Bookes to Graucs, your Inkero Blood, Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine To a lowd Trumper, and a Point of Warre. Bift. Wherefore de Ithis? fo the Question flands. Briefely to this end : Wee are all discasid, And with our furfetting, and wanton howres, Have brought our felues into a burning Feuer, And wee mull bleede for it : of which Difeale, Our late King Richard (being infected) dy d. Bui (my most Noble Lord of Wellmeiland)

I rake not on me here as a Phylician,

Nor doe las an Enemie to Peace,

Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men: But rather thew a while like fearefull Warre. To dyet ranke Mindes, ficke of happinesse, And purge th'obstructions, which begin to stop Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely. I have in equall ballance suffly weigh'd, What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we fuster. And finde our Griefes heavier then our Offences. Wee fee which way the streame of Time doth runne. And are enforc'd from our most quiet there, By the rough Torrent of Occasion, And have the fummarie of all out Griefes (When time thall ferue) to thew in Articles ; Which long ere this, were offer d to the King, And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience: When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes, Wer are deny'd accesse vnto his Person, Euen by those men, that most have done vs wrong, The dangers of the dayes but newly gone, Whose memorie is written on the Earth With yet appearing blood; and the examples Of every Minutes instance (prefere now) Hath put vs in thefe ill-befeeming Armes: Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it, But to establish here a Peace indeede, Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny d? Wherein haue you beene galled by the King f What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you, That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale divine? Bijh. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth, I make my Quarrell, in perticular. West. There is no neede of any fuch redresse: Or if there were, it not belongs to you. Mow. Why not to him in parc, and to vs all, That feele the bruizes of the dayes before, And fuffer the Condition of these Times To lay a heavie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors? West. Oiny good Lord Mowbray, Conftrue the Times to their Necessities, And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time, And not the King, that doth you muries. Yet for your part, it not appeares to me, Either from the King, or in the present Time, That you should have an ynch of any ground To build a Griefe on : were you not reftor'd To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories, Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers? Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loft, That need to be reviu'd, and breath'd in me? The King that lou'd him, sa the State Rood then, Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him: And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee Being mounted, and both rowfed in their Seates, Their neighing Courfers daring of the Spurre, Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe, Their eyes of hee fparkling shrough fights of Steele, And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together: Theo, then, when there was nothing could have flay'd My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrooke; O, when the King did throw his Warder downe, (His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw) Then threw hee downs himfelfe, and all their Lives, That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword, Have hoce mil-carryed under Bullingbrooke.

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Well You

Woff. You speak (Lord Moubras) now you know not what. The Earle of Hereford was reputed then In England the most valiant Gentleman. Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd? But if your Father had beene Villor there, Hee nore had borne it out of Couentry. For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce, Cry'd hate vpon him : and all their prayers, and lone, Were fet on Herford, whom they do ied on, And blefs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King. But this le meere digression from my purpose. Here come I from our Princely Generall. To know your Griefessto tell you, from his Grace, That hee will give you Audience : and wherein It shall appeare, that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them, every thing fet off, That might so much as thinke you Enemies.

Mon. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,

And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

West. Montray gou ouer-weene to take It for This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare. For loc, within a Ken our Army lyes, Vpon mine Honor, 2ll too confident To give admittance to a thought of feare. Our Battsile is more full of Names then yours, Our Men more perfect in the vie of Armes, Our Armor all as firong, our Caufe the beft; Then Resson will, our hearts should be as good. Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley. Well. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten Case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commission, In very ample vertue of his Father, To heare, and absolutely to determine Of what Conditions wee shall stand upon? West. That is intended in the Generals Name:

I muse you make so slight a Quostion. Bish Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule, For this containes our generall Grieuances:

Esch seuerall Article herein redress'd, All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,

That are infinewed to this Action, Acquitted by a true substantiall forme, And present execution of our wills, To vs, and to our purpoles confin'd, Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,

And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace. Wost. This will I show the Generall. Please you Lords; In fight of both our Battailes, wee may meete

At either end in peace: which Heaven fo frame, Or to the place of difference call the Swords, Which must decide it.

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe fo.

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me, That no Conditions of our Peace can Rand.

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make out Peace Vpon fuch large termes, and fo absolute, As our Conditions thall confift ypon, Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Olow. I, but our valuation shall be such, That every flight, and falle-derived Caule, Yea, cuery idle, nice, and wanton Reafon, Shall, to the King, tafte of this Action: That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,

Weefhall be winnowed with fo rough a winde,

That even our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe, And good from bad finde no partition.

Eft. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie Of daintie, and luch picking Grievances: For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death. Realues two greater in the Heires of Life. And therefore will her wipe his Tables cleane, And keepe ao Tell-tale to his Memorie, That may repeat, and Historie his loffe, To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes, Hee cannot fo precifely weede this Land, As his mis-doubts present occasion : His foes are so en-roosed with his friends. That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie, Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend. So that this Land, like an offensive wife, That hath entag'd him on, to offer ftroken, As he is striking, holds his Infant vp, And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme, That was vpreat'd to execution.

Haft. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods, On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke The very Instruments of Chasticement: So that his power, like to a Fangleffe Lion

May offer, but not hold.
Bish. Tis very true:

And therefore be afford (my good Lord Marthal) If we do now make our attonement well, Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vniced) Grow stronger, for the breaking.

Mon. Beitlo :

Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmer and. Enser Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand:pleaseth your Lordship To meet his Grace, just distance tweene our Armies? Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heaven's name then forward.

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace(my Lord) we come,

Enter Prince Ichn.

John. You are wel encountred here(my cofin Moning) Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop, And fo to you Lord Haftings, and to all My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you, When that your Flocke (affembled by the Bell) Encircled you, to heare with reverence Your expossion on the holy Text, Then now to fee you heere an Iron man Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme, Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death : That man that fits within a Monarches heart, And ripens in the Sunne-Shine of his favor Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King, Alack, what Mischiefes might hee fet abroach, In shadow of such Greatnesser With you, Lord Bishop, It is even fo. Who hath not heard it spoken. How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heaven? To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament; To va, th'imagine Voyce of Heaven it felfe ; The very Opener, and Intelligencer, Betweenethe Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven; And our dull workings. O, who shall beleeve, But you mil-vie the reuerence of your Place, Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heaven, As a falle Fauorite doth his Princes Name, In deedes dis-honorable! You have taken vp, Vnder

Vader the countertested Zeale of Heaven. The Subjects of Heauens Subflitute, my Father, And both against the Peace of Hesuen, and him,

Have here vp-fwarmed them.

846. Good my Lord of Lancaster, Tam not here against your Fathers Peace: But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland) The Time (mif-order'd) doth in common fence Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme, To hold our fafetie vp. I fent your Grace The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe, The which bath been with scorne shou'd from the Court: Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne, Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe, With graunt of our most just and right desires; And true Obedience of this Madnelle 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 fall downe, Wee have Supplyes, to fecond our Attempt: If they mil-carry, theirs shall second them And fo, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne, And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp, Whiles England Chall have generation,

John. You are too Challow (Haftings)

Much too shallow,

To found the bottome of the after-Times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to antiwere them directly, How farre-forth you doe like their Atticles.

John. I like them all, and doe allow them well : And (weste here, by the honor of my blood, My Fathers purpoles have beene mistooke, And some, about him, have too lauishly Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie. My Lord, thele Griefes shall be with speed redrest: pon my Life, they shall. If this may please you, Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties, As wee will ours : and here, betweene the Armies, Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace, That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,

Ot our reftored Love, and Amitie.

8 1/b. I take your Princely word, for these redresses, lobn. I give it you, and will maintaine my word :

And thereupon I drinke voto your Grace.

Haft. Goe Captorne, and deliner to the Armie This newes of Peace; let them have pay, and part o I know, it will well please them. High thee Captaine

Byb. To you my Noble Lord of Westmerland. West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I have bestow'd,

To breede this present Peace, You would drinke freely : but my loue to ye, Shall shew it selfe more openly bereafter.

Bis I doe not doubt you.

Weft. I em glad of it. Health to my Lord, and gentle Coulin Mowbray. Mow. You wish me health in very happy season, For I am, on the fodaine, fomething ill.

Bif Against ill Chances, men are ever merry, But heavinesse fore-tunnes the good event.

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) fince sodaine forrow Serves to lay thus, some good thing comes to morrow.

Bif. Beleeue me, I am paffing light in ipitit. Mow. So much the worle, if your owne Rule be true.

John. The word of Peace is render'd : hearke now they shows

Alow. This had been chestefull, after Victorie. Bib. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:

For then both parties nobly are fubdu'd, And neither partie loofer.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)

And let our Army be discharged too:

And good my Lord (fo please you) let our Traines March by vs that wee may perufe the men Exu.

Wee should have coap'd withall.

Bub. Goe, good Lord Haltings:

And ere they be difmils'd, let them march by. Exit John. 1 cruft (Lords) wee fhall lye to night together.

Enter West merland. Now Coulin, wherefore stands our Army still?

Well The Leaders having charge from you ro fland, Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake.

John. They know their duties. Haft. Our Army is dispers'd :

Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course Eaft, Weft, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp, Each hurryes towards his home, and sporting place.

west. Good cidings (my Lord Hastings) for the which, I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:

And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mombray, Of Capitall Treason, lattach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iuff, and honorable?

West. Is your Assembly so?

Bifb. Will you thus breake your faith?

lobn. I pawn'd theenone: I promised you redresse of these same Grievances Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor, I will performe, with a most Christian core-But for you (Rebels) looke to taffe the due Meet for Rebellion, and fuch Acts as yours. Most shallowly drd you these Armes commence, Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. Strike vp our Drumnies, pursue the scatter d ftray,

Heaven, and not wee, have fafely fought to day. Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death, Treasons true Bed, and yee! der up of breath.

Enter Falfraffe and Collemile. Falft What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. 1 am a Knight, Sir

And my Name is Collewile of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, Collewile is your Name, a Knight Is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Cohemile shall full be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: fo shall you be still collembe of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir lobn Falftaffe?

Falft. As goodaman as he fir, who ere I am . doeyee yeelde fir, or thall I (weate for you? if I doe fweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy

Col. I thuske you are Sir lobe Falflaffe, & in that thought

yeeld 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 indiffetencie. I were simply the most active sellow in Europe : my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes moc. Heere corpes our Generall.

Enter Prince lobn, and Westmerland.

Isba. The heat is past, follow no farther now ; Call in the Powers good Coulin Weltmerland. Now Falitafe, where have you beene all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come. These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life) One time or other, breake fome Gallowes back.

Falf I would bee forry (my Lord) but it fhould bee thus: I never knew yee, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valout. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poore and olde Motion. the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremelt ynch of pollibilitie. I have foundred nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted as Lam) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sit John Collewile of the Dalo, a most furious Knight, and falorous Enemie : But what of that ? hee faw mee, and reelded: that I may suffly fay with the hooke-nos'd cllow of Rome, I came, faw, and ouer-came.

John. It was more of his Courtefie, then your defer-

Falft. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I befeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweate, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (Collowle killing my foot:) To the which course, if I be enfore'd, if you do not all thew like gilt two-pences tome; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele. ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeve no the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee have right, and let defert mount

Toba. Thine's too heavie to mount.
Fulf. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to fhine.
Fall Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Ichn. Is thy Name Collewsle?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Idm. A famous Rebell art thou, Collewile.

Falft. And a samous true Subiect tooke him Cal. Iam (my Lord) but as my Betters are,

That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me, You should have wonne them dearer then you have.

Felf. I know not haw they fold themselves, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'ft thy felfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee. Enter Westmerland,

John. Haue you left pursuit? West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd. John. Send Colleville, with his Confederates, To Yorke, to prefent Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and fee you guard him fure. Exit with Collewile. And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I hearethe King, my Father, is fore ficke. Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie, Which (Coulin) you shall beare, to comfort him; And wee with lober speede will follow you.

Falft My Lord, I bescech you, give me leave to goe through Gloveestershire: and when you come to Court,

Rand my good Lord 'pray in your good report,

Iohn Fare you well Faulaffe: 1 in my condition, Shall better fprake of you, then you deferue. Exit,

Faill. I would you had but the wit I 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 maruaile, hee drinkes no Wane. There's never any of thefe demute Boyes'come. to any proofe; for thinne Drinke doth to over-coole their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-tickneffe : and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards ; which some of ve should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a twofold operation in it: it afcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehensive, quieke, forge-tiae, sull of nimble, sierie, and delectable shopes; which deliver do're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood ! which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liver white, and pale; which is the Badge of Pufillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extremes: It illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) glues warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puffr up with his Resinue, doth any Deed of Coursge and the Valoue comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that fets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Devill, till Sack commences it, and fets it in acl, and vie. Hereol comes it, that Prince Harn is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, firrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and cyll'd, with excellent endeauour 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 Principle I would ceach them, should be to forsweare thinne Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter Bordolph How now Bardolph:

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone. Falft. Let them goe: He through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Mafter Robert Shallow, Esquire : I have him alreadie tempering betweene my hoger and my thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

EXTUNE.

Scena Secunda.

Enser King, Warmicke, Clarence, Gloucester. King. Now Lords, if Heaven doth give successfefull end To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields, And daw no Swords, but what are fan aify'd Our Nauie is addreffed, our Power collected, Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested, And every thing lyes levell to our wish; Onely wee want a little personall Strength: And pawie vs, till thefe Rebels, now a-foot, Come undemeath the yoake of Government.

192. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieflie Shall foone entoy,

King. Hum.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-

King. And how accompanied?
Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clsrence, with

Clo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere. Clor. What would my Lord, and Father?

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou are not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Hee loves thee, and thou do'st neglest him (Thomas.)

Thou haft a better place in his Affection,

Then all thy Brothers : cherish it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may it effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethten.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be observed:
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as sudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore must be well obseru'd: Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceive his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, give him Line, and scope, Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselues with working Learne this Thomas, And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,

A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the writed Veffell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will power it in)
Shall never leake though it does work as form

As torce, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as frong
As Aconitum, or talh Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care, and love.

King. Why are thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas?)

Clar Hee is not there to day 1 hee dines in Lon-

King. And how accompanyed? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Points, and other his continual followers.

Aing. Most subtest is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
And her (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is over-spread with them: therefore my griefe
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In sormes imaginatie) th' vnguided Dayes,
And totten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
When Meanes and lauss shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

Wer. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but fludies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, Tis needfull, that the most immodest word Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once actayn'd, Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes. The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time, Cast off his sollowers: and their memorie Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, live, By which his Grace must meter the lives of others, Turning pass-euills to advantages.

King. Tis scldome, when the Bee doth leave her Comb

In the dead Carrion.

Enter Westmerland, Who's heere? Westmerland?

Woft. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse Added to that, that I am to deliver.

Prince John, your Sonne, doth kille your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law,
There is not now a Rebels Sword wisheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue every where.
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse rede,

With every course, in his particular.

King. O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings

The lifting vp of day

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Hare. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to cell you of.
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
Wich a great Power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherise of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:
The mammer, and true order of the fight,

This Packet (please it you) containes at large.

Kmg. And wherefore should these good newes

Make me ficke?

Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full.
But write her faire words ftill in fouleft Leiters?
Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or elfea Feaft,
And takes away the Stomack (fuch are the Rich,
That haue aboundance, and enjoy it not.)
I should rejoyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.

And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddle

O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maieflie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Facker. Well. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your felfe Jooke

vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, those Rics

Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.

Are with his Highneffe very ordinarie.

Stand from him, giue him ayre:
Hee'le straight be well.

Clar. No,no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th'incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe observe Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere Had found some Moneths alleepe, and leap'd them o

Had found fome Moneths afleepe, and leap'd them over, Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no cobe betweene And the old folke (Times doting Chronieles) Say it did fo, a little time before That our great Grand-fire Edward fick'd, and dy'de.

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War Speak

war. Speake lower (Princes) for the King reco-

Glo. This Apoplesie will (certaine) be his end. King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence Into tome other Chamber Coftly pray. Let three be no noyle made (my gentle friends) Voleffe fome doll and faunusable hand Will whilper Mulicke to my wearse Spirit. Wer, Call for the Mulicke in the other Roome. King. Set me the Crowne ypon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much. War. Lelle noy's, Isle noyle.

Enter Prince Henry.

P Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence? Clar I am here (Brother) full of heavinesse. P. Ilen How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How dotlithe King? Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hem. Heard hee the good newes yer? Tell it him.

Glo Hee alrer'd much, vpon the hearing it. P. Hen. If hee be ficke with loy, Hee'le recouer without Physicke.

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)

Sweet Prince Speake lowe.

The King your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe. Clar Lerva with draw into the other Roome. War Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs? P. Hen. No. I will fit, and watch here, by the King. Why doin the Crowne lye there, vpon hi Pillow, Being fo troubletome a Bed-fellow i Opnilish'd Perturbation! Golden Care! That keep Athe Ports of Slumber open wide, To many a watchfull Night: Acepe with it now, Yet not to found, and halle fo deepely sweete, As her whose Brow (with homely Bigger bound) Snores out the Warch of Night. O Maieflie! When thou do'll pinch thy Rearer, thou do'll lit Like a rich Armor, worne in hear of day, That feald'if with lafette : by his Gates of breath, There lyes a dowlney feather which stirres not : Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father, This fleepe is found indeede: this is a fleepe, That from this Golden Rigoll hath divore d So many English Kings. Thy due, from me, Is Teares, and heavie Sorroves of the Blood, Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneffe, Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteoully.

Which Hesuen shall guard : And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme, It thall not force this I ineall Honor from me.

This, from thec, will I to mine leave, As'tis lett to me.

My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,

Deriues it selfe to me. Loc, heere it fits,

Which(as immediate from thy Place and Blood)

Enter Warmicke, Glowcester, Clarence.

King. Evariouske Gloncoffer, Clarence.
(Var Doth the King call? War. What would your Maiestic? how fares your Gisce?

King. Why did you leave inchere slone (my Lordir) Cla, We left the Prince (my Brother there (my Liege) Who underrooke to fit and watch by you. King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee

fee him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way. Glo Hee came not through the Chamber where wee Asyd. King. Where is the Crowne I who tooke it from my

Pillow

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it

King. The Prince bath ca'ne it hence : Goe leeke him out. Is hee to haltse, that hee doch suppose My fleepe, my death & Finde him (my Lord of Werwick) Chide him hither: this part of his consoynes With my difeate, and helpes to end me, See Sonnes, what things you are ! How quickly Nature falls into revole When Gold becomes her Obie &! For this, the foolish over-carefull Fathers Have broke their fleepes with thoughts, Their braines with care, their bones with industry. For this, they have ingroffed and pyl'd vp The canker'd heapes of Arange-archieved Gold: For this, they have beene thoughtfull, to inuelt Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises: When, like the Bee, culling from every flower The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packe with War, Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hine; And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines. This bitter tafte yeelds his engroffements, To the ending Father.

Enter Warnerdy.

Now, where is hee, that will not flay to long, Till his Friend Sicknesse hach determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome, Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes, With such a deepe demeanure, in grest forrow, That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood, Would (by beholding him) have wash'd his Knife With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.

King But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry. Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Hary.) Depart the Chamber, leave vs heere alone. P Hen. I never thought to heare you speake againe. King. Thy wish was Father (Hory) to that thought: I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee. Do'll thou so hunger for my emprie Chayre, That thou wilt needes invest thee with mine Honors, Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth! Thou feek'st the Greamesse, that will over-whelme thee. Stay but a little : for my Cloud of Dignitie Is held from falling, with so weake a winde, That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.

Thou halt stolne that, which after some sew howres Were thine, without offence : and at my death Thou hast feal'd up my expectation. Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not, And thou wilt have me dye affur'd of it Thou hid it a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts, Which thou half wherted on thy flonie heatt, To stab as halfe an howse of my Life.

What? canst thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my grave thy felfe, And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare That thou are Crowned, not that I am dead Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearfe Be drops of Balme, to fanctifie thy heads Onely compound me with forgotten duft. Give that, which gave thee life, voto the Wormes : Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees; For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme. Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity, Downe Royall State: All you fage Counfailors, hence: And to the English Cours, astemble now From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse, Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum: Haue you a Rustian that (will (weare) drinke) dance? Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes? Be happy, he will trouble you no more: England, (hall double gill'd, his trebble guile. England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might? For the Fift Harry, from curb'd License pluckes The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.

Omy poore Kingdome (ficke, with civill blowes) When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots, What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe, Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. Opardon me (my Liege) But for my Teares, The most Impediments vnto my Speech, I had fore-stall'dthis decre, and deepe Rebuke, Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne, And he that weares the Crowne immortally, Long guard it yours. If laffect it more. Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne, Let me no more from this Obedience rife, Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit Teacheth this proftrate, and exteriour bending. Heaven witnesse with me, when I heere came in And found no course of breath within your Maiestle, How cold it frooke my heart. If I du faine, O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye, And neuer live, to shew th'incredulous World, The Noble change that I have purposed. Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead. (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were) I spake vnto the Crowne (as having sense) And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending, Hath fed vpon the body of my Father, Therefore, thou best of Gold, are worst of Gold. Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious, Preferring life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honout'd, most Renown'd, Haft eate the Beater vp. Thus (my Royall Llege) 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 loy. Or fwell my Thoughts, to any straine of Prides If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine, Did, with the less Affection of a Welcome,

Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let heaven, for ever, keepe it from my head. And make me, as the poorell Vallaile is. That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it. Kong. O my Sonne! Heaven put it in thy minde to take it hence, That thou might'st ionne the more, thy Fathers love. Pleading so wifely, in excuse of it. Come hither Harrie, fit thou by my bedde, And heare (I thinke, the very latef. Counsell That ever I shall breath : Heaven knowes, my Sonne) By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes Lmet this Crowne: and I my felfekoow well How troublesome it sate vpon my head. To thee, It shall descend with better Quiet, Better Opinion, better Confirmation For all the foyle of the Atchieuement goes With me, into the Earth. It feem'd in mee, But as an Honour Inarch'd with boyff rous hand, And I had many living, to vpbraide My gaine of it, by their Affiftances. Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed, Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Peaces, Thou feeft (with perill) I have answered : For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene Asting that argument. And now my death Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd, Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer fort. So thou, the Garland wear's successively. Yet, though thou fisnd it more fure then I could do, Thou are not firme enough, fince greefes are greene: And all thy Priends, which thou must make thy Friends Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out, By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd, And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare To be againe displaced. Which to awoyd, I cut them off : and had a purpole now To leade out many to the Holy Land; Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke Too neere voto my State. Therefore (my Harris Be it thy course to busie glddy Mindes With Forraigne Quarrels : that Action hence botne out. May waste the memory of the former dayes. More would I, but my Lungs are mafted fo, That frength of Speech is veterly deni de mee. How I came by the Crowne, O heaven forgive : And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liuc. Frince. My gracious Liege: You wonne it, wore it . kept it, gaue it me, Then plaine and right must my possession be; Which I, with more, then with a Cornmon paine,

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warneske.

Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine

Ring Looke, looke,
Heere comes my John of Lancaster:
John Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father.
Ring. Thoubring st me happinesse and Peace
(Sonne John:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is stowne
From this bare, withered Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a persod.
Where

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Where is my Lord of Watwicker prin. My Lord of Warwicke,

King. Doth any name particular belong Voto the Ludging, where I hist did fwoon'd? War. Tis call d Irrufalem, my Noble Loid.

King. Laudbe to heaven : Even there my life muft end.

Is hoch beene propheti de to me many yeares,

I should not dye, but in Jernfalem : Which (vainly) I supposed the Holy. Land. But beare me to that Chamber, there He lye:

In that lerofalem, Thall Harry dye.

Excurs.

Adus Quintus. Scana Prima.

Enter Shallow, Science, Falltaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Danie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night. What Dany, I fay.

Ful You inust 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 thall not be excus'd. Why Davie

Daue. Heere fit.

Shal. Dany, Dany, Dany, let me see (Dany) let me see: William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir lobn, you shal not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry fir, thus : those Precepts cannot bee feru'd . and againe fur, shall we sowe the head-land with Wheate :

Shal Withred Wheate Dang. But for William Cook: are there no youg Pigeons?

Dauy. Yes Sir.

Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing, And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Su loba, you shall

Dany Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muft needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he loft the other day, at Hinckley Fayre ?

Shal. He shall answer it:

Some Pigeons Day, a couple of hort-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little time Kickshawes, tell William Cooke.

Dauy Doth the man of Warre, stay all night su? Shal Yes Dauy:

I will vie him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then & penny in purle. Vie his men well Dany, for they are atrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dasy No worle then they are bitten. le : For they have maruellous fowle linnen.

Shallow, Well conceited Day : about thy Businesse, Dasg.

Daug. I befrech you fit,

To countenance William Vifor of Woncot, against Cle-

mou Perker of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints Daug, against that Vife, that Vifer is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

Dang ligraunt your Worthip, that he is a knaue Sir.) But yet heaven forbid Sir, but a Knaue Thould have foone Countenance, at his Friends requell. An honeft man fir. is able so speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I have feru'd your Worthippe tively fir, shele 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 credite with your Worthippe. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir, therefore I beleech your Worthip, let him bee Counternanc'd.

Shal Goloo.

I fay be shall have no wrong: Looke about Day. Where are you Sir John? Come, off with your Boots. Give me your hand M. Bordoffe.

Bard. I am glad to fee your Worthip.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master Bordolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow: Come Sir John.

Falftaffe. He follow you, good Mister Robert Shaken. Bardolfe, looke to our Horsles If I were faw de into Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded Hermites staues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull thing to fee the femblable Coherence of his mens spirits, and his: They, by observing of him, do beare themselves like foolish lustices: Hee, by converting with them, is turn'd into a lustice-like Seruingman. Their spurts are so married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in confent, like fo many Wilde-Geeie. If I had a fuite to May flet Shellow, I would humout his men, with the imputation of beeing neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with Maister Shallow, that no man could better command his Servance. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ig-norant Carriage is caught, as men take difeates, one of another; therefore, let mentake beede of their Companie. I will deutle matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe Prince Harry in continual Laughter, the wearing out of fixe Fashions (which is source Tearmes) or two Actions, and he Chall Isugh with Internalisms. Oit is much that a Lye (with a flight Oath) and a self (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face belike a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal Sit Jobn.

Falf. I come Maker Shallow, I come Maker Shallow.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warniche, and the Lord Chiefe Influce.

Warnicke Hownow, my Lord Chiefe Inflice, whe. cheraway

Ch. Inf. How doth the King? Ware. Exceeding well: his Cares Are now, all ended.

Ch. InA Thope, not desd.

Wors. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature. And to our purpoles, he lives no more.

Ch. Infl I would his Maiefly had call'd me with him, The feruice, that I truly did his life. Hath left me open to all insuries.

Wo.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loves you not.
Ch. Juft. I know he doth not, and do arme my felfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideoufly you me,
Then I have drawne it in my fantafie,

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarense.

War. Heere come the heavy Issue of dead Harrie:

O, that the living Harrie had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike sale, to Spirits of vilde forst

(h. Just. Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.
Ishn. Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow.

Glow. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin.
Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember: but our Argument

Is all too heavy, to admit much talke.

Ioh Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heavy

Ch. Lust. Peace be with vs, least we be heavier.

Glow. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:

And I dare sweate, you borrow not that face

Offeeming forrow, it is fure your owne.

Ishn. Though no man be affur d what grace to finde,
You fland in coldest expectation.

You fland in coldest expectation.

I am the forrier, would twere otherwise.

Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir John Falst affe faire, Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Ch.luft. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor, Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule, And never shall you see, that I will begge A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and vpright Innocency sayle me, Ille to the King (my Master) that is dead, And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince,

Enter Prince Hanrie.

Ch. Iufl. Good morrow: and heaven faue your Maiesty Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty, Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke, Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare: This is the English, not the Turkish Court: Not Amurah, an Amurah succeeds, But Harry, Harry: Yet be fad (good Brothers) For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares, That I will deeply put the Fashion on, And weare it in my heart. Why then be fad, But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers) Then a joynt burthen, laid vpon vs all. For me, by Heauen (I bid you be affur'd) The be your Father, and your Brother too: Let me but beare your Love, He beare your Cares; But weepe that Horrie's dead, and so will I. But Harry lives, that shall convert those Teares By number, into houres of Happinesse. lobin to. We hope no other from your Maielty.

Iohn, or . We hope no other from your Malefly, Prin. You all looke firangely on me : and you most, You are (1 thinke) after d, I loue you not.

Ch.luft. I am affur'd (if I be meafur'd rightly)
Your Maiefty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

Pr.No?How might a Prince of my great hopes forget So great Indignities you laid vpon me? What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly fend to Prifon Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie? May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Iuft. I then did vie the Person of your Father : The Image of his power, lay then in me, And in th'administration of his Law, Whiles I was buse for the Commonwealth, Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place, The Maiefty, and power of Law, and Justice, The Image of the King, whom I prefented, And frooke me in my very Seare 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, fet your Decrees at naught? To plucke downe luftice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword That guards the peace, and fafety of your Person? Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image, And mockeyour workings, in a Second body Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours: Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne. Heare your owne dignity to much prophan'd, See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighteds Behold your felfe, so by a Sonne disdained: And then imagine me, taking you part, And in your power, fost silencing your Sonne: After this cold confiderance, sentence me; And, as you are a King, fpeake in your State, What I have done, that misbecame my place, My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.

Prin. You are right lustice, and you weigh this well : Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword : And I do wish your Honors may encrease, Till you do live, to fee a Sonne of mine Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I line, to speake my Fathers words: Happy am I, that have a man so bold, That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne; And no leffe happy, having fuch a Sonne, That would deliuer up his Greatnesse so, Into the hands of lustice. You did commit me: For which, I do commit into your hand, Th'vnflained Sword that you have vs'd to beare: With this Remembrance; That you vie the same With the like bold, just, and impartiall spirit As you have done gainst me. There is my hand, You shall be as a Father, to my Youth: My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine eare, And I will stoope, and humble my Intents, To your well-practis'd, wife Directions And Princes all, beleeue me, I befeech you? My Father is gone wilde into his Graue, (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections) And with his Spirits, fadly I furnine, To mocke the expectation of the World; To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out Rotten Opinion, who hatli writ me downe After my feeming. The Tide of Blood in me, Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now. Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea, Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods, And flow henceforth in formall Maiefty Now call we out High Court of Parliament, Now call we out High Court of Passional And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,
That

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

That the great Body of our State may go In equalitanke, with the best govern'd Nation, That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be As things acquainted and familiar to vs. In which you (Father) shall have formost hand. Our Coronation done, we will areite (As I before remembred) all out State, And heaven (configning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall have just cause to say, Heaven shorten Harres happy hie, one day. Exemu.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falflaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Piffoll

Shat Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, io an Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth (Come Cofin Silence, and then to bed.

Fal. You have heere, a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren : Beggers all, beggers all Sit John: Marry good agre. Spread Dany spread Danie: Well faid Danie

Falft. This Danie ferues you for good vies he is your

Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varler, a good Vatler, a very good Varlet, Sir lobn: I have drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now hit downe, now hit downe. Come Colin.

Si. Ah firra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praise heaven for the merrie yeere. when flesh is cheape, and Femaies deere, and luftie Lads rome heere, and there : fo merrily, and ever among fo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. Silence, Ile give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M Bardelfe: Come wine, Danie.

Da. Sweet fir, sie: le be with you anon : most sweete fir, fit. Mafter Page.good M. Page, fit: Proface. What you want in meatt, wee'l have in drinke: but you beare, the least's all.

Shal. Be merry M Bardolfe, and my little Souldiour

there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wise 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

Mertle.

Sil, Who I! I have beene meny twice and once, ere now,

Day. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. Davis.

Das. Your Worship: He be with you ftraight, A cup of Wine, fir ?

Su. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vneo the Leman mine: and a metry hears lives long-a. Eal. Well (aid, M. Silence.

Sil. If we shall be merry now comes in the sweete of thenight

Fot. Health, and long life to you, M. Silence

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. He pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honeft Bardolfe, welcome . If thou want it any thing, and wilt not call, beforew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne thee'e, and welcome indeed too : lle drinke to M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauthernes about London.

Dan. I hope to see London, once ere l'die. Bar. If I might fee you there, Danie,

Shal. YouTeracke a quart together! Ha, will you ove M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee : the knaue will flicke by thee . I can affure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Ber. And He flicke by him, fir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Dome right, and dub me Knight, Soulige. Ist not fo?

Fal. Tis Co.

Sille's for Why then fay an old man can do four what. Den. If it please your Worshippe, there's one Piffell come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him comein.

Enter Pift. H.

Hownow PiAoll?

Piff. Sir lohn, 'Saue you fir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Pift. 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 thinke he bee, but Goodman Fuffe of Bailon

Pall. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sit John, I are thy Pistoll, and thy Friend : helter skelter have I rode to thee, and rydings do I bring, and luckie toyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of

Fal. I preihee now deliuer them, like a man of this

Pift. A footra for the World, and Worldlings bale, I speake of Affrica, and Golden 10yes

Fal. Obale Allyrian Knight, what is thy newes? Let King Comtha know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarler, and John.

Pift. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellicons? And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then Piffoll lay thy head in Futies lappe.

Shel. Honefl Gentleman.

I know not your breeding.

Poft. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If fir, you come with news from the Court, I take It, there is but two wayes, either to viter them, of to conceale them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pift. Vader which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.
Shal. Vnder King Harry Pift. Hary the Fourth? or Fift?

shal Harry the Fourth.

Pif. A foorts for thine Office. Sir John, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King, Hary the Eift's the man, I speare the truth. When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like The bragging Spanistd.

Eal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pift. As valle in doorc. The things I speake, are int.

Fa! Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horfe, Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wife In the Land, 'tis thine. Piffel, I will double charge thee With Dignities.

Bard Oioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

P.f. What I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Malter Silence to bed : Mafter Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee! ride all night. Oh fweet Pistoll : Away Bardolfe : Come Piftoll, vitter more to mee : and withall denife something to do thy selfe good. Boote, boote Master Shallow, I know the young King is suck for mee, Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England are at my command ment. Happie are they, which have beene my Friendes: and woe voto my Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Pift. Let Vulcures vil'de seize on his Lungs also: Where is the life that late I led, foy they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. Exeuns

Scena Quarta.

Emer Hefteso Quickly, Del Terre-freere, and Beadles.

Hoffesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might have thee hang'd : Thou hast drawne my

Choulder out of joyne.

Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to mee: and Thee shall have Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately)kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-vilag'd Rascall, if the Childe I now go with, do milcarrie, thou had'A better thou had'st strooke thy Mether, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Heft. O that Sir John were come, hee would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite

of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions againe, you have bureleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me : for the men is dead, that you end Pifoll beate among you.

Dol. He tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenfor; I will have you as foundly swindg'd for this, you bleve-Bettel'd Rogue: you filthy familh'd Correctioner, if you benot fwing'd, lle forsweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you flee-Knight-arrant, come. of sufferance, comes case.

Dsl. Come you Rogue, come :

Bring me to a Justice.

Hoft. Yes, come you fizzu'd Blood-hound. Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hoft. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing :

Come you Rascall.
Off. Very well.

EXPENT.

Scena Quinta.

Enser two Groomes.

1. Greo. More Rushes, more Rushes.

2. Groo. The Trumpets have founded twice.

a. Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. Exis Gres.

Enter Falftaffe, Shallow, Pifical, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falftaffe. Stand heere by me, M. Robert Skallow, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leese vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will give me.

Pifol. Bleffe thy Lungs good Knight.

Falf. Come heere Paftol, Hand behindme. Oif I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have be-Rowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore flew doth better: this doth safetre the zeale I had to fee him.

Shal. It doth fo.

Falft. It shewes my essnelinelle in affection.

Pif. It dothfo.

Fal. My devotion.

Pift. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to tide day and night, And not to deliberate, not to remember, Not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certaine.

Fel. Bus to Stand Stained with Trausile, and sweating with defire to fee him, thinking of nothing elfe, putting all affayres in oblinion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to fee him.

Post. Tis semper edem : for obsque bee wind est. Tis all

in every parc.
Shal. Tis so indeed.

Pift. My Knight, I will commethy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy Dal, and Halen of thy noble thoghts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thi-cher by most Mechanicall and dury hand. Rowze uppe Reuenge from Ebonden, with fell Alecto's Snake, for Dol is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Piffel. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangous

The Transpers found Enter King Hem to the Fift, Breibers, Lord Chiefe Infloce.

Falf. Sauethy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall.
Prof. The heavens thee guard, and keepe, most toyall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my fweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iuftice, speake to that veine man.

Ch.last. Hane you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falf. My King, my loue; I speake to thee, my heart. Kong. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers: How ill white haires become a Foole, and lefter?

I haup

The second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

I have long dream'd of fuch a kinde of man. So furfeit-lwell'd, fo old, and fo prophane ; But being swake, I do despile my dreame. Make leffe 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 & Foole-borne left, Prelume not, that I am the thing I was, For heaven doth know (fo shall the world perceive) That I have turn'd away my former Selfe, So will I those that kept me Companie. When thou doft heare I am, as I have bin, Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was's The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots. Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death, As I have done the rest of my Misleaders, Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile. For competence of life, I will allow you, That lacke of meanes enforce you not to evill : And as we heare you do reforme your felues, We will according to your strength, and qualities, Giue you aduancement. Beit your charge (my Lord) To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Secon. Exil King.

Fel. Mafter Shellow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shel. I marry Six lebs, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. Shallow, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: seare not your advancement. I will be the man yet, that shall make you great. Shal I cannot well perceive how, valetle you floud give me your Do shlet, and flufferne out with Straw, I befeech you, good Sir /abw, let mee have bue handred of my thouland.

Fal. Sit, 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 Iohn,
Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to district a
Come Lieutenzat Pillal, come Bardalfo,
I shall be sent for soone at right

Ct. luft Go carry Six lahn Falfaffe to the Florie, Take all his Company along with him

Fal. My Lord, my Lord

Cb./uft. I cannot now speake, I will bezre you soose: Take them away.

Pift. Si fortuna me tormento, for a me contento.

Exit. Menes Lancafter and Checke Infine

Ishn. Hike this faire proceeding of the Kings i He hath intent his wonted Followers Shall all be very well prouided for: But all are banishe, till their conversations Appeare more wise, and modest to the world,

Cb. Inft. And so they are.

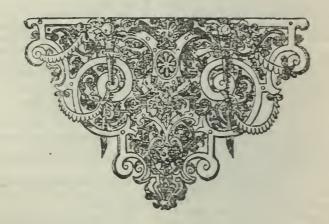
Iohn. The King bath call'd his Parliamers.

My Lord.

Ch.Inft Hehath.

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere capire, We beare our Civill Swords, and Nature fire As farre as France. I heare a Bird to fing, Whole Musicke (to my thinking) pleas d the King. Come, will you hence?

FINIS.





EPILOGVE.

IRST, my Feare: then, my (urtsie: last, my Speech. My Feare, is your Displeasure: My (urtsie, my Dutie: And my Eseech, to Beggeyour Pardons. If you looke for a good speech now, you wondoe me: For what I have to say, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will (I doubt) proove 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 (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come valuckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most Debtors do) promise you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: Dill you command me to The 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 Dill I. All the Genetlewomen beere, have forgiven me, if the Gentlemen Will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewowen, which was never seene before, in such an As-

fembly.

One word more, I befeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Six lohn in it) and make you merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I know) Fal-staffe shall dye of a sweat, whelse already he be kill d with your hard Opinions: For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will hid you good night; and so kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.



ACTORS NAMES.

Whove the Presentor.

King Henry the Fourth.

Prince Ishn of Lancaster.

Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethern to Benry;

Themas of Clarence.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bylhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hallings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Travers.
Morron.

Oppolites against King Henrie the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harccourt.
Lord Chiese Inflice.

Coleuile.

Bullzaife.

Of the Kings Partie. Pointz.
Falftaffe.
Bardolphe.
Piftoll.
Peto.
Page.

Shallow. 7 Both Country
Silence. 7 Inflices.
Dauie, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Spare, 2. Serieants
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Country Soldiers
Feeble.

Drawers Beadles. Groomes Nonhumberlands Wife. Percies Widdow. Hofteffe Quickly. Doll Tears-facete. Epilogue.





The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend The brightest Heaven of Invention: A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to All, And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene. Then Snould the Warlike Hatty, like himselfe, Assume the Port of Mars, and at his beeles (Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all: The flat unrayfed Spirits, that hath dar'd, On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth Sogreat an Obiett Canthis Cock-Pu bold The vastic fields of France? Or may we cramme Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes That did affright the Ayre at Agincours! O pardun: since a crooked Figure may Asseft in little place a Million, And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompo,

On your emaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now consin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abuting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts assumed to
Peece out our imporsessions with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them.
For itis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: lumping o're Times;
Turning th accomplishment of many seeres
Into an Howe slasse; for the which supplie,
Admis me Chosus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heave, kindly to sudge our Play.

Exit.

Allus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter : be two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

Y Lord, lle tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleueth yere of 9 last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Bifh. Ely. But how my Lord shall we refift it now? Bifh. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs. We loofe the better halfe of our Possession : For all the Temporall Lands, which men devout By Testament have given to the Church Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus, As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor, Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights, Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires: And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle, A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd: And to the Coffers of the King belide, A thousand pounds by th'yeere Thus runs the Bill. Bifb. Ely. This would drinke deepe. Bilb. Cant Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bilb. Ely. But what prevention?

Bift. Cam. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bifb Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bifb Cart. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner less this Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came.
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodiaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance stowing saults:
Not neuer Hidra-headed Wilsulnesse
So soonedid loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Bifb Ely. We are blessed in the Changes

Bift Ely. We are bleffed in the Changes
Bift Cant Heare him but reason in Divinisie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would defire the King were made a Prelate;
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study;
List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

Turne

Turnehim to any Caule of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knor of it he will valoofe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Pradique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresset this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,
His Companies valetter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Hunts and Popularitie.

B. Eig. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle, And holefome Berryes thrive and ripen beft, Neighbourd by Fruit of bafer qualitie: And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation Under the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt) Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,

Valeene, yet cressive in his facultie.

B.Cont. It must be fo; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Elp. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieflie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cast. He feemes indifferent:
Orrather fwaying more upon our part.
Then cherishing th'eashibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his Maieslie,
Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer feeme received, my Lord?

B. Cast. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceived his Grace would faine have done,
The feueralls and winded no passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Growne and Seat of France,
Derived from Edward his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

B. Ety. What was th impediment that broke this off?

B. Carr. The French Embaffador vpon that inflant

Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,

To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. Ic is.

B. Cant. Then goe wein, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

B. Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Excess.

Enter the King, Housefrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warmick Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him.good Vackle,
Westmer. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolud,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,

That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Biftogs.

T.Cave. God and his Angels guard your facted Throne,

And make you long become it. King. Sure we thanke you. My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed, And infly and religiously vafold, Why the Law Salike, that they have in France, Or Inould or Should not barre 73 in our Clayme 1 And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord, That you should fashion, week, or bow your reading, Or nicely charge your understanding Soule, With opening Titles miscreate, whose right Sures not in native colours with the truth For God doth know, how many now in health, Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your touerence shall incide vs to. Therefore take beed how you impawne our Person, How you awake our fleeping Sword of Warre; We charge you in the Name of God take heed: For neuer two fuch Kingdomes did contend, Without much fall of blood, whole guiltleffe drops Are every one,2 Woe a fore Complaint, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge vnto the Swords, That makes such waste io briefe mortalitie. Vnder this Conjuration, speake my Lord: For we will heare, note, and beleeve in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt, As pure as sinne with Baptisme. B. Cor. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers, That owe your felues, your lives, and feruices, To this Imperial! Throne. There is no barre To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France, But this which they produce from Pharamond, In terram Salicam Mulures ne succedesil, No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land: Which Salike Land, the French uniustly gloze To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond The founder of this Law, and Female Barre. Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme, That the Land Salike is in Germanie, Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Floe: Where Charles the Great having Subdu'd the Saxons, There lest behind and settled certaine Freach: Who holding in difdaine the German Women, For some dishonest manners of their life, Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land Which Salike (as I faid) twixt Elue and Sala, Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Merfen. Then doth it well sppezre, the Salike Law Was not devised for the Realme of France: Nor did the French possesse the Salike Land, Vntill sourchundred one and twentie yeeres After defunction of King Pharamond, Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law, Who died within the yeere of our Redemption, Foure hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers Lay, King Pepin, which deposed Childerike, Did as Heire Generall, being descended Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clotheir, Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France. Hugh Capet allo, who viurp: the Crowne 01

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 shewes or truth, Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught, Convey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady Lingure, Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne To Lewes The Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne Of Charles the Great: 2110 King Lower the Tenth, Who was fole Heire to the V furper Caper, Could not keepe quiet in his conscience, Wearing the Crowne of France, till fatisfied, That faire Queene Isabel, his Grandmother, Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare, Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of I oraine : By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great Was re-vnited to the Crawne of France So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne, King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme. King Lowes his fatisfaction, all appeare To hold in Right and Title of the Female: So doe the Kings of France voto this day. Howbert, they would hold up this Salique Lew, To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female, And rather thuse to hide them in a Net, Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles, V furpt from you and your Progenitors. King May I with right and conference make this claim? For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ,

King. May I with tight and confetence make this claim Eigh. Cont. The finne upon my head, dread Soucraigne: For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ, When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Defcend with the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, will your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightic Anceftors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; muoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vickles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedic,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood fauling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
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 worke, and cold for action.

Byb. A wake remembrance of these valiant dead, And with your pursuant Arme renew their Feats; You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne: The Blood and Courage that renowned them, Runs in your Velnes: and my thrice-puissant Liege Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth, Ripe for Exploirs and mightie Enterprises.

Err. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe.
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So bath your Highneste : never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whose hearts have test their bodyes here in England,
And lye panillion'd in the fields of France.

And lye panillion'd in the fields of France.

Byb. Cas. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
lo ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayle your Highnesse fuch a mightie Summe,
As never did the Clergie st one time
Bring in to any of your Ancessors.

King. We must not onely arms thousade the French, But Ly downs our proportions, to defend Against the Scot, who will make roade upon vs, With all aduantages.

Bift. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Souersign.
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pulsering Botderers.

Kmg. We do not meane the courling inatchers onely, But feare the maine intendment of the Scot, Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to va: For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather Neuer went with his forces into France, But that the Scor, on his vnformitht Kingdome, Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach, With ample and brim fulneffe of his force, Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes, Girding with grieuous fiege, Cafiles and Townes: That England being emptie of defence, Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood, B. Can She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege: For heare her but exampl'd by ber felfe, When all her Chevalrie hath been in Prance, And thee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, Shee hath her felfe not onely well defended, But taken and impounded as a Stray The King of Scots: whom thee did fend to France. To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings, And make their Chronicle as rich with prayie, As is the Owle and bottome of the Sea With lunken Wrack, and lum-leffe Treasuries. Bifb. Ely. But there's a faying very old and true, If that you will France was, then with Scotland first begin. For once the Eagle (England) being in prey, To her enguarded Neff, the Weszell (Scot) Comes Incaking, and to lucks her Princely Egges, Playing the Moule in absence of the Car, To tame and hauocke more then the ean eate.

Exer. It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home, Yet that is but a crush'd necessity, Since we have lockes to safegard necessaries. And pretty traps to eatch the petry theeves. While that the Armed hand doth sight abroad, Th'adussed head defends it selfe at home: For Government, though high, and low, and lower, Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent, Congreeing in a full and natural close, Like Muscke.

Cont. Therefore doth heaven divide The flate of man in divers functions, Setting endenour in continual motion: To which is fixed as an ayme or butt, Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees, Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach The Ad of Order to a peopled Kingdome. They have a King, and Officers of forts, Where some like Magistrates correct as home: Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad: Others, like Souldiers armed in their flings, Make boote spon the Summers Veluet buddes: Which pillage, they with merry march bring home. To the Tent-royal of their Emperor Who busied in his Maiesties surveyes The finging Malons building roofes of Gold, The civil Cicizens kneeding vp the hony; The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding to Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:

The fad-ey'd Justice with his furly humme, Delivering ore to Executors pale The Iszie yawning Drone: I this inferre, That many things having full reference To one confent, may worke contrariously, As many Arrowes looked leverall wayes Come to one nistke : as many wayes meet in one towne, As many fresh stream es meet in one falt fea; As many Lynes close in the Dials center: So may a thousand actions once a toote, And in one parpole, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege, Divide your happy England into foure, Whereof, take you one quarter into France, And you withall shall make all Galiia shake. If we with thrice fuch powers left at home, Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge, Let vs be worried, and our Nation lofe The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. -Call in the Meffengers fent from the Dolphin. Now are we well refolu'd, and by Gods helpe And yours, the noble finewes of our power, France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe, Or breake it all to pecces. Or there weel fit, (Ruling in large and ample Eniperie, Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes) Or lay these bones in an vinworthy Vrne, Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them Either our History shall with full mouth Speake freely of our Acts, or else our grave Like Turkish mute, shall have a tonguelesse mouth, Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Marchie to give vs leave Eccely to render what we have in charge: Or shall we sparingly show you sarre off The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King, Vnto whose grace our passion is as subject As is our wretches settled in our prisons, Therefore with franke and with vocutbed plainnesse, Tell vs. Dolphins minde

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you sauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuel! into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Tressure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphus speakes.

Kmg. What Treasure Vncle? Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin, We are glad the Dolphon is so pleasant with vs, His Present, and your paines we thanke you for: When we have match our Rackets to these Balles, We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set, Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard. Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be diffueb d With Chaces. And we understand him well, How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes, Not measuring what we we made of them. We never valew'd this poore leave of England, And therefore hung hence, did grue our felfe To batharous license: As us ever common, That men are mercieft, when they are from home But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State, Belike a King, and thew my fayle of Greatnesse, When I do rowfe me in my Throne of France. For that I have layd by my Maiestie, And plodded like a man for working dayes : But I will rife there with fo full a glorie, That I will dazle all the eyes of France, Yez ficke the Dolphon blinde to looke on vs. And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his Hath tuth'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule Shall fland fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer hasbands; Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mock Caffles downe: And some are yet ungotten and unborne, That shall have cause to cutse the Dolphins seeme. But this lyes all within the wil of God, To whom I do appeale, and in whose name Tel you the Dolphm, I am comming on, To venge me as I may, and to put forth My tightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe. So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphon, His Iest will savour but of shallow vot, When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it. Convey their with fafe conduct. Fare you well. Exerni Ambassadari.

Exe. This was a merry Meffage,
King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howee,
That may give furth'rance to out Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Save those to God, that runne before out businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to out Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this Dalphon at his fathers doore.
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Flourish. Emer Chorus. Now all the Youth of England are on fire, And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes: Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought Reignes folely in the breast of euery man. They fell the Paflure now, to buy the Horle; Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings, With winged heeles, as English Maraul For now fits Expectation in the Ayre, And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point, With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Cozonea Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadfull preparation, Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy Seeke to divere the English purposes. O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe, Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightst theu do, that honous would thee do, Were all thy children kinde and naturall: But fee, thy fault France bath in thee found out, A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men: One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the fecond Henry Lord Scroops of Malham, and the third Six Thomas Groy Knight of Northumberland, Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed) Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France, And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye, If Hell and Treason hold their promises, Erche take ship for France; and in Southampton. Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeft Th'abule of distance; force a play: The furnineis payde, the Traitors are agreed, The King is fer from London, and the Scene Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton. Thereinthe Play-house now, there must you sit, And thence to France shall we concey you fafe, Andbringyou backe: Charming the natrow feas To give you gentle Paffe : for if we may, Wee'l not offend one ftomacke with our Play. But till the King come forth, and not till then, Vnto Southampton do we thift our Scenc.

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardelfe. Bar. Well met Corporall Nym. Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Piffell and you friends yet? Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little : but when time thall ferue, there hall be fmiles, but that hall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron : it is a finiple one, but what shough? It will tofte Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans fword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three fworne brothers to France: Ler't

be fo good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live fo long as I may, that's the cercalne of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe

as I may t That is my reft, that is the rendenous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to Nell Quickly, and certainly the did you wrong, for you

were croth-plight to her

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may men may sleepe, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and fome tay, knives bave edges : It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet thee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piftoll. O. Quickly. Bar. Heere comes Ancient Pifeol and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoalte Pi-

Piff. Bafe Tyke, cal'ft thou mee Hofte, now by this hand I fweare I fcome the terme : not fhall my Nel keep

Lodgers.

Hof. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge honefly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Elawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he benot hewae now, we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing ere. Nym. Pife.

Pife. Pifhtorthee, Illanddogge: thou prickeard cur

Hoff. Good Corporall Nym thew thy valor, and put

vp.your fword.

Nym. Will you hogge off) I would have you folus, Piff. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The folus in thy most meruallous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth. I do retore the folus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pistels cocke is vp. and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure mee: 1 have an humar to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my Rapler, as I may, in fayre teatmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearnes, 25

I may, and that's the humor of it.

Pift. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight, The Grave doth gape, and doting death is neere,

Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare mo, hease me what I fag: Hee that flrikes the first stroake, Herunhim vp to the bilts, as I am a fol-

Pift. An oath of mickle might, and fury (hall abate. Give me thy fift, thy fore-foote to me give: Thy spirites are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor ofic.

Piffoil: Comple agorge, that is the word. I defict he ca-gaine. O hound of Creet, think if thou my spoule to get? No, to the spitule goe, and from the Poudring sub of infamy, feech forth the Lazar Kire of Cressid kinde, Doll Teare-facets, the by name, and herefpoufe. I have, and I will hold the Quendam Quickety for the onely face : and Panen, there's enough to go to.
Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoalt Piffell, you must come comy Mayfler, and your Hofteste: He is very sicke, & would to bed. Good Bardoife, put thy face betweens his fheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard Away you Rogue.

Hoft. By my troth be I yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hulband come home presently.

Be. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France together: why the divel should we keep knows to cut one anothers throats?

Piff. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle

Nym. You 1 pay methe eight shillings I won of you as Berning?

Pife. Bale is the Slave that payes.

Now. That now I will have: that's the humor of it. Pif. As manhood shal compound spush home. Draw Bard. By this sword, heeshat makes the first thrust,

Ile kill him : By this fword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou will be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to:pre-

Pift. A Noble shalt thou hane, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I gine to thee, and friendshippe shall combone, and brotherhood. He live by Minne, & Nymme shall live by me, is not this inst? For I shall Suclet be vote the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give mee chy hand.

Nym. I Chall have my Noble? Pift. In cash, most lustly payd. Nym. Well, then that the humor of t. Enter Hofteffe.

Hoft. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to fit ishn: A poore heart, hee is fo thek'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,

that's the cuen of it.

Tift. Nym, thou hall spoke the right, his heart is fra-Ated and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may the passes some humors, and carreeres.

Pift. Leevs condole the Kinght, for (Lambekins) we

will liue.

Enter Exeter, Becford, & Westmerland. Bed Fore Godhis Grace is bold to trust these traitors Ext. They shall be apprehended by and by. West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if allegeance in their bosomes sate

Crowned with faith, and conflant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious faucuts; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell

His Soueraignes life to death and treachery. Sound Trumpers.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will abourd. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham, And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we have in head affembled them.

Sero. No doube my Liege, if each man do his best. King. I doubt not that, fince we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire confent with ours: Not leave not one behinde, that doth not with Succeife and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cars. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect That fits in heart-greefe and vincafineffe Vnder the sweet shade of your government.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Have steep'd their gauls in hony,'and do serve you With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnes, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,

According to the weight and worthine Se. Sero. So service shall with steeled sinewes toyle, And labour shall resresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We ludge no lelle, Vakle of Exerce, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excelle of Wine that let himon, And on his more advice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Souersigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

Kong. Oletvs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. Grey Sir, you there great mercy if you give him life After the cafe of much correction.

King Alas, your too much love and care of ere, Are heavy Orifons gainst this poore wretch. If little faults proceeding on diffemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we firetch out eye When capitall etimes, thew'd, fwallow'd, and digefled, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scrope, and Gray, in their dezie care And tender preferuation of our person Wold have him purath'd. And now to our French ender, Who are the late Commissioners ?

Cam. I oue my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Ser. So did you memy Liege. Gray. And I my Royall Souersigne. King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there it yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Massam, and S: Knight:

Gray of NorthumberLand, this fame is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. My Lord of Westmerland, and Vokle Exerce We will abourd to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What fee you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That have so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of apparance.

Cam. I do confesse my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy. Cray. Sero. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vabur lete, By your owne countaile is suppress and kill'd: You touft not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy. For your owne reasons turne into your bolomes, As dogs vpon their maifters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, There English monflers: My Lord of Cambridge home, 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 Crowner, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the practises of France To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no leffe for bounty bound to Vs Then Cambridge is, hath likewise swome. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell, Ingratefull, fauage, and inbumane Creature Thou that did 2 beare the key of all my counsailes, That knew'ft the very bottome of my foole, That (almost) might's have coyn'd me into Gelde, Would'A thou have practis'd on me, for thy vie? May it be possible, that forralgue hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? Tislo strange, That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarfely fee it. Tresson, and murther, ever kept together, As two yeake divels fwome to eythers purpole, Working to groffely in an natural cause, That admiration did not noope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to write on tresson, and on marther ! And whatfocuter curning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee fo prepofteroully, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other divels that fuggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnation, With parches, colours, and with formes being fetche From glift'ring femblances of piery: But he that temper'd thee, bad thee fland vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason. Valeffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that fame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to vastie Tartar backe, And tell the Legions, I can never win A foule fo easie as that Englishmans. Oh, how half thou with italoufie infected The sweetnesse of offiance? Shew men dutifull, Why so didft thou: seeme they grave and learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family? Why fo didft thou. Seeme they religious? Why lo didst thou. Or are they spare in diet, Free from groffe palsion, or of mirth, or anger, Constant in spirit, not swerning with the blood, Gamish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye, without the eare, And but in purged judgement trufting neither, Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme: And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blor. To make thee full fraught man, and best indued With tome suspicion, I will weepe for thee. For this revolt of thine, me thinkes is like Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Acrest them to the answer of the Law And God acquit them of their practifes,

Exe. larrest thee of High Treason, by the name of

Richard Earle of Cambridge .

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Marstam.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas

Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scro. Our purpoles, Godiufly hath discouerd, And I repent my fault more then my death, Which I beteech your Highnesse to forgiue,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not feduce, Although I did admit it as a motiue, The fooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for prevention, Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce, Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce At the discourry of most dangerous Treason, Then I do at this houre loy ore my felfe, Prevented from a damned enterprize;

My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne. King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You have conspir'd against Our Royall person, Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim d, and from his Coffers, Receyu'd the Golden Earnest of Our death: Wherein you would have fold your King to flaughter, His Princes, and his Peeres to servitude, His Subieas to oppression, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into desolation: Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender Whole ruine you fought, that to her Lawes We do deliner you. Get you therefore hence, (Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The tafte whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to indure, and true Repentance Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. Exis. Now Lords for France: the enterprise 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 Treason, lurking in our way To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now, But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way. Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer Our Puissance into the hand of God, Putting it fraight in expedition Chearely to Sea, the fignes of Warre aduance, No King of England, if not King of France. Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostelle.

Hostesse. Prythee honey sweet Husband let me bring

thee to Staines.

Piffoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph, be blythe: Nim, rowfe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, brifile thy Courage vp : for Falfaffe hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,

eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoftese. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n sust betweene T welue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I faw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and fmile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir Iobn (quoth 13) what man? be a good cheare: lo 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 neede to crouble himselfe with any fuch thoughts yet: fo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any tione: then I felt to his knees, and fo vp-peer'd, and vpward, and ail was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack. Hostefe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incarnare.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Calour he neuer lik'd.

Bog. A said once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumetique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon Bardolphs Nofe, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pift. Come, let's away, My Loue, give me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Camero bee thy Counfailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke. fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horseleeches

leeches my Boyes, to lucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.

Bor. And that's but vn wholesome food, they say, Pull. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Rad. Farwell Hofteste.

Nim. I cannot kille, that is the humor of it? but adieu.

Piff. Let Huswilerie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hoflesse. Farwell, adieu.

Exemi

Enter the French King , the Dolphon , the Dubes of Berry and Britains.

Ring. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it va concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences,
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To tyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With often of courage, and with meaner desendants
For England his approaches makes at fierce,
As Waters to the lucking of a Gusse.
It his va then to be as provident,
As seare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the farall and neglected English,
Vpone our fields.

Dolphia. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it felfe should not to dull a Kingdome, (Though War not no knowne Quarrel were in queftion) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, affembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I fay, tis meet we all goe forth, To view the fleicand feeble parts of France : And let vs doe it with no fhew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, thee is to idly King'd, Her Scepter so phansastically borne, By a vaine giddie fluillow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embasse,
How well supply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modest in exception; and withall,
How tetrible in constant resolution:
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman Bresse,
Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate,
Dolphin. Well, its not so, my Lord High Constable.

Dayposs. Well, its not to, my Lord Figh Contail.
But though we thinke it fo, it is no matter:
In cases of desence, it is best to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
So the proportions of desence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly projection,
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with seanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinks we King Harry ftrong:
And Princes, looke you ftrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath bette fleshs spon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted vain our familiar Pathes.
Winnesse our too much memorable sname,
When Cresty Battell stally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his Mountaine Stre, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunte,
Saw his Herolcall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had eventle yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let us feate
The Nature mightinesse and sate of him,
Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Embassadors from Horry King of England, Doe crave admittance to your Marchie.

King. Weele give them present audience. Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit; for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, when they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soutraigne
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monorchie you are the Head:
Selfe-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exter. King. From dur Brother of England?
Ext. Prom him, and thus he greets your MaleRie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie, That you deuest your felfe, and lay apert The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nationalong To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne, And all wide-firetehed Honors, that pertains By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Visto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no finister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Picke from the worme-holes of long-vanishe dayers Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rake, He fends you this most memorable Lyne, In every Branch truly demonstrative; Willing you over-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him evenly deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, Edward the third; he bids you then sefigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or elfe what followes? Exe. Bloody conftraint : for if you hide the Crowns Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a lowe: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer up the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastic lawes; and on your need Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priny Maidens Grosnes, For Husbands, Farhers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controverse. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Mossage: Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

Eing. For

Kong. For vs, we will confider of this further: To morrow shall you bears our full intent Back to our Brother of England. Delph. For the Dolphra,

I fond here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, fleight rogard, contempt, And any thing that may not mil-become The mightie Sender, dorh he prize you ac. Thus fayes my King; and if your Fathers Highnesse Doe not, in grount of all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter Mock you fent his Maieshe; Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it, That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock Infecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Szy: if my Father render faire returne, It is egainst my will: for I defire. Nothing but Oddes with England. To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,

I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Reele make your Paris Louer shake for it, Were it the Mistresse Court of mighrie Europe: And be affor'd, you'le find a diff rence, As we his Subjects have in wonder found, Betweene the promise of his greener dayes, And there he masters now; now he weighes Time Even to the vtmost Graine; that you shall reade In vour owne Losses, if he flay in France.

King. To sacrrow shall you know our mind at full. Flowrilb.

Exr. Disparch vs with all speed, least that our King Come here himselfe to question our delay; For he is footed in this Land already. Kog. You shalbe soone dispatche, with faire conditions. A Night is but frash breathe, and little pawle, To answer matters of this consequence.

Actus Secundus.

Flourilb. Enter Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our fwift Scene flyes, In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought. Suppose, that you have seene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embarke his Royaltie; and his brave Fleet, With filken Streamers, the young Phobas fayning; Play with your Fancles: and in them behold. Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing; Heare the shrill Whiftle, which doth order give To founds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles, Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind, Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea, Bresting the lostie Surge. O, doe but thinke You fland vpon the Riuage, and behold A Citie on the inconftant Billowes dauncing: For so appeares this Fleet Maie Alcall, Holding due course to Harflew, Follow, follow: Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie, And leave your England as dead Mid-night, Siil, Guarded with Grandstres, Babyes, and old Women, Eyther palt, or not armu'd to pyth and puillence: For who is he, whole Chin is but enriche

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caustiers to France? Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein fee a Siege: Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages, With fatall mouther gaping on girded Harflew. Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back : Yells Harry, That the King doth offer him Kasherine his Daughter, and with her to Downe. Some petty and vaprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner With Lynstock now the divellish Cunnon touches, Alarmen, and Chambers gos off. And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,

And each out our performance with your mind. Exit.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Cloucofter Alarum: Scaling Ludders as Harflow.

Oncemore vato the Breach, Desre friends, once more; Or close the Wall vp with our English dead: In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillnesse, and humilitie: But when the blaft of Warte blowes in our eares, Then imitate the sction of the Tyger: Stiffen the line wes, commune vp the blood, Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage : Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect: Let it pry through the partage of the Head, Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow o'revihelme is As searefully, as doth a galled Rocke O're-hang and jury his confounded Bale, Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean. Now fet the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide, Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English, Whose blood is fee from Fathers of Warre-proofe: Fathers, that like formany Alexanders, Have in these parts from Morne till Even fought, And theath'd their Swords, for lack of argument. Dishonournot your Muthers: now attest, That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. Be Coppy now to me of großer blood, And teach them how to Warre, And you good Yeomen, Whole Lyms were made in England; thew vs here The mettell of your Paffure: let vs fwesze, That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not: For there is none of you so meane and base, That hath not Noble suffer in your eyes. I fee you frand like Grey-hounds in the flips, Straying vpon the Start. The Game's sfoot: Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge, Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. Goorges Alerum, and Chambers gus off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piffoll, and Boy. Berd On,on,on,on, to the breach, to the breach. Nim. Pray thee Corporall flay, the Knocks are too hot : and for mine owne part, I have not 2 Cale of Lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song

Piff. The plaine-Song is most just : for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaffals drop and dye and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doch winne

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and laferie.

Pif. And I: If wither would prevayle with may my purpose should not sayle with may but thicker would I high.

Rey Anduly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ling on

bough.

Enter FlueBen

Fla. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.

Fift. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: >bate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vie leniue tweet Chuck.

Non These be good humon: your Honor wins bad

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ferue me, could not be Man to me; for indred three fuch Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not : for Piffall, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons : for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee Cornes to fay his Prayers, left a should be shought a Coward: but his few bad Words are marche with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will seale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph stole a Luce-case, borest twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfepence. Nim and Bardolph are Iworne Brothers in filching : and in Callice they fole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would earry Coales. They would have me as familior with mens Pockers, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leaue them, and seeke some better Service : their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I muft caft it vp.

Enter Gower.

Gner. Captaine Fluellen, you mult come prefently to the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucefler would speake with

you.

Flus To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not fo good to corne to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concavities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, this thuersarie, you may discuss vanto the Duke, looke you, is dighimselfe soure yard under the Countermines: by Chefes, Ithinke a will plowe up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman ysaith.

Welch. It is Captaine Makmorree, is it not?

Cower. I thinke it be.

welch. By Chybu he is an Affe, as in the World, I will verific as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorries, and Captaine lamy.

Cover. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine

Lamy, with him.

Welch Captaine Jamy is a marvellous falorous Gen-Heman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'nunchiant Warres voon my particular knowledge of his dite dione; by Chafes he will maintaine he. Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I fay gudday, Captaine Flaction.

Wellb. Godden to your Worthup, good Captaine lanet.

Gower. How nove Captaine Macketorice, baue you

quit elle Mynes: haue the Propers given o're.

Iruh. By Chrish Law ash ill done: the Worke ish give over, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish give over: I would have blowed up the Towne, so Chrish save me law, in an houre. O wish ill done, tish ill done; by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine Machinerice, I befeech you now, will you voutfale me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly couching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to faithful my Opinion, and partly for the faithful concerning the direction of the Militarie difference of the Militarie difference on the Militarie difference on the Militarie difference on the Militarie difference on the Militarie difference of the Militarie difference on the Militarie difference

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Capters bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion:

that fall I mary.

cipline, that is the Point.

Irdb. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseach'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, its shame for vail: so God same us shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there is nothing done. So Christ same law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere there eyes of mine take themfelues to flomber, ayle de gud feruite, or Ile ligge rich' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay's as valoroufly as I may, that fal I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question

tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine Markowries, I thinke, looke you, vider your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irifb. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascail. What

ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Machinerrice, peruduenture I shall thinke you doe not vie me with thet affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vie me looke you, being as good a man as yout selfe, both in the disciplices of Warre, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irib. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish saue me, I will out off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Paring.

Gower. The Towne founds & Parley.

Welch. Copraine Machinerice, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.

Enter the King and all his Trame before the Gates.
King. How yet resolves the Governoor of the Towne?
This is the letter Parle we will admit:

There.

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves, Or like to men prowd of destruction, Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier, A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best; If I begin the batt'rie once againg, I will not leave the halfe-archieued Harflew, Till in her athes the lye buryed. The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp, And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart, In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe Your fresh faire Virgins, and your sloweing Infants, What is it then to nie, if impious Warre, Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends, Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feats, Enlynckt to wast and desolation? 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 liceratious Wickednelle, When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere? We may as bootleffe spend our vaine Command Vpon thenraged Souldiers in their spoyle, As fend Precepts to the Leuiarban, to come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harflew Take pitty of your Towne and of your People, Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command, Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds Of headly Murther, Spoyle and Villany. If not: why in a moment looke to fee The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand Defire the Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters: Your Fathers taken by the filner Beards, And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls: Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes, Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd, Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wines of Iewry, At Herods bloody-hunting flaughter-men What lay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd? Or guiltie in desence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Goner Nour.

Goner. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayle fo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy foft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are desentible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter, Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine, And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French: Vse mercy to them all for vs.deare Vnckle. The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis. To night in Harslew will we be yout Guest, To mortow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman. Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & in bwn parlas le Language.

le Larguage.

Alice En peu Madame.

Kath, le te prie m'enfinoire il faut que

Kaib. le le prie m'ensignieze, il faut que le apprend a parlen: Comient appelle vous le main en Angloss Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand, Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Eledoyts.

Kat. Le doyts, ma foy le oublie, e doyt man, se me fouemera; le doyts se pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, on de singres. Alice. Le main de Hand se doyts le Fingres, se pense que se

sus le bon escholier.

Kath. L'ay gaynse diux mots à Angloss vistement coment appelle vous le ougleit

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoute: dues moy, si se parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. Cest bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour lebrai.

Alice. De Arme, Madame

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: le men fay le repiticio de toius les mots que vous maves, apprins des apresent.

Alice, Il & irop difficile Madame, comme le penfe. Kath. Exsufe moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nașles. d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kah. De Nick, ele menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Oug. Sauf vostre bonneur en verne vois pronoun cies les mots auss droict, que le Nates d'Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, Ge en peu de temps.

Áirce. N'aue vos y defia oublie ce que ie vous a enhigne. Kath. Nome se recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame. Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sant wostre honeus d'Elbow. Kath. Anssi de se d'Elhow de Nick & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Fout Madame, & le Count.

Katis. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seignieur Dieu, il font le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique. & non pour le Dames de Honeir d'ofer: le ne voudray pronouncer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, so le Foot & le Count, neant moys, le recitera un autresoys ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Eurgre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame

Kash. Cest asses pour une soyes alons nous a diner.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

Kmg. Tis certaine he hatb past the River Some.
Conft. And if he be not fought withall, my Lotd,
Let vs not live in France: let vs quit all,

And give our Vineyards to a batharous People.

Dalph. O Diecornians: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxutie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and favage Stock,

Spirt vp fo fuddenly into the Clouds, And over tooke their Grafters?

Bru. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards: Mort du mavue, if they march along

Vnfought withall, but I will felfmy Dukedome,

To

To buy a Nobbry and a durtie Farme In that nooke-shotten lie of Albion.

Conft. Dieu de Battailes, where have they this mettell? Is not their Clymete foggy, taw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunic looker pule, Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can fodden Water, A Drench for fur-reyn'd lades, their Barly broth, Decoa their cold blood to fuch valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine, Sceme froffier O, for honor of our Laud, Let va not hang like roping Ifyckles Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields : Poore we call them, in their Natine Lords.

Dophin. By Faith and Honor, Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely fay, Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth, To new-Rore France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles, And teach Lanolia's high, and fwifi Carranto's, Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles, And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

King Where is Montror the Herald? speed him hence, Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance Vp Princes, and with Spirit of Honor edged, More Tharper then your Swords, high to the field : Charles Delabreit, High Constable of France, You Dukes of Orleance, Burban, and of Berry, Alenson, Brabaus, Bar, and Burgonie, lagues Chastillion, Rambures, Vandemons, Beumont, Grand Pree, Rouff, and Faulconbridge. Logs, Lestrale, Boxciquall, and Charaloges, High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings: For your great Seats, now quit you of great frames: Barre Harry England, that Iweepes through our Land With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew: Rush on his Hoass, as doth the melted Snow Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vasfall Scar, The Alpes dorh (pit, and void his chewme vpon. Goc downe vpon him you have Power enough, And in a Captive Charlot, into Roan Bring him out Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few, His Souldiers fick, and familh: in their March: For I am fure, when he shall fee our Army, Hee'le drop his heart into the finck of feare, And for archicuement, offer vs his Ranfome.

King. Therefore Lord Conflable, halt on Monting, And let him fay to England, that we fend, To know what willing Ransome he will give.

Prince Dalphiu, you shall stay with vs in Roan.
Dalph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie. King Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs. Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all, And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall Execut

> Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gover. How now Captaine Fluelen, come you from the Bridge?

Fla. I affure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge,
Gower. Is the Duke of Excier fale?

Fla. The Duke of Exceer is as magnanimous as Aga.

ow, and a man that I love and honour with my foult and my heart, and my dutie, and my live, and my living, and my vetermost power. He is not, God be prayfed and bleffed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient Lleutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valuent a man as Marte Ambeny, and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did lee him doe as gallant serulce.

Comer. What doe you call him? Flu. Hee is call'd eunchions Postoll Gower. I know him not

Enter Pifto2.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piff. Captaine, I ther befeech to doe me faucurs; the Duke of Excret doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I prayle God, and I have merited forme love at his hands.

Pill. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and found of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeffe blind, thet stands upon the rolling restelles stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient Piffell : Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to fignific to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to fignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation; and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles; and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description on of it : Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pift. Fortune is Berdulphs foe, and frownes on him: for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned death: Itt Gallower gape for Dogge, let Man goe free. and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exner hath given the doorne of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not Bardolphs vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Aunebient Tiffell, I doe partig underftand your

meaning.

Piff. Why then reloyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reionce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would defire the Duke to vie his good pleafure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be vied.

Piff Dye, and be dam'd, and Figo for thy friendfhip.

Flu. It is well.

Pist The Figge of Spaine. Zwit.
Flm. Very good.
Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I cemember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purfe.

Flw. He affure you, a vitired as praue words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ferue.

Gower. Why 'cis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, under the forme of a Souldier : and furb fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Services were done; at fuch and fuch a Sconce, at fuch a Breach, at fuch a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was thor, who difgrac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke vp with new-tuned Oathes; and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be chought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or elfe you may be maruelloufly mi-

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make thew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coar, I will tell him my minde : hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and bis Poore Souldiers.

King. How now Fluellen, carn it thou from the Bridge? Flu. 1, to please your Marettie: The Duke of Exerer ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th'athuersarie was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exercis Mafter of the Pridge: I can tell your Maieftie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you loft, Fluellen !
Flu. The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very reat, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke bath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maieflie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and fometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's

Kmg. Wee would have all fuch offendors fo cut off: and we give expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdamefull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamefter is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mourting. Mounting. You know me by my habit.

King. Wellthen, I know thee : what shall I know of thee?

Mountiey. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountroy. Thus layes my King: Say thou to Harry of England. Though we feem'd dead, we did but fleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could have rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruife an injurie, till it were full ripc. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weakeneffe, and admire our fufferance. Bid him therefore confider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we have bome, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is coo poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our difgrace, his owne perion kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this adde defiauce: and tell him for conclusion, he hash betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounce: So farre my King and Master; To much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountage.
King. Thou doo'ft thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not feeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to fay the footh Though tis no wildome to confesse so much Vinto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with ficknesse much enfeebled, My numbers leffen'd: and those few I have, Almost 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 forgive me God. That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me, I must repent : Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am; My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke; My Army, but a weake and fickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselse, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountage. Goe bid thy Master well aduite himselfe. If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawnic ground with your red blood Discolour: and so Mountiny, fare you well. The summe of all out Answer is but this : We would not seeke a Battaile as we are, Nor as we are, we fay we will not fhun it: So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thankes to your Highnesse.

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 drawes toward night, Beyond the River wee'le encampe our selucs, And on to morrow bid them march away.

> Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conft. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World:

would it were day.

Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse have his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning ! Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any

Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on source postures: ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: le Chenal volante, the Pegalus, ches les narmes de few. When I bestryde him, I foare, I am a Hawke: he crots the syre: the Earth fings, when he touches it : the bafeft home of his hoose, is more Musicall then the Pipe of Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaft for Perfoue: hec is pure Agre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water ocuer appeare in him, but only in parient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other lades you may call Beafts.

Conft. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and ex-

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orieance. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riling of the Latke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie descrued prayse on my Palfray : it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turpe the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all : 'tis a subject for a Soucraigne to reason on, and for a Soucraignes Souersigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs. and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions. and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonner in his prayle, and began thus, Wonder of Nature.

Orleance. I have beard a Sonnet begin fo to ones Mi-

Aresse.

Dolph. Then did they imleate that which I compos'd to my Courler, for my Horle is my Mistrelle.

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayle and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Conft. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse threwdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours. Conft. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. Other belike the was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hole off, and in your ftrait Stroffers.

Conf. You have good indgement in Horseman-

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride fo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather have my Horle to my Mistresse.

Conft. I had as live have my Mistresse a Tade.

Dolph. I cell thee Cooffable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

Conft. I could make as truc a boaft as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistrelle.

Dolph. Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est la lenye lance an bourbier: thou mak'ft vie of any thing.

Couft. Yet doe I not vie my Horle for my Mistrelle, or any fuch Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I faw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it? Conft. Startes my Lord.

Dulph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conft: And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluoully, and 't were more honor some were away.

Conft. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayles, who would trot as well, were fome of your bragges dismoun-

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his defert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

Conft. I will not fay to, for feare I chould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners ?

Coaft. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, The goe arme my felfe. Ext. Orleance. The Dolphin longs for moming.

Helongs to este the English. Ramb Conft. I thinke he will ease all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, her's a gallant Prince.

Conf. Sweeze by her Foot, that the may treed out the

Orleance. He is simply the most active Gentleman of France.

Conft. Doing is a Ctivitie, and be will fill be doing. Orleance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

Conft. Nor will doe noce to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant,

Conft. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orloance. What's bee?

Conft. Marry her told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden verrue in him.

Conft. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body faw it, but his Lacquey: 'cis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never fayd well.

Conft. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is Batterie in friendship.

Orleance. And I will take up that with, Gine the Deuill

Lyon.

Conft. Well plac't : there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouetbe with, A Pox of the Deuill

Orleance. You are the better at Properba, by how much a Fooles Bolt is foone shot.

Const. You have shot over.

Orleance. Tis not the first time you were over-thot.

Enter & Me Conger.

Meff. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Cooft. Who hath measurd the ground?

Mell. The Lord Grandpree.

Conft. A valiant and most 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 pecuish sellow is this King of England, to mope wish his fat-brain'd followers

lo farre out of his knowledge.

Conft. If the English had any apprehension, they would runne away.

Orleaner. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could never weare such heavie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable cou-

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruffian Beare, and have their heads crushe like rorten Apples: you may as well fay, that's a valiated Flea, that dere eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a

Couft. Iuft, iuft: and the men doe sympathize with the Massiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaning their Wits with their Wines: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and figh: like Deuils.

Orleance. 1.

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they have only Atomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme : come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me fee, by ten Wee shall have each a hundred English men. Exeunt.

A Etus Tertius.

Chorns.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time, When creeping Murmure and the poring Dá, ke Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniverse. From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night The Humme of eyther Army stilly founds; That the fixt Centinels almost receive The fecret Whispers of each others Watch Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames Each Battaile fees the others vmber'd face. Steen threatens Steed, in high and boaftfull Neighs Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents, The Armourers accomplishing the Knights, With busie Hammers closing Rivers vp, Giue dreadfull note of preparation. The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle: And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd, Prowd of their Numbers, and fecure in Soule, The confident and ouer-lustie 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 tedioully away. The poore condemned English, Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires Sit patiently, and inly ruminate The Mornings danger : and their gesture fad, Inuefling lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats, Prefented them vnto the gazing Moone So many horride 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, Prayle and Glory on his head: For forth be goes, and vifits all his Hoaft, Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle, And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen. Vpon his Royall Face there is no note, How dread an Army hath enrounded him; Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night: But freshly lookes, and ouer-beates Attaint. With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie That every Wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes. A Largeste vninerfall, like the Sunne, His liberall Eye doth give to cuery one, Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all Behold, as may voworthinesse define. A little touch of Harry in the Night, And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye: Where, O for pitty, we shall much disgrace, With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles, (Right all dispos'd, in brawle tidiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet he and fee, Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Cloucester.

King. Gloffer, tis true that we are in great danger, The greater therefore should our Courage be. God morrow Brother Bedford : God Almightie, There is some soule of goodnesse in things cuttle Would men observingly distill it out. For our bad Neighbour makes vs early ftirrers, Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry Besides, they are our outward Consciences, And Preachers to vs all; admonishing, That we should dresse vs fairely for our end Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed, And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Emer Erpingham. Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham: A good foft Pillow for that good white Head, Were better theo a churlifn turfe of France.

Erpmg. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better, Since I may fay, now lye I like a King.

Kmg. Tis good for men to love their prefent paines, V pon example, so the Spirit is eased: And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt The Organs, though defunct and dead before, Breake up their drowlie Grave and newly move With casted flough, and fresh legericie. Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both, Commend me to the Princes in our Campe; Doe my good morrow to them, and anon Defire them all to my Pauillion.

Glofier. We shall, 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 Bosome must debate a while, And then I would no other company

Erping. The Lord in Heaven blesse thee, Noble

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-Enter Piftol.

Pift. Che vous la?

King. A friend.
Pig. Discusse voto me, are thou Officer, or are thou bale, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company. Pift. Trayl'ft thou the puillant Pyke? King. Even fo: what are you?

Pift. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piff. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold. a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift most valiant: I kille his durtie shooe, and from heartfiring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

Kung. Harry le Roy Prf. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: are thou of Cornish Crew? King. No, I 2m 2 Welchman. Peft. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.
Piff. Tell him Heknock his Leeke about his Pare vpen

Kmg. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, least he knock that about yours. Pist. Art Puf. Arcthowns triend?
Korg. And his Kinfman too.
Puf. The Puge for thee then.
Korg. I thanke you: Go! be with you.

Pift. My name is Pillal call'd. Exit.

King. It fores well with your fierrenesse.

Maier King.

Enser Fled and Cower.

Gress. Captaine Fluck.

Flu. So, in the Name of Ielu Christ, speake sewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vinitefall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pamper the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle table nor pibble bable in Pamperer Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonics of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all

Night.

Flx. If the Enemie's an Affe and a Foole; and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee flould aifo, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conference now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and befeech you, that you will. Exis. King. Though it appears a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter shree Souldiers, I ohn Bates, Alexander Cours, and Michael Willsams.

Court. Brother Iohn Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bases. I hinke it be: but wee have no great cause to

defire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of ic. Who goes there?

King. A Priend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine setue you? King. Vnder Sit Loom Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde

Gentleman: I pray you what thinkes he of our effate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
be washt off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King? King. No: not it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they shoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of seares, as we doe; his seares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possess the same rellish as ours are the same rellish as ou

Bates. He may thew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as oold a Night as 'ris, hee could with himfelfe in Thames up to the Neck; and to I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, to we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinks her would not with himselfe soy where, but where her is.

Bases. Then I would be were here alone; so should be be fure to be cansomed, and a many poore mens lives faucd.

fure to be canformed, and a many poore mens lives faucd,

King. I dare fay, you love him not so ill, to wish him
here alone: how soever you speake this to feele other
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being sust, and
his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kinga Subjects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes

the Cryme of it out of vi.

Williams. But if the Caufe be not good, the King himfelfe hath a heavie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall iowne together at the latter day, and cry all, We edy
dat fuch a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgean; some upon their Wiues, lest poore behind them;
some upon the Debts they owe, some upon their Children
rawly lest: lamasear'd, there are sew dye well, that dye
in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
cliat led them to it; who to disobey, were against all pro-

portion of Subsection. King So, if a Sonne that is by his Father fent about Merchandize, doc finfully miscarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be impoled upon his Father that lent him: or if a Servant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not fo: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Mafter of his Servant; for they purpole not their dearh, when they purpole their feruices. Belides, there is no King, be his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can rive it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Penurie; fome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that liaue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have deseated the Law, and outrunne Native punishmens; though they can out-fitip men, they have no wings to Bye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Watre is his Vengeante: fo that here men are punishe, 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 periss. Then if they dye vnprouised, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thole Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every ficke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience : and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleffedly loft, wherein fuch preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thinke, that making God fo free an offer, he let him out live that day, to fee his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should propose.

Well Tis

Will. Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill spon his owne head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I doc not defire hee should aufwer for ene, and

yet I determine to fight luftily for him. "

King. I my felfe heard the King foy he would not be ranforn'd.

Will. I, hee faid fo, to make vs fight thearefully : but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

King: If I liuc to fee it, I will never trust his word af-

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a primate displeasure can doe against a Monarch : you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yee, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather : You'le geuer truft his word after; come, ties a foolish laying.

King. Your reproofess something too round, I should

be angry with you, if the time were contienient.

Well. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you

King. I embrace it.
Will. How shall I know thee agains?

King. Giue meany Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonner: Then if ever thop dar'll acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Glove: Give mee another of

King. There.
Will. This will I also weare in my Cap. if ever thou come to me, and fay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the care,

King. If eyer I line to fee it, I will challenge it,

will. Thou dar'll as well be hang'd.

Korg. Weil, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word : fare thee well.

Bates. Befriends you English sooles, be friends, wee have French Quarcels enow, if you could tell how to rec-Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs., for they beare them on their shoulders : but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, out Soules,

Our Debes, our carefull Wines,

Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the Kingt We mul beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-horne with Greatnelle, Subject to the breath of every foole, whole fence No more can feele, but his owne wringing. What infinite hearts-cale must Kings neglect,

That private men enjoy!

And what have Kings, that Privates have not too, Sauc Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie? And what are thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie? What kind of God are thou? that fuffer it more Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worthippers. What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?.

O Ceremonie, thew me but thy worth, What? is thy Soule of Odoracion? Art thou ought elfe but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men? Wherein thou art leffe happy, being feard, Then they in fearing,

What drink'if thou ofe, in flead of Homage Iweer But poylon'd flatterie? O, be fick, great Greatneffe, And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.

Thinks thou the fierie Fouer will goe out With Titles blowne from Adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low bending ? Caust thou, when thou command'it the beggers knee.

Command the health of it : No, thou prowd Dreams. That play it so subtilly with a Kings Repose

I am a King that find thee : and I know, Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball. The Sword, the Mafe, the Crowne Imperiall,

The enter-tiffued Robe of Gold and Pearle, The farfed Title running fore the King The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe.

That beates spon the high shore of this World: No, not all thefe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie; Not all thefe, lay'd in Bed Maieficail,

Can fleepe fo foundly, as the wretched Slaue: Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to reft, cram'd with distressefull broad,

Neuer fees horride Night, the Child of Heil: But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set, Sweates in the eye of Phebra; and all Night

Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne, Doth rife and helpe Hiperio to his Horse, And followes fo the euer-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue: And but for Ceremonie, fuch a Wretch,

Winding up Dayes with toyle, and Nights with fleepe, Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King. The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace.

Enioyes it; but in grolle braine little wots, What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;

Whole howres, the Pelant bell advantages.

Error Erpmehann.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles realous of your ablence, Seeke through your Campe to find 7012.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together

At my Tent : Ile be before thee. Esp. Ishall doo't any Lord. Erit.

King. O God of Battailes, fieele try Souldiers hours, Pollelle them not with feare: Take from them now The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers a Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault My Father made, in compaffing the Crowne. I Richards body have interred new, And on it have bellowed more contrite secres, Then from it issued forced drops of blood. Fine hundred poore I have in yearely pay, Who twice a day their wither d hands hold vp Toward Heaven, to pardon blood : And I have built two Chauntries, Where the fad and folemne Priests Sing still For Richards Soule. More will I doe: Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth; Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon. Enter Glancester.

Excust.

Gleas, My Liege. King. My Brother Glesseffer: voget? 1: I know thy errand, I will goe with thes. The day, my friend, and all things Ray forms. Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Rameurs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Chenal: My Hotle, Verlet Lecquey:

Orleance. Oh beque Spirit.
Dolph. Via let emes & terre.
Orleance. Rien pun le air & fen.

Doiph. Com, Coulin Orleance. Enter Confiabie.

Now my Lord Constable?

Conft. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Service

neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incition in their Hides,
That their hot blood may foin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you have their weep our Horfes blood? How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Mossenger.

Messenger. The English are embacisited

Messerg. The English are embascail'd, you French

Conft. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse. Doc but behold yourd poore and starued Band, And your faire thew thall fuck away their Soules, Leaving them but the shales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their fickly Veines, To give each naked Curtleax a stayne. That our French Gallants shall to day draw our, And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs bur blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them Tis politiue against all exceptions, Lords, That our superAuous Lacquies, and our Pelants, Who in vanecessarie action swarme About our Squares of Battaile, were enow To purge this field of fuch a hilding Foe; Though we upon this Mountaines Basis by, Tooke stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to fay & A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets found The Tucker Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld. Enter Grannapree.

Grandpree. Why do you flay fo long, my Lords of France? Yond Hand Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loofe, And our Ayre flakes them passing scornefully. Bigge Mars leemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaft, And faintly through a ruthie Beverpeepes. The Horfemen fit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staves in their hand: and their poore lades Lob downs their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the lymold Bitt Lyes foule with chawd-graffe, fill and motionlesse. And their executors, the knauish Crowes, Flyc o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot sure it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of fuch a Battaile, In life fo lucleile, as it shewes it selfe.

Confl. They have feid their prayers, And they flay for death.

Dolph Stall we goe fend them Dinners, and freih Sutes,

And give their falling Horses Provender And after fight with them? Conft. I stay but for my Guard: on

To the field I will the Banner from a Trumper rake.

And we it for my hafte. Come, come away,

The Sunne is high, and we out-weate the day Excent.

Emer Gioncester, Bedford, Exert, Erpischum with all bu Hoast: Salubury, and Westmerland

Glone. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himfelfe is rode to view their Bat-

woft. Of fighting men they have full threescore thou-

Exe. There's five to one, befides they all are fresh.

Salub. Gods Arrike strike with vs. itis a searefull odder.

God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good Salubary, & good luck go with thee:

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to diy.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

Princely in both.

Enter the King.

1916. O that we now had here

But one tenthousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

Kong. What's he that wither fo? My Coulin Westmerland No, my faire Coulin : If we are marke to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey loffe: and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man mote. By love, I am not covetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coft: It yemes me not, if men my Garments weare : Such outward things dwell not in my delices. But if it be a sinne to cover Honor, I am the most offending Soule aline. No faith my Couze, with not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not loofe fo great an Honor, As one man more me thickes would share from me, For the best hope I have. O, doe not wish one more: Rather proclaime it (Weffmerland) through my Hoaft, That he which hath no stomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made, And Crownes for Controy put into his Purfe: We would not dye in that mans companie, That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Featt of Criftson: He that out-lives this day, and comes lafe home, Will stand a cip-coe when this day is named, And rowle him at the Name of Criffien. He that shall see this day, and live old age, Will yearely on the Vigil feast his neighbours, And lay, to morrow is Saint Crifica. Then will he Arip his fleeue, and flew his skarrest Old men forget; yet all shall be sorget: But hee'le remember, with aduantages. What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry

Harry the King, Bedford and Exercer, Warrick and Talber, Salubury and Glonceffer, Be in their flowing Caps freshly remembred. This flory shall the good man teach his sonne; And Criffins Craftian thall ne're goe by, From this day to the ending of the World, But we in it shall be remembred; 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 fo vile, This day shall gentle his Condition And Gentlemen in England, now a bed, Shall thinke themselves accurft they were not here, And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes, That fought with va vpon Saint Criffines day. Emer Salubury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speeds The French are bravely in their battailes fet, And will with all expedience charge on va

King. All things are ready, if our minds be fo. welf. Perifh the man, whole mind is backward now. King. Thou do'ft not with more helpe from England,

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone, Without more helpe, could fight this Royall bertaile. King. Why now thou halt vn with the thouland men: Which likes me better, then to with vs one.

You know your places: God be with you all

Tucket. Enter Monting Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry, If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound. Before thy most assured Ouerthrow: For cercainly, thou are so neere the Gulfe, Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy.
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies Must lye and sester.

King. Who hath fent thee now?

Mars. The Conftable of France. King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back: Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones. Good God, why fhould they mock poore fellowes thus? The man that once did fell the Lyons skin While the beaft liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him. Amany of our bodyes shall no doubt Find Native Graves: vpon the which, I truft Shall witnesse live in Brasse of this dayes worke. And those that leave their valiant bones in France, Dying likemen, shough buryed in your Dunghills, They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them, And draw their bonors recking vp to Heauen, Leauing their earthly parts to chooke your Clyine, The finell wheteof shall breed a Plague in France, Marke then abounding valour in our English : That being dead, like to the bullets crafing, Breske out into a second course of mischiefe, Killing in relaple of Morealitie. Let me speake prowdly : Tell the Constable, We are but Warriors for the working day: Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besimpreht With aynie Marching in the painefull field. There's not a piece of feather in our Hoash Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:

And time hath wome vs into flowensie. But by the Malle, out hearts are in the trim: And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night, They'le be in freiber Robes, or they will pluck The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads, And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this, As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then Will soone be leuyed. Herauld, faue thou thy labour : Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld, They shall have none, I sweere, but these my loyous: Which if they have, as I will leave vm them, Shell yeeld them little, tell the Constable. Moss. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a

Ranfome

Enter Torke. Torke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge The leading of the Vaward.

King. Takett, braue Torke. Now Souldiers march away.

And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

> Alarum. Excursions. Enter Piffoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Piff. Yeeld Curre.

Prench. Le pense que wous effet le Glucilhome de bon qua-

Pift. Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. O Seigneur Dien.

Ps/1. O Signicut Dewe (hould be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe give to me egregious Ransome.

French. O prennes miserccordie age pitez de meg.
Pist. Moy shall not seene, I will have fortle Moyes: for I will fetch thy symme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimfon blood.

French. Est il impossible d'esthapper le force de ten bras. Pift. Braffe, Currerthou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Braffe?

French. O perdonne moy.

Pift. Say'ft thou m: fo? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this flaue in French what is his

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounsieurle Fer.

Boy. He søyes his Name is M. Fer.

Pift. M.Fer: He fer him, and ficke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferrer, and

Pift. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Qua dit il Mounfieur?

Boy. Il we commande a vous dire que vous faite vous proft, car ce foldat iey est diffosee tous astare de comppes vostre

Piff. Ov.y, cuppele gorge permafoy pelant, valeffe thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu : ma par-donner, le suis le Gentilhoma da ben maifon, garde ma vie, & le

vom donneray deux cont efcus. Pift. What are his words ?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to faue his life, he is a Gentlemen of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

Pift. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowner will take.

Fren. Petet Alunflem que det ell

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son surement de pardouner aucane presonmer: neant-mons pour les escuss que vens lagt a prowett, il est content a vont donnes le liberte le fi anchesement.

Fre. Sur me: genoux fe vom donnes milles remercions, es le me estime heaven que le intembe surte les mais. d'un Cho. nalier le penfe le plus brane valeant et tres diffense fignicur d'Angloterre.

Piff. Expound enth me boy.

Boy. He gives you voon his knees a thousand thanks, and he effecines himselfe happy, that he hath salne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brane, valorous and thrice-worthy figneur of England.

Pift. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Fol-

low mee,

Boy Same vom le grand Capitaine? Idld neuer know fo full a voyce iffue from fo emptie a heart; but the faying is true. The empty vessel makes the greatest found, Bardolfe and Nym had tenne times more valour, then this roaring divell ith olde play, that everie one may payre his rayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and fo would this be, if hee durst steale any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. Exit.

> Enter Constable, Orleance, Burben, Dolphia, and Ransburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O figueur is iour reperdia, tomes es perdie. Dol. Mor Dienma vie, all is confounded all, Reproach, and euerlasting shame Sits mocking in our Plumes. A [bert Aleres.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke. Del, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues :

Be thefeshe wretches that we plaid at dice for? Ord. Is this the King we lent too, for his ranfome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall fliame, nothing but shame, Let vs dye in once more backe againe, And he that will not fallow Burton now, Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore, Whilfta bale flaue, no gentler then my dogge, His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spayl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues. Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field, To fmather up the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought vpon,

Bur. The divell take Order now, He to the throng; Let life be short, elle shame will be too long.

> Alarma. Emer the Ring and bis tragne, with Prismers.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valignt Countrimen, But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Ero. The D. of York commends him to your Maiefly

King Lives he good Vickle i theree within this house faw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, From Helmer to the spurre, all blood he was.

Ext. In which array (brave Soldier) doch he ly:, I arding the plaine : and by his bloody fide, (Yoske-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke alfo Ives. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hazled over Comes to him, where in gore he lay infleezed. And takes him by the Beard, killes the gathes That bloodily did yavroe vpon his face. He cryez aloud, Tarry my Colio Suffolke, My foule shall thine keepe company to he some t Tarry (freet loule) for mine, then flye a breft: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chinakes. Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him up, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, fages: Decreary Lord, Commend my feruice to my Soueraigne, So did he surne, and over Suffolkes necke He threw his wounded arme, and kift his lippes, And so espous'd to death, with blood he test'd A Testament of Noble-ending-loue: The pressie and sweet manner of it force Those waters from me, which I would have flop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gave me vp to teares.

King. Iblame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixthall eyes, or they will issue to. ALTONO But hearke, whar new alarum is this fame? The French have re-enfore'd their featter'd men: Then every fouldiour kill his Prisoners, Give the word through.

Exis

Allus Quartus.

Enter Fivelim and Gower.

Fig. Kill the poyes and the luggage, Tis especifely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knowsry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy less aliue, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile he' done this flaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus devery soldious to cuchis prifoners throat. O'tir a gallant King.

Fls. I, hee was porne at Mormonth Captaine Gover: 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 magnatic mous, are all one reckenings, save the phrase is a little 78-

Gover. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in Macrison, his Father was called Phillip of Macris, &! I

Fla, I thinke it is in Adacedon where Alexander is poine.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisons besweene Macedon & Monmonth, that the fituations looke you, is both slike. There is a River in Macedon, & there is also moreover a River at Monmanth, it is call'd Wive at Monmanth : 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 so my fingers, and there it Salmons in both. If you marke Alexanders life well. Harry of Monmossber life is comeafter it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furjes, and lus wrachs, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Alexand his angers (looke you) kill his bell friend Clyins,

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd

any of his friends

Fls. 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 figures, and comparisons of it : as Alexander kild his friend Clyter, being in his Ales and his Cupper; fo allo Harry Monmonib being in his tight wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet : he was full of ieffs, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I have forgot his name

Gow. Sir lobu Falft offe.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at Monesouth.

Gow. Heare comes his Maietly

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burban with priforers. Flourish.

Rmg. I was not angry fince I came to France, Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, Ride thou voto the Horsemen on youd hill: If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, Or voyde the field : they do offend our fight, If they'l do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as fwift as flones Enforced from the old Affyrian flings: Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take, Shall tafte our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Hetald of the French, my Liege Glow. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be. King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowit thou not

That I have fin'd these boxes of mine for ransome?

Com's thou against for ransome?

Her. No great King I come to thee for charitable License, 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 (woe the while) Lyodrown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood : So do our vulgar drench their peafant limbes In blood of Princes, and with wounded fleeds Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O glue vs leave great King, To view the field in fafety, and dispose 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 borlemen peere, And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praifed be God, and not our strength for it a What is this Castle call'd that stands bard by.

Her. They call it Agment.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Criffin Criffianus.

Flu. Your Grandfather of tamous memory (an't pleafe your Maicity) and your great Vncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, 25 I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most prave patrle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flw. Your Maiesty sayes very true: If your Malesties is remembred of it, the Welchnien did good feruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their Monmouth caps, which your Maiefly know to this houre is an honourable badge of the feruice: And I do beleeve your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the. Leeke uppon S. Taures day.

King. I weste it for a memorable honor r For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flw. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maieflics Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : God pleffe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maieffy too.

Km. Thanker good my Countrymon.

Flu. By leshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God to long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

King, Good keepame fo.

Enser Williams.

Our Heralds go with him, Bring me just notice of the mimbers dead On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King. Kin Souldier, why wear'st thou thet Gloue in thy

Cappe?

will: And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of anc that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

Ken. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that lwagger'd with me laft night : who if alive, and ever dere to challenge this Glove, I have (worne to take him a boxe a'th ere : or if I can fee my Gloue in his cappe, which he (wore as he was a Souldier he would weare(if alice) I wil Arike it out foundly.

Rm. What thinke you Captnine Fluction, is it fit this

Souldier keepe his oath.

Flm. Hee is a Crauen and a Villainz elfe, and's pease your Maiesty in my conscience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great

fore quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a lentleman as the divel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is necessary (looke rour Grace) that he keepe his yow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (fee you now), his reputation is as strant a willaine and a lacke fawce, as ever his blacke shoo godd voon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow firrsh, when thou meet'A

the fellow.

Wil. So, I will my Liege, as I line Kug. Who feru'st thou vadet?

WIL. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Llege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and Is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier, will. I will my Liege.

King. Here Fluellen, weare thou this fauour for me, and flicke it in thy Cappe : when Alanfon and tny felfe were downe together, I plucke this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alunfon, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'll me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Glove; that is all: but I would same see is once, and please God of his grace that I might fee.

King. Know'll thou Gower?

Fla. He is my deare friend, and please y u.

King. Pray thee goe tecke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Fla. I will feech him. Exit.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Cloffer, Follow Fluetten closely at the heeles. The Glove which I have given him for a favour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare. It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my felfe. Follow good Coulin Warmick: If that the Souldier firike him, 25 1 sudge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some sodaine mischiese may atile of it:

For I doe know Finellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an injurie. Follow, and fee there be no harme betweene them Goe you with me, Vackle of Exeter. Exeant.

Enter Gower and Williams. Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine. Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come space to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to

Fin. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove. Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes bian

Fls. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anges in the Vnilterfall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will Doe you thinke He be for sworne? Flw. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will give Treason

his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor, Fla. That's 2 Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maicsties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke Alaufors.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter? Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayled be God forit, a most contagious Treason come to light, leake you, as you shall desire in a Summers day, Heere is his Enter King and Exeter. Majestic.

King, How now, what's the matter?
Fls. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's Arooke the Glove which your Maichie is take out of the Helmet of Alm

will My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promit'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to finke him, if he did 1 met this man with my Glove in his Cappe, and I have been as

good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sating your Maiesties dashood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowste Knaue it is: I hope your Maicstie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will appropriate, that this is the Gloue of Alasfon, that your Maiestie is give me, in your Con-Science now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier ; Looke, heere is the fellow of it: Twas I indeed thou promised it to firil e, And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maieftie, let his Neck answere 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: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.
Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe : you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I befeech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnekle Exerer, Ell this Glove with Crownes, And give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crowner: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met--tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue you to mend your shooes : come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it. Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred? Herald. Heere is the number of the flaught'red French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken, Vackle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bonchiquald: Of other Lords and Berons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, befides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouland French That in the field lye flaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twentie fix : added to thefe, Of Knights, Elquires, and gallant Gentlemen Eight thousand and soure hundred: of the which, Fine hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but fixteene hundred Mercenzies: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie. The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead: Charles Delabreth, High Confiable of France, lagues of Chatilion, Admirall of France, The Master of the Croffe-bowes, Lord Rambures Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guichard Dolphin, Iohn Duke of Alanson, Anthonie Duke of Brabant, The Brother to the Dake of Burgundie, And Edward Duke of Bart: of lustic Earles, Grandpres and Rouffie, Fauconbridge and Foyes, Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestrale. Here was a Royall fellowship of death. Where is the number of our English dead? Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke, Si: Richard Ketly, Dany Gam Elquire; None elfe of name: and of all other men, But fiue and twentie,

O God, thy Arme was heere; And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone, Afcribe we all: when, without ftratagem, But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile, Was ever knowne to great and little loffe? On one part and on th'other, take it God, For it is none but thine.

Exet. Tis wonderfull,
Kmg. Come, goe me in procession to the Village: And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaft, To boast of this, or take that prayse from God, Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to teli

how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement, That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good. King. Doe we all holy Rights: Let there be fung Non nobu, and Te Deum, The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay: And then to Callice, and to England then, Where ne're from France acriu'd more happy men-

Actus Quintus.

ENSET Chorny. Vouchfale to those that have not read the Story, That I may prompt them : and of fuch 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 presented. Now we beare the King Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there frene, Heave him away vpon your winged thoughts, Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes, Whole shours & claps-our-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea, Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King, Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land, And folemnly fee him fet on to London. So fwift a pace hash Thought, that even now You may imagine him woon Black-Heath i Where, that his Lords defire him, to have borne His bruised Helmer, and his bended Sword Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-neffe, and Celfe-glorious pride; Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oftens, Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold, In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought, How London doth powre out her Citizens, The Major and all his Brethten in best fort, Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome, With the Plebeians (warming at their heeles, Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Cafer in : As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood, Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse, As in good time he may, from Ireland comming, Bringing Rebellinn broached on his Sword; How many would the peaceful! Citie quit, To welcome him? much more, and much more cause, Did they this Harry. Now in London place him. As yet the lamentation of the French Inuites the King of Englands flay at home: The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France, To order peace betweene them: and omit All the occurrences, what ever chanc't, Till Harryer backe returne againe to France: There must we bring him; and my selfe have play'd The interim, by remembring you tis paft. Then brooke sbridgement, and your eyes aduance, After your thoughts, ftraight backe agains to France.

Enter Fluction and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your

Leeke to day ? S. Danier day is paft.

Fla. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine Goner; the rascally, scould, beggerly, lowfie, pragging Knaue Pifell, which you and your selfe, 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 yetterday, 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 weate it in my Cap tell I fee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my defires.

Enter Piftoth

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turky-

Flw. Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Tuckycocks. God plesse you aunchient Piffell-you seuruie lowfie Knaue, God plede you.

Piff. Ha, art thou bedfam ? doest thou thirst, base Troian, to have me fold up Pareas fatall Web? Hence?

I am qualmith at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I peleech you heartily, scurule lowfie Kosue, at my defires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your ditgeftions doo's not agree with it, I would defire you to este it.

Pift. Not fot Cadwallader and all his Gomto. Flw. There is one Gost for you. Strikes him

Will you be so good, seauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pift: Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flw. You say very true, scauld Knaue', when Gods will is: I will defire you to live in the meane time, and este your Viduals : come, there is fawce for it. You call'd me yelterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you sail too, if you can mocke a Locke, you can eate a Locke.

Gont. Enough Captains, you have aftonisht him.

Fla. Ifay, I will make him eate fome part of my leeke,
or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is
good for your greene wound, and your ploodic Ooxecombe.

Pift. Muft I bite.

Fix. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of quefion too and ambiguities.

Piff. By this Leeke, I will most hostibly revenge I

eare and eate I lweare.

Fla. Eate I pray you, will you have fome more fauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to sweate by.

Piff. Quet thy Cudgell, thou doff fee leate.

Flo. Much good do you feeld knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Cozembe? when you take occasions to fee Leekes hecreafter, I pray you mocke at em, that is all,

Pift. Good.

Fin. 1, Leckes is good: hold you, there is a grost to heale your pate.

Piff. Meagroat?

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Locke in my pocket, which you shall cate.

Pilt. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flw. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but endgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate.

Fift. All hell shall stiere for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable respect, and worne as a memotable Trophee of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seen you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Piff. Doeth fortune play the hulwife with menow? Newco haue I that my Doll is dead it h Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous, by quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and fomething leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I scale, and

there lle fteale :

And parches will I get unto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Galia warres.

Exist

Enser at one doore, King Heary, Exeter. Bedford, Farwicke, and other Lords. As another. Lozene Ifabel, the King, the Duke of Boargongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we meet; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifter Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wifnes To our most faire and Princely Cosine Lathering; And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriuid, We do salute you Duke of Eurgogue, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, sairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one. Quee. 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 meet hem in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Bassliskes:
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Have lost their qualitie, and that this day
Shair change all griefes and quartels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare. Que. You English Princes all, I doe Salote you Burg. My dutic to you both, on equall love. Great Kings of France and England: hat I have labour'd With all my wits, my painer, and ftrong endeuors, To bring your most Imperial Maiestics Vnto this Barre, and Royall enter view; Your Mightineffe on both parts best can witnesse. Since then my Office hath so force preuay!'d, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You have congreeted: let it not difgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nouric of Atts, Plentyes, and 109full Bitths, Should not in this best Garden of the World. Our fertile France, put vp her louely Vilage? Alas, thee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heaper, Corrupting in it owne fertilities Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes : her Hedges euen plezch'd, Like Purfoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth diforder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Dainell, Hemlock, and ranke Femeuary Doth toot ypon; while that the Culter rulls, That should deracionce such Saungery : The even Meade, that erft brought (weetly forth The freckied Cowslip, Burner and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke \$ Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keklyes, Burres, Loofing both beautie and villitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Even so our Houses, and our selnes, and Children, Have lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Country; But grow like Sanages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Actyre, And every thing that seemes vanaturall. Which to reduce into our former favour, You are assembled: and my speech entreast, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconveniences,

And bleffe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whole want gives growth to thimperfections
Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace
With full second to all oprived demands,
Whole Tenures and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then the Peace which you before so vrg'd, Lyes in his Answers

France. 1

France: I have but with a curselarie eye O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleafeth your Grace To appoint some of your Councell presently To fit with ve once more, with better beed Tore-furuey them; we will fuddenly Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exerct, And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloncefler, Warmick, and Huntington, goe with the King, And take with you free power, to ratifie, Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes best Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignitie, Any thing in or out of our Demands, And wee'le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter, Goe with the Princes, or flay here with vs?

Quec. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them; Happily a Womans Voyce may doe lone good, When Articles too nicely vig d, be frood on.

England. Yet leave out Coulin Katherine here with vs, She is our capitall Demand, compris'd Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Ques. She hash good deaue. Excunt opens.

Manet King and Katherine, King. Faire Kashermejand most faire, Will you vouchfafe to teach a Souldier tearmes, Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare, And pleade his Loue-furt to her gentle heart.

Kath Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake

your England.

King. Office Katherine, if you will love me foundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confelle it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you like me, Rate?

Kaib. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me. King. An Angell is like you Kare, and you are like an

Angell. Kach. Que det il que de suis semblable a les Anges ? Lady. Our verayment (fauf voftre Grace) ainfi ast il.

King. I faid to, deare Kesberme, and I must not blush co affirme it. Kaib. O bon Dien, les langues des bonnmes sont plein de

tromperies. Kug. What layer she, faire one; that the congues of-

men are full of deceres?

Lady. Ony, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceitr: dat is de Princelle.

Kmg. The Princelle is the better English-woman: yfaith Kese, my woolng is fit for thy understanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could the thou would the finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst chicke, I had fold my Farme to buy my Crowne: I know no wayes to mince it in love, but direally to lay, I love you; then if you vege me farther, then to fay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my fuite : Give me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargaine: how fay you, Lady t

Kash. Sanf voftre honeur, one understand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verles, or to Dance for your fake, Kate, why you andid me: for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, vet a reasonable measure in frength If I could wione a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawing into my Saddle, with my Armout on my backe; vinder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and fit like a lack an Apes, neuer off. But before God Kare, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in processacion; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vie till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for veging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this remper, Kate, whole tace it por worth Sunne-burping? that never lookes in his Glasse, for love 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 lay to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liu Il, deare Kase, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these sellowes of infinit tongue, that can tyme themselves Into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselves out againe. What I a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a stratt Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will war hollow: but a good Heart, Kare, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it thines brighe, and never changes, but keepes his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me? and take me; rake a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what fay's thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Karb. Is it possible det I sould loue de ennemie of

Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should love the Enemie of France, Kase; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and Kase, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kaub. I cannot tell wat is dat.

Kmg. No, Karel I will tell thee in French, which I am fure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Nicke, hardly to be shooke off; 16 quand for le possession de France. & quand vous . mes le pos. seffion de moy, (let mee fee, what then? Saint Dennes bee my (peede) Done voftre est France, & vou estes mienne. It is as easie for me, Kare, to conquer the Kingdome, as to fpeake fo much more French: I shall never move thee in French, valesse in the to laugh at me.

Raib. Sanf vostre boncur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il

or meliens que l'Angéria le quel le parle.

King. No faith is t not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely fallely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, doo'ft thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

Kag. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your Closer, you'le question thus Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kare, you will to ber disprayse those parts in me, that you love with your heart : but good Kate, mocke me merciful'y, the rather gentle Princeste, because I loue thee cruelly. If ever thou beeft mine, Kase, as I have a fauing Faith within me tells me thou shale; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder; Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Donnie and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, that thall goe to Conftantinople, end take the Turke by th Rentd. Shall wee not? what fay'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kare. I doe not know dat,

King. No:'tis hereafter to know, but now to promife: doe but now promise Kare, you will endeauour for your French part of fuch a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you. La plus belle Karberine du monde mon trefeber & denin docffe.

Kab. Your Maitslee and fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my falle French: by mine Honor In true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatterme, that thou doo'ft; notwithstanding the poore and vncen pering effect of my Vilage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Civill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a flub-borne out-fide, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wood Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better : and therefore tell me, most faire Kathering, will you have me? Put oft your Maiden Blushes, attouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner bleffemine Eare withall, but I will tell thee slowd, Eng-Land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Heary Planaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-sellowes. Come your Anfwer in broken Mulick; for thy Voyce is Mulick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere.

Ring. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Karb. Den it fall also content me,

King. Vpon that I kiffe your Hand, and I call you my

Queene.

Kaib. Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie serviteur excuse moy. Le von supplie mon tref-puissant Seignenr.

King. Then I will kille your Lippes, Kate. Kath. Les Dames & Damoifels pour eftre baifse deuent leur nopcese il nei pas le costume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee? Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell was is buisse en Auglish.
Ring. To kisse.

Lady. Your Maiefice entendre bettre que moy

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiffe before they are marryed, would the fay?

Lady. Ony verayment.

King. O Kate, nice Customes curie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, 28 I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiffe i therefore patiently, and yetiding. You have Witch-craft in your Lippes.

Kate i there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perswade Hary of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English

Burg. God faue your Maiestie, my Royall Coulin, teach you our Princelle English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Coulin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is thee not apt?

Kung. Out Toogue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that having neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so consure vp the Spirit of Loue in ber, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure vp Loue in her in his rrue likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet rosd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if thee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked feeing felfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configue

King. Yet they doe winke and y Id, as Loue Is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord when they fee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord teach your Coulin to confent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to confent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholo-mew-tyde, blinde, though they baue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

Kmg. This Morall tyes me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall eatch the Flye, your Coulin, in

the latter end, and free must be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is fo: and you may, fome of you, thanke Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre bath entred.

England Shall Kase be toy Wife?

France. So please you.

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her; so the Meid that frood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will,

France, Wee have consented to all tearmes of res-

England Is't fo, my Lords of England? west. The King hath graunted every Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme proposed natures.

Exa. Onely

Exes. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highnesse in this softme, and with this addition, in French: Nostre tresper file Henry Roy & Anglewere Hereite de Fraussee: and thus in Latine; Praclarismen Films noster Herricas Rex Anglia of Herri Francie.

France. Nor this I have not Brother so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in love and deare ally ance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reft,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoates looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse.
May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniun thon
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that never Warre advance
His bleeding Sword twixt England and faire France.
Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all. That here I kille her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages, Combine your hearta in one, your Realmes in one: As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue, So be there twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousail, That oeuer may ill Office, or fell lealouse, Which troubles of the Bed of bleffed Marriage, Thrust in betweene the Pation 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.

My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for furetie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to Mate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosprous be.

Emer Chorns

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightle men,
Mangling by flarts the full course of their glory
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lued
This Starte 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 Insant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many hed the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.





The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Allus Primus Scana Prima.

Dead March.

Exercishe Sunerals of King Henry the Fift, assended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Closer, Protestor; the Duke of Exeter War-wiche, the Bishop of Winthester, and the Duke of Somether.

Bedford.

Yng bey heauens with black, yield day to night; Comets importing change of Times and States, Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie, And with them (courge the bad revolting Stars,

That have conferred vinto Herries death: King Herr, the Fift, too famous to live long, England ne're loft a King of fo much worth,

Gleft. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deferuing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
Fits sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, sierce bent against their faces.
What should I say his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift up his Hand, but conquered.

Ext. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?

Bleary is dead, and never (hall reviue:

Fon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths difhonousable Victorie,
We with our flately prefence glorifie,
Like Captines bound to a Triumphant Carre,
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories out throw?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
Caniurers and Sorcerers, that affeid of him,
By Magick Verses have contrived his end,

Writch. He was a King, bleft of the King of Kings.
Vinto the French, the dreadfull ludgement-Day.
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hofts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him to prosperous.

Gloft. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not to foone decay'd,
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.
Wiach. Clofter, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeft to command the Prince end Realmen
Thy Wife in prowd, the holdeth three in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloft. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh. And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ft. Except it be to pray against thy foes, Bed Ceale, ceals thele larres, & reft your minds in peace: Let's to the Altar: Heralds ways on vs; In Read of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes, Since Armes auayle not, now that Herry's dead, Posteritie a wait for wretched yeeres, When at their Mothers moifined eyes, Babes frall fuck. Our He be made a Nourish of falt Teares, And none but Women left to wayle the dead. Henry the Fift, thy Ghoft I invocate Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles, Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens; A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make, Then Iulim Cafer, or bright

Evier a Messenger

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all.

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfirure:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guysors, Postiters, are all quite loss.

Beds. What say st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?

Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?

If Henry were recall'd to life againe,

These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exo. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?

Meff. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongh the Souldiers this is couttered,
That here you maintaine feuerall Factions:
And whil's a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie;
Let not south dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armet
Of Englands Cost, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall, These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France: Grue me my feeled Coat. He fight for France. Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes; Wounds will I lend the French, in flead of Eyes, To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them acceler Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the Euglish quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastad of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
Reyrold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flycth to his side.

Ext.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?

O whither shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloft. We will not flye, but to out enemies throats.

Bedford, if thou be flacke, He fight it out.

Bed. Gloffer, why doubtft thou of my forwardnesse?

An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is ouer-tun.

Enter another Mellenger.

Mef. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments, Wherewith you now bedew King Heartes hearle, I must informe you of a dismall fight, Betwitthe sout Lord Talbot, and the French.

Bin. What?wherein Talbot overcame, 15't 10?

3. Mef. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o rethrown: The circumstance He rell you more at large. The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord, Retyring from the Siege of Orleance, Having full scarce fix shouland in his croupe, By three and twentie thousand of the French Was round incompaffed, and fet vpon: No leyfure had he to enranke his men. He wanted Pikes to fet before his Archers: Inflead whereof, shatpe Stakes plucks out of Hedges They pitched in the ground confusedly, To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in-More then three houres the fight continued: Where valisht Talber, about humane thought, Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance. Hundreds he fent to Hell, and none durft frand him: Here, there, and every where enraged, he flew. The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes, All the whole Army flood agaz'd on him. His Souldiers Spying his vndaunted Spirits A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine, And rushe into the Bowels of the Battaile. Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp, If Sir Iohn Falltaffe had not play d the Coward. He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde, With purpose to relieue and follow them, Cowardly fled, not having flruck one froake. Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre : Enclosed were they with their Enemies. A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace, Thrust Talbor with a Speare into the Back, Whom all France, with their chiefe affembled strength, Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is Talbot flaine then? I will flay my felfe, For living idly here, in pompe and case, Whil's such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd, Voto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3. Meff. O no, he lives, but is tooke Priloner, And Lord Seales with bim, and Lord Hunger ford: Most of the rest flaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay lle hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne, His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend: Foure of their Lords Ile 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 Georges Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake

Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieged,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth furply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Ext. Remember Lords your Oathes to floory (worne: Eyther to quell the Dolphin vecerly, Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Belf. I decrease there is not become leave.

Bedf. I doe remember It, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. Exit Bedford.
Gloft. I leto the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclaying young Herry King.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King Is, Being ordayn'd his special! Governor, And for his safetie there lle best denise.

Pinch. Each hath his Place and Function to accend:
I am left out; for menothing remaines:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to fend,
And fit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.

Sound a Flourifb.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Wars his true moning, even as in the Heavens, So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne. Late did he shine vpon the English fide : Now we are Victors, vpon vs he imiles. What Townes of any moment, but we have ? At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance: Otherwhiles, the familhe English, like pale Ghoffe, Paintly beliege vs one houre in a moneth. Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues: Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules, And have their Provenderty'd to their mouthes, Or pitteons they will looke, like drowned Mice. Reigner, Let's rayle the Siege: why live we idly here? Talboe is taken, whom we wont to feare: Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salubary, And he may well in fretting spend his gall, Nor men nor Money bath he to make Warre. Charles. Sound, found Alarum, we will ruth on them. Now for the honour of the forlorne French: Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,

When I torgue my death, that killeth me,
When he lees me goe back one foot, or flye,
Here Alexam, they are beaten back, by the
English, with great lesse.

Exter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignou.

Charles Who ever faw the like? what even have 1?

Dogges, Cowards, Dastarda: I would ne're bave fled,

But that they left me inidit my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide, He fighteth as one weary of his life: The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode, Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

3 Alang Froy.

Akonfon. L'. oyjard, a Countreyman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands breed, During the time Edward the third did raigne: More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samfers and Golinfies It fendeth forth to tkirmith: one to tenne? Leane taw-bon'd Rascals, who would e'te suppose, They had fuch courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leave this Towne, For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues, And hunger will enforce them to be more eager. Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth The Walls they le teare downe, then for fake the Siege.

Reigner. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice Their Armes are fet, like Clocks, full to firike on; Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe: By my confent, wee'le euen let them alone.

Almson. Beit lo.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bafford. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.

Dolph. Baltard of Orleance, thrice welcome to va Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd. Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence? Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand: A holy Maid hither with me I bring, Which by a Vision lent to her from Heaven, Ordayned is to rayle this tedious Siege, And drive the English forth the bounds of France: The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath, Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome: What's past, and what's to come, she can descry. Speake, hall I call her in ? beleeve my words, For they are certaine, and unfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but firft, to try her skill, Reigner Stand thou as Dolphin in my place; Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne, By this meaner shall we found what skill the hath,

Enter loans Pazel

Reignett. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?

Puzel. Reigner, 1s't thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde, I know thee well, though never feene before. Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me; In private will I talke with thee apart : Stand back you Lords, and give vs leave a while. Reignerr. She takes vpou her brauely at fult dalh. Pazel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter, My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art i Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate. Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes, And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my checkes, Gods Mosher deigned to appeare to me, And in a Vision full of Maiestie, Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation, And free my Countrey from Calamitie: Her ayde the promis'd, and affur'd fuccelle. In complex Glory shee reveal'd her selse: And whereas I was black and fwart before With those cleare Rayes, which shee infustd on me, That beautie am I bleft with, which you may fee.

Aske me what question thou can't possible, And I will answer vapremeditated ! My Courage tric by Combatus thou der'd, And theu fielt hade that I exceed my Sex. Resolve on this shou shall be fortunate. If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.

Diph. Thou hast astonisheme with thy high termiza Onely this proofe He of thy Valour make, In fingle Combat thou shalt buckle with me; And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true, Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puxel. I am prepar di bere is my keene-edg'd Sword, Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each fide, The which at Toursine in S. Katherines Church-yard, Our of a great deale of old Iron, I chole forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman, Puzel. And while I live, He ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight and loane de Puzel ourcouns. Dolph. Stay, flay thy hands, thou art an Amezon, And highteft with the Sword of Debara.

Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, elle I were coo

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must bely me . Impariently I burne with thy delire, My heart and hands thou haft at once subde d. Excellent Puzzl, if thy name be fo, Let me thy feruant, and not Soueraigne be, Tis the French Dolphin fueth to thee thus.

Pazel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love. For my Profession's facred from above : When I have chased all thy Foes from hence, Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dalph. Meane time looke gracious on thy proftrate

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke. Alar Doubtlesse he thrines this weman to ber smock, Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know, These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues. Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuile you on? Shall we give o're Orleance, or no?
Pazel. Why no, I fay: diffruffull Recreants,

Fight till the last gaspe: He be your guard.

Dolph. What thee layer, He confirme: wee'le fight

Pazel. Affign'd am I to be the English Scourge. This night the Siege affuredly lle rayle: Expect Saint Martins Summer, Haleyers dayes, Since I have entred into thefe Warres. Glory is like a Circle in the Water, Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe, Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught. With Homies death, the English Circle ends, Dispersed are the glories it included: Now am I like that prowd infulting Ship, Which Cafer and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was Mahamer inspired with a Done? Thou with an Eagle art inspired then. Heleo, the Mother of Great Conference, Nor yet S. Philips daughters were like thee. Bright Starre of Vorus, false downs on the Earth, How may I reuerently worthin thee enough?

Alamson. Leane off delayer, and let ve rayle the Siege.

Reigneir. Wo.

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou can't to faue our honors,
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortalized.
Dolph. Prefently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truft, if thee prove falls.
Extense:

Enter Gioster, with bis Serving - swn.

Glost. I am come to survey the Tower this day; Since Hearies death, I feare there is Convey nee: Where be these Warders, that they wait not here? Open the Gates, tis Gloster that calls.

1. Warder. Who's there, that knocks to imperiously of Gloft. 1. Man. It is the Noble Duke of Glofter. 2. Warder. Who cre he be, you may not be let in. 1. Man. Villaines, answer you to the Lord Protector? 1. Warder. The Lord protect him, to we answer him,

We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Gloss. Who willed youlor whose will stands but mine? There's none Protector of the Realme, but 1: Breake up the Gates, lie be your warrantize; Shall 1 be flowted thus by dunghill Groomese

Glofters men rufb at the Tower Gates, and Woodwile the Lieutenant speakes within.

spoodule. What noyle is this? what Traytors have were here?

Cloff. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's Glosser that would enter.
Woodside. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in,
Gloss. Faint-hearted Woodside, prizest how fore me?

Arrogant Winebester, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom Henry our late Soueralgne ne're could brooke?
Thou are no friend to God or to the King:

Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Serving usen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winebest. How now emblious Vmphen, what meanes this?

Gloft. Piel'd Prieft, doo'ft thou command me to be thut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor, And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Gloft. Stand back thou manifelt Conspirator,
Thou that contribued it to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canuas tnee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, fland thou back, I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus, be thou curied Cain,

To flay thy Brother Abel, if thou will.

Gloft. I will not flay thee, but He drive thee back; Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Coilds bearing Cloth, He vie, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy

Gloft What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Costs to Tawny Costs. Priefl, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you foundly.
Vider my feet I frampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church, Hereby the Cheekes lie drag thee up and downe.

svinch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the

Cloft. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope, Now beat them hence, why doe you let them slay? Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array. Out Tawney-Coares, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Closters wen beat out the Cardinalis men, and enter in the burly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords that you being supreme Magistrates, Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.

Cloft. Peace Maior, thou know it little of my wrongs.

Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vic.

or the court of the Realme;

And would have Armour hereout of the Tower,

To Crowne himselie King, and suppresses the Prince.

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blo wes.
Here they thirms of againe.

Maior. Naught refts for me, in this symultuous firife, But to make open Proclamation.

Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canflicty:
All manner of men, affimbled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your severall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or use any Sword, wea-

pon, or Dagger bence-forward, upon paine of death.

Cloft. Cardinall, lie be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.

Winch. Gloffer, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke,
Major, lie call for Clubs, if you will not a way:
This Cardinall's more haughtic then the Deuill.

Gloft. Maior farewell: thou doo'st bu; what thou nay'st.

Winch. Abhominable Glofler, guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it ere long.

Maior. See the Coast clear d, and then we will depart
Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beere,
I my selfe fight not once in sortie yeere.

Extent.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and

bis Bay.

M. Gumer. Sirtha, thou know it how Orleance is before id,
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.

Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're vnsortunate, I mis'd my syme.

M. Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiese Master Gunner am Las this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals have informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peere the Citte,
And thence discover, how with most advantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault,
To intercept this inconvenience,
A Peece of Ordnance gainst it I have placed,

And

If I could feethem. Now doe thou watch, For I can flay no longer. If thou fpy it any, runoc and bring me word, And thou shall finde me at the Governors. Exs. Boy Father, I warrant you, take you to care,

And even thele three dayes have I watcht,

He neuer trouble you, if I may fpye them. Exis.

> Enser Salubery and Talbot on the Tentets, with others.

Salub. Tulber, my life, my iog, againe return'd? How wert thou handled, being Prisoner? Or by what meaner got's thou to be releas'd? Discourse I prethee on this Tutters 10p.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Priloner, Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle, For him was I exchang'd, and ranfom'd. But with a baser man of Armes by farre. Once in contemps they would have basserd me ; Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craued death, Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd: In fine, redeem'd I was as I defir'd. But O, the trecherous Falfraffe wounds my heart, Whom with my bare fifts I would execute, If I now had him bronght into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell'ft thou not, how thou wert enter-

Tal. With scoffes and scomes, and contumelious tounts, In open Market-place produc't they me, To be a publique spectacle to all: Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French, The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children fo. Then broke I from the Officers that led me, And with my nayles digg'd fronces out of the ground, To hurle at the beholders of my shame. My grifly countenance made others flye, None durst come neere, for scare of suddaine death. In Iron Walls they deem'd me not fecure: So great feare of my Name mongst them were spread, That they supposed I could rend Barres of Steele. And fourne in pieces Posts of Adamant, Wherefore a guard of cholen Shor I had, That walkt about me every Minute while: And if I did but friere out of my Bad, Ready they were to thoot me to the hears. Enser the Boy was a Linftock.

Salisb. I grieve to heare what torments you ender'd, But we will be reveng'd fufficiently. Now it is Supper time in Orleance: Here, through this Grare, I count each ons, And view the Frenchasca how they fortifie: Let vs looke in, the fight will much delight thee: Sit Thomas Gargrane, and Six William Glasjdele, Let me haue your expresse opinions, Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargrase. I thinke at the North Gate, for these flands Lords.

Classidate. And I heere, at the Bulwarks of the

Talb. For ought I fee, this Citie must be famisht, Her: they foot, end Or with light Skirmishes enferbled. Salubury falls downs.

Selisb. O Lord have mercy on vs, wretched finners. O Lord have mercy on me, woful man. Talb. What chance is this, that fuddenly hath croft to? Speake Schoon; at leaft, if thou could, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men! One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes fide ftruck of?? Accurled Tower, accurred farall Hend, That hath contrin'd this wolul Tragedie. In thirteene Batteiles, Salubary o'reconne: Heary the Fift he fielt trayn'd to the Warres. Whil'il any Trumpe did found, or Drum fruck vp. His Sword did ne're leave firiking in the field Yet liu'ft thou Salubary? though thy speech doth sayle, Out Eye thou hast to looke to Heaven for grace. The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World. Heaven be thou gracious to none aliae, If Salubury wants mercy at thy hands. Bezre hence his Body, I will helpe to bary it. Sir Thomas Gargrane, half thou any life?
Speake unto Talber, nay, looke up to him. Selibrary cheare thy Spirit with this comfort, Thou shalt not dye whiles-He beckens with his band, and smiles on me: As who should say, When I am dead and gone, Remember to avenge me on the French. Flantagines I will, and like thee, Play on the Lute, beholding the Towner burne: Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum and is Thunders and Lightens. What stirre is this? what tumult'r in the Heapens? Whence commeth this Alarum, and the poyle?

Enter a Meffenger. Mef. My Lord my Lord, the French have gether'd head The Dolphin, with one local de Puzel 10yo'd, A holy Propheteffe, new rifen vp, Is come with a great Power, to rayle the Siege.

Here Salubary Infecto birafelfo up, and groanet. Tab. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbary doth grosne It irkes his hearthe cannot be reveng'd. Frenchmen, lie be a Salubary to you.
Puzal or Puffel, Delphin or Dog-fish, Your hearts He stampe out wi h my Horfes heeles, And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines. Convey me Salubary into his tent, And then weele try what there daftard Frenchmen date. Listen. Exerten.

Har en Alwan againe, and Talbat perfuel the Dolphin, and driven bim: Then enter loane de Puzel, driving Englishmen before ber. Then enser Talkes.

Telb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force ? Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot flay them, A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Exter Parel. Here, here thee comes. He have a bowt with thee: Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee: Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,

And straightway give thy Soule to him thou fern's Puzzl. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must different thee. Herethy fight.

Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to preusyle?

My breft He burft with furnining of a rearrage, And from my shoulders crack my Armes slun-But I will chassife this high-minded Strumper.

They fight againe.
Pazel. Talbet ferwell, thy houre is not yet come, I must go: Victuali Orleance forthwith: A ferr Alarm: show energhe Tenne

Sab Souldiers.

Circ.

Ore-take me if thou careft, I feorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare up thy bungry-started men,
Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.
Ext.
Tallo. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by seare, not force, like Banribal,
Drives back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noy some stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driven away.
They call'd va, for our stercenesse. English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A foort Alorum.

Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fighe,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, glue Sheepe in Lyons flead;
Sheepe run not halfe fo trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horfe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-fubdued flaues.

Alarem. Here enother Shirmifb.
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all confented vnto Salisbaries death,
For none would firske a stroake in his revenge.
Petal is entied into Orleance,
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe
O would I were to dye with Salisbary,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourifb.

Exter on the Falls, Paxel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanfon, and Souldiers.

Puecl. Advance our waning Colours on the Walls, Referred is Orleance from the English.

Thus Is me de Puece hath performed her word.

Dolph. Divinest Creature, Aftrea's Daughter, How shall I honour thee for this specesse? Thy promises are like Adam Garden, That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the aext. France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse, Recover'd is the Towne of Orleance, More blessed hep did ne're befall our State. Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,

Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizems make Bonfires,
And feaft and banquet in the open freets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given vs.

Alass. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy, When they shall heare how we have play'd the men,

Dolph. Tis locur, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will divide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
A stately er Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then Rhodopho's or Menaphis ever was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Asses, in an Vine more precious
Then the rich-lewel'd Coffer of Darim,
Transported, shall be as high Festivals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But locus de Parel shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Dry of Victorie.
Flourish.

Adus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sent wels.

So. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant: If any noyfe or Souldier you perceine Neere to the walles, by fome apparant figue Let vs have knowledge at the Court of Guard.

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors (When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds) Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burguody, with scaling
Ladders: Their Drawnes beating a
Doad March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Bargondy,
By whose approach, the Regions of Arreys,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Soccerie.

Contriud by Art, and balefull Socceric.

Bed, Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes forticude,
To joyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pazell whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bod. A Maid? And be so martial!?

Bor. Pray God the prove not malculine ere long:
If windermeath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as the hard begun

She carry Armour, as the hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practife and converte with spirits.

God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name

Let vs resolue to scale their slinty bulwarkes.

Bod. Ascend brave Talou, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,

The other yet may rife against their force.

Bed. Agreed; lie to youd corner.

Ber. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will Talber mount, or make his grave Now Seliebury, for thee and for the right Of English Henry, shall this night appeare How much in dury, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make affault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbor.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter severall wayes, Bastard, Stanson, Reignier, balfo ready, and halfo vursady.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all enteadic for Baft. Virteady? I and glad we feep'd fo well.

Rety. Twas time (1 trow) to wake and lesue our beds;

Hearing Alacums at our Chamber doores.

Alan. Of all exploits fince first I follow'd Armes,

Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

Mare

More venturous, or desperate then this Baft. I thinke this Talbos be a Frend of Hell. Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens fure favour him. Alanf. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and loane Baft. Tut, holy loane was his defensive Guard. Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou decenful Dame? Didft thou se firft, to flatter va withall, Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our loffe might be ten times fo much?

Jome. Wherefore is Charles impacient with his friend? At all times will you have my Power slike? Sleeping or waking, must I fill preuzyle, Or will you blame and lay the fault on me? Improvident Souldiors, had your Watch been good, This sudden Mischiefe neuer could have falne.

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default, That being Captaine of the Watch to Night, Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alanf. Had all your Quarters been as fafely kept, As that whereof I had the government, We had not beene thus thamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord. Charl. And formy felfe, most part of all this Night Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was imploy'd in passing to and fro, About relicuing of the Centinels. Then how, or which way, should they first breake in e loane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case, How or which way; 'tis fure they found some place, But weakely guarded, where the breach was made: And now there rests no other shift but this, To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't, And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbor, a Talbor: they flye, leaving their Clothes bebind

Sould. He be so bold to take what they have left : The Cry of Talbor ferues me for a Sword, For I have loaden me with many Spoyles, Ving no other Weapon but his Name. Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie. Beaf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled, Whose pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth. Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. Retres. Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury, And here aduance it in the Market-Place, The middle Centure of this curfed Towne.

Now have I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule: For every drop of blood was drawne from him, There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night. And that hereafter Ages may behold What ruine happened in reuenge of him, Within their chiefest Temple lle creet A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd: Vpon the which, that every one may reade, Shall be engrau'd the facke of Orleance, The trecherous manner of his mournefull death, And what a terror he had beene to France. But Lords, in all our bloudy Maffacre, I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous lower of Acte, Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. Tis thought Lord Talber, when the fight begen, Rows'd on the fudden from their drowfie Beds, They did smongst the troupes of armed mea, Leape ore the Walls for refuge in the field.

Burg My felfe, as farre as I could well difcorne, For Imoake and duskie vapours of the night, Am fure I fcar'd the Dolphin and his Trull When Arme in Arme they both came fwiftly running. Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Dooes, That could not live afunder day or night. After that things are fer in order here, Wee'le follow them with all the power we have.

Emer a Meyenger. Meff. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Alls So much applauded through the Realme of France? Talb. Here is the Talber, who would speak with him!

Mef. The vertuous Lady, Counteste of Overgne, With modellie admiring thy Renowne, By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'it vouchfale To visit her poore Cafile where she lyes, That the may boaft the hath beheld the man, Whole glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it even to? Nay, then I fee out Watter Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick fport, When Ladyes craue to be encountred with You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men Could not preuzyle with all their Oratorie, Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul'd: And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes, And in fubmiffion will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company? Bedf. No, truly, tis more then manners will. And I have heard it layd, Vnbidden Guelts Are often welcommel when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (fince there's no remedie) I meane to proue this Ladyes courtefie. Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde. sybopers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Enter Counteffe.

Court. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge, And when you have done to, bring the Keyes to me. Port. Madame, I will.

Court. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right, I shall as famous be by this explois, As Scythian Torogras by Cyrus death, Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight, And his atchieuements of no lette account : Faine would mine eyes be wienesse with mine eares, To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Meffenger and Talbot. Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship defu'd, By Message crau'd, so is Lord Talber come. Count. And he is welcome: what; is this the man ! Alef. Madame, it is,

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the Telbot, so much fear'd abroad? That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes? I see Report is sabulous and false.

I thought I should have seene some Hercula, A fecond Fielder, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes, Alas, this is a Child, a filly Dwarfe: It cannot be, this weake and writhled fhrimpe Should frike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Mademe, I have beene boid to trouble your But since your Ladyship it not at leysure, He fort some other time to visit you.

Court. What meanes he now i

Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Meff. Stay my Lord Tables, for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure? Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,

I goe to certifie her Talbot's here. Enter Porter with Keyes.

Court. If thou be be, then art thou Prisoner. Tals. Prisoner? to whom?

Connt. To me, blood-thirftie Lord: And for that cause I tray n'd thee to my House. Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs: But now the substance shall endure the like, And I will chayne thefe Legges and Armes of thine, That half by Tyrannie thefe many yeeres

Wasted our Countrey, flaine our Citizens, And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate. Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughest thou Wretch?

Thy mirch shall turne to mosne. Tals. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond, To thinke, that you have ought but Talbers shadow,

Whereon to practife your seueritie. Count. Why? art not thou the man ? Talb. I am indeede.

Course. Then have I substance too. Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe: You are deceived, my lubstance is not here; For what you fee, is but the smallest part, And least proportion of Humanitie: I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here, It is of fuch a spacious loftie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't. Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce, He will be here, and yet he is not here :

How can these contrarieties agree? Till. That will I show you presently. Words bis Horne, Drummes frike up, a Peale of Ordenones: Enter Souldiors

How fay you Madame? are you now perswaded, That Talbot is but Inadow of himfelfe? These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength, With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes, Razeth your Cines, and subverts your Townes, And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abule, I finde thou art no leffe then Fame hath bruited. And more then may be gathered by thy shape. Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath, For I am forry, that with reverence

I did not entertaine thee 25 thou art. Talb. Be not difmay'd, faire Lady, nor misconfter The minde of Talber, as you did mistake The outward composition of his body. What you have done, both not offended me: Nor other fattifaction doe I crave,

But onely with your patience, that we may Take of your Wine, and fee what Cates you have, For Souldiers flomacks alwayes ferue them well. Count With all my heart, and thinke me honored, To feast so great a Warrior in my House.

> Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warrock, Somerfet, Poole, and others.

Torke. Great Lords and Gentlemen, What meanes this filence? Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd, The Garden here is more convenient

Tak. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth: Or elfe was wrangling Somerfet in th'error? Suff. Falth I have beene a Truant in the Law, And never yet could frame my will to it, And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-(Weent Vs.

w r. Berween two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch, Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, Between two Blades, which beares the better temper, Between two Hories, which doth beare him bell. Between two Girles, which hath the metryest eye, I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgement : But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law, Good faith I am no wifer then a Daw,

Tork. Tut, tut, here it a mannerly forbearance: The truth appeares to naked on my fide, That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well appartell'd, So cleare, fo thining, and fo evidens, That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

Tork. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake, In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts: Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman, And stands upon the honor of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleaded truth, From off this Bryer pluck a white Role with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer, But dere maintaine the partie of the truth, Pluck a red Role from off this Thorne with me. War. I love no Colours: and without all colous Of base infinuating flatterie, I pluck this white Role with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red Role, with young Somerfer, And fay withall, I thinke he held the right.

Farmon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree, Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Sons, Good Mafter Vernon, it is well obie fed : If I have fewell, I subscribe in Glence.

Tork. And I. Vornan. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case, I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossorne here, Giving my Verdict on the white Role side. Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,

Leaft bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red, And fall on my fide fo against your will.

Vernon. If I,my Lord, for my opinion bleed, Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurs, And keepe me on the fide where still I am, Som: Well, well, come on, who elfe?

Larger, Vn

Leager. Valetie my Studie and my Bookes be folle, The argument you held, was wrong in you; In figne whereof, I pluck a white P. ofe too. Torks. Now Some fee, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, medicating, that Shall dye your white Role in a bloody red. York Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roles:

For pale they looke with feare, as witneffing
The truth on our fide.

Som. No Plantagenet:

Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes Blush for pure thane, to counterfeit our Roses, And yet thy tongue will not conselle thy error,

Torke. Hath not thy Role a Canker, Somerfee?

Som. Hath not thy Role a Thorne, Plantagenet?

Torke. I, starpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,

Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, He find friends to weare my bleeding Roles,

That shall maintaine what I have faid is true,

That shall maintaine what I have said is true, Where sails Plantageout dare not be seene.

Torke. Now by this Maiden Bloffome in my hand, I scorne thee and thy fashion, pecuish Boy.

Suff. Turne not thy feomes this way, Plantagenet. Yorke, Prowd Poole, I will, and feome both him and thee.

Suff. He turne my part thereof into thy throat, Som. Awdy, away, good William de la Poole,
We grace the Yeoman, by converfing with him.
Warm. Now by Gods will thou wrong 'thim, Somerfet:
His Grandfather was Lyonel Duke'of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:
Spring Creftleffe Yeomen from to deepe a Roor?
Torke. He bestes him on the place's Priviledge,

Or durst not for his craven heart say thus,

Som. By him that made me, He maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.
Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes:
And by his Treason, stand those thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry.
His Trespas yee lives guiltie in thy blood,

And till thou be rettor'd, thou art's Yeoman,
Torke. My Father was strached, not strainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that He proue on better men then Somerfer,
Wereg owing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poele, and you your selfe,
He note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension;
Looker of well and so you are well ware'd.

Looke to it well, and fay you are well warn'd.

Som. Ali, thou thalt finde vs ready for thee still a
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these my friends in spight of thee shall we are.

Torke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose, As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for euer, and my Faction weare, Vattil it with me to my Graue, Or flourish to the height of my Degree.

Suff. Goo forward, and be chooked with thy ambition:
And to farwell, virill I meet thee next.

Som. Have with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Re-

thard. Exit.

Torke. How I am brau'd, and mult perforce endure

Warm. This blor that they object against your House, Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament, Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Clausester:
And if thou be not then created Tonke,
I will not live to be accounted Wominity.
Meanetime, in figuall of my love to thee,
Againft prowd Somerfer, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophecies this brawle to day,
Gnowne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night
Torke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe still will I weare the same,
Lamper. And so will I.
Torke. Thankes gentle.

Torke. Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dere fay.

This Quartell will drinke Blood another day.

Execute.

Exter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Injors.

Mort. Kind Kcepers of my weake decaying Age, Lee dying Mortaner here rest himselfe. Even like a man new haled from the Wrack. So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment: And these gray Locks, the Pursuisants of death, Neffer-like aged, in an Age of Care, Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer. These Eyes, like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent, Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent. Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe. And pyth-leffe Armes, like to a withered Vine, That droupes his sappedesse Branches en the ground. Yet are thefe Feet, whofe frength-leffe flay is pumme, (Vnable to Support this Lumpe of Clay) Swift-winged with defire to get a Graue, As witting I no other comfort have. But tell me, Kceper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagemen, my Lord, will come: We fent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,

And answer was return'd, that he will come.

More. Enough: my Soule shall then be fatisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Horry Monmouth first began to reigne,
Retore whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then, hath Riebard beene obscur'd,
Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,
Tust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisseme hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenes, my friend. is he come?

Ruch. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,

Your Nephew, late despited Richard, comes.

More. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck, And in his Bosom spend my latter gaspe.

Ohtell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes, That I may kindly give one fainting Kisse.

And now declare sweet Stem from Torkes great Stock, Why didst thousay of late thou wert despised?

Rich. First

Exit.

Rich First leane thine aged Back against mine Arme, And in that ease, lie tell thee my Disease. This day in argument vpon a Case, Some words there grew'twist Samerfer and me : Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish rongue, And did vpbrayd me with my Fothers death; Which obloquie for barres before my tongue, Elfe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckie, for my Fathers fake, In honor of a true Plantagenee, And for Alliance lake, declare the raule My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.

More. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me, And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth, Within a loathfome Dungeon, there to pyne, Was curfed Instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discouer more at large what cause that was,

For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse
More. I will, if that my fading breath permit, And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done. Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King, Depos'd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne, The first begotten, and the lawfull Herre Of Edward King, the Third of that Descent. During whose Reigne, the Percus of the North, Finding his Viurpation most vaiust. Endeuour'd my advancement to the Throne. The resion mou'd thefe Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd; Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother. I deriued am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Soons To King Edward the Third; whereas hee, from John of Gaune doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne. But marke: as in this haughtle great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives. Long after this, when Hemy the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bulling brooke) did reigne; Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sifter, that thy Mother was; Againe, in pitty of my hard diffreste, Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme, And have install'd me in the Disdeme: But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, In whom the Title rested, were suppress.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laft. Mort. True; and thou feeft, that I no Issue have, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire; the reft, I wish thee gather : But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rech. Thy graue admonishments preusyle with mer But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution

Was nothing leffe then bloody Tyranny. Mors. With filence, Nephew, be thou pollitick, Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster. And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd. But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd With long continuance in a fetled place.

Rich.O Vuckle, would fome part of my young yeeres

Might but redeeme the paffage of your Age.

More. Thou do'ft then wrong me, as y flaughtererdoth, Which glueth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourne not, except thou for row for my good, Onely give order for my Funerall. And to farewell, and faire be all thy hopes And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule. In Prison haft thou spent a Pilgrimage, And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes. Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breft, And what I doe imagine, let that reft. Keepers convey him hence, and I my felle Will fee his Buryall better then his Life, Ent Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortimer, Chooke with Ambition of the meaner fort, And for those Wrongs, those butter Injuries, Which Somerfer hath offer'd to my House, I doubt not, but with Honor to redreffe. And therefore hafte I to the Parliament, Eyther to be reflored to my Blood,

Scena Prima. Actus Ternus.

Or make my will th'aduantage of my good.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Closter, Winchester, Warwick, Somerfet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet Gloster offers toput up a Bill: Winchefter frachesic terres it. Winch. Com'ft thou with deepe premeditated Lines? With written Pamphlets, fludiously deuis'd? Humfrey of Glofter, if thou canft accuse, Or ought intend'ft to lay vnto my charge, Doe it without invention, suddenly, As I with fudden, and extemporall speech, Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect. Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place comands my patièce, Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me. Thinke not, although in Writing I prefert'd The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes, That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able Verbaim to rehearle the Methode of my Pennc. No Prelace, such is thy audacious wickednesse, Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks, As very Infants prattle of thy pride. Thou art a most permitious V surer, Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace, Lascinious, wanton, more then well beseemes A man of thy Profession, and Degree. And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifelt? In that thou layd'it a Trap tomake my Life, As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower, Belide, I feare me, if thy thoughts were lifted, The King, thy Souersigne, is not quite exempt From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart. Winch. Glofter. I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe To give me hearing what I shall reply. If I were couctous, ambitious, or peruerle, As he will have me: how am I so poote? Or how haps it, I feeke not to aduance Or rayle my felfe? but keepe my wonted Calling. And for Diffention, who preferresh Peace More then I doe? except I be prouok'd. No, my good Lords, it is not that offends, It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke: It is because no one should fwzy but hee, No one, but hee, should be about the King; And that engenders Thunder in his breaft,

And

And makes him rore these Accusations forth But he thall know I am as good.

Glass. As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
wisch. 1, Lordly Siz: for what are you, I pray, But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Gloff. Am I not Protector, fawcie Prieft? Wench. And am not I a Prelate of the Church? Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepen,

And rieth it, to patronage his Theft.

Winch. Vorcuerent Glocefler.

Gloss. Thou are reverent,

Touching thy Spirinrall Punction, not thy Life. Winch. Rome shall remedie this.

Warw. Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your durie to forbeare. Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne: Methinkes my Lord should be Religious,

And know the Office that belongs to fuch. Warm. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler, It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht fo necre. Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King? Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue, Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should : Must your bold Verdict entertalke with Lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Vinches of Gloster, and of Winchester, The speciall Warrh-men of our English Weale, I would preuzyie, if Prayers might preuayle, To ioyne your hearts in love and amitie. Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne, That two fuch Noble Peeres as ye should intre? Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell, Civill diffention is a viperous Worme, That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth

A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coass.

King. What tumult's this? Ware. An Vprore, I dare warrant, Begun through malice of the Bishops men. A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Major. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry, Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs: The Bilhop, and the Duke of Gloffers men, Forbidden late to earry any Weapon, Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble flones; And banding themselves in contrary parts, Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Page, That many have their giddy braynes knockt out: Our Windowes are broke downe in enery Street, And we for feare, compell'd to fhut our Shops.

Enter in skirmift with bloody Pates. King. We charge you, on allegeance to our felfe, To hold your flaughtring hands, and keepe the Pease: Pray' Vackle Gloffer mittigate this ftrife.

1. Sormer. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, weele fall to it with our Teeth.

2. Sarung. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute. Skirmish againe.

Gloft. You of my household, leave this peeuish broyle, And let this vnaceultom'd fight afide.

3. Sers. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man Just, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth, Inferior to none, but to his Maseffie: And ere that we will fuffer fuch a Prince, So kinde a Father of the Common-vicale, To be difgraced by an Inke-horne Mace, Wee and our Wlues and Children all will fight, And have our bodyes flaughered by thy foet. 1 Some I and the very parings of our Nayles Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin of aire.

Gloft. Stay Stay, I fay: And if you love me, as you fay you doe, Let me perswade you to forbeare a while.

King. Oh, how thus discord doch efflict my Soule. Can you,my Lord of Winchester, behold My lighes and teares, and will not once relent e Who should be pittifull, if you be not ? Or who should study to preferre & Peace, If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warn. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchester, Except you meane with obflinate repulse To flay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme. You fee what Mischiele, and what Murther too, Hath beene enacted through your enmine: Then be at peace except ye thirlf for blood.

Wrich. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld. Gloff Compassion on the King commands one storpe, Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should ever get that priviledge of me. Ware. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke Hath banisht moodie discontented fury, As by his smoothed Brower is doth appeares Why looke you fill to fterne, and tragical?

Gloft. Here Winebester, I offer thee my Hand. King. Fie Vnekle Beauford, I have heard you preach, That Mallice was a great and grieuous finne: And will not you maintaine the thing you teach? But proue a chiefe offendor in the fame.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd: For shame my Lord of Winchester relent; What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe? Winch. Well, Duke of Glofter, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I give. Gloft. Lbut I feare me with a hollow Heart. See here my Friends and louing Countreymen, This token ferueth for a Flagge of Truce, Betwixt our sclues, and all our followers: So helpe me God, as I diffemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not. King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster, Haw joyfull am I made by this Contract, Away my Masters, trouble vs no more, But joyne in friendship, as your Lords have done,

1. Seru. Content, lle to the Surgeons. 2. Seru. And so will I.

3. Serv. And I will see what Physick the Teverne affords.

Worw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soucraigne, Which in the Right of Richard Planingenet, We doe exhibite to your Maiellie. Gb. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for fweet Prince,

And if your Grace marke every circumstance, You have great reason to doe Richard right, Especially for those occasions

At Elram Place I told your Maiestie.

Kup. And

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force: Therefore my louing Lords, our pleafure is, That Richard be reftored to his Blood. IVara. Let Rubard be restored to his Blood,

So thall his Fathers wrongs be recompene's Winch. As will the reft, fo willeth Winchester. Korg. If Richard will be true not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I give, That doih belong voto the House of Torke, From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

Rich. Thy humble feruant vowes obedience, And humble feruice, till the point of death.

King Stoope then, and fet your Knee against my Foot, And in reguerdon of that durie done, I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of Torke. Rile Richard, like a true Plantagenet,

And rife created Princely Duke of Torke Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall,

And as my dutic (prings, so perish they, That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.

AR. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of Torke. Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of Tores. Glost. Now will it best ausile your Maiestie, To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France a The presence of a King engenders love Amongsthis Subiects, and his loyall Friends, As It dif-animates his Enemies.

King. When Glofter fayes the word, King Henry goes, For friendly counfaile cuts off many Foes.

Gloft. Your Ships alreadie are in readineffe. Sense Flourist. Exempt.

Menes Exerer. Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France, Not feeing what is likely to enfue: This late diffention growne betwixt the Peeres, Burnes under fained afhes of forg'd loue, And will at last breake out into a flame, As festred members tot but by degree, Till bones and fleth and finewes fall away. So will this base and envious discord breed. And now I feare that fatall Prophecie, Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift, Was in the mouth of every fucking Babe, That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all, And Henry borne at Windfor, loofe all: Which is so plaine, that Exeter doth with, His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Pacell difquis'd, with foure Souldiers with Sacks upon short backs.
Pacell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan, Through which our Pollicy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words, Talke like the vulgar fort of Market men, That come to gather Money for their Corne. If we have entrance, as I hope we shall, And that we finde the flouthfull Watch but weake, lle by a figne give notice to our friends, That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks thall be a meane to fack the City And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan, Therefore wee'le knock.
Wasch, Chela. Knock,

Pucell. Peafauns la pouvre gens de Fraunce, Poore Market folkes that come to feil their Corne. Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

Pucell. Now Roan, He shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground.

Enter Charles, Baftard, Alanfon. Charles. Saint Denme bleffe this happy Stratagome, And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.

Baftard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practifants: Now the is there, how will the specifie? Here is the best and safest passage in.

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower, Which once discern d, shewes that her meaning is, No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enser Pacell on the top, thrasting out a

Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch, That toyneth Roan / nto her Countreymen, But butning fatall to the Talbonites

Bastard See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,

The burning Torch in yonder Turret flands.
(barler. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge, A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes baue dangerous ends, Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently, And then doe execution on the Watch. Alerum.

An Alaram. Taibot in an Exertion. Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teates, If Talbos but survive thy Trecherie. Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse, Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares, That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. Ezis. An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Charge

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without : within, Pucell, Charles, Bast and and Reigneir on the stalls. Pacell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread? I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast, Before heele buy againe at fuch a rate. Twas full of Darnell 1 doe you like the tafte?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Frend, and shamelesse Curtizan, I trust ere long to chooke thee with thine owne, And make thee curse the Haruest of that Come. Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Tresfon.

Pacell. What will you doe, good gray-beard? Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tile at Death, Withio a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Frend of France, and Hag of all despight, Incompals'd with thy luftfull Paramours, Becomes it thee to tauns his vapent Age, And twit with Cowardife a man halfe dead? Damfell, He have a bowt with you againe, Or elfe let Telbos perish with this shame.

Pacell. Are ye lo hot, Sir: yet Pacell hold thy peace, If Telbor doc but Thunder, Raine will follow

They whifter together in counfell.
God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker ?

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet va in the field? Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles, To try if that our owne be outs, or no.

Talb. I speake not to that tayling Hecare, But vnto thee Alanfon, and the telt. Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight le out?

Alans. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: base Mulerers of France, L ke Pelant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls, And date not take vp Armes, like Centlemen.

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls, For Talber meanes no goodnelle by his Lookes. God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you That wee are here. Exenut from the Walls. Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long. Or elle reproach be Talbors grestelt fame. Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy House, Pricks on by publike Wrongs fustain'd in France,

Either to get the Towne againe, or dye. And I, as fure as English Henry lives, And as his Father here was Conqueror As fure es In this late betrayed Towne, Great Cordelions Heart was buryed; So fire I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy

Talb. But ere we gor, regard this dying Prince. The valiant Duke of Bedford : Come my Lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for ficknesse, and for crafie age.

Bodf. Lord Taibor, doe not lo dishonour me : Here will I fit, before the Walls of Roan, And will be partner of your wezle or woe.

Burg. Coursgious Bulford, let vs now perswade you Berg. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read, The Rout Pendragon, in his Litter fick Came to the field, and vanquished his foes. Me thinkes I should revive the Souldiors hearts,

Because I ever found them as my selfe. Talb. Vndannted spirit in a dying breast, Then be it fo: Heavens keepe old Bedford fafe. And now no more adoc, brane Burgonie, Der gather we out Forces out of hand,

And fet vpon our boafting Enemie.

An Alarum . Excussions Enter Sa loba Falflaffe, and a Captains.

Copr. Whither away Sir loba Falftaffe, in Such hafter Falft Whither away ? to faue my felfe by flight, We are like to have the overthrow agains.

Cape. White will you flye, and leave Lord Talbort Faig. I, all the Talbort in the World, to fave my life.

Copr. Cowardly Knight, ill forcune follow thee.

Retreat Excurpors. Pucel, Alarfon, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please, For I have seene our Enemies overthrow. What is the rrust or fliength of foolish man? They that of late were daring with their scoffes, Are glad and fame by flight to faue themfelues. Bedford fer and is carryed in by rue in bis Chaire.

An Alarum, Einer Talba, Buryour, and the reft

Tab. Loft, and recovered in a day againe, This is a double Honor, Burgons: Yet Heavens have glory for this Vidorie.

Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talber, Burgarde Insbrines thee in his heart, and there ereds Thy noble Deeds, 23 Valors Monuments.

Tall. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucol worn? thinke her old Familiar is afleepe. Now where's the Baftards branes, and Charles his glikes What all amore? Roan hangs her head for griefe, That foch a valiant Company are fled. Now will we take some order in the Towne, Placing therein some expert Officers, And then depart to Parls, to the King, For there young Harry with his Nobles Ige.

Burg. What wills Lord Talber, pleaseth Burgonin.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget The Noble Duke of Bedford, late decess'd. Bux fee his Exequies fulfill'd in Rosn. A braver Souldier neuer couched I. sunce, A gentler Heart did neuer fway in Court But Kings and mightieft Potentates muft die, For that's the end of humane miferie.

Enwa

Scana Tertia.

Emn Chales, Pofead, Alanfor, Pucil. Pucel Dismay not (Princes) at this accident, Nor grieue that Roan is fo recovered i Nor grieue that would rather corrosue, Care is no cure, but rather corrosue, For things that are not to be remedy Let fransike Talbet triumph for a while, And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle, Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Tragne, If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Charles. We have been guided by thee hitberto, And of thy Cunning had no diffidence, One fudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrutt

Baftard. Search out thy wit for fecret pollicies, And we will make thee famous through the World. Alanf. Wee'le feethy Sessue in some holy place, And have thee reverenc's like a bleffed Saint,

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pacell. Then thus it must be, this doth land devise: By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words, We will entice the Duke of Burgonie

To leave the Talber, and to follow va. Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that, France were no place for Homper Warriors, Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs.

But be estirped from our Provinces. Alens. Por ever should they be expuls'd from France, And not have Title of an Earledome here.

Purell. Your Honors thall perceive how I will worke, To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme founds a farre of. Hearke, by the found of Drumme you may perceive Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward. Here found an English March.

There goes the Talber, with his Colours (pred, And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and hiss Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde, Summon a Patley, we will talke with him.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonic.
Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonic?
Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Country-

Burg. What (ay'ft thou Charles? for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake Purel, and enchaunt him with thy

Pucel. Brave Burgonie, and oubted hope of France, Stay, let thy bumble Hand-maid speake to thec.

Bwg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Puce B. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And fee the Cities and the Townes defact,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Fot,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vanarural Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her woful Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe
One drop of Blood drawhe from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Terres,

And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,

Or Nature makes me fuddenly relent. Pucell Befides, all French and France exclaimes on thee Doubting thy Bitth and lawfull Progenie. Who joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation, That will not truft thee, but for profits fake? When Talbot hath fet footing once in France, And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill, Who then, but English Heary, will be Lord, And thou be thrust out, like a Fugiture? Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe: Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe? And was he not in England Prifoner? But when they heard he was thine Enemie. They fet him free, wishout his Ransome pay'd, In spight of Burgonie and all his friends, See then, thou fight' Ragainst thy Countreymen, And soyn'st with them will be thy flaughter-men. Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,

Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

2 sag. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Have batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymens:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, lie no longer trust thee.

Puced. Done like a Frenchman : turne and turne a-

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes vs fresh.

Ballard. And Joth beget new Courage in our Breaks.

Alans. Puccel hath brauely play'd her part in this, And doth descrue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now leaves on, my Lords,
And loyne our Powers,
And feeke how we may prejudice the Foe.

Exempt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the King Gloucester, Winchester, Torke, Suffolke, Somerset Warmicke, Exeter: To them, with bis Souldsore, Talbot

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres, Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme, I have a while given Truce virto my Warres, To doe my dutie to my Soveraigne. In figne whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd To your obedience, fiftie Fortreffes, Twelpe Ciries, and feuen walled Townes of fireight, Befide five hundred Prifoners of effecme; Less fall his Sword before your Highmeffe feet: And with fubmiffive loyaltie of heart Afcribes the Glory of his Conqueft got, First to my God, and next virto your Grace.

King Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloncester, That hath so long beene telident in France?

Clost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.
King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I ain not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre:
Yer neuer have you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deferts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet, Flores Exempt.

Manet Vernon and Baffet,

Verm. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak's?

Baff. Yes Sir, as well as you dare parronage The envious barking of your fawere Tongue, Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.

Uern. Sirths, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baff. Why, what is he? as good a man as Terke.

Vern. Hearke ye: not for in witnesse take ye that.

Striker hom.

Eass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, this present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But le vnto his Maiestie, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, slemeet thee to thy cost.
Vern. Well miscreant, le be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeun

Adus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocefter, Winchester, Torke, Suffolke, Somerfer, H'armiche, Talbor, and Comernor Exerer Gla. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head. Win. God faue King Henry of that name the fint. Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath, That you elect no other King but him; Efteeme none Friends, but fuch as are his Friends, And none your Foes, but fuch as shall precend Mulicious practifes againft his State : This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enser Felfraffe. Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,

To haste voto your Coronation: A Letter was delivered to my hands.

Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy. Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgandy, and thee: I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next, To teare the Garter from thy Crauena legge, Which I have done, because (vnworthily) Thou was't installed in that High Degree, Pardon me Princely Henry, and the reft : This Daftard, at the battell of Poidiers, When (but in all) I was fixe thousand frong, And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met, or that a flroke was given, Like to a truftie Squire, did run away. In which affault, we loft twelve hundred men My felfe, and divers Gentlemen beside, Were there furpriz'd, and taken prisoners. Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiffe: Or whether that fuch Cowards ought to weate This Ornsment of Knighthood, yes or no?

Glo. To fay the truth, this fact was infamous, And ill befreming any common man

Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lorde, Knights of the Garrer were of Noble birth; Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage, Such as were growne to credit by the warres: Not fearing Death, nor fhrinking for Diffreffe, But alwayes resolute, in most extrezines. He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort, Doth but vsurpe the Secred name of Knight, Prophaning this most Honourable Order, And should (If I were worthy to be judge) Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine, That doth presume to boss of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'll thy doom: Be packing therefore, thou that was'ta knight s Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death. And now Lord Protector, view the Letter Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd

his Stile? No more but plaine and bluntly ? (To the King.) Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne? Or doth this churlish Superscription Pretend some alteration in good will? What's heere ? I bane upon afpeciall canfo, At owd with compossion of my Countries Eracle, Together with the pittifull complaints Office as your oppression funder upon,

And roya'd with Charles, she rightfull bing of France Omonstrous Treachery Canthis belo That in alliance, amity, and oathes, There should be found such falle differbling guile? King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy revole? Glo. He doth my Lord, and it become your foe. King. Inthat the world this Letter doth contained Glo lets the world, and all (my Lord) he writes King. Why iten Lord Talber there shal talk with him And grue him chasticement for this abufe. How fay you (my Lord) are you not content? Tal. Content, my Liege Yes But \$ 1271 prevented, I should have begg'd I might have bene employd. King Then gather frength, and march voro hum Graight: Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treston. And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

For faton your peruitions Fallion,

Tal I going Lord, in heart defiring Aill You may behold confusion of your fors Enter Vernon and Beffu.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soveraigne. Baf. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combete 100 Torke. This is my Servant, beare him Noble Prince. Som. And this is mine (fweet Horry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak. Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime, And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom Ver. With him (my Lord) for he harh done me wrong Baf. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong. King, What is that wrong, wheref you hoth complain

Firftlet me know, and then He answer you

Baf. Croffing the Sea, from England into France, This Fellow heere with envious carping tongue, Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare, Saying, the fanguine colour of the Leaves Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes i When Rubbornly he did repugne the truth, About a certaine question in the Law, Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him. With other vile and ignominious tearmes. In confucation of which rude reproach, And in defence of my Lords worthinesse, I crave the benefit of Law of Armes

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:) For though he feeme with forged queint concerte To fer a gloffe spon his bold intent, Yecknow (my Lord) I was prounk'd by him, And he first tooke exceptions at this badge, Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower, Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Mastera heart.

Torke. Will not this malice Somerfet be left?
Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, will out,

Though ne're fo cumingly you fmother it. King. Good Lord, what madneffe rules in brain-

ficke men, When for fo flight and friuolous a caufe, Such factious zmulations shall arise? Good Cofins both of Yorke and Somerfet,

Quiet your felues (I pray) and be at peace.

Torke, Let this differetion field be tried by fight, And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace. Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwirt our selves let vs decide it then. There is my pledge, accept it Somerfet. Ver. Nay, let ureft where it began at firft.

Bef.

Baff. Confirme it fo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it fo ? Confounded be your firste, And perish ye with your audacious prate Prefumptuous vallals, are you not ofham'd With this immodest clamorous outrage, To rrouble and disturbe the King, and Vs And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well To beare with their peruerse Obiections : Much leffe to take occasion from their mouthes, Totalle a mutiny betwixt your felues, Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exa. It greeues his Highnesse, Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants Henceforth I charge you, 25 you love our favour, Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause. And you my Lords : Remember where we are, In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation: If they perceyue diffention in our lookes, And that within our felues we difagree; How will their grudging flomackes be prouok'd To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell? Beside, What infamy will there arise, When Forraigne Princes shall be certified, That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henries Pecres, and cheefe Nobility. Destroy'd themselves, and loft the Realme of France? Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father, My render yeares, and let vs not forgoe That for a trifle, that was bought with blood. Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull ftrife : I fee no reason if I weare this Role, That any one should therefore be suspitious I more incline to Somerlet, than Yorke : Both are my kinfmen, and Iloue them both. As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne, Because (forfooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd. But vour discretions better can perswade, Then I amable to inftruct or teach : And therefore, as we hither came in peace, So let vs fill continue peace, and loue. Cofin of Yorke, we inflitute your Grace To be out Regent in these parts of France: And good my Lord of Somerfer, vnite Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of soote, And like true Subjects, fonnes of your Progenitors, Go cheerefully together, and digeft Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selle, my Lord Protector, and the reft, After some respit, will returne to Calice; From thence to England, where I hope ere long To be presented by your Victories, With Charles, Alanfon, and that Traiterous roue.

Exeunt Manet Torke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

war. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Torke. And so he did, but yet I like it not, in that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not, I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme, Tork. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,

Other affayres must now be managed. Flourish. Manes Exeter.

Exer Well didft thou Richard to Suppresse thy voice: For had the passions of thy heart burst out, I feare we should have seene decipher'd there

Morerancorous spight, more furious raging broyles, Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd: But howfoere, no simple man that fees This jarring discord of Nobilitie, This shouldering of each other in the Court, This factious bandying of their Fauoutker, But that it doth prefage fome ill event. Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands: But more, when Enuy breeds vakinde devision. There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.

> Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter. Summon their Generall vnto the Wall.

Enter Generall aloft. English John Talbot (Captaines) call you forth, Servant in Armes to Harry King of England, And thus he would. Open your Citte Gates, Be humble to vs, call my Souersigne yours, And do him homage as obedient Subieas, And He withdraw me, and my bloody power. But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire, Who in a moment, eetien with the earth, Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,

If you for take the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death. Our Nations rerror, and their bloody fcourge, The period of thy Tyranny approacheth. On vs thou canst not enter but by death: For I protest we are well fortified, And strong enough to issue out and fight. If thou tetire, the Dolphin well appointed. Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee. On either hand thee, there are squadrons pircht, To well thee from the liberty of Flight; And no way canft thou turne thee for redrelle, But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle, And pale definiction meets thee in the face i Ten thousand French have take the Sacrament, To syue their dangerous Artillerie Vpon no Christian soule but English Telbos: Loe, there thou flands a breathing valiant man Of an invincible vnconquer'd spirit: This is the lateft Glorie of thy praise, That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For erethe Glaffe that now begins to runne, Finish the processe of his sandy houre, These eyes that see thee now well coloured, Shall fee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead. Drimafare off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell. Sings heavy Mulicke to thy timorous foule, And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Tul. He Fables not, I heare the enemie: Out tome light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings. O negligent and heedlesse Discipline, How are we park'd and bounded in a pale? A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere, Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rescall-like to sall downe with a pinch, But rather moodie mad : And desperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Scoole, And make the Cowards fland aloofe at bay i Sell every man his life as decre as mine, And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends. God, end S. George, Talbor and Englands right, Prosper our Colons in this dangerous figlit.

> Euror a Majinger that meets Torke. Error Torke with Trumpes, and many Soldiers.

Torky. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe, That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?

Melf. They are resulted my Lord, and give it out, That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power To fight with Talber as he march'd along. By your espyals were discourred Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led, Which loyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux

Torke. A plugue vpon that Villaine Somerlet, That they delayes my promifed supply Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege. Renowned Talber doth expect my zyde, And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine, And cannot helps the noble Cheualier: God comfort him in this necessity: If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France,

Enter another Melfenger. s. Mef. Thou Princely Leader of our English ftrength, Never fo needfull on the earth of France, Sporre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot, Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron, And hem'd about with grim destruction To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke, Elfe farwell Talbor, Prance, and Englands honor.

Torke. O God, that Sometiet who in proud heart Doth flop my Cornets, were in Talbors place, So frould wee lave a valiant Geneleman, By forfeyting a Treutor, and a Coward : Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe, That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors scepe.

Mef. O lend fome fuccour to the diffreft Lord Torke. He dies, we loofe: I breake my waslike words We mourne, France smiles : We loofe, they dayly get,

All long of this vile Traitor Somerfer.

Mef. Then God take mercy on brave Tallors foule, And on his Sonne yong labr, who two houres face, I met in trauaile towardois warlike Fasher; This feuen yeeres did not Talbos fee his sonne, And now they meete where both their lines are done.

Torke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbu have, To bid his yong some vielcome to his Grove: Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath. That fundred friends greete in the houre of death, Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can. But cutle the caule I cannot ayde the man. Maine, Aloys, Foreiers, and Toures, are wonne away, Long all of Samerfer, and his delay. Ezu

Mef. Thus while the Vulture of fedition, Feeder in the bolome of fuch great Commanders, Skeping neglection doth betray to loffe : The Conquest of our fearle-rold Conqueror, That ever-living man of Memorie,
Howie the fift: Whiles they each other croffe, Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to lolle.

Emer Semerfor was bis Armis.

Son. It is too law, I cannot ked them now ! This expedition was by Yorky and Talbon, Too rashly plotted. All our generall force, Might with a fally of the very Towor Be buckled with the over-during Talles Hath fullied all his gloffe of former Honor By this vabeedfull, desperate, wilde adventure t Toks fer him on to fight, and dye in frame, That Tables deed, great Tarks might beare the name.

Cap. Herre is his Milliam Lurte, who with me Set from our orc-matcht forces forth for syde.

Same How now Six Welliams, whether were you less? La. Whether my Lord, from bought & fold L. Talas, Who ring'd about with bold advertise, Crics out for noble Yorke and Somerfes, To beate affayling death from his weake Regions. And whiles the honourable Captains there Drops bloody fwer from his warre-westled limbes. And in advantage lingting lookes for refere. You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor, Keepe off aloose with worthlesseemulation: Let not your private discord keepe away The levied fuceours that should lend him syde, Whilehe renowned Noble Gondeman Yould up his life vato a world of oddes. Oriennee the Baftard, Charles, Burgendie, Alarfen, Regnard, competic him work, And Talbes perifherh by your default

Sam, Yorke fer himon, Yorke should have fent him

syde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace excluirous," Swearing that you with-hold his leuied boast, Collected for this expidition.

Som. York lyes: He might have lent, & had the Horles lowe him little Dutie, and leffe Loue,

And take foule frome to favne on him by fending. Lu. The fraud of England, nor the force of France, Hark now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbu: Never to England shall he beare his life,

But dies betraid to fortune by your finite.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen firant Within fixe houres, they will be at his syde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or flaine, For flye he could not, if he would have fled: And flye would Talber never though he might. Sem. If he be deed, brave Talbor then adieu

Lu. His Fame lives in the world . His Shame in you

Enter Talba and bis Some.

Tal. O yong labe Tolber, I did fend for there To seconthee in Aratagems of Warre, That Talbers name might be in the ereviu'c. When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire. But Omalignant and ill-boading Starres. Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death, A terrible and vosvoyded danger : Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest harfe, And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape By sodzinedight. Come, dally not, be gone. Jobn. Is my name Talbar? and am I your Sonnt?

Sim!

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother, Dishonor not her Honorable Name, To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me: The World will say, he is not Taibus blood, That basely sted, when Noble Taibus stood.

That befely fled, when Noble Talke: flood,
Talk. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be flaine.
Iohn. He that flyes fo, will no re returne againe.
Talk. If we both flay, we both are fore to dye.
Iohn. Then let me flay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vaknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vyon my death, the French can little boast;
Inyours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cennot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done
You fled for Vantage, cuery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'le say it was for seare.
There is no hope that ever I will flay,
If the first howre I strinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preserved with Insamle.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe? Ishm. I rather then lie shame my Mothers Wombe. Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe. Ishm. To sight I will, but not to slye the Foe. Talb. Part of thy Father may be saud in thee. Ishm. No part of him, but will be shame in mee. Talb. Thou never hads Renowne, nor canst not lose is, Ishm. Yes, your renowned Name: shall slight abuse it? Talb. Thy Fathers charge that cleare thee from y staine. Ishm. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both slye.

Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye # My Age was never tainted with fuch fhame.

Tobo. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can i be severed from your side,
Then can your selfe, you felse in twaine divide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe!;
For live! will not, if my Father dye.

Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Some, Borne to eclipfe thy Life this afternoone:
Come, fide by fide, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye. Exis.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sound
is borner'd about, and Talbot
rescues him.

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broken is word,
And left vato the rage of France his Sword.
Where is John Talbot? pawle, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and refeu'd thee from Death.
John, Otwice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:

The Life thou gau'lt me first, was lost and done, Fill with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Face, To my determin'd time thou gau'lt new date.

Talb. When fro the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire, It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd desire Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age, Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage, Beat downe Alanjon, Orleance, Bangundie, And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The irefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood from the my Boy, and had the Maidenhood Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,

And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Ballated blood, and in difgrace Befooke him thus : Contaminated, bafe, And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thing. Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine, Which thou didft force from Talbet , my brane Boy. Here purpofing the Bafterd to deftroy, Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, John? Mow do'it thou fare? Wilt thou yet leave the Battaile, Boy, and file, Now thou art feel'd the Sonne of Chiualtie? Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead, The helps of one stands me in linle stead. Oly, too much folly it it, well I wot, To hazard all our lines in one imall Bost. If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage, To morrow I shall dye with mitkle Age. By me they nothing gaine, and if I flay, Tis but the shortning of my Life one day. In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name, My Death's Renengeathy Youth, and Englands Fame: All these and more, we hazard by thy stay; All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.

Tobo. The Sword of Grizance hath not made me smort, These words of yours draw Life-hiood from my Heatt. On that advantage, bought with fuch a shame, To sauca paltry Life, and flay bright Fame, Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye, The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dyes And like me to the pesant Boyes of France, To be Shames scorne, and subject of Mischance. Surely, by all the Glorie you have wonne, And is I slye, I am not Talbot Sonne. Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot, If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.

Talb. Then follow thou thy delp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is fweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fethers fide,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride.

Exts.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone. O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iobu? Triumphant Death, finear'd with Caprinitie, Young Talbots Valour makes me finile at thee. When he perceiv'd me thrinke, and on my Knee, His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee, And like a hungry Lyon did commence Rough deeds of Rage, and fierne Impatience: But when my angry Guardant flood slone, Tendring my ruine, and assay'd of none, Dizzie-cy'd Furie, and great rage of Heart. Suddenly made him from my fide to flart Into the clustring Battaile of the French 1 And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de My Icarus, say Blossome, in sis ptide.

Enter with John Talbes, barne.

Seru. O my dearc Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne,
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh if we here to feest,
Anon from thy intulcing Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two Talbers winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight thall scape Mortaltrie.

O thou whose wounds become hard savoured death, Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath, Braue death by speaking, whither he will or not Imagine him a Frenchnian, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he fmiles, methinkes, as who should say, Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day, Come, come, and say him in his Fathers attnes.
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old armes are yong John Talbots grave.

Death

Exter Cherles, Alanfon, Burgundse, Baftard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerfet brought refcue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

B. A. How the york whele of Tellest and in wood

Bast. How the yong whelpe of Talbots raging wood, Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Pac. Once I encountred him, and thus I faid to Thou Maiden youth, be vanquished by a Maide. But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne He answer'd thus: Yong Talbar was not borne To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench: So rushing in the bowels of the French, He left me proudly, as ynworthy sight.

Bar. Doubtleffe he would have made a noble Knight: See where he lyes inherced in the armes Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.

Baft. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones affunder, Whole life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no fotbeare: For that which we have fled During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lw. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day,
Ches. On what libraiffus melling are thousen

Char. On what submissione message are thousent?

Lucy Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word.

We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.

I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For puloners askft thou? Hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou feek it?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field, Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury? Created for his tare fuccesse in Armes. Great Earle of Walford. Waterford. and Valence, Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Vrebunfield, Lord Strange of Blackmere. Lord Verdon of Alton, Lord Conswell of Wosefield, Lord Furnimal of Sheffeeld, The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge, Knight of the Noble Otder of S. George.
Worthy S. Michael and the Golden Flacce, Great Marshall to Henry the fixt, Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

PMc. Heere's a filly flately fille indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not fo tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnififf with all thefe Titles,
Stinking and fly-blownelyes heere at our feete.

Luey. Is Talbor flaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge, Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nomefar? Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullest turn'd, That I in rage might shoot them at your faces. Oh, that I could but call these dead to life. It were enough to fright the Realme of France. Were but his Picture lest amongst you here,

It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Buriall, as beseemes their worth,

Pucel. I thinke this vpffste is old Talber, Ghoff, He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit: For Gods sake let him have him, to keepe them here. They would but flinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Cher. Go take their bodies hence,

Lucy. He beare them hence but from their ashes shall be reard

A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y will and now to Paris in this conquering value,

All will be ours, now bloody Talbert slaine.

Exit

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Glocefler, and Exeter.

Ring. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope, The Empetor, and the Earle of Armmack? G4. I have my Lord, and their intent is this, They humbly for ento your Excellence, To have a godly peace concluded of,

Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

Kmg. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,

And flablish quietnesse on every side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professor of one Faith.

Glo. Belidemy Lord, the looner to effect,
And furer binde this knot of amute,
The Earle of Arminackeneere knit to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and functions. Dougles

In marriage, with a large and fumptuous Downie.

King Marriage Vickle? Alas my yeares are yong: And fitter is my fludie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramotr.
Yet call th'Embaffadors, and as you pleafe,
So let them have their anfiweres every one:
I shall be well content with any choyee
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winebester, and ibree Ambassaders.

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchefter install'd, And call'd vnto a Cardinall's degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified.
Henry the Fift did formetime prophesse.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Heel make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King My Lords Ambassadors, your several states
Have bin consider and debased on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolute,
To draw conditions of a strendly peace.

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane Shall be transported prefently to France.

Clo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Mafter, I have inform'd his Highnesse to se large, As Liking of the Ladies vertuous gists, Her Beauty, and the valew ofher Dower, He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene,

Ring. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this lewell, pledge of my affection.
And fo my Lord Protector feetbeen guarded,
And fafely brought to Doner, wherein finip'd
Commit them to the fortune of the fea.

Exempt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive The summe of money which I promised Should be delivered to his Holinesse, For closshing me in these grave Ornaments.

Legar. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.

Wm. Now Winchester will not submit, I crow,
Or be inseriour to the proudest Peere;
Humfier of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny.

Excerns

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanfon, Bastard, Reignier, and lonc,

Cha. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:

Tis said, the front Parissans do revolt, And turne againe voto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France, And keepenot backeyour powers in dalliance.

Pocel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs, Else tuine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.
Scout Successe vnto our valiant Generall,

And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The English Armythat divided was

Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to glue you battell prefently.

Cher. Somewhat too fodaine Sirs, the warning is. But we will prefently prouide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbos is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you need e not feare.
Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:

Let Heary fret, and all the world repine.

(bar. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Executions.

Executions.

Enser Ione de Pucell.

Pac. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye, Thow helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts, And ye choife spirits that admonish me, And give me figures of surve accidents.

Thunder, You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vader the Lordly Monarch of the North, Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize. Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe Of your accustom'd diligence to me. Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd Out of the powerfull Regions under earth, Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

Helpe me this oace, that France may get the field.

They malke, and freake nos.
Oh hold menot with filence ouer-long:

Oh hold menot with filence over-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ilelop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condificend to helpe me now.

They hang absir beads.

No hope to have redreffer My body shall

Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Castnot my body, nor blood-sartifice.

Intreste you to your wonted furtherance ?

Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,

Before that England guil the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forfake me. Now the time is come, That France must vale her losty plumed Crest, 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 dust.

Excursions Burgundie and Yorke sight band to band. Eveneb siye.

Torke. Damfell of France, I thinke I haue you fait, Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes, And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vegly Witch doth bend her browes, As if with Circe, she would change my shape.

Prec. Chang'd to a worfer shape thou canst not be:

Ter. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeese light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy congue.

Puo. I prethee giue me leage to curse awhile.

Tarke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake

Excurse.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret

Saff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Oh Faireff Beautie, do not feare, nor flye: For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands, I kiffe thefe fingers for eternall peace, And lay them geotly on thy tender fide. Who art thou, fay? that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King, The King of Naples, who so ere thou are.

Soff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd Be not offended Natures myracle, Thou are alotted to be tane by me: So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue,

Oh flay:

Exis

Keeping them pilloner underneath his wings : Yet if this feruile viage once offend, Co, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. Oh flay: I have no power to let her palle, My hand would free her, but my heart fayes no. As playes the Sunne vpon the glaffie freames, Twinkling another counterfetted beame, 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 Pole, disable not thy selfe Haft not a Tongue? Is the not heere? Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans fight? I : Beauties Princely Maiesty is such, 'Confounds the congue, and makes the fenfes rough Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be fo, What ransome must I pay before I passe? For I perceive I am thy prisoner. Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite, Before thou make a triall of her loue? M Why (peak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay? Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wood: She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne. Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no? Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife, Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour? Mar. I were best to lezue him, for he will not heare. Suf. There all is marr'd : there hes a cooling card. Mar. He talkes at randon: fure the man is mad. Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had. Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me. Suf. He win this Lady Margaret. For whom? Why for my King: Tush, that's a woodden thing. Mo He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my sancy may be satisfied, And peace established betweene these Realmes. But there remaines a scruple in that too Forthough her Father be the King of Naples, Duke of Anion and Mayne, yet is he poore, And our Nobility will scorne the match. Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyfure? Saf. It shall be so, disdaine they ae're so much: Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld. Madam, I haue a sceret to reueale. Mer. What though I be inthral'd, he feems a knight And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchiafe to listen what I say. Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French, And then I need not crave his curtefie. Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause. Mar. Tufh, women haue bene captinate ere now. Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you fo? Mar. 1 cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo. Suf. Say gentle Princelle, would you not suppose Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene? Mar. To be a Queene in boodage, is more vile, Than is a slave, in base feruility :

For Princes Mould be free. Saf. And so shall you, If happy Englanda Royali King be free. Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee? Suf. He vndertake to make thee Heartes Queene, To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand, And fet a precious Crowne vpon thy head, If thou wilt condifcend to be my-Mar What?

Mer. I am voworthy to be Hearns wite. Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am To woe lo faire a Dame to be his wife, And have no portion in the choice my felfe. How fay you Madam, are ye so content? MA. And if my Father please, I am content. Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth, And Madam, at your Fathers Caffle walles, Weel craue a parley, to conferre with him. Sound.

Enter Pergnier on the Wallet. See Reigner fee, thy daughter prisones.
Reig. To whom? Rong. Towl

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy? I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe, Or to exclaime on Fortunes fieldenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord, Confent, and for thy Honor give confect, Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King, Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto t And this her case hald imprisonment, Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes I

Suf. Paire Margani knowes,

That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine. To give thee answer of thy just demand. Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend, Trumpets found, Euter Reignier. Reig. Welcome braue Earle imo our Territories, Command in Anien what your Honor pleases. Suf. Thankes Reignier, bappy for lo lweet a Childe, Fit to be made companion with a King : What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite? Reig. Since thou doll dargne to woe her little worth, To be the Princely Bride of fuch a Lord 1 Vpon condition 1 may quietly Enloy mine owne, the Country Masse and Assen, Free from oppression, or the Aroke of Waree, My daughter shall be Herries, if he pleafe. suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her, And those two Counties I will yndertake Your Grace shall well and quietly entoy. Reig. And I againe in Homes Royall name, As Deputy voto that gracious King, Suf. Reigner of France, I give thee Kingly thankes,

Giue thee her band for figne of plighted faith. Because this is in Trafficke of a King. And yet me thinkes I could be well content

To be mine owne Atturney in this case. Ile over then to England with this newes. And make this matriage to be foleraniz'd: So farewell Reignter, let this Diamond fafe In Golden Pallaces as it becomes. Reg. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian Prince King Henrie were he heere.

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good withes, praise. & palers, Shall Suffolke ever have of Magaret. Shee is going. Suf. Farwell (weet Madam: but hearke you Magan, No Princely commendations to my King.

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide, A Virgin, and his Servant, fay to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madame, I must trouble you againe, No louing Token to his Maieflie? Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart, Neuer yet raint with love, I fend the King. Suf. And this withall. Kiffeber. Mar. That for thy felfe, I will not fo presume, To fend such pecuith tokens to a King.

Suf Oh wert thou for my felfe: but Suffolke flag, Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinch, There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke, Solicite Henry with her wonderous praile Bethinke thee on her Vertues that formount, Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art, Repeate their semblance often on the Seas, That when thou com'it to kneele at Henries feete. Thou mayest bereaue him of his with with wonder. Ext

Enter Torke Franche, Shepheard, Pucell. Tor. Bring forth that Sorcereffe condemn'd to burne. Shep Ah lone, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right, Haue I fought every Country farre and neete, And now it is my chance to finde thee out, Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death : Ah love, fweet daughter lone, He die with thee. Pred Decrepit Miler, bale ignoble Wretch, I am descended of a gentler blood Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine. Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis nor so

I did beget her, all the Parish knowes: Her Mother liucth yes, can testifie She was the first fruite of my Bachler-ship.

War. Gracelelle, wilt thou deny thy Parentage? Torke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene, Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Tye love, that thou wilt be so obstacle: God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh, And for thy fake have I shed many a teare:

Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Ione.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You have suborn'd this man Of purpole, to obscure my Noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I game a Noble to the Priest, The mome that I was wedded to her mother. Kneele downe and take my bleffing, good my Gytle. Wilt thou not floope? Now curfed be the time Of thy nativitie: I would the Milke Thy mother gaue thee when thou fuck's her brest, Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake. Or elfe, when thou didft keepe my Lambes a-field, I wish some rauenous Wolfe had earen thee, Doeft thou deny thy Father, curfed Drab? O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. Torke. Take heraway, for the heth liu'd too long,

To fill the world with victous qualities. Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd: Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine, But issued from the Progeny of Kings. Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue, By inspiration of Celestiall Grace, To worke exceeding myracles on earth. I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits. But you that are polluted with your luftes. Stain'd with the guiltleffe blood of Innocents, Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices: Because you want the grace that others have, You judge it fireight a thing impossible To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of divets.

No misconceyued, Ione of Airc hath beene A Virgin from her tender infancie, Chafte, and immaculate in very thought, Whole Maiden-blood thus rigorously effurd, Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven. Torke. Il: away with her to execution.
www. And hearke ye firs: because she is a Maide.

Spare for no Paggots, let there be enow: Place barrelies of pitch upon the fatall stake, That fo her torrute may be fliorined.

Puc. Will nothing turne your varelenting hearts? Then lone discover thine infirmity, That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge. I am with childe ye bloody Homicides Murther nor then the Finite within my Wombe,

Although ye hale me to a violent death,
Tor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child? War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.

Is all your street precisenesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin have bin rugling, I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go too, will have no Bastards live.

Especially since Charles must Father it.

Picc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his, It was Alanfon that intoy'd my loue. Torke. Alanfon that notorious Macheuile?

It dyes, and if it had a thousand lives.

Pue. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you, Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Dake I nam'd, But Reignier King of Naples that preuayl'd War. A married man, that's most intollerable.

Tor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think the knowes not wel (There were to many) whom the may accuse

War. It's figne the hath beene liberall and free. Tor. And yet for footh the Is a Virgin pure. Strumper, thy words condemne thy Brar, and thee. Vie no intreaty, for it is in vaine

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curfe. May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames Vpon the Countrey where you make abode: But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death Inurron you till Mischeefe and Dispaire, Drive you to break your necks, or hang your felues Exit Enter Cardinall.

Torke. Breake thou in preces, and confume to ashes, Thou fowle accurled minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greere your Excellence With Letters of Commission from the King. For know my Lords, the States of Christendome, Mou'd with remorfe of these out-ragious broyles, Have earnefly implor'd a general peace, Betwixt our Nation, and the afpyring French; And beere as hand, the Dolphin and his Traine Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Torke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect, After the flaughter of fo many Peeres So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne, And fold their bodyes for their Country es benefit, Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace? Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes, By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherse, Our great Progenitors had conquered: Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I forefee with greete The veter losse of all the Realme of France. War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace It shall be with such first and severe Covenances, As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enser Charles, Alanfon, Baftard, Resquier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed, That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France, We come to be informed by your felues, What the conditions of that league must be.

Torke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes The hollow passage of my payson'd voyce. By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the tell, it is enached thus : That in regard King Henry gives confess, Of meere compassion, and of lenty To vale your Countrie of diffreffefull Warre, And fuffer you to breath in fruitfull peace, You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne And Charles, upon condition thou wilt (weste To pay him tribute, and fubmit thy felfe, Thou shalt be plac'd as Vicerny under him, And still entoy thy Regall dignity.

e Han. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe ? Adorne his Temples with a Coronet, And yet in Substance and authority, Retaine but priviledge of a private man? This proffer Is abfurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. Tis knowne already that I am possess With more then halfe the Gallian Territories, And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King. Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht, Detract fo much from that prerogative, As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole? No Lord Ambastador, Ile rather keepe That which I have, than courting for more Be cast from possibility of all.

Yorke. Infulring Charles, halt thou by fecret mesnes Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league, And now the matter growes to compremize, Stand's thou aloose vpon Comparison Either accept the Title thou vlurp'it, Of benefit proceeding from our King, And not of any challenge of Defert, Or we will plague thee with inceffont Warres

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinzcy, To cauill in the course of this Contract: If once it be neglected, tento one We shall not finde like opportunity.

Alan. To fay the truth, it is your policie. To lave your Subjects from luch maffacre And ruthleffe flaughters as are dayly feene By our proceeding in Hollility And therefore take this compact of a Truce, Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues

IFAT. How layft thou Charles? Shall our Condition fland?

Char. It Shall: Onely referu'd, you claime no interest In any of our Townes of Garrison.

Tor. Then I weare Allegeance to his Maiefty, As thou are Knight, never to disobey Nor be Rebellious to the Crowns of England, Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England. So, now dismiffe your Army when ye please: Hang vp your Enfignes, let your Drummes be fill, For heere we entertaine a folemne peace. Lows

Adus Quintus.

Enter Suffely in conference must she King, Glocefler, and Exerer.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish dimes Her vertues graced with externall gifts, Do breed Loues feeled pattions in my heart, And like as rigour of tempefuous guftes Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide, So am I driven by breath of her Renowae, Either to luffer Ship wracke, or arrive Where I may have fruition ofher Love.

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficial tale, Is but a preface of her worthy praise? The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame, (Had I (ufficientskill to veter them) Would make a volume of intiting lines, Able to raush any dull concein And which is more, the is not fo Divine, So full replease with choice of all delights, But with as humble lowline le of minde, She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chafte intents, To Love, and Honor Henry as her Lord.

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume : Therefore my Lord Procedor, give confent,
That Magiret may be Englands Royall Queene.

G/4 So should I give consent to flatter sinne, You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd Vnto another Lady of esteeme, How shall we then dispense with that contract, And not deface your Honor with reproach? Suf. As doth a Ruler with villawfull Oathes, Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd To try his Arength, for taketh yet the Liftes By reason of his Adversaries oddes.

A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes, And therefore may be broke without offence. Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is Along wer more

theo that? Her Father is no better than an Earle, Although in glorious Titles he excell

Suf. Yes iny Lord, her Father is a King, The King of Naples, and Ierusalem, And of such great Authoritie in France, As his alliance will confirme our peace, And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.

Glo. And fo the Earle of Arminacke may doc. Because he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles.

Exer Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receyue, then give.

Suf. A Downemy Lords? Disgrace not so your king, That he should be so abiect, base, and poore, To chook for wealth, and not for perfect Love. Henry is able to enrich his Queene, And not to feeke a Queene to make him rich, So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wius, As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse. Marriage is a matter of more worth, Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship : Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

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Must be companion of his Nupsiall bed. And therefore Lords, fince he affects ber mol. Most of all these reasons bindeth vs, In our opinions the thould be preferr'd. For what is wedlocke forceds but a Hell, An Age of discord and continual strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliffe,
And is a patterne of Celestiell peace,
Whom should we match with Henry being a King, But Margaret, that is daughter to a King Her peereleffe feature, loyned with her birth, Approves her fit for none, but for a King. Her valiant courage, and vndaunted foirit. (More then in women commonly is feene) Will answer our hope in issue of a King. For Henry, some voto a Conqueror, Is likely to beget more Conquerors, If with a Lady offo high resolue (As is faire Margarer) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee. That Margaret shall be Queene, and some but thee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,

My Noble Lord of Suffolko: Or for that My tender youth was never yet attaint With any passion of inflaming love I cannot tell : but this I am affur'd,

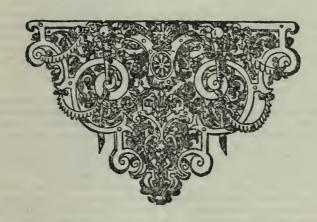
I feele fuch tharpe differsion in my breaft. Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare, As I am ficke with working of my thoughts.

Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France, Agree to any couenants, and procure That Lady Moyerer do vouchfafe to come To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd King Howies 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 rest peoplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence: If you do censure me, by what you were, Not what you are, I know it will excuse This sodaine execution of my will. And to conduct me, where from company, I may revolue and ruminate my greefe.

Gla I greefe I feareme, both at first and last.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prenail'd, and thus he goes As did the youthfull Peris once to Greece, With hope to finde the like event in love, But prosper better than the Troisn did: Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King: But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

FINIS.



The



The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Adus Primus. Scana Prima.

Flourish of Transpets : Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salubury, Warwicks, and Beauford on the one fide.

The Queene, Suffolke, Torke, Somerfes, and Eucking barn,

Sugolbe. S by your high Imperial Maiefly, 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, Toures, In presence of the Kings of France, and Smill, The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaique, and Alanfon, Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Bithops I have perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd, And humbly now vpon my bended knee, In fight of England, and her Lordly Peeres, Deliver vp my Title in the Queene To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance Of that great Shadow I did represent: The happieft Gift, that ever Marqueffe gave, The Fairest Queene, that ever King receiu'd.

King. Suffolkearife. Welcome Queene Magaret, I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue Then this kinde kisse : O Lord, that lenu. me life, Lend me a heart replease with thankfulneffe : For thou hast gluen me in this beauteous Face A world of earthly bleffings to my foule, If Simpathy of Loue vnice our thoughts.

Queen. Greet King of England, & my gracious Lord, The mutuall 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 liefest Soueraigne, Makes me the bolder to falute my King, With rader termes, such as my wit affoords, And ouer ioy of heart doth minister.

Ring. Her fight did rauisn, but her grace in Speech, Her words yeled with wisedomes Maiesty, Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes, Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content. Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue. All Weel. Long line Qu. Margares, Englands happines Florigh Queen. We thanke you alt.

Suf. My Lord Protector, fo it please your Grace, Heere are the Articles of contracted peace, Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Chales, For eighteene moneths concluded by confent.

Clo Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed between the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueffe of Suffalte, Ambassador for Henry King of England, That the ful Henry Bal espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Krienur King of Negles, Suilisa, and Ierusalem, and Crowns ber Quene of England, ere the thirteeth of May next enfoung.

Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main,

Mall be releafed and delivered to the King ber father.

Kmg. Vnkle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord. Some sodaine qualme hath Arucke me at the heart, And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

Kmg. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on.

Win. Item, It is furiber agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheffe of Anion and Marke, Shall be released and delimered omer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the Keng of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without being on

Kmg. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down. We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke, And girt thee with the Sword. Cofin of Yorke, We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent I'th perts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths Befull expyrd. Thankes Vncle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Sometser, Salisburie, and Warwicke. We thanke you all for this greet fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene. Come, let vs in, and with all speede provide To see her Coronation be perform'd Exis King, Queens, and Suffolke.

Moves the reft. Clo. Brave Peeres of England, Pillars of the State, To you Dake Humfrey must vaload his greefe: Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land. What? did my brother Heary spend his youth, His valour, coine, and people in the warres? Did he so often lodge in open field: In Winters cold, and Summers parching beste, To conquer France, his true inheritance And did my brother Bed and toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what Henrie got: Houe you your felues, Senwrfer, Bucking barn, Broue Torke, Salinbory, and victorious warnicke, Receiud deepe featres in France end Normandie: Or hath mine Vnekle Beauford, and my felfe, With all the Learned Countell of the Resime, Studied to long, fat in the Councell house, Early and late, debating too and fro How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe, And hath his Highnesse in his infancie, Crowned in Paris in despight of foes, And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye? Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counfell dye? O Peeres of England; shamefull is this League, Facall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame, Blotsing yout names from Bookes of memory, Recing the Charracters of your Renowne, Deficing Monuments of Conquer'd France,

Vindoing all as all bad neuer bin.

Co. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourses This preservation with fuch cureumflance i For France, 'tis ours ; and we will keepe it fill.

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can i But now it is impossible we hould. Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roft, Hath given the Dutchy of Aside and Magne, Vnto the poore King Reignier, whose large style Agrees not with the leannelle of his purle.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all, These Councies were the Keyes of Normandie: But wherefore weepes Warwicks, my valiant forme?

Wer. For greeie that they are past recouerie. For were there hope to conquer them agains, My sword should seed hot blood, mine eyes no teares. Anies and Maine? My selfe did win them both: Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer, And are the Cittles that I got with wounds, Delluer'd up agains with peacefull words ? Afor: Dist.

Tarke. For Suffolkes Dake, may he be suffocate, That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle : France should have torne and rent my very harr, Before I would have yeelded to this League. Incuer read but Englands Kings have had Large fummer of Gold, and Dowries with their wives, And our King Wenty gives away his owne. To match with her that brings no vantage

Hum. A proper ieft, and never beard before, That Suffolke thould demand a whole Fifteenth, For Coffs and Charges in transporting her a She frould have flaid in France, and fleru'd in France Before.

Cer. My Lord of Gloffer, now ye grow too hot, It was the pleafure of my Lord the King.

Him. My Lord of Winchefter I know your minde. Tis not my speeches that you do missike to But tis my presence that doth troubleye, Raneour will out, proud Presse, in thy face if ce thy suite: If I longer stay, We shall begin our ancient bickerings: Lordings farewell, and fay when I am gone, I prophefied, France will be loftere long. Exit Handry. Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage : Tis knownero you he is mine energy :

Nay more, an enemy voto you all,

And no great friend, I feore me so the King; Confider Lords, he is the next of blood, And he fre apparant to the English Crowne: Had Hourse got an Empire by his marriage, And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Well, There's reason he should be displeas'd as it : Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words Bewirch your hearts, be wife and circumfpett. What though the common people favour him, Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloffer, Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce, Ielu maintaine your Royall Excellence, With God preferue the good Duke Humfrey I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloffe, He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect out Soueraigne? He being of age to gouerne of himselfe. Cofin of Sometfet, toyne you with me, And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,

Wee'l quickly hoyfe Duke Humfrey from his fezt.
Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay. lle to the Duke of Suffolke presently. Exu Cardinall Som Cofin of Buckingham, though Hoofines pride And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs, Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall, His insolence is more intollerable Then allthe Princes in the Land belide, If Gloffer be displac'd, hee Ibe Protector.

Bue. Or thou, or I Sometfet will be Proteclors, Despite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerfee.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him. While these do labout for their owne preferment, Behooves it vs to labor for the Reslme I neuer faw but Humfrey Dake of Glofter, Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman: Of have I feene the haughty Cardinall, More like a Souldier theo a man o'th'Church, At fout and proud as he were Lord of all Sweare like a Ruffian, and demoone himfelfe Valike the Ruler of a Common-weale, Warwicke my fonne, the comfort of my age, Thy deeds, thy plainneffe, and thy house-keeping, Hath wonne the greatest fauout of the Commons, Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey, And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland, In bringing them to civill Discipline Thy late exploits done in the heart of France, When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne, Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people, Toyne we together for the publike good, In what we can, to bridle and suppresse The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall, With Somerfets and Buckinghams Ambition And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds, While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Werwicke, as he loues the Land, And common profit of his Country.

Tor. And to layes Yorke, For he hash greatest cause.

Salisbury. Thenicus make haft away, And looke vnto the maine. Warwicks. Vnto the maine?

Oh Father, Maires is loft, That Maus, which by maine force Wervicke did winne, And would have kept, so long as breath did left Main

m 3

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant Alder, Which I will win from France, or elfe be flaine.

Exit Wordicks , and Salubary . Marci Torky . Torke. Amou and Masse are given to the French, Paris is lost, the fine of Nermandse Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone : Suffolke concluded on the Articles, The Peeres agreed, and Hours was well pleas'd, To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter I carmot blame them all, what is cotheme Tir thine they give away, and not their owne. Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillages.
And purchale Friends, and give to Carrezans, Sull revelling like Lords till all be gone, While as the filly Owner of the goods Weepes over them, and wrings his hapleffe hands. And thakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe, While all is fhar'd, and all is borne away, Ready to flerue, and dare not touch his owne. So Yorkemust be, and free, and blee his congue, While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and fold: Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland, Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood, As did the fatall brand Alibes burnt, Voto the Princes hears of Calidon: Aviewand Maine both given vnto the French ? Cold newes for me : for I had hope of France, Euen as I have of ferrile Englands foile. A dry will-come, when Yorke shall claime his owne, And therefore I will take the Newils parts, And make a flow of love to proud Duke Humfrey, And when I spy advantage, elaime the Crowne, For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit: Not shall proud Lancofter vsurpo my right, Not hold the Scepter in his childish Fist, Nor weare the Diadem vpoo his head, Whole Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne. Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do ferue: Watch thou, and wake when others be afleepe, To prie into the ferrets of the State. Till Howie furfetting in loyes of love, With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen, And Humfrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres : Then will I raife sloft the Milke-white-Rofe, With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be persum'd, And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke, To grapple with the house of Laneaster, And force perforce He make him yeeld the Crownz, Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe. Exit Torke.

Ester Duke Humfrey and bis wife Element.

Elia. Why droupes my Lord like overwipen'd Com,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?

Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fassours of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which feemes to dimme thy fight?

What feeft thou there? King Humfrey Diadem,
Inchae'd with all the Honors of the world?

If (a., Gaze on, and grouel on thy face,
Vntilkthy head be circled with the fame.

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold,
What, is't too thort? I le lengthen it with mine,
And having both together heav'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our fight so low,

As to vouch see one glance veto the ground.

Flum. O Ned, sweet Ned, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Hawy,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.

My troublous dreames this night, doth make me fad,

Fir. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and ill require to

With Invest rehearfall of my mornings dreame ;

Haw, Meshought thus flate mine Office-badge as

Court

Was broke in twaine 1 by whom, I have forgot, But as I thinke, it was by th Cardinall, And on the peeces of the broken Wand Were placed the heads of Edmand Duke of Somerfet, And Walliam de la Pole first Duke of Suffolke. This was my dreame, what it doth bade God knowes.

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a flicke of Glofters grove,
Shall loofe his head for his prefumption.
But lift to me my Humfrey, my Sweete Duke:
Me thought I fate in Seste of Maiesty,
Inthe Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens were moved
Where Hamie and Dame Many over kneel'd to me,
And on my head did fet the Diadem.

Home. Nay Elmer, then must I chide outsight:
Prefumptuous Dame, ill-aurter'd Elizaer,
Art thou not fecond Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wise belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be harmoring Treachery,
To tumble downer thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces seete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.

Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you to chollericke With Elianor, for telling but her dreame? Next time Ite keepe my dreames vinto my felfe, And not be check'd.

Him. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
Enter Mosseger.

Mef. My Lord Protector, 'to his Highnes pleafare, You do prepare to ride vnto S. Albans, Where as the King and Queene do meane to Harrise.

His. I go, Come Nel thou wiltride with wifer. Hum
Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow prefently.
Follow I mult, I cannot go before,
While Glofter beares this bale and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stambling blockes,
And smooth my way upon their headlesse erakes.
And being a woman, I will not be flacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John, may seare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. Entry House.

Hume. Iclus preferue your Royall Maiefly.

Elia. What faift thou? Maiefly: I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and Humer aduice,

Your Graces Title shall be multiplied.

Elia. What fails thou man? Hast thou as yet confirtd With Margerie landare the conning Witch, With Roger Ballingbrooke the Conjunct? And will they vadertake to do me good? Mure. This they have promifed to shew your Highnes A Spirit rais d from depth of vader ground,

Thur

That faill make answere to such Questions,

As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Eliceor. It is enough, He chinke vpon the Questioner:
When from Saint Albour we doe make recurse,
Weetle see these things effected to the full.
Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Consederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elient.

Stame. Have must make merry with the Ducheste Gold:
Marry and stell: but hort goys, Sir Joint Hawe!
Scale up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh sheet secree:
Dame Elient gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot some amisse, were she a Devill.
Yethare I Gold siyes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Sussolke;
Yet I doe finds it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Elients) asspring humor)

And buzzethese Conjurations in her brayne. They say, A crassic Knaue do's need no Broker, Yez am I Sussile and the Cardinalis Broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neers. To call them both a payre of crastic Knaues. Well, so it stands: and thos I feare at last. Humes Knauesie will be the Duchesse Wracke, And her Actainture, will be Humpfrojes fall; Sort how it will; I shall base Gold for all.

Have byred me to vnder-mine the Ducheffe,

Enter shree or four Peristoners, the Armorers
Man being one.

1. Per. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Per. Marry the Lord protect him, for bee's a good man, I clu bieffe him.

Enter Suffilly and Queene.

Pare. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: He be the first fure.

2. Fes. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Procedot.

Suff. How now fellow: would'ft any thing with me? t. Per. I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Quess. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordhip? Let me fee them: what is thine? 1. Per. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against John

t. Per. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against lobm Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wise and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's forme Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

2. Per. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneship.

Peter. Against my Master Thomas Horner, for saying. That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heite to she Crowne.

Querne. What fay'fl thou? Did the Duke of Yorke fay, bee was rightfull Heite to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Miltreffe wee? No forfooth my Mafter faid, That he was, and that the King was an Viurper.

Suff. Who is there !

Ease Sermans.

Take this fellow in, and fend for his Master with a Pursevant presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before
the King.

Exit.

Queens. And as for you that love to be protected Vinder the Wings of our Protectors Grace, Begin your Suites anew, and fue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: Suffike let them goe.

All. Come, let's be gone. Querze. My Lord of Suffolke, tay, is this the guile? Is this the Fashions in the Court of England? Is this the Government of Britaines !le? And this the Royaltic of Albions King? What, shall lling Henry be a Pupill fill, Vnder the furly Glofters Governance? 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 Citie Tours Thou ran'll a-tilt in honor of my Love, And ftol'ft away the I adies hearts of France ; I thought King Henry had refembled thee, In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion: But all his minde is bent to Holineffe, To number Auc - Maries on his Beades : His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoliles His Weapons, holy Sawes of facted Writ, His Studie is his Tilt-yerd, and his Loues Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints. Exit. I would the Colledge of the Cardinalla Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome, And fee the Triple Crowne vpon his Head; That were a State fit for his Holineffe.

> Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause Your Highnesse come to England, so will I In England worke your Graces full coment.

Queeno. Belide the baughtie Protector, have we Beauford The imperious Churchman; Somerfor, Buskingham, And grumbling Torke: and not the least of these, But can doe more in England then the King.

Saff. And he of their that can doe most of all, Cannot doe more in England then the Nemb: Salubury and Warvink are no simple Peeres.

Quetre. Not all thefe Lords do ver me halfe formuch, As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Write: She fweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies, More like an Empresse, then Duke Hampbryes Write: Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene: She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe, And in her heart the scornes our Pouertie: Shall I not live to be avenged on her? Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is, She vaunted mongst her Minions to ther day, The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne, Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands, Till Saffork gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.

Soff. Madame, my felfe houe lym'd a Buth for her,
And plac't a Quier of fuch enticing Birds,
The file will light to liften to the Leyes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reft: and Madame lift to me,
For I am bold to countaile you in this,
Althoughly effection to the Cardinall,
Yet mult we loyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humpbry in differen.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit;
So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. Exc.

Sound a Sonner.

Enter the King, Duka Humfrey, Cardenall, Brickingbam, Yorks, Salubury, Warnicke, and the Duchoffe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerfet, or Torke, all's one to me.
Torke. If Torke have all demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.
Som. If Somerfet be unworthy of the Place,
Let Torke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warre. Whether your Grace be worthy, yes or no,
Dispute not that Torke is the worthyer.

Card. Ambitious Werwicke, let thy betters speake, Wars. The Cardinall's not my bener in the field.
Buck, All in this presence are thy betters, Warwicke, Warwicke may live to be the best of all.
Salub-Peace Sonns, and show some reason Bucking bars.
Why Somerfer should be present in this?

Why some Because the King for footh will have it so.

Hump. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To give his Censure: These are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme, And at his pleasure will religne my Place. Suff. Religne is then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth bath dayly run to weach,
The Dolphun bath preusyl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Resime
Houe beene as Bond-men to thy Souersignaie.

Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags Are lanke and leane with thy Extorsions.

Sow. Thy fumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attyre Have east a malle of publique Treasurie.

Back, Thy Ctueltie in execution Vpon Offendors, hash exceeded Law, And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Dezze. Thy fale of Offices and Towner in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly bop without thy Head.

Ext. Elemfrey.

Give me my Farne: what Mynion, can ye not?

Sos gives the Duckesse abox on the ecre.

1 cry you mercy, Madamerwas it you?

Duch. Was't 1? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could 1 come necre your Besutie with my Nayles,
I could fet my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, ewas against her will.

Dach. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time.

Shee'se hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Elizaer vareueng'd.

Ext: Elsarer,
Bark: Lord Cardinall, I will follow Ehsuer,
And liften after Humfry, bow he proceedes:

Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurtes,
Shee's gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Ent Budginghern.

Enter Hundry.

Hamf. Now Lords my Choller being over-blowne, With walking once about the Quadrangle, Leome to talke of Common-wealth Affayres. As for your trightfull falle Objections, Prove them, and I lye open to the Lawi But God in mercie to deale with my Soule, As I in dutie love my King and Countrey. But to the matter that we have in hand: I fay, my Souteraigne, Take is meeted man Tobe your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make electron, give me leave. To thew fome reason, of no little force, That Torke is most vinneet of any man.

Torke. He tell thee, Saffolke, why I am ynemeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Ptide:
Next of I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me bere,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, somish, and lost.

Wars. That can I witheste, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong Warsete.

War. Image of Pride, why foodd I bold my peace?

Enter Armorer old bis Man,

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.
Torke. Doth any one accuse Torky for a Traytos?
Kmg. What mean'st thou, Sufficke? tell ma, what are
these?

Suff Please it your Malestie, this is the man. That do that cuse his Master of High Treason; His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke, Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne, And that your Maiestie was an Ysurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I never sayd nor thought any sech matter; God is my witnesse, I am fallely accus'd by the Villaine.

Peier. By their tenne bones, my Lords, headid (peake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were fromting my Lord of Yorkes Armor.

Torke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechenicall Ile have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech: I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie, Let hum have all the rigor of the Law.

Armerer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did yow ypon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this; therefore I befeech your Maieflie, doe not cast away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

Eng. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?

Eumf. This doome, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerfer be Regent o're the French,
Because in Torke this breedes suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hash withesse of his sevents malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke Homostryes doome.

Sera I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royalf Majestie.

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lotd, I cannot fight; for Gods sake pitty my case: the spight of man prenayleth against me.

O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirtha, or you must fight, or elfe be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Peifon: and the day of
Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
Somerfes, wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exenns.

Enter the Wetch, the two Priests, and Bulling brooks.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her Ladythip behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what elfe? feare you not her courage.

Bulling. Thaue heard her reported to be a Woman of an innincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while wee be buse below; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother Iordan, be you profitate, and grouell on the Earth; Iohn Somibmell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor alofe.

Elianor. Well faid my Masters, and welcome all: To

this geere, the fooner the better.

Bulba, Pattence, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the filent of the Night,
The sime of Night when Troy was fet on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walke, and Ghofts breake up their Graues;
That time beft fits the worke we have in hand.
Madame, fit you, and feare not: whom weer syfe,
Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Cirele,
Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Conjuco
tc, &c. It Thunders and Lightens
terribly: then the Spiris
erfeth.

Spirit. Ad fum.

Witch. Afmath, by the eternall God,
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
Answere that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spara. Aske what thou wilt; that I had layd, and done.

Bulung. First of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose: But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?

Sport. By Water shall be dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Sport. Let him shun Castles.

Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand. Haue done, sot more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake: False Fiend avoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exu Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Torke. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch. What Madame, are you there the King & Commonweale Are deepely indebted for this pecce of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for these good deferts.

Elianor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King, Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True Madame, none at all; what call you this? Away with them, let them be clapt up close, And kept a funder: you Madame shall with vs. Stafford take her to thee.

Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.

All away.

Exu.

Torke.Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch ther well:
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.
What haue we here?
The Dake yet lues, that Henry shall depose:
Ent bim out-line, and dye a violent death.

Ent birmont-line, and die a violent death.

Why this is sulf Aio Aacids Romanoi vincere posso.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fare awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

By Water [hall he dye, and take his end.

What shall bettle the Duke of Sometset?

The Lord Duke of Sometset?

Let him shunne Casiles,
Safer shall be be upon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Casiles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,
With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:

With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as Horse can carry them:

A forry Breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buck Your Grace shal give me leave, my Lord of York;
To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

Torke. At your pleasure, my good Lord. Who's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serwingman.
Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To suppe with me to motrow Night. Away.
Exems

Enter the Ring, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I faw not better sport these seuen yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old seams had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lotd, your Faulcon made, And what a pytch she slew about the rest:

To see how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are sayne of climbing high.

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie.

My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well, They know their Master loues to be aloss. And beares his thoughts aboue his Fauleons Pitch.

Glost. My Lord, tis but a base ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bitd can sore.

Cord. 1

Card. I thought as much, hee would be about the Clouds.

Class. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were It not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?

King. The Treasurje of cuerlesting Toy.

Card Thy Heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Best on a Crowne, the Tresfure of thy Heart,

Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth's it so with King and Common-weale.

Gloft. What, Cardinali?

Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorle?
Tantane animu Calefibus re, Church-men to hot? Good Vnckle hide fuch mallice i

With fuch Holynelle can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes

So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere. Glost. As who, my Lord?

Suf, Why, as you, my Lord,

Ant like your Lordly Lords Protectorship.
Gloft. Why Suffolke, England knowes thine infolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, Gloffer. Kug. I prythee peace, good Queene, And whet not on thele furious Peeres,

For bleffed are the Peace-makers on Earth

Card, Let me be bleffed for the Peace I make Against this prowd ProteCor with my Sword.

Gloft. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that. Card. Marry, wheo thou dar'lt.

Gloft. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne person answere thy abuse.

Cord. I, where thou dar'lt not peepe And if thou dar ft, this Eucoing,

On the East fide of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords: Card. Beleeve me, Coulin Glaffer,

Had not your man put up the Fowle so suddenly, We had had more sport.

Come with thy two hand Sword.

Gloft. True Vockle, are ye aduis'd?

The East side of the Groue:

Cardinall, I am with you.

King, Why how now, Vnckle Gloffer?

Glofe. Talking of Hawking; nothing elfe, my Lord.

Now by Gods Motner, Pricet,

He shaue your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence shall fayle.

Card. Medice serpsum, Protector see to't well, proted

your felfe.
King. The Winder grow high, So doe your Stomacks, Lords: How itkeform is this Mulick to my heart?

When such Strings large, what hope of Harmony? I pray my Lorde let me compound this strife.

Emer one crying a Miracle.

Gloft. What meanes this noyle? Fellow, what Miracle do'ft thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forfooth, a blinde man at Saint Albanes Shrine, Within this halfe house hath receiv'd his fight, A man that ne're law in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to belowing Soules Gives Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire

Enter the Masor of Saint Albanes, and his Bertmen, bearing the man betweene two in a Chaper.

Card. Here comes the Townel-men, on Procession, To present your Highnesse with the man.

Kmg. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his fight his finne be multiplyed.

Gloff. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,

His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumftance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.

What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now reflered? Simpe. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace.

Wife. lindeede was he. S.f. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worthip.

Cloft. Hadft thou been his Mother, thou could'ff band

King. Where were thou borne

Storpe. At Barwick to the North, and't like your

King. Poore Soule, Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee t Let neuer Day nor Night Inhallowed paffe, But fall remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Denotion,

To this holy Shrines

Simpe. God knowes of pure Devotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my fleepe, by good Saint Alber : Who faid; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; And many time and oft my felfe have heard a Voyce,

To call him fo.

Card. What, art thou lamz? Simpe. I, God Almightie helpe me.

Suff. How cam'ft thou lo?

Simps, A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum.tree, Master,
Gless. How long hast thou beene blinde?
Simps. O borne so, Master.
Gless. What, and would st climbe a Tree? Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.
Cloft. Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st. venture fo.

Siepe. Alas, good Mafter, my Wife defired some Dainsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Gloff. A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serve: Let me fee thing Eyes: winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou feeft not well.

Simpe. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint Albomes.

Gloff. Say It thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake

Simpe. Red Master, Red as Blood.

Cloft. Why that's well faid: What Colour is my

Sampe. Black forfooth, Coale-Black, as Iez.

King. Why then, show know'st what Colour Let is

Soff. And yet I thinke, let did be never fee.

Gloft. But

Glof. Bet Clockes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life, Glift. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Singe Alas Master, I know uoc.

Simpe. I know not.

Singe. No indeede, Mafter. Gloft. What's thine owoe Name?

Sumpe. Sander Simpeoxe, and if it please you, Mafter.

Gloff. Then Samder, fit there, The lying it Knaue in Christendome.

If thou hadft beene borne blinde, Thou might ff as well have knowne all our Names, As thus to name the feuerall Colours we doe weare. Sight may diffinguish of Colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint Albom here hath done a Miracle: And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great, That could reflore this Cripple to his Legges sgaine.

Simpe. O Mafter, that you could?
Glaft. My Mafters of Saint Albanes, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,

And Things call'd Whippes? Maier. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace.

Cloft. Then fend for one presently.

Maior. Sirtha, goe ferch the Beadle hither straight.

Gloff. Now fetch me a Scoole hither by and by, Now Sirrha, if you meane to faue your felfe from Whipping, leape me over this Stoole, and ronne away

Simpe. Alas Mafter, I am not able to fland alone : You goe about to totture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Cloft. Well Sir, we must have you finde your Legges. Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that fame

Boadie. I will, my Lord. Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly. Simpe, Alas Mafter, what shall I doe? I am not able to

After the Boadle harb hit bim once, he leapes oner the Stoole, and roomes away: and they follow and ory , A Meracle.

King. O God, feeft thou this, and bearest so long? Oreene. It made me laugh, to fee the Villaine runne. Gloft. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away. Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloft. Let the be whipt through every Market Towne, Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.

Card. Duke Hwmfrey ha's done a Miracle to day. Soff. True: made the Lame to leape and Age away.
Gloft. But you have done more Miraeles then I: You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to fiye.

Enter Buckhogbom.

King What Tidings with our Coufin Buckingbam?

Buck, Such as my heart doth tremble to vafold: A fort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent, Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie

Of Lady Eliener, the Protectors Wife, The Ring-leader and Head of all this Roue, Haue practis'd dangeroully against your State. Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers, Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Rayling vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King Homies Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Privile Councell, As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Card. And fo my Lord Protector, by this meanes Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London. This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge; Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.

Gloff. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart. Sorrow and griefe haue vanquisht all my powers; And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee, Or to the meanest Groome.

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked onese Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby, Queene. Glother, see here the Taindure of thy Nest, And looke thy felle be faultleffe, thou wert beft.

Cloft. Madame, for my felfe, to Heauen I doe appeale, How I have lou'd my King, and Common-weale: And for my Wife, I know not how it frands. Sorry I am to beare what I have heard. Noble face is: but if fhee have forgot Honor and Vertue, and convers't with fuch, As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie; I banish her my Bed, and Companie And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame, That harh dis-honored Gloffers honeA Name.

Korg. Well, for this Night we will repole vs here t To morrow toward London, back againe, To looke into this Businesse thorowly, And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres; And poyfe the Caufe in Iustice equal Scales, Whole Beame stands fure, whole rightful cause prevailes. Flowrish.

Enter Torke, Salibury, and Warwick,

Torks. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick. Our simple Supper ended, give me leave, In this close Walke, to fatisfie my selfe, In crauing your opinion of my Title, Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.

Salish. My Lord, I long to heare it at full,
Warm. Sweet Tarke begin: and if thy clayme be good, The Newills are thy Subjects to command.

Torke. Then thus : Edward the third, my Lords, had feven Sonnes a The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales; The second, William of Hatfield; and the third, Lowel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom, Was loba of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancafter; The fift, was Edmand Langley, Duke of Yorke & The fixt, was Thomas of Woodflock, Duke of Gloffer; William of Windfor was the feuenth, 11aft. Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father, And left behinde him Richard, his onely Soone, Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King, Till Henry Bullingbrooks, Duke of Lancefter, The eldest Sonne and Heire of John of Gaunt, Crown'd by the Name of Harry the fourth, Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull Fang, Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence the came,

And

And him to Pumfret; where as all you know. Harmelelle Richard was murthered transeroufly. Warm. Father, the Duke hath told the truth : Thus got the House of Lancuster the Crowne. Torke Which now they hold by force, and not by right For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead, The Issue of the next Sonne should have reign'd.

Salub. But William of Hatfield dyed without an

Heire.

Torke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence, From whole Line I clayme the Crowne, Had Iffue Phillip, a Daughter, Who marryed Edmond Moremer, Earle of Marcha Edmand had Islue, Roger Earle of March; Koger had iffue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor

Salub This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bulling brooks, As I have read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne, And but for Owen Glendour, had beene King; Who kept him in Captivitie, till he dyed.

But to the reft.

Torke. His elden Sifter, Anne, My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne, Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge, Who was to Edmond, Langley, Edward the thirds fife Sonnes Sonne; By her I clayme the Kingdome. She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March, Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortuner, Who marryed Phillip, fole Daughter Vnto Lional, Duke of Clarence. So, if the Illue of the elder Sonne Succeed before the younger, I am King. Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this? Herry doth clayme the Crowne from John of Gaunt, The fourth Sonne, Torke claymes it from the third: Till Lionels Iffue fayles, his should not reigne. It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee, And in thy Sonnes, faire flippes of fuch a Stock. Then Father Solisbury, kneele we tagriher, And in this private Plot be we the firA, That shall salute our rightfull Sourraigne With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne. Borb. Long live our Souersigne Rubard, Englands

Torte. We thanke you Lords: But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd, And that thy Sword be flayn'd With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster: And that's not suddenly to be perform'd, But with aduice and filent feerecie. Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes, Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes miolence, At Beaufords Ptide, at Somerfees Ambition, At Buckingbam, and all the Crew of them, Till they have loat'd the Shepheard of the Flock, That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey: Tis that they feeke; and they, m feeking that, Shall finde their deaths, If Torke can prophecie.

Salub. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde

Warm. My heart affores me, that the Earle of Warwick Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King

Yorke And Newill, this I doe affure my felte, Richard shall live to make the Earle of Warwick The greatest man in England, but the King.

Sound Trumpets Enter the King and State. with Gurrd, to banth the Duchefe.

King. Stand forth Dame Elizar Cobbam. In fight of God, and vs, your guilt is great, Receive the Sentence of the Law for finne, Such as by Gods Booke are adjudg'd to death You fouce from hence to Prison, back againes From thence, vnto the place of Execution The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes, And you three shall be strangled on the Gallowes. You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne, Despoyled of your Honor in your Life, Shall, after three dayes open Penance done, Live in your Countrey here, in Banishment, With Sir lobo Stady, in the Ile of Man.

Elianor. Welcome is Banishmens, welcome were cry

Cloft. Elianor, the Law thou feeft hath judged thee, I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes: Mine eyes are full of textes, my heart of griefe. Ah Humfry, this dishonor in thine age, Will bring thy head with forcow to the ground, I befeech your Maiestie give me leaue to goe ; Sorrow would follace, and mine Age would eafe.

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Glofter,

Ere thou goe, give vp thy Staffe, Horry will to himselfe Protector be, And God shall be my hope, my slay, my guide, And Lanthorne to my feete: And goe in peace, Humfrey, no leffe belou'd, Then when thou wert Procector to thy King.

Queme. I fee no reason, why a King of yeeres Should be to be protected like a Child God and King Hemy governe Englands Realme: Grue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.

Gloft. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe: As willingly doe I the same refigne, As ere thy Father Homy made it mine; And even as willingly at thy feete I leave it, As others would ambitioufly receive it. Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone, May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exu Glofter. Queene. Why now is Henry King and Margaret Queen, And Humfrey, Duke of Gloffer, Carce himfelfe, That beares so shrewd a mayme; two Pulls at once; His Lady banishe, and a Limbe lope off This Staffe of Honor ranght, there let n ftand, Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand. Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,

Thus Elsanors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes Torke, Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie, This is the day appointed for the Combat, And ready are the Appellant and Defendant, The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lifts, So pleale your Highnesse to behold the fight.

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purpolely therefore Left I the Court, to fee this Quarrell try'de.

King. A Gods Name fee the Lyfts and all things fa, Here let them end it, and God defend the right. Torke. I neuer law a fellow worle bestead, Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant, The feruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors drinking so him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge sastened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drunking to him.

1. Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe well enough.

2. Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of

Charneco.

3. Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and He pledge you all,

and a figge for Peter.

1. Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not a-fraid.

2. Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,

Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all:drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thioke I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporne; and Will, thou shall have my Hammer: and here Tom, take all the Money that I have. O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I an never able to deale with my Master, hee hath learnt so much sence already.

Salub. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirrha, whar's thy Name ?

Peter, Peter forfooth.
Salub, Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salub. Thumpe? Then fee thou thumpe thy Mafter

Annorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe an honest man: and touching the Doke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore Poter have at thee with a downe-tight blow.

Torke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.

Sound Trampers, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes bim downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Trea-

Torke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Masters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast presury!'d in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our fight,
For by his death we doe perceive his guilt,
And God in Iustice hath reweal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a stours to. Execut.

Enter Dake Hamfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloft. Thus fornetimes hath the brightest day a Cloud: And after Summer, euermore succeedes Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold; So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons steet. Sirs, what's a Clock?

Sers. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloft. Tenne is the houre, that was appointed one,
To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:
Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, illean thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abie& People, gazing on thy face,
With envious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That cift did follow thy prowd Cheriot-Wheeles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and lle prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Topst burning in her kand, with the Sherise and Officers.

Sorn. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Glosser. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe

by.

Elienor. Come you, my Lord, to fee my open shame? Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude doe point, And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes, And in thy Closer pent vp, tue my shame, And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this griefe. Eleanor. Ah Glester, teach me to forget my felfe: For whilest I thinke I am thy married Wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land; Me thinkes I should not thus be led along, Mayl'd'vp in shame, with Papers on my back, And follow'd with a Rabble, that reloyce To fee my reares, and heare my deepe-fer groanes. The ruthleffe Flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I flart, the envious people laugh, And bid me be aduited how I treade Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoake? Trowest thou, that ere He looke vpon the World, Or count them happy, that enloyes the Sunne? No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day. To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell Sometime lie say, lam Duke Humfreyes Wife, And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land : Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was, As he flood by, whileft I, his forlorne Ducheffe, Was made a wonder; and a pointing flock To every idle Rascall follower. But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame, Nor flirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death Hang over thee, as fure it shortly will. For Suffolke, he that can doe all in all With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all, And Torke, and impious Beauford, that falle Prieft, Haue all lym d Bushes to betray thy Wings, And Bye thou how thou canft, they le tangle thec. But feare not it ou, vntill thy foot be laar'd, Nor never feeke prevention of thy foes.

Gloft. Ah Nelt, for beare: thou ay mest all awry,
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away, But I in danger for the breach of Law. Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nells I pray thee fore thy heart to patience, Thele few dayes wonder will be quickly wome. Enter a Herald.

Her. I fummon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliamens, Holden at Bury, the first of this neat Moneth.

Gloft. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before? This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. My Nell, I take my leaue : and Mafter Sheilfe, Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission. Sh. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes: And Sit Iden Stanly is appointed now, To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloft. Must you, Sir lobn, proceed my Lady here? Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your

Gloft. Entrest her not the worfe, in that I pray You vie her well: the World may laugh againe, And I may live to doe you kindaesse, it you doe it ber. And fo Sir lobn, farewell.

Elianor What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell :

Gloft. Witnesse my toures, I cannot flay to speake. Exts Glofter.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee, For some abides with me : my loy, is Death; Death, at whose Name I oft have beene afeat'd, Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie; Stanky, 1 prethee goe, and take me hence, I care not whither, for I begge no favor; Onely convey me where thou are commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the lie of Man,

There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach : And shall I then be vsid reproachfully t Seanley. Like to a Duchelle, and Duke Humfreyer Lady,

According to that State you shall be vs'd. Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,

Although thou liast beene Conduct of my shame. Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me. Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:

Come Stanley, shall we goe? Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,

Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our lourney, Elianor. My thame will not be shifted with my Sheet: No, it will hang vpon my richeft Robes, And thewie felfe, areyre me how I can. Goe, leade the way, I long to fee my Prison.

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinal, Suffolke, Torke, Buckingbam, Salubary, and Warwicke. to the Parliament

King. I muse my Lord of Glotter is not come: 'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, What c're occasion keepes him from vs now

Queene. Can you not seed or will ye not observe The frrangenesse of his alter'd Countenance? With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe, How infolent of late he is become, How prowd, how peremptorie, and valike himselfe. We know the time fince he was milde and affable, And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke, Immediately he was voon his Knee,

That all the Court admir'd him for Submiffion Box meet him now, and be it in the Morne, When every one will give the time of day He knits his Brow, and thewer an angry Eye, And passet by with fife vabowed Knee, Dildaining datie that to vs belongs Small Curres are not regarded when they gryene, But great men tremble when the Lyon rores, And Humfry is no little Man in England First note, that be is neere you in difeent, And should you fall, he is the next will roowne. Me seemeth then, it is no Policie, Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares, And his advantage following your deceafe, That he should come about your Royall Person, Or be admitted to your Highnelle Councell By flatterie hath he wonde the Common hearts : And when he please to make Commotion, Tis to be fear'd they all will follow hun Now tisthe Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted, Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Gorden, And chooke the Herbes for want of Husbandry. The reverence are I beare voto my Lord, Made me collet these dangers in the Duke. If it be fond, cell it a Womans feste: Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant. I will subscribe, and fay I wrong'd the Duke. My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke, Reprove my allegation, if you can, Or elle conclude my words effectuall. Soff. Well hath your Highneste scene into this Duke:

And had I first beene put to speake my minde, I thinke I should have told your Graces Tale. The Duchesse, by his subornation, Vpon my Life began her diuellish practifes : Or if he were not privile to those Faults, Yet by reputing of his high discent, As next the King, he was successive Herre, And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie. Did instigate the Bedlam braine-fick Duchesse, By wicked meanes to frame our Soutraignes fall Smooth tunnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe, And in his simple shew he harbours Treason. The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe No, no, my Souerzigne, Glouffer is a man

Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceir. Cad. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law, Deuile ftrange deaths, for small offences done ?

Torke. And did he not, in his Protectorship. Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme, For Souldiers pay in France, and never fent it? By meanes whereof, the Townes each day resolted.

Buck. Tut, thefe are perty faults to faults voknowne, Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Haraften

King. My Lords at once: the care you have of vs, To mowe downe Thomes that would annoy out Foot, Is worthy prayle: but shall I speake my conscience, Out Kinfman Gleffer is as innocent, From meaning Treason to our Royall Person, As is the fucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue: The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well given, To dreame on eaill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance? Scemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd, For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauen. Is he a Lamber his Skinne is furely lene bitto,

For

For bee's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolver Who cannot Reale a Shape, that meanes deceit? Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all, Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man-

Enter Somerfee.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soveraigne.
King. Welcome Lord Somerfer: What Newes from France i

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,

Is veterly bereft you : all is loft.

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerfer: but Gods will be

Torke. Cold Names for me: for I had hope of France, As firmely as I hope for fertile England. Thus are my Bloffomes blafted in the Bud. And Caterpillers cate my Leaues away : But I will remedie this geare ere long, Or fell my Tide for a glorious Grane.

Enter Gloucester.

Gloft. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King: Pardon, my Liege, that I have ftay'd fo long. Suff. Nay Glefter, know that thou are come too foone, Vnleffe thou were more loyall then thou are: I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.

Gloft. Well Suffeller, thou shalt not see me blush, Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest: A Heart valpotted, is not easily daunted. The pureft Spring is not fo free from mudde As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne. Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Tarke.' Tis thought, my Lord, That you tooke Bribes of France And being Protector, flay'd the Souldiers pay, By meanes whereof, his Highnesse bath lost France.

Gloft. Is it but thought fo? What are they that thinke it? I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay, Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France. So helpe me God, as I have watcht the Night, I Night by Night, in studying good for England. That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King, Or any Groze I hoorded to my vie. Be brought against me at my Tryall day. No: many a Pound of mine owne proper flore, Because I would not taxe the needie Commons, Have I dif-pursed to the Garrisons, And neuer ask'd for restitution.

Card. It ferues you well, my Lord, to fay fo much. Gloff. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God. Torke. In your Protectorship, you did devile Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of, That England was defend by Tyrannie. Gloft. Why tis well known, that whiles I was Protector, Pittie was all the fault that was in me: For I should melt at an Offendors teares. And lowly words were Ranforne for their fault: Valeffe it were a bloody Murtherer, Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleee'd poore paffengers,

I never gave them condigne punishment

Murther indeede, that bloodie finne, I tortur'd Aboue the Felon, or what Trespas else. Saff My Lord, thefe faults are easie, quickly answer &

But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge, Whereof you cannot eafily purge your felfe,

I doo arrest you in his Highnesse Name, And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall To keepe, vnikl your further time of Fryall.

King. My Lord of Glofter, 'tis my special hope,

That you will cleare your felfe from all fulpence, My Conscience tells me you are imocent.

Glof. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous: Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition, And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand a Foule Subornation is predominane, And Equitie exil d your Highnesse Land. I know, their Complot is to have my Life: And if my death might make this Iland happy, And proue the Period of their Tyrannie, I would expend it with all willingnesse. But mine is made the Prologue to their Play : For rhoulands more, that yet suspect no penil, Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie. Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice, And Suffeits cloudie Brow his storme hates Sharpe Buckingham unburthens with his tongue, The envious Load that lyes upon his heart: And dogged Tarke, that reaches at the Moone Whose over-weening Arme I have plucks back, By false accuse doch levell as my Life. And you, my Soversigne Lady, with the reft, Caufeleffe haue lay'd difgraces on my head, And with your best endeaour have fire'd vp My llefest Liege to be mine Enemie : I all of you have lay'd your heads together, My felfe had notice of your Conventicles, And all to make away my guiltleffe Life. I shall not want faile Witneste, to condemne me, Nor ftore of Tressons, to augment my guilt: The ancient Proverbe will be well effected, A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is incollerable. If those that care to keepe your Royall Person From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage, Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at And the Offendor graunted scope of speech, Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht? As if the had suborned some to sweete Falle allegations, to o'rethrow his state,

Qu, Box I can give the lofer leave to chide. Gloft. Fatre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede, Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false, And well fuch lofers may have leave to speake.

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day. Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner.

Card. Sirs, sake away the Duke, and guard him fure. Gloss. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch, Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body. Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy fide, And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first. Ah that my feare were falle, th that it were ; Exit Glofters For good King Hemy, thy decay I feere. King. My Lords, what to your wildomes feemeth best,

Doe, or vadoe, as if our selle were here. Queene. What, will your Highnesse leave the Parlia-

King. I Margares: my heart is drown'd with griefe, Whole floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;

My Body round engyre with milerie :

For what's more miserable then Discontent? Ah Vnckle Humfrey, in thy face I fee The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie And yet, good Humfre, is the houre to come, That ete I prou'd thee falle,or feat'd thy faith. What lowing Scarre now emules thy efface? That thefe great Lords, and Margaret our Queene, Doe leeke luburifion of thy harmelesse Life. Thou never didft them wrong, nor no man wrong: And as the Butcher takes away the Calle, And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it flrayes, Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house; Euen lo remorfelesse have they borne him hence : And as the Damme runner lowing vp and downe, Looking the way her hatmeleffe young one went And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings lolle, Euen so my selfe bewayles good Glefters cale With fad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes; Looke after him, and cannot doe him good: So mightie are his vowed Enemies. His fortunes I will weepe, and twixt each groane, Say, who's a Traytor? Cleffer he is none. Exn. Queene. Free Lords .

Cold Snow melts with the Sonnes hot Beames:

Honry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires.

Too full of foolish pittie: and Gloffers show
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodila

With forrow snares relenting passengers:
Or as the Snake, coll'd in a flowring Banke,
With shining checker'd flough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge mine owne Wit good;
This Glosser should be quickly rid the World,
To rid as from the seare we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worth te pollicie, But yet we want a Colour for his death: "The moet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicle: The King will labout fill to fauchis Life, The Commons haply rife, to fauchis Life; And yet we have but triviall argument, More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.

Torke. So that by this, you would not have him dye, Suff. Alt Torke, no man alive, to faine as I. Torke. 'Tis Torke that bath more reason for his death.

But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke, Say as youthinke, and speake it from your Soules: Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set, To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte, As place Dake Humfrey for the Kings Protector?

Queene, So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer'e not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accur'd a craftic Murtherer,
His guitt should be but idly posted ouer,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature provid an Enomie to the Flock.
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
As Humster provid by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to say him:
Be it by Gynoes, by Snares, by Subtlerie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So be be dead; for that is good decett,
Which mates him first, that first intends decelt.

Owen. Three Noble Suffelly, its refolutely spoke.

Suff Not resolute, except so much wets done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongee,
Seeing the deed is mentiorious,
And to preserve my Sourraigne from his Foe,
Say but the world, and I will be his Priest.

Cord. But I would have him dead my Lord of Suffelker,

Ere you can take due Orders for a Prich:
Say you confere, and censure well the deed,
And He proude his Executioner,
I tender so the safetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Sucree. And to fay I.
Torke. And I: and now we three have spoke it.

It skills not greatly who impugnes out doome.

Enter a Pofte.

Poff. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine, To fignifie, that Rebels there are vp, And put the Englishmen with the Sword. Send Succours (Lords) and frop the Rage betime, Before the Wound doe grow vincurable; For being account there is great hope of below.

For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient floppe.

What counfaile give you in this weights cause?

Torke. That Some for be fem as Regent thather:
Tis meet that lockie Ruler be imployed,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.
Som If Took with all his farme for actions.

Som. If Torke, with all his farte-fet policie, Had beene the Regent there in Read of me, He never would have flay'd in France so long.

Torke. No, not to lofe it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my Life becomes,
Then bring a butthen of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character d on thy Skinne,
Mens slesh preserved so whole, doe seldome wante.

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proce a raging fire, if Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with: No more, good Tarke; sweet Somarsa be full. Thy fortune, Tarke, hadfi thou beene Regent there, Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.

Torke. What, worse then caught? nay, then a streme take all.

Somerfer. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'uncivill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie forne,
And trie your hep against the Irishmen?

And trie your hep against the Irishmen of Torke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.

Soff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent.

And what we doe oftablish, he consenses:
Then, Noble Torke, take thou this Taske in hand.

Torke. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords.

Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Soff. A charge, Lord Torke, that I will fee perform d.
But now returns were the falle Duke Hamfrey.

Card No more of him: for I will deale with him, That henceforth he shall trouble ve no more: And so breake off, the day is almost spent, Lord Suffake, you and I must talke of that event.

TakeMy

Torke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes At Bristow I expect my Souldiers, For there lle shippe them all for Ireland. Suff. He fee it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. Exeunt.

Manet Yorke.

Torke. Now Torke, or neuer, steele thy fearfull shoughts
And change misdoubt to resolution; Be that thou hop'ft to be, or what thou art; Refigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying: Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man, And finde no harbor in a Royall heart. Faster the Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought, And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitic. My Brayne, more buse then the laboring Spidet, Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies. Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done, To fend me packing with an Hoaft of men: I feare me, you but warme the flarued Snake, Who cherisht in your breafts, will fling your hearts. Twas men I lackt, and you will give them me; I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd, You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands. Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band, I will flirre up in England fome black Storme, Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heaven, or Hell: And this fell Tempelt shall not cease to rage, Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head, Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames, Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe. And for a minister of my intent, I have feduc'd a head-firong Kenrishman, John Cade of Ashford, To make Commotion, as full well he can, Vnder the Title of John Afortimer. In Ireland have I seene this stubborne Cade Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes, And sought so long, till that his thighes with Darts Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine: And in the end being releved, I have feene Him capre vpright like a wilde Morilco, Shaking the bloody Darts, as be his Bells. Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne, Hath he conversed with the Enemie, And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe, And given me notice of their Villanies, This Deuill here shall be my substitute; For that John Mortimer, which now is dead, In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble. By this, I hall perceive the Commons minde, How they affect the House and Clayme of Torke. Say he betaken, rackt, and tortured; I know, no paine they can inflict upon him, Will make him fay, I mou'd him to those Armes. Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will, Why then from Iteland come I with my firength, And reape the Haruest which that Rascall tow'd. For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be. And Heavy put spart : the next for me-

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know We have dispatche the Duke, as he commanded.

3. Oh, that it were to doe: what have we done? Didft euer heare a man so penitent?

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sits, have you dispatche this thing? I,my good Lord, hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well faid. Goe, get you to my House, I will reward you for this venturous deed: The King and all the Peeres are here at hand. Haue you layd faire the Bed ? Is all things well, According as I gave directions?

1. Tis, my good Lord. Suff Away , be gone.

Exenst.

Sound Trumpets. Enser the King, the Quecue, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somorfet, with Accordances.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight: Say, we intend to try his Grace to day, If he be guiltie, as 'tis published.

Suff. He call him presently, my Noble Lord. Exit. King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all Proceed no ftraiter gainst our Vnckle Glofter, Then from true euidence, of good efteeme, He be approu'd in practife culpable.

Queene God forbid any Malice should preuayle, That faultleffe may condemne a Noble man: Pray God he may arguit nim of fulpition.

King. I thanke thee Nell, these wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look if thou pale? why tremblest thou? Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, Suffolke? Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: Gloffer is dead, Queene, Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods secret Judgement: I did dreame to Night, The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

Kong founds. Qu. How fares my Lord ! Helpe Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nole. Qu.Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh Henry ope thine eyes. Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heaueoly God.
24. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry comfort.

King . What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me? Came he right now to fing a Rauens Note, Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres: And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren, By crying comfort from a hollow breaft, Can chale away the first-concerned sound? Hide not thy poylon with fuch fugred words, Lay not thy hands on me : forbeare I fay, Their touch affrights me as a Serpents fting. Thou balefull Mellenger, out of my fight: Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World. Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding; Yet doe not goe away : come Bafiliske, And kill the innocent gazer with thy light: For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy; In life, but double death, now Glofter's dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus? Although the Duke was enemie to him, Yet he most Christian-like laments his death: And for my felfe, Foe as he was to me, Might liquid reares, or heart-offending groanes, Or blood-confuming fighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with werping, ficke with grones, Looke pale as Prim-rofe with blood-drinking fighes, And all to lique 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 fhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded, And Printes Courts be fill'd with my reproach: This ges I by his death: Aye me whappie, To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah wae is me for Glofter, wretched man. Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is. What, Doft thou turne away, and hide thy face? I amno losthfome Leaper, looke on me. Whate Artithou like the Adder waxen deafe? Be poylenous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene. Is all thy comfort flut in Glofters Tombe? Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy toy. Erect his Statue, and worship it, And make my Image but an Ale-house figne. Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea And twice by ankward winde from Englands banke Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime. What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde Did feeme to fay, feeke not a Scorpsons Neft, No: fet no footing on this vnkinde Shore. What did I then? But curft the gentle gufts, And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caves, And bid them blow towards Englands bleffed shore, Or turne out Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke : Yet Æolus would not be a murcheret, But left that hatefull office voto thee. The pretty vaulting Searchis' dto drowne me, Knowing that thou wouldft have me drown'd on shore With tearer as falt as Sea, through thy vakindnesse. The splitting Rockes cowt'd in the finking fands, And would not dash me with their tagged fides, Because thy flinty heart more hard then they, Might in thy Pallace, perish Eleanor. As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes, When from thy Shore, the Tempest beste vs backe, I Rood vpon the Hatches in the forme: And when the duskie sky, began to rob My earnest-gaping-fight of thy Lands view, I tooke a coftly lewell from my necke, A Hartit was bound in with Diamonds, And threw it towards thy Land : The Sea receiv'dit, 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 Hear. And call d them blinde and duskie Specacles, For looking ken of Albions wished Coaft. How often have I tempted Soffolkes tongue (The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
To fit and watch me 25 Ascaniu did, When he to madding Dido would vafold His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy. Am I not witchelike her? Or thou not falselike him? Ayeme, I can no more: Dye Elinar, For Horry weepes, that thou dost live so long.

Noyfe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Southsigne,
That good Duke Humfrey Traiterously is murdred

By Suffolke, and the Cardinal Banfords mesnes :
The Common like an engity Hine of Bres
That want their Leader, leaster up and downe,
And care not who they fling in his cruenge,
My felle have calm'd their ipitenfull mutuse,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. Thathe is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true, But how he dyed, God knowes, not Hong. Buter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Co:pes, And comment then upon his sodaine death.

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Selsburie With the rude multitude, till I returne.

Rang. O thou that indgest all things, stay my thoghts My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soule, Some violent hands were laid on Humfrer lase; If my suffect be faste, forgive me God, For judgement onely doth belong to thee: Fainc would I go to chase his palse laps, With twenty thousand killes, and to draine Vpon his face an Ocean of saturates, To tell my love vnto his dumbe deasterunke, And with my singers seelehis hand, vnseeling; But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies, Bed pas forth.

And to furney his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my fortow greater
Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
body.

King. That is to fee how deepe my grove is made, For with his foule fled all my worldly foliace: For feeing him, I feemy life in death.

War. As furely as my foule meends to line
With that dread King that tooke our flate upon him,
To free us from his Fathers wrathfull corfe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, fworne with a folerm tongue: What instance gives Lord Warwicke for his vow. Wer. See how the blood is setted in his face.

Oft have I feene a timely-parted Ghoft,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodsesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart.
Who in the Consist that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and no're returneth,
To blosh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye, balles further out, than when he lived,
Scaring sell gassly, like a strangled man:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp:
And was by rear'd, his nostrils stretch with strugling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp:
And was display'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.

Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sucking.

Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,

The least of all these signes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who should do the D. to death?

My selfe and Beauford had him in protection,

And we I hope sit, are no murtherers.

War, But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes, And you (forfooth) had the good Duke to keepe: Tis like you would not feast him like a friend, And 'tis well feene, be found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen, As guilty of Duke Emmfres timelesse demla

War.

worw. Who finds the Heyter dead, and bleeding fresh, And fees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe, But will suspect, twas he that made the saughter? Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neft, But may imagine how the Bird was dead, Although the Kyte forre with vnbloudied Beake? Euen fo suspitious is this Tragedie,

Qu. Are you the Butcher, Suffolkt where's your Knife? Is Reauford tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons? Suff. I weare no Knife, to flaughter fleeping men, But here's a vengefull Sword, rufted with esfe, That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart, That flanders me with Murthers Crimfon Badge. Say, if thou dar'st, prowd Lord of Warwickshire, That I am Eultie in Duke Humfreyer death.

Warw. What dares not Warwick if falle Suffolke dans

Qu. He dates not calme his contumellous Spirit, Nor ceafe to be an arrogant Controller, Though suffethe date him twentie thouland times.

Warw. Madame be still : with reuerence may I say, For every word you speake in his behalfe,

Is flander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor, If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord fo much, Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock Was graft with Crab-tree flippe, whose Fruit thou art, And never of the Newils Noble Race.

Mow. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee, And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee, Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my Soucraignes presence makes me milde, I would, false murd rous Coward, on thy Knee Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech, And fay, it was thy Mother that thou meant B, That thou thy felle wast borne in Bastardie; And after all this fearefull 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 shed thy blood. If from this presence thou dat'st goe with me. Wow. A way even now, or I will drag thee hence : Viworthy though thou art, He cope with thee, And doe forme feruice to Dake Humfroges Ghost.

King. What ftronger Brest-place then a heart untainted? Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell juft; And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele, Whose Conscience with Iniuffice is corrupted. A nogfe within.

Queone. What noyle is this?

Emer Suffolke and Warmicks, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords & Your wrathfull Wespons drawne, Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold? Why what cumultuous clamor have we here? Suff. The crayt'rous warmick, with the men of Bury, Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enser Salisbury Salish Sits stand apart, the King shall know your minde.

Dread Lord, the Commons fend you word by me, Valeffe Lord Suffelle Araight be done to death Or banished faire Englands Territories, They will by violence teare him from your Pellace, And torture him with grievous lingring death. They fay, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'de: They fay, in him they feare your Highnesse death; And meere inflinct of Loue and Loyaltie, Free from a Rubborne opposite intent, As being thought to contradict your liking, Makes them thus forward in his Banishment. They fay, in care of your most Royall Person, That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe, And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest, In paine of your diflike or paine of death; Yet notwithfranding such a strait Edict, Were there a Serpent feene, with forked Tongue, That Byly glyded towards your Malestie, It were but necessarie you were wak't. Least being suffer'd in that harmefull sumber, The mortall Worme might make the fleepe eternall. And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid, That they will guard yon, where you will, or no, From fuch fell Serpents as falle Suffolke is ; With whole inuenomed and fatall fling, Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth, They say is chamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord

of Salisbury

Suff. Tis like the Commons, rude enpolisht Hindes, Could fend fuch Mellage to their Soueraigne: But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd, To shew how queint an Orator you are. But all the Honor Salisbury bath wonne, Is, that he was the Lord Embassador, Sent from a fort of Tinkers to the King.

wabin. An answer from the King, or wee will all

breake in.

King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thanke them for their tender louing care; And had I not beene cited fo by them, Yet did I purpose so they doe entrest: For fure, my thoughts doe housely prophecie, Mischance voto my State by Suffolkes meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare, Whole farre-voworthie Deputie I am, He shall not breathe infection in this ayre, But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

20. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffalle.
King Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffalle. No more I lay: if thou do'ft pleade for him, Thou wilt but adde encresse vnto my Wrath. Had I but fayd, I would have kept my Word; But when I (weare, it is irreuocable: If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found, On any ground that I am Ruler of, The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life. Come Warnicke, come good Warnicke, goe with mee,

I have great matters to impart to thee. Ex
Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you, Hearts Discontent, and lowre Affiction, Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie: There's two of you, the Deuill make a third, And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your fteps. Suff. Ceale, gentle Queene, thele Execuations,

And let thy Suffolke take his beaute leave.

Quecne. Pye

The Second Part of Henry the Size.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and foft harred wretch, Hall thou not spirit to cuife thine enemy.

suf. A plague vpon them : wherefore should I cuelle theme

Would cutles kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone, I would inuent as bitter fearthing termes, As curst, as harth, and horrible to heare, Deliuer'd ftrongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many fignes of deadly hate, As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue, My toogue snould stumble in mine carnest words, Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Fliat, Mine heire be fixt an end, as one diffract: I, every loynt should seeme to cutse and ban, And even now my burthen'd heat t would breake Should I not cutie them. Poylon be their drinke. Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste a Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees: Their checreft Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes: Their Softest Touch, as Smart as Lyzards Aings: Their Mulicke, frightfull as the Serpents hille, And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full. All the foule terrors in darke feated hell-

Q. Enough (weet Suffolke, thou torment'it thy felfe, And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse, Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,

And turnes the force of them vpon thy felfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave? Now by the ground that I am banish'd from, Well could I curle away a Winters night, Though Randing naked on a Mountaine top, Where byting cold would never let graffe grow, And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand, That I may dew it with my mournfull tea es: Nor let the raine of heaven wet this place, To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand, That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale, Through whom a thoutand fighes are breath'd for thee. So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe, 'Tis but furmiz'd, whiles thou art franding by, As one that furfets, thinking on a want: I will repeale thee, or be well affur'd, Aduenrure to be banished my selfe : And banished I am, if but from thee. Go, speake not to me; even now be gone. Oh go not yet. Even thus, two Friends condemn'd, Embrace, and kiffe, and take ten thousand leaves, Loather a hundred times to part then dye; Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished, Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee. Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence, A Wildernesse is populous enough, So Suffolke had thy headenly company: For where thou art, there it the World It felfe, With every severall pleasure in the World: And where thou are not, Defolation, I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life; My selfeno ioy in nought, but that thou live.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes Vaux to fast? What newes I prethee?

Vasur. To fignific vnto his Meiefty, That Cardinall Bounford is at point of death: For fodsirily a greenous fir kneffe tooke him. That makes him gaspe, and flare, and catch the sire, Bisipheming God, and curling men on earth Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfres Gheft Were by his fide: Sometime, he calles the King And whilpers to his pullow, as to him, The fecrets of his ouer-charged foule, And I am fent to tell bis Maiefile, That euro now he cries alowd for him.

Qu. Go tell this heavy Mellage to the King. Ex Aye me! What is this World? What newes are thele? But wherefore greeve I at an hourer poore loffe. Omitting Suffolkes exile, my foults Treafore Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee? And with the Southerne clouds, contend to teares? Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my forrowers. Now get thee hence, the King thou know ft is comming. If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. Ill depart from thee, I cannot live. And in thy fight to dye, what were it elle, But like a pleafant flumber in thy tap? Heere could I breath my foule into the ayre, As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe, Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's hpr. Where from thy fight, I thould be raging mad. And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to flop my mouth: So should'it thou eyther turne my flying soule, Or I should breathe it so into thy body, And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium. To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest, From thee to dye, were torture more then death : Oh let me flay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corofive, It is applyed to a deathfull wound. To France Sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee: For wherefore thou art in this world's Globe, lle haue an Iru that shall finde thee out.

Suf. Igo.

Qu. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A lewell lockt into the wofulft Caske, That ever did contains a thing of worth, Fuen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we : This way fall I to death.

Qu. This way for me.

Execute

Enter the King, Saliebury, and Warnicke, to the Cardmal or bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy

Soucraigne. Ca Isthou beest death, Ile give thee Englands Treasure, Enough to purchase such another Island, So thou wilt let me live, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a figure it is of eurll life, Where death's approach is seene so terrible.

War. Beauford it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee. Beas. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will. Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye? Can I make men live where they will or no?. Oh torture me no more, I will confesse. Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is, lle gire a thousand pound to looke vpon him. He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb

Combe downehis haire; looke,looke, it stands vpright, Like Lime-twigs set to catch thy winged soule: Give me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heavens.

Looke with a gentle eye your this Wretch,

Oh beate away the busic medling Fiend,

That layes frong siege vnto this wretches soule,

And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire.

D'ar. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably.
King. Peace to his soule, is Gods good pleasure be
Lord Cardrall, if thou thinks to nheauens blisse,
Hold up thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgive him.

War. So bada death, argues a monstrous life.

King. Fortesare to judge, for we are signers all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,

Andlet us all to Meditation.

Execution

Alarum. Figh: at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorfefull day,
Is crept into the bofome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolves aroufe the Iedes
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowfie, flow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graves, and from their mifly lawes.
Breath foule contagious darkneffe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize.
For whilft our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their rantome on the fand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Maister, this Prisoner freely give I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share.

1. Gonz. What is my ransome Master, let me know.

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your bead

Mus. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Liez. What thinkeyou much to psy 2000. Crownes,

And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?

Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall t

The lives of those which we have lost in fight.

Be counter-poys'd with fuch a pettie furme.

1. Gone. He give it fir, and therefore fpare my life.

2. Gent. And fo will I and write home for it ftraight.

Whum. I loft mine eye in laying the prize abootd,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou dye,

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Luw. Be not so tash, take ransome, let him live.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gernleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed.

Whit. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why statts 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 Water I should dye: Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is Guathier, being tightly founded.

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care nor.

Neuer yet did base dishnour blurre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when Merchant-like I fell reuenge,
Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

The Duke of Suffolke, Prilliam de la Pole,

White. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled up in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no patrof the Duke.

Lieu. But Joue was neuer flaine as thou shalt be,

Obscure and lowis Swaine, King Herries blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster

Must not be shed by such a laded Groome:

Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my flist op?

Bare-headed plodded by my foor-cloth Mule,

And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prifoner is a Prince.

How often haft thou waited at my cup.

Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I have feafted with Queene Magaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee Creft-faine,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haft thou flood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the fordorn Swain.

Lieu. First let my words stab him, 28 he hath me.

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base staue, thy words are blunt, and so are thou.
Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dai st not for thy owne
Lieu. Poole, Sir Poolet Lord,

I kennell, puddle, finke, whose filth and dire Troubles the filuer Spring, where England drinkes: Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth, For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme. Thy lips that kish the Queene, shall sweepe the ground i And thou that imil'dit at good Duke Humfries death, Against the senselesse winder shall grin in vaine, Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe. And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell, For during to affye a mighty Lord Vinto the daughter of a worthleffe King Hauing neyther Subject, Wealth, nor Diaders . By divellish policy are thou growne great, And like ambittous Sylla outer-gorg'd, With gobbers of thy Mother-bleeding heart. By thee Aniou and Maine were fold to France. The falle revolting Normans thorough thee, Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie Hath flaine their Governors, furpriz'd our Forts, And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home. The Princely Warwicke, and the Neuds all, Whole dreadfull fwords were never drawne in vaine, As hating thee, and rifing up in armes.

And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne, By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King, And lofty proud increaching tyranny, Burnes with renenging fire, whose hopefull colours Advance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, friving to shine; Vnder the which is writ, Inuitin mabibut The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes, And to conclude, Reproach and Beggetie, Is crept into the Pallace of out King, And all by thee : away, convey him hence.

Suf. Othat I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder Vpon these pality, serule, abiest Drudges:
Small things make base map proud. This Villaine beere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Bargalar the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-bives:
It is impossible that I should dye

By

By fuch alowly Vatfall as thy felfe. Thy words move Rage, and not remorfe in me: I go of Mellage from the Queene to France : I charge thee wafr me fafely croffe the Channell.

Line. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I must wast thee

to thy death.

Suf. Pina gelidus timor occupat arius, it in thee I feare. wal. I hou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee. What, are yedanted now? Now will ye floope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him speak him fair Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall conque is sterne and rough: Va'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour. Farre be it, we should honor such as these With humble fuite 1 no, rather let my head Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any, Saue to the God of heaven, and to my King : And fooner dance vpon a bloody pole, Then stand vneouer'd to the Vulgar Groome. True Nobility, is exempt from feare:

More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lies. Hale him away, and let him talke no mote : Come Souldiers, thew what cruelty ye can. Suf. That this my death may never be forget. Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions. A Romane Sworder, and Banderto flane Murder diweet Tully Brusen Bastard hand Stab'd Inlines Cafar. Sauage Islanders Pompey the Great, and Suffalke dyes by Pyrate.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we have ser, It is out pleasure one of them depart : Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest. Monet the first Goot. Enter Walter with the body. Wal. There lethis head, and livelesse bodie lye, Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it. ExII Walter.

1. Gent. Obarbarous and bloudy spectacle, His body will I beare vnto the King: If he renenge it not, yet will his Friends, So will the Queene, that living, held him deere.

Enter Benis, and lobn Holland.

Bruis. Come and get thee a fword, though made of a Lath, they have bene vp these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more neede to fleepe now then. Beuis. I tell thee, Iacke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to dreffe the Common-wealth and turne it, and fet a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was neuer merrie world in England, fince Gentlemen

came vp.

Brus. O miserable Age : Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men

Hel. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather

Besis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True : and yet it is faid, Labour in thy Vocati. on; which is as much to fay, as let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magiffrates.

Benu. Thou haft hit it : for there's no better figne of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I fee them, I fee them: There's Beff: Sonce, the Tanner of Wingliam.

Brais. Hee shall have the skinnes of our enemies, to

make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher. Breit. Then is fin frucke downe like an Oze, and ing quiries throste cut like a Calfe.

Hel. And Smith the Wester. Ben. Argo, their thred of life is foun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them

Drumme. Enter Cade, Diche Butcher, Smith the Weaner, and a Sawjer, with infinite members.

Cade. Wee lots Cade, fo tearm'd of our supposed Father.

Bur. Or rather of Realing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies thall faile before vs, inspired with the spielt of putting down Kings and Printes. Command filence.

Bur. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer.

Eut. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

Burch. I knew her well, fine was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lasses.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & fold many

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her fun'd Packe, the washes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore ain I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, under a hedge: for his Father had never a house but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am,

Weaver A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade I am able to endure much.
But. No question of that t for I have feene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I seare neither sword, not fire.

Wea. Hencede not seare the sword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But methicks he should fland in seare offire, be-

ing burnt I'th hand for Realing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, scuen halfe peny Loaues fold for a peny : the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to graffe: and when I am

King, as King I will be.
All. God (sue your Maiefty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee oo mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will apparrell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

Buz. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers. Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should vndoe a man. Some fay the Bee stings, but I fay, tiathe Bees waxe: for I did but feale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man fince. How now ! Who's

Emer of learne.

Werner. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous.

there?

Wea. We tooke him letting of boyes Copies.

Cade

Cado. Here's a Villaine.

wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court

Cade. I am forry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: valeffe I finde him guilty, he thall not die. Come hither firrah, I must examine thee 1 What is thy name?

(learle. Emanuell.

But. They vie to writ it on the top of Letters: Twill

go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vie to write thy name? Or haft then a marke to thy felfe, like a honeft plain dealing man?

Clearly. Six I thanke God, I have bin fo well brought

vp, that I can write my name.

All. He bath confest: away with him the's a Villaine

and a Traitor.

Cade. Awey with him I fay 1 Kang him with his Pen and Inke-horns about his necke.

Exicone with the Clearke

Emer Michael. Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Hecre I am thou particuler fellow.

Mash. Fly, fly, Ay, Sit Humfrey Stafford and his brother

are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cods. Szand villaine, fland, or lle fell thee downe : he shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He Is but a Knight, is a?

miss. No.

Code. To equal him I will make my felfe a knight pre-fently; Rife up Sir Iohn Marimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and bis Brosber, with Dram and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hlnds, the filth and fewm of Kent, Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe, Mome to your Cottages: for fake this Groome.

The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Ero. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood.

If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for these filken-coated flaues I pellenot. It is to you good people, that I speake, Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reigne.

For I am rightfull heyre unto the Crowne.
Seaff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer, And thou thy felie a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Monimer Earle of Merch, married the Duke of Characte daughter, did he not . senf. I fir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falle.

Cads. I, there's the question; But I fay, 'ds true : The elder of them being put to nurfe, Was by a begger-woman fielae away, And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.

His sonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Noy, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King. Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, & the brickes are alive at this day to tefufic it : therefore

deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this bale Drudges Worden. that speakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this. Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my felfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers fake Herry the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter For French Crownes) I am content he shall taigne, but He be Protector over him:

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l have the Lord Sayre

head, for felling the Dukedome of Mains.

Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a flaffe, but that my puissance holds lt vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can speake French, and therefore her is

Staf. O groffe and miferable ignorance.
Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that fpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or

All. No no, an I therefore wee'l have his head.

Bro. Well, feeing gentle words will not prevayle, Affaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every Towne, Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade, That those which flye before the battell ends, May even in their Wives and Childrens fight, Be hang'd vp for example at their doores: And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Cade. And you that love the Commons, follow me: Now thew your felues men, 'tis for Liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman: Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen, For they are thrifty honeit men, and fuch As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs. Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are finine. Enser Cade and shereft.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

Bus. Heere fir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen. & thou behaued'A thy felfe, as if thou had A beens in thine owne Slaugheer-house: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall bee as long agains 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 deseru's no lesse. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bo-dies shall be drugged at my horse heeles, till I do come to London, where we will baue the Malors (word born be-

But. If we meane to thrive, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee, Come, let's march towards London.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suf-folkes bead, the Daile of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queeno. Oft have I beard that greefe loftens the mind,

And makes it fearefull and degenerate, Thinke refore on revenge, and ceafe to werpe. But who can ceste to wrepe, and looke on this. Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breft. But where sihe body that I should imbrace !

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells

Supplication?

Kong. He fend forme holy Bishop to intreat: For God forbid, formany simple soules Should perish by the Sword. And I my felfe, Rather then bloody Warre Mall cut them hore, Will parley with Jacke Cade then Generall. But stay, lle read it ouer once againe

Qu, Ah barbarous villainea. Hath this louely face,

Rul'dlike a wandering Plannet over me, And could it not inforce them to relent. That were enworthy to behold the fame.

Kong. Lord Say, lacke Cade hath In orne to huse thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall have his. King. How now Madam? Still lamenting and inourning for Suffolkes death? I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead, Thou would'A not have mourn'd fo much for me 24. No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for

Enter a Meffenger.

King. How dow? What newer ? Why com'ft thou in

Mef. The Rebels are in Southwarke Fly my Lord . Tacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord Mortimer, Descended from the Doke of Clarence house, And calles your Grace Viurper, openly. And vowes to Crowne himfelfe in Westminster. His Army is a ragged multitude Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileffe: Sie Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death, Hath given them heart and courage to proceede: All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen, They call falle Carrerpillers, and intend their death

Kon Oh graceleffe men they know not what they do. Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth, Vnull a power be rais'd to pur them downe.

Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now alive, Their Kentish Rebels would be soone appear d. King. Lord San, the Traitors haveth thee,

Therefore away with vato Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger: The fight of me is odious in their eyes : And therefore in this Citty will I flay, And live alone as fecret as I may.

Enter another Meffenger.

Mef. lacke (ade hath gotten London-bridge. The Citizens Aye and forfake their houses: The Rascall people, thirsting after prey, layne with the Traitor, and they loyntly (weare To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Bur. Then linger not my Loid, away, take horfe. King. Come Magaret, God out hope will fuccor vs. Qn. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast. King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels
Bac. Trust no body for seare you betraid.

Say. The truft I have, is in mine lanocence.

And therefore am I bold and refolute.

Scales, Hownow 1 1 lacks Cade Name 3

EFFURI.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Town walking Then onter; two or three Citicani below.

1.CH No my Lord, nor likely to be Caine : For they have wonne the Bridge, Killing all it ofe that with thand them . The L. Maior craves and of your Honor from the Tower To defend the City from the Rebels Scales Suchayd as I can spare you shall command, But I am troubled heere with them me felfe, The Rebels have affry' dro win the Tomes But getyou to Smithfield, and gather read. And thither I will fend you Mathew Coffe Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives, And lo farwell, for I must nence againe.

Enter lacke Cade and ibereft, and Reiker bu Pate on London Aone

Cade Now is Mortimer Lord of this City, And heere litting wpon London Stone, I charge and command, that of the Ciries coft The pilling Conduit tun nothing but Clatter Wine This hill yeare of our raigne And now hencefor ward it shall be Treason for say. That calles me other then Lord Monumer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. lacke Cade, lacke Cade. Cade. Knocke him downe there. They kill bim But If this Fellow be wife, hee'l neuer call yee lacke Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there san Army gathered together in Smithfield

Cade Come, then let's go light with them: But firl, go and let London Bridge on fire. And if you can, burne downe the Tower 100. Come, lei's away. Exent omnes.

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is flain, and all the roft. Then enter lacke Cade, with the Company.

Cade. So hes: now go some and pull down the Sauoy: Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with there all.

Hou. I have a fuite voto your Lordship

Cade. Beent a Lordshippe, thou shalt baueit for that word

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth

John Malle ewill be fore Lawthen, for he was thrust in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smuth. Nay lobn, it wil be flinking Law, for his breath Ainkes with eating toafted cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vponit, it shall bee fo. Away, burne all the Records of the Resime, my mouth thall be the Parisament of England.

Jehn. Then we are like to have biring Starutes

Valeffe his reeth be pull'd out. Cade. And hence-forward all things thall be in Com-

Emer a Mellenger.

Mef. My Lord a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say, which fold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound, the last Subfidie.

Enter George, wish the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times ; Ah thou Say. thou Surge, tray thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall. What can't thou answer to my Maiesty, for giving vp of Normandie vato Mounsieur Basinsen, the Dolphine of France? Beit knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realme, increcting a Grammar Schoole : and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou halt caused printing to be vs'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 hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and fuch abhominable wordes, as no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou haft put them in prison, and because they could not reade, thou halt hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cause they have beene most worthy to live. Thou doft ride in a foot-cloth, doft thou not?

Say. What of that ?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'it not to let thy horse weate a Cloake, when honefler men then thou go in their Hofe and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, 25 my selfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent

Drc. What fay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this : Tis bona terra, mala gens. Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cafar wtir, Is term'd the civel'st place of all this isle: Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches, The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty. I fold not Mame, I loft not Normandie, Yet to recover them would loofe my life: luffice with fauour haue I alwayes done, Prayres and Tesres have mou'd me, Gifts could never, When have I ought exacted at your hands? Kent to maintains, the King, the Realme and you, Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clearkes, Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King, And feeing Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to hesuers. Valeffe you be polleft with divellish spirits, You cannot but forbeare to murther me: This Tongue hath patlied voto Forraigne Kings For your behoofe.

Cade. Tur, when firuck'ft thou one blow in the field? Sey. Great men haue reaching handstoft haue I ftruck Those that I never faw, and firucke them dead.

Go. Omenstrous Coward! What, to come behinde

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good Cade. Glue hims box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Ser. Long fitting to determine pooremens causes, Hath made me full of fielmesse and diseases.

(ade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dieke. Why dost thou quitter man?
Say. The Palsie, and not feate prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, 23 who should say, He be even with you. He fee if his bead will fland fleddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most? Have I affected wealth, or honor? Speake. Are my Chefis fill'd vp with extorted Gold? Is my Appairell sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye feeke my death? These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding. This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts. Olet meline.

Cade. I seele remorse in my selse with his words : but He bridle it : He shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take himaway I lay, and firike off his head presently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir Iames Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen : If when you make your prair's, God should be so obdurate as your selucs: 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 proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a bead on his shoulders, valesse he pay me tribute: there shall not s maid be married, but the shall pay to me her Mayden-head ere they have it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,

When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities vpon our billes ?

Cade. Marry presently. Al. Obraue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade, But is not this brauer : Let them kille one another: For they lou'd well When they were aline. Now part them againe, Leaft they confult about the giuing vp Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers, Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night: For with thele borne before vs, in fleed of Maces, Will we ride through the fireets, & at every Corner Haue them kiffe. Away. Exit

> Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all bis rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downs, throw them into Thames t

Soundaparley

What noise is this I heare? Dare any be so bold to found Reuess or Parley When I command them kill?

Erver

Enter Buckingham, and old Clefford.

Bue. I heere they be, that dere and will diffure thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast missed,
And heere prinounce free pardon to them all,
That will for take thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What fay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, while this offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace hit patdon,
Fling up his cap, and fay, God faue his Maiefly.
Who hateth him, and howers not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paffe by.

All. Godsaue the King, Godsaue the King.

Cade What Buckingham and Clifford areye so braue?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleeue him, will you needs
behang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gases, that
you should leave me at the Whire-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer have gizen out these Armet til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to live in saverie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houses over your heads, rauss your
Wires and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vppon you
all.

All Wee'l follow Cade, Wee'l follow Cade

Chf Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift, That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him. Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanelt of you Earles and Dukes ? Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too Nor knowes he how to live, but by the sporte, Valeffe by robbing of your Friends, and vs. Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at rarre, The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished Should make a flare ore-leas, and vanguish you? Methinkes alreadie in this civill broyle, I fee them Lording it in London streets, Crying Villiago vnto all they meete. Better ten thouland bale-borne Cades milcarry, Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercv. To France, to France, and get what you have loft: Spare England, for it is your Native Coaft: Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly. God on our lide, doubt not of Victorie

AL A Clifford, a Clifford, Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever Feather so lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leave mee defolate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying: in despight of the divels and hell, have through the verie middelt of you, and heavens and honor be vivinesse, that no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers base and ignomimous treasons, makes me betake mee to my heeles

External transfer of the surprise makes me betake mee to

Back What, is he fled? Go fome and follow him, And he that brings his head wnto the King, Shall have a shouland Crownes for his reward. Execut fome of them. Follow me fouldiers, wee'l desife a mane,
To reconcile you all voto the King.

Exerm orange

Sound Trumpers. Enter Kong, Queens and Somerfel on the Torris.

Kong. Was ever King that ioy'd an earthly Throne, And could command no more content then I? No fooner was I crept out of my Cradle, But I was made a King, at nine months olde. Was never Subied long'd to be a King, At I do long and with to be a Subied.

Emor Buckengham and Clafford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiefly.

Kin. Why Buckingham, it the Traiter Cade Surpris'd?

Or is he but retit'd to make him flrong?

Enter Mulsitude: with Halters obset their Necket.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld, And humbly thus with halters on their neckes, Exped your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heaven fet ope thy cuerlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise,
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince & Countrey
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,
Affure your sclues will never be vakinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your several Countries.

All. God save the King, God savethe King.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger Special Street Special Sp

diffrest,
Like to a Ship, that basing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
Bot now is Cade driven backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes.
Tell him, He send Duke Edmand to the Tower,
And Somerser we will commit thee thisher,
Vntill his Army be dismiss from him.

Somerfer. My Lerd, He yeelde my felfe to prifon willingly, Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is sherce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

As all things shall redound vnto yout good.

Kmg. Come wife, let's in, and learne to govern better,
Fot yet may England curfe my wretched raigne.

Flourth.

Execute

Ente

Enser Cade

Cede. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my felfe, that have a fword, and yet am ready to familh. These five daies have thick me in the fe Woods, and durk not peepe out, for all the Country is lold for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a Leafe of my life for a thousand yeares, I could flay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to fee if I can cate Graffe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole mans Comacke this hot weather : and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good, for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have beene dry, & bravely marching, it hath feru'd me inflecde of a quart pot to drinke in randnow the word Sallet must scrue me to feed on.

Enter Iden

Ides. Lord, who would live turmoyled in the Court. And may enjoy such quiet walkes as these? This small inheritance my Facher left me, Concenteth me, and worth a Monarchy I feeke not to waxe great by others warning, Or gather wealth I care not with what entry Sufficeth, that I have maintaines my flate, And fends the poore well pleafed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the foile come to feize me for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leave. A Villaine, theu wilt betray me, and get a 2000. Crowned of the King by catrying my head to him, but He make thee ease Iron like an Offridge, and swallow my Sword

like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why tude Companion, what foere thou be, 1 I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to breake into try Garden, And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds t Climbing my walles inspight of methe Owner, But thou will braue me with these sawcie rermes?

Cade. Braue thee ? I by the best blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I have fluemen, and If I doe not leave you all as dead as a doore

naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graffe more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be faid, while England stands, That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate a poore familht man-Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes: Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leffer : Thy hand is but a finger to my fift, Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon, My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arme be heaved in the Ayre, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth : As for words, whole greatnesse answer's words,

Let this my fword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion that ever I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech love on my knees thou may the turn deo Hobnailes.

Heartbey Fight.

OI amiliane Faroine and no other hath flaine me Jet cen

thouland divelles come against me, and give me but the ten meales I have lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be benceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have flain, that monftrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede, And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead. Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point, But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate, 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 best man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards : For I that never feared any, am vanquished by Famine, not by Valous,

Id. How much thou wrong'ft me, heaven be my ludge; Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee t And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell. Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave, And there cut offthy most ungracious head, Which I will beate in triumph to the King, Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. Emis.

Enter Torke, and bis Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And plucke the Crowne from feeble Herries head. Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright To entertaine great Englands lawfull King. Ah Sanda Maieftas! who would not buy thee deere? Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule. This hand was made to handle nought but Gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it. A Scepter shall it have, have I a soule, On which He tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?

The king hath fent him fure : I must dissemble.

Bize. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well. Tor. Hamfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a Mellenger, or come of pleafure. Tice. A Messenger from Homy, our dread Liege, To know the reason of these Armes in peace. Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am, Against thy Oath and true Allegeance sworne, Should raise so great a power without his leave?

Or dare to bring thy Force to neere the Court? Tor. Scarle can I speake, my Choller is so great. Oh I could hew up Rockes, and fight with Flint, I am fo angry at thefe abiect rearmes. And nove like Aux Telemonius, 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 Homy be more weake, and I more frong. Buckingham, I prethee pardon me. That I have given no answer all this while: My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly. The cause why I have brought this Armie bither,

Is to remove proud Somerfer from the King, Seditions to his Grace, and to the State.

Time. That is too much prefumption on thy parta
But if thy Atmes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded voto thy demand;
The Duke of Somerfectiain the Tower.
Timbe. Voon thing Honor is he Prifumer?

Torke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prifoner?

Buck, Vpon mine Honor he is Prifoner.

Torke. Then Buckingham I do difmissemy Powres.
Souldiera, I thanke you all: disperse your selves:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my cldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtle and Love,
Ile send them all as willing as I live?
Lands, Goods, Horse, Atmor, any thing I have
Is his to vie, so Somerset may die.

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission, We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Assendants.

Ring. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to va
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Torke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse.

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

To. To heave the Traitor Somerfet from hence,
And fight againft that monfitrous Rebell Cade,
Who fince I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades bead.

Iden. If one for rude, and of formeane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

Kog. The head of Cade? Great God, how full art thou? Ohlet me view his Vilage being dead,
That living wrought me furth exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that flew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maiefty.

Iden. I was, an tike your Maietry.

King. How are thou call'of And what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,

A poore Elquire of Kent, that loues his King.

Bue. So please it you my Lord, twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good serulce.

Me were created kinght to this good ferdice.

King, Iden, kneele downe, tile vp a Knight:

We give there for neward a thouland Markes,

And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.

Iden. May Identive to merit fuch a bouncie,

And never live but true voto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerfet.

A. See Buckingham, Somerfet comes with the Queene
Go hid her hide him pulckly from the Duke.

Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide bis head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

Qu. For thouland korkes he thail not nide his head.

Tow. How nower is Somerfer to libertie?

Then Yorke valoofe thy long imprisoned thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the fight of Somerfer?

Faile Ring, why haft thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? Northou art not King:

Not fit to governe and rule multitudes,

Which dar It now, no nor can't not rule a Traitor.

That Head of thins doth not become a Crowne :
Thy Hand is made to graspen Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achikes Spears
Isable with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acce controlling Lawes:
Give place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.

Som. O monfrous Traitor! I arreft thee Yorke Of Capitall Treason gainst the King and Crowne 1 Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.

Tork, Wold'sh have me kneeler First let me ask of thee, If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will have me go to Ward,
They I pawne their swords of my infranchisenees.

In, Call hither Clifford, bid him come amone, To say, if that the Bustard boyes of Yorke Shall be the Surety fortheir Traitor Father.

Tarke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fachers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Rubbard.

See where they come, He warrant they I make it good.

Enter Clifford.

2n. And here comes Clifferd to deny their baile.

Clif. Health, and all happined e to my Lord the King.

Yor. I thanke thee Clifferd: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:

We steathy Soueraigne Clifferd, kneele againe:

We are thy Souer signe Clifford, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him. is the man growne mad.

To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.

Kmg. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humos

Makes him oppose himselfe against his King.

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,

And chop away that factious pare of his.

Qu. He is attefted, but will not obey:
His somes the sayes thall give their words for him.

Tor. Will you not Sonnes?

Eds. I Noble Father, if our words will ferue.

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons that.

Clif. Why what a brood of Trairon have we heere?

Torte. Looke in a Glaffe, and call thy Image for

Torte. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.
I am thy King, and thou a falle-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stakemy two brace Beater,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-leaking Curres,
Bid Salabury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Eales of Warskie, and Salubury.

(Tif. Are the fethy Beares? Wee'l bare thy Bears to death, And manacle the Berard in their Chaines, If thou dar's bring them to the bayting place.

Rich. Of thaue I feene a hot ore-weening Curre, Run backe and bite, because he was with-held, Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw, Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride, And such a peece of seruice will you do,

If

If you oppose your selves to march Lord Warwicke.

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, soule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

Tor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon,

Clif. Take beade least by your heate you burne your
feloes:

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salabury, shame to thy filuer haire,
Thou mad unificader of thy brain-ficke forme,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Russians'
And seeke for forrow with thy Speckacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be bouisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it finds a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a grave to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why are thou old, and want stepperience?
Or wherefore does a does not the profession of t

Sal. My Lord, I have confidered with my felfe The Title of this most renowned Duke, And in my conscience, do repute his grace The rightfull beyre to Englands Royall seate.

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegeance voto me? Sal. I have.

Ki. Can't thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:

But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath t

Who can be bound by any solemne Vow

To do a murd tous deede, to rob a man,

To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,

To reave the Orphan of his Parrimonie,

To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,

And have no other teason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?

Qu. A fubtle Traitor needs no Sophifter.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himfelfe.

Torke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hall,

I em recolu'd for death and dignitie.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true

War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame egaine,

To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field.
Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beate a greater storme,

Then sny thou coult confere up to day:
And that He write upon thy Burgonet.
Might I have been hereby housed Ba

Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge.

War. Now by my Pathers badge, old Neads Creft,
The rempant Beare chain dto the regged staffe,
This day sie weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepes his leaues in signific of any storme,

Euen io affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Cisf. And from thy Burgonet He rend thy Beate,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.

To Cliff. And so to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.

Roch. Fie, Chesicie for theme, speake not in spight,

For you that fup with Iefe Christ to night.

70 Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou can't tell.

Ric. If not in heaven, you'l furely fup in hell. Excuss

War. Chifford of Comberland, 'tis Warwicke cellen : And if thou doft not hide thee from the Besre, Now when the angrie Trumper founds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I fay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Werwicke is hoarfe with calling theeto armes.

Enter Take.

Par. How now my Noble Lord? What all s. foot.

Tor. The deadly handed Clifford flew my Steed;
But match to match I have encounted him,
And made a prey for Cartion Kytes and Ctowes
Even of the bonnie beath he loved to well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of with time is come.

Tor. Hold Warwick feek thee out fome other cheece
For I my felfe must bunt this Decre to death.

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thoo fights's.
As I intend Clifford to thrine to day,
it greenes my fouleto leave these rnassail d. Existan.

Clif. What feelt thou in me Yorke? Why doft thou paufe?

Take. With thy braue bearing should I be in love, But that thou art so fast mine enemie.

Cif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise & esteeme, But that it is shewne ignobly, and in Treason. Terke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,

Terke. Solet it helpe me now against thy sword, As I in justice, and true right expresses.

Clif. My foule and bodie on the action both.

Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse instantly.

List Lasia Cerrone les cumenes.

For. Thus Warre hath given ther peace, for y art fill, Peace with his foule, heaven if it be thy will,

Enterjong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout, Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hella Whom angry heavens do make their minister, Throw in the frozen bolomes of our part, Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye. He that is truly dedicate to Werre, Hath no felfe-lone : nor he that loves himfelfe, Hath not effentially, but by circumflance The name of Valour. O let the vile world end, And the premifed Flumes of the Laft day, Knit earth and heaven rogether. Nowlet the generall Trumper blow his blaff, Particularities, and petric founds To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father) To loofe thy youth in peace, and to atcheoue The Silver Livery of advised Age, And in thy Reverence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus Todje in Ruffian battell ? Euen at this fight, My heart is turn'd to flone: and while 'tis mine, It shall be flony. Yorke, not our old men spares: No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginali, Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire, And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes, Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax : Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty. Mert I an infant of the house of Yorke, into as many gobbits will I cus it As wilde Aledea yong Abstrain did. In cruelty, will I feeke out my Fame. Come thounew ruine of olde Cliffords house: As did Amen old Anchyles beare, So beare I thee vpon my manly should as:

But then, & Emer bage a lining loade;

Nothing

Nothing to heavy as thefe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerfet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there i For voderneath an Ale-house pattry figne, The Castle in S. Albent, Sometset Hath made the Wizard famous in his death: Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still i Priesta pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others,
Qu. Away my Lord, you are flow, for thame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heaueas? Good Margaret

Qa. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly: Now is it manhood, whedome, and defence, To give the enemy way, and to fecure vs By what we can, which can no more but flye,

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Emer Clifford.

Off. But that my hearts on future milcheefe let,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye t
But flye you must: Vucureable discomfite
Reignes in the bearts of all our present parts,
A way for your releefe, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune give.
A way my Lord, away.

Alarum. Reveres. Emer Yorks, Richard, Warne why, and Soldwers with Drum & Colours.

Torke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him, That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets Aged contusions, and all brush of Time. And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth, Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day Is not it selfe, not have we woome one foot, If Salsbury be lost.

Ruch. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horfe,
Three times befrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perfwaded him from any further act
But fill where danger was, fill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salubury,
Sal. Now by my Sword, well helt shou fought to day
By'th Maffe fo did we all. I thanke you Reclared
God knowes how long it is I have to live:
And it hash 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 opposites of such repayring Nature.

Fork. I know our fafety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursue bim ere the Writs go forth,
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can a Now by my hand (Lotds) twess a glorious day. Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke, Shall be eternized in all Age to come. Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all, And more fuch dayes as thefe, to vs befall, Execution.

FINIS.





The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

AEtus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet .Edward, Richard, Norfolkg, Mountagene, Warwicke, and Souldsets.

Warnocke.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?

Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of 9 North.

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike cares could never brooke retreat,
Chear'd up the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers staine.

Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingbam,

Is either flaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

That this is true (Father) behold his blood,

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires

Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. Richard hath best deserved of all my sonnes:

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerfer?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of John of Gascat.

Rub. Thus do I hope to Grake King Hem is r head.

Warr. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Torke.

Eefore I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the House of Lancafter viures,

I vow by Hesuen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of the searefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Torke,
For this is thine, and not King Homies Heires,
Plant. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. Wee'le all affift you: he that flyes, shall dye, Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolke, stay by me my Lords, And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence, Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament, But little thinkes we shall be of her counsile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Reb. Arm'd as we are let's flay within this House.

***arry. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd.

Vnlesse Plantagenes, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And bashfull Henry deposid, whose Cowardize Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plane. Then leave me not, my Lords be refolute.
I meane to take possession of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The prowdest hee that holds up Lancaster.

The prowdeft hee that holds up Lancaster,
Dates stirre a Wing, if Warnick shake his Bells.
He plant Plantagenet, root him up who dates:
Refolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowns.

Flowrish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Hemy. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits, Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes, Backt by the power of Warwicke, that false Peere, To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King. Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father, And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both have vow'd revenge On him, his sonnes, his savorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.

Northumb. It I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me. Clifford. The pope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down, My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he a
Hedurst not six there, had your Father livid.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament

Let vs affsyle the Femily of Torke.

North Well haft thou fpoken, Coufin be it fo.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citic fauouts them,

And they have troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Western. But when the Duke is slaine, they le quickly

Hemy, Farre be the thought of this from Hemies heart, To make a Shambles of the Parliament House. Coufin of Exects, frownes, words, and threats, Shall be the Warre that Hemy meanes to vie. Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne, And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,

I am thy Soucraigne.

Torke. I am thine.

Erre. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Torke. It was my Inheritance, as the Estledome was.

Exce. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne. Warw. Exerce thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,

In following this viurping Homy.

Clifferd. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall

Ming?

Warw. True Clifford, that's Richard Duke of Yorke. Homy. And shall I fland, and thou fit in my Throne? Torkes It must and shall be so, content thy selfe. Warn. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King. Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster, And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine.

Ware. And Warneick shall disprove it. You forget, That we are those which chas'd you from the field, And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gares. Northumb. Yes H'arwicke, I remember it to my griefe,

And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it. Westm. Plantagenes, of thee and these thy Sonnes, Thy Kinfmen, and thy Friends, Ile have more lives Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.

Cliff. Vige it no more, left that in itead of words, I fend thee, Warwicke, fuch a Mellenger, As shall reuenge his death, before I firre.

Warn. Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthlesse

Threats.

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne? If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field.

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne? My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke, Thy Grandfather Roger Moreimer, Earle of March. I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift,

Who made the Dolphin and the French to Roupe, And sciz'd vpon their Townes and Provinces.

Ware. Talkenot of France, fish thou haft loft is 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 yes me thinkes you loofe: Father teare the Crowne from the Vlurpers Head.

Edward. Sweet Father doe to, set it on your Head. Mount. Good Brother, As thou lou'st and honored Armes,

Let's fight it out, and not fland cavilling thus.

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpers, and the King will flye.

Plant, Sonnes peace.

Henry, Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to

warw. Plantagenet that speake first: Heare bim Lorde, And be you filent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

Hen. Think It thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne, Wherein my Grandfire and my Father fat? No: first shall Warre unpeople this my Realme; I, and their Colours often borne in France, And now in England, to our hearts great forrow, Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords e My Title's good, and better farre then his.

Warw. Prone it Harry, and thou shalt be King. Hes. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne. Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King. Henry. Iknow not what to fay, my Titles weake:

Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Flant. What then? Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King: For Richard, in the view of many Lords,

Relign d the Crowne to Henry the Fourth, Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his.

Plan. He role sgainft him, being his Souersigne, And made him to refigne his Crowne perforce. Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconfirsyn'd.

Thinke you twere prejudiciall to his Crowne? Exer. No: for he could not so religne his Crowne, But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne.

Hemy. Art thou against vs Duke of Exercit Exer. His Is the right, and therefore pardon me. Plant. Why whilper you, my Lords, and answer not? Exa. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turne to bim.

Northumb. Planagener, for all the Clayme thou lay's, Thinke not that Hary that be so depos'd

Warn. Depos'd he shall be, in despight of all Northumb. Thou art decelu'd: Tis not thy Southerne power

Of Effer, Notfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus prefumptuous and prowd, Can fet the Duke vp in despight of me.

Clifford. King Ham, be thy Title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence: May that ground gape, and fwallow mealine,

Where I shall kneele to him that flew my Father. Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words revive my heast. Plans. Henry of Lancaster, efigue thy Crowne: What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

War. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke, Or I will fill the House with armed meo, And over the Chayre of State, where now he fits,

Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.

Hestamper with bu foot, and the Souldwers
show themselves.
Harry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,

Let me for this my life time trigne as King. Plan. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires, And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu It.

Heury. I am content: Richard Plantagener Enioy the Kingdome after my deceafe.

Classed. What wrong is this vato the Prince, your Sonne !

Wars. What good is this to England, and himselfe? Wostm. Base, searchull, and despayring Hom Clifford. How hast thou inited both thy selfe and vs? Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles. Norsbumb. Nor 1.

Clifford. Come Coufin, let vs tell the Queene their

Westm. Farwell saint-bearted and dogenerate King, In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bide: Northered Be thou 2 prey vato the Houle of Torke,

And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed. cliff. In dreadfull Warremay it thou be overcome,

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.

Ware. Turne this way Hony, and regard them not. Erster. They seeke tenenge, and therefore will not yeeld.

Horry. Ah Exerc. Way thould you figh, my Lord? Henry. Not formy felfe Lord Warrick but my Seine, Whom I vnnaturally thall dif-inherne. Bot be it as it may: I here entayle The Crowne to three and to thine Heires for ever, Conditionally, that beere thou take an Oath,

To cease this Civill Warre : and whilft I live,

To bonor me as thy King, and Soversigne:
And neythes by Treafon nor Hoffilitie,
To feeke to purme downe, and reigne thy felfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long line King Honry: Planagene: embrace

Henry. And long line thou, and these thy forward Sonnes.

Plant. Nove Terke and Lancafter are reconcil'd.

Exec. Accurst be be that seekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

*Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, lie to my Cafile.

*Warn. And Ite keepe London with my Souidiers.

*Norf. And I to Norfolke with my follower.

*Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.

*Henry. And I with griefe and forrow to the Court.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene, Whose Lookes bewray her anger: lle scale away.

Horry. Exercis will I.

Queeze. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee, Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will ftay. Queeze. Who can be patient in such extreames? Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid? And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne, Seeing thou hast prou'd so vanaturall a Father. Hath he descru'd to loose his Birth-right thus? Hadst chou but lou'd him halfe so well as I, Or felt that paine which I did for him once, Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood; Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there, Rather then have made that sauage Duke thine Heire, And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne.

Prime. Father, you cannot dif-inherite me:

If you be King, why should not I succeede?

Henry. Pardon me Margarer, pardon me sweet Some,

The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.

Que. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't? I shame to heare thee speake; ah timorous Wretch, Thou halt vadone thy felfe, thy Sonne, and me, And giu'n vato the House of Yorke luch head, As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance. To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne, What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher, And creepe into it facte before thy time? Warnick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice, Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas, The Duke is made Protector of the Realme, And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues. Had I beene there, which am a filly Woman, The Souldiers should have tofs'd me on their Pikes, Before I would have granted to that A&. But thou preferr's thy Life, before thine Honor. And feeing thou do ft, I here divorce my felfe, Both from thy Table Herry, and thy Bed. Vntill that Act of Parliament be repealed, Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited. The Northerne Lords, that have for sworne thy Colours, Will follow mine, if once they fee them spresd: And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace, And veter raine of the House of Torke. Thus doe I leave thee: Come Sonne, let's away, Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.

Henry. Sury gentle Margant, and beare me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get they
one.

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt flay roe?
Quene. I, to be murther d by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returns with victorie to the field,
Ile fee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger shas.

Henry. Poore Queene,
How love to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the sless of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exet. And I, I bope, shall reconcile them all.

Flourific Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, give mee leave.

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.

Moure. But I have reasons strong and forceable.

Easer the Duke of Torke.

What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a flight Contention.
Torke. About what?

Rech. About that which concernes your Grace and vs., The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours. Torke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.

Edward. Now you are Heite, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the House of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will out-tunne you, Father, in the end.

Take. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly

reigne.

Edward.But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:

I would breake a thouland Oathes, to reigne one yeere.

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be for-

Tarks. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre,
Rubard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee
speake.

Tesles. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible.
Riebard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate.
That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and struolous.
Therefore to Atmes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elizaum,
And all that Poets saioe of Blisse and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Youll the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euro in the luke-warm blood of Henries heart,
Torke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warrick to this Enterprise,

Thou

Thou Richard thait to the Duke of Norfolke, And tell him privily of our intent.
You Edward shall voto my Lord Cohham.
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise. In them I trust: for they are Souldiors, Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are rhus imploy d, what restetch more? But that I seeke occasion how to use, And yet the King not privile to my Drist, Nor any of the House of Lancaster.

Ensur Gabriel.

But flay, what Newes? Why commit thou in fush

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand ment
And therefore fortise your Hold, my Lord.

What? think'th thou, that we feare them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My Brather Mournague shall poste to London.
Let Noble Warnicke, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Horry, not his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: He winne them, feare it not And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Smer Moremer, and his Brother.

York, Six Idm, and Six Hugh Identifier, mine Vinckles
You are come to Sandall in a happie bours.
The Armie of the Queene means to before vs.
Idea. Sixee first not needs, wee't meets ber in the

feld.

Torke. What, with five thousand men?

Richard. I, with five hundred, Father, for a neede.

A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afters off.

Edward. Theare their Drummes:
Let's fee out men in order,
And iffue forth, and bid them Battaile ftraight.
Turke. Five men to twentie: though the oddes be great,

I doubt not, Vackle, of our Victorie.

Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,

When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to ones

Why should I not now beset the like successe?

Alcryon. Exis.

Enser Rusland, and bus Turor.

Ruland. Ah, whither shall I slye, to scape their hands Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Classed comes.

Enter Clifford.
Clifford Chaplaine away, thy Pciethood faues thy life As for the Brat of this accurated Duke,
Whole Father flew my Father, he flash dye.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.
Clifford. Souldiers, away with him,
Tusa. Ah Clifford, menther not this trancent Child,
Leaft thou be haved both of God and Man
Esis.

Clifford. How power is he dead alreadise of Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes of lie open them,

Rustend. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the Wretch, That trembles under his devooring Pawes. And so he walkes insulating o're his Prey, And so he comes, to rend his Limbes alunder. Ah genule Clifford, kill me with thy Sword, And not with such a cruell threaming Looke. Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye I am too meane a subject for thy Writh, Be thou revens d on men, and let me live.

Clifferd. In vaine thou speak st. poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stops the passage
Where the words should enter

Where thy words fhould enter.

Ruland. Then let my Fathers blood open it agains,
He is a man, and Clifford cope with hun.

Conford. Had I thy Brethren here, their lines and three Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Granes,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chaynes,
It could not stake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of Tork,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accurred Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore—

Rulord. Ohlet me przy, before I take my dezth:
To thee I przy; weet Clifford pitty me.
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point a Fords.

Ruland. I never did thee harme: why wils thou flay

Clifferd. Thy Father hath.
Reviewd. But 'twes ere I was borne.
Thou haft one Sonne, for his fabr pitty ene,
Lenft in reuenge thereof, fith God is ruft,
He be as milerably flaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Prifonall my dayes,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou haft no cause.

Clifford. No cause? thy Father flew my Father therefore dge.

Ruland. Di facian landi famma fe se cua. Clifford. Planagener, I come Planagene : And this thy Sonnes blood cleaving to my Elade, Shall ruft vpon my Weapon, till thy blood

Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both Ers. Marum. Enter Richard, Duby of Torke.

Torks. The Army of the Queene hath got the fields My Vackles both are flaine, in referring me; And all my followers, to the eager foe Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde, Or Lambes purfu'd by hunger-fitzrued Woisers. My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them: But this I know, they have demean'd themfelius? Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Desth. Three times did Richard make a Lane to me, And three cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out a And full as oft came Edward to my fide, With Purple Faulchion, pointed to the fille, In blood of those that had encountered him: And when the hardyest Warriors did recyte, Richard cry'de, Actowne, or die a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Batting Sepulcine.

With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue feene a Swan
With bootleffe labour fwimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues,

A fhost Alarum walkas.

Ah hearke, the facall followers doe purfue, And I am faint, and cannot flye their furle: And were I frong, I would not fhome their furle. The Sands are numbred, that makes up my Life, Here must I flay, and here my Life must end.

Enter the Queene, Clefford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldsers

Come bloody Clifferd, rough Northumberland, I date your quenchleffe furie to more rage. I am yout Butt, and I abide yout Shot.

Northumb. Yeeld to out mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Clifford. 1, to fuch mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, the w'd voto my Father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick

Trice My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with,
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feate?

Cuff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye uo further, So Doues doe peck the Foulcons piercing Tallons, So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues, Breathe out Inucctiues gainst the Officers.

Torke. Oh (lifford, but bethinke thee once agains, And in thy thought ore-run my former time: And if thou canft, for blufhing, view this face, And bite thy tongue, that flanders bim with Cowardice, Whose from hath made thee fain; and flye ere this.

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word, But huckler with thee blowes twice two for one. Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thouland causes

I would prolong a while the Traytors Life: Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumber Lond. Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him form.
To prick thy finger, though to wound his hears.
What valout were it, when a Curre doch grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.

Clifford. I, I, so strives the Woodcocke with the

Gynne,
Northwad So doth the Condie Atuggle in the
Net.

Tork. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquet'd Booty, So True men yeeld with Robbers, fo o're-matcht.

Northumb. What would your Grace have done vnto

Queene. Brave Warriors, Clasford and Northumberland,
Come make him fland upon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-fittetched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now
The wanton Edward, and the Justic Cenge?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie, Dicke, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies? Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland? Looke Torke, I flaya'd this Napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point, Made flue from the Bosome of the Boy And if thine eyes can water for his death, give thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall Alas poore Torke, but that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy milerable state I prythee grieue, to make me merry, Torke. What hath thy heric heart to parche thine entrayles, That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death? Why are thou patient, man? thou should'fabe mad: And I, to make thee med, doe mock thee thus. Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may fing and dance. Thou would'it be fee'd, I fee, to make me sport : Torke cannot foeske, vnlesse he weare a Crowne. A Crowne for Torke; and Lords, bow lowero turn ; Hold you his hands, whileft I doe fee it on. I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King. I, this is he that tooke King Howies Chaire, And this is he was his adopted Heire, But how is it, that great Plantagener Is crown'd fo foone, and broke his folemne Oath? As I bethinke me you should not be King, Till out King Homy had shooke 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 unpardonable. Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head, And whilest we breathe, take time to doc him dead. Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers fake.

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake.

Queens Nay stay, let's heate the Orizons hee
makes

Torke. Shee-Wolfe of France, But worse then Wolves of France, Whole Tongue more poylons then the Adders Tooth: How ill-befreming is it in thy Sex, To triumph like an Amazonian Trull, Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captillares & But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vachanging, Made impudent with vie of euill deedes. I would affay, prowd Queene, to make thee blush. To tell thee whence thou cam'it, of whom deriu'd, Were shame enough, to shame thee, Were thou not shamelesse. Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples, Of both the Sicils, and Ierufalem, Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman. Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to infult? It needes not, nor it bootes thee nor, prowd Queene, Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd, That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death, 'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd, But God he knowes, thy there thereof is small. Tis Vertue, that doth make them moft admir'd, The contrary, dorh make thee wondred at Tis Gouernment that makes them feeme Diuine, The want thereof, makes thee abhominable. Thou are as opposite to every good, As the Antipodes are vinto vs, Or as the South to the Septentrion. Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'A thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child, To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall, And yet be feene to beare a Womans face? Women are foft, milde, pittifull, and flezible; Thou. sterne, obdurate, fintie, rough, remorfelesse. Bidft thou me rage? why now thou haft thy with. Would'ft have me weeper why now thou haft thy will. For raging Wind blowes up incessant showers, And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins, These Teares are my sweet Railands Obsequies, And every drop cryes vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false Prench-woman. Northanh. Beshrew me, but his passions moves me so,

That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Torke. That Face of his, The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht, Would not have flzyn'd with blood: But you are more inhumane, more inexorable, Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania. See, ruthleffe Queene, a hapleffe Pathers Teares: This Cloth thou dipd'ft in blood of my fweet Boy, And I with Teares doe wash the blood away. Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this, And if thou tell'A the heavie florie right, Vpon my Soule, the hearers will fined Teares: Yes, even my Foes will fined fast-falling Teares, And Ly, Alas, it was a pittious deed. There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curle, And in thy need, such comfort come to thee, As now I reape at thy too cruell hand. Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World, My Soule to Heaven, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northand. Had he been flaughter-man to all my Kinne, I should not for my Life but weepe with him, To fee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queen. What, weeping tipe, my Lord Northumber land? Thinke but upon the wrong he did vs all, And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford, Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted

King Torke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God, My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee. Queene. Off with his Head, and fet it on Yorke Gates, So Torke may ouer-looke the Towne of Yotke.

Flourish.

A Merch. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how out Princely Father fcap't: Or whether he be scap't away.or no, From Cliffords and Northumberlands purfuit? Had he been ta'ne, we should have heard the newes; Had he beene flaloe, we should have heard the newes: Or had he feap't, me thinkes we should have heard The happy cidings of his good escape. How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Richard, I cannot joy, vntill I berefolu'd Where our right valuant Father is become. I faw him in the Battaile range about, And watcht him how he fingled Clifford forth. Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe, As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat, Or as a Beare encompais'd round with Dogges : Who having pincht a lew, and made them cry, The reft frend all aloofe, and barke at him. So far'd ou: Father with his Enemies, So fled his Enemies my Warlike Fathers Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne. See how the Morning opes her golden Gates, And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne, How well resembles it the princ of Youth, Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Love?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I fee three Summe;?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne, Not seperated with the racking Clouds, But fever'd in a pale cleare-shimog Skye. See, see, they loyne, embrace, and seeme to kille, As if they vow'd some League inviolable. Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Summer In this, the Hesuen figures fome event.

Edward The wondrous frange, The like yet never heard of. I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field, That wee, the Sonnes of braue Plantagent, Each one alreadie blazing by our meeder, Should not with flanding toyne our Lights together, And over-shine the Earth, as this the World What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare Vpon my Targuet three faire fhining Sunces. Rebard Ney, beare three Daughters:

By your leaue, I speake it, You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter une blooker.

But what art thou, whose heavie Lookes fore-tell Some dreadfull flory hanging on thy Tongue! Meff. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on. When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was flaine,

Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I have heard too

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will beare it all Meff. Environed he was with many foer, And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would have entred Troy, But Hercules himfelfe must yeeld to oddes: And many froakes, though with a little Aze Hewes downe and fells the hardeft-tymber'd Oake. By many bands your Father was febdu'd, But onely flaught red by the irefull Arme Of vn-relenting Clifford, and the Queene: Who crown'd the gracious Duke to high despight, Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he weps, The ruthleffe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes, A Napkin steeped in the harmeleffe blood Of Iweet young Restand, by rough Cliffed flaine : And after many scornes, many foule raunts, They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke They for the same, and there it doth remaine,

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane upon, Now thou are gone, wee have no Staffe, no Stay. Oh Clifford, Doyft'rous Clifford thou half flaine The Bowre of Europe, for his Chevalrie, And trecherously hast thou vanquisht him, For hand to hand he would have vanquisht thee. Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prifon: Ah, would the breake from bence, that this my body

The faddell spectacle that ere I viewd.

Might

Might in the ground be closed up in rest: For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againer Neuer, obneuer shall I fee more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moyssure
Scarse series to queech my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue valoade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling costes that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with slames, that rears would quench.
To weepe, is to make less the depth of greese:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, The venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke both left with thees His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird, Shew thy defcent by gazing 'goinft the Sunne: For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome fay, Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Mar quesse Moumacute, and their Army.

Warrick, How now faire Lords? What faire? What powers abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should tecomp Our baleful newes, and at each words deliuerance Stab Poniards in our slesh, till all were told, The words would adde more anguish then the wounds, O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantagenet Which held thee deerely, so his Soules Redemption, Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, drown'd thefe newes in teares And now to adde more measure to your woes, Ic ome to tell you things fith then befalne. After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought, Where your braue Father breath'd bis latest gaspe, Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne. Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart. I then in London, keeper of the King, Multer'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends, Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene, Bearing the King in my behalfe along a For by my Scouts, I was aductifed That the was comming with a full intent To dath our late Decree in Parliament, Touching King Herries Oath, and your Succession : Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met, Our Battailes loyn'd, and both fides hercely fought a But whether twas the coldnesse of the King, Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene, That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene. Or whether 'twas report of her successe. Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour, Who thunders to his Captines, Blood and Death, I cannot judge : but to conclude with truth, Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went a Our Souldiers like the Night. Owles lazie flight, Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile, Fell gently downe, as if they firucke their Friends. I cheer'd them op with inflice of our Caufe, With promife of high pay, and great Rewards: But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight, And we (is them) no hope to win the day, So that we fled the King ento the Queene,

Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,

In hafte, post hafte, are come to loyne with you: For in the Marches herre we beard you were, Making another Head, to fight againe,

Ed Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came Gsorgs from Burgundy to England?
ww. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldlers,
And for your Brother he was letely fent
From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich, Twas oddes belike, when valient Warwick fled; Oft haue I heard his praifes in Pursuite, But no're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall Richard, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Horries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fift,
Were he as samous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer.

Rieb. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
Tis loue I beare thy glories make me fpeake;
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Costes of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke moutning Gownes,
Nomb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Devotion with revengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords,

War. Why therefore Warwick came to feek you out, And therefore comes my Brother Mountague Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queene, With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland, And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds, Haue wrought the eafie-melting King, like Wax. He fwore confest to your Succession, His Oath enrolled in the Parliament. And now to London all the crew are gone. To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside May make against the house of Lancaster. Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand frong: Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my felle, With all the Friends that thou brave Earle of March, Among Rethe louing Welfhmen can's procure, Will but amount to fine and twenty thousand, Why Via, to London will we march, And once againe, beffride our foaming Steeds, And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes, But never once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak; Ne're may he live to see a Sun-shine day, That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will Heave, And when thou fails (as God forbid the houre) Must Edward fall, which perill heaven foresend.

The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England these thon be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not up his cap for iou,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his headking Edward, valiant Richard Moursague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Taske.
Rich. Then Cinford, werethy heart as hard as Steele,

Rich. Then Clifford, werethy heart as hard as Steel.
As thou haft thewne it filmtie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Ed. Then fitthe vp Drums, God and S. George for vs

P

Enter a Moffenger.

War. Hownow? what newes Mef. The Duke of Norfolke fends you word by me, The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast, And craves your company, for speedy counsell. War. Why thenix fores, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exempt Omnes.

Flouryh, Enter the King the Queene, Clifford, Northumand Tong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

2n. Welcome my Lord to this braue to wn of Yorke, Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy, That fought to be incompast with your Crowne. Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

R. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack, To fee this fight, it irkes my very foule: With hold revenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,

Nor wittingly baue I instring'd my Vow.

CIJ. My gracious Liege, this too much lentry And harmfull pitty must be layd aside: To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes? Not to the Beaft, that would viurpe their Den. Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke? Not his that spoyles her yong before her face. Who scapes the lurking Scrpens mortall sting? Not he that fets his foot vpon her backe. The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on, And Doues will pecke in lafegard of their Brood. Ambitious Yorke, did levell at thy Crowne, Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes. He but a Duke, would have his Sonne a King, And raise his issue like a louing Sire. Thou being a King, bleft with a goodly fonce, Did'ft yeeld confent to difinherit him : Which argued thee a most vnlouing Father. Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young, And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes, Yer in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seens them even with those wings, Which sometime they have vs'd with fearfull flight, Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest, Offering their owne lives in their yongs defence? For shame, my Liege, make them your President Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy Should loofe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault, And long heereafter fay ynto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandfire got,
My catelesse Father fondly gaue away.
Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy, And let his manly face, which promifeth Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,

To hold thine owne, and leave thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath Clafford plaid the Orzeor, Inferring arguments of mighty force: But Clafford tell me, did'it thou never heare, That things ill got, had ever bad successe. And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne, Whose Father for his hoording went to hell: He leave my Sonne my Vertaous deeds behinde, And would my Father had left me no more: For all the rest is held at such a Rate, As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe, Then io possession any iot of pleasure.
Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,

How it doth greeze me that my bead is heere. Q My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are uye, And this soft course makes your Followers faint : You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne, Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently. Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arife a Knight, And learne this Lesson, Draw thy Sword in right.

Prm. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave, Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne, And la that quarrell, vie it to the death. Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Erner a Waffenger. Meff. Royall Commanders, be in readinelle, For with a Band of thirty thousand men, Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yerke, And in the Townes as they do march along, Proclaimes him King, and many five to him, Darraigne your hattell, for they are at hand. Clif. I would your Highneffe would depart the feld, The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leave vs to our Foruse.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile day.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight. Prin. My Royall Father, cheere thefe Noble Lords, And hearten those that fight in your defence: Vnibeath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward Worwicks, Richard, Clarence. Norfelie, Islamingue, and Soldins.

Edw. Now periut'd Henry, will thou kneel for grace? And let thy Diadem vpon my head? Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud infulting Boy, Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes, Before thy Souerzigne, and thy lawfull King? Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:

I was adopted Heire by his confect.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heze, You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne, Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament, To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reason too, Who should succeede the Father, but the Sonne. Rich. Are you there butcher? O, I cannot speake. Clif. I Crooke-back, here I fland to answer the,

Or any he, the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods fakeLords give fignall to the light. War. What fay'A thou Beary,

Wilt shou yeeld the Crowner (you speak Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare (you fpeak? When you and I, met at Sealbors left,

Your legges did better senuice then your hands. Wer. Then twas my turne to fly, and now tis thine: Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled. War. Twas not yout valor Clifford droug me thence.

Nor. No. nor your manhood that durft make you flay. Rich. Northumberland, I bold thee reverently, Breake off the parley, for scarse I can refraine

The execution of my big-swolne heart Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer. Clif. I flew thy Father, cal'ft thou bim 2 Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward, As thou didd'ft kill our tender Brother Rutland, But ere Sunfet, Ile make thee curse the decdt

King. Have done with words (my Lords) and heare

me fpeake.

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips. King. I prythee give no limits to my Tongue, I am a King, and priviledg'd to speake.

Clof. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be full.

Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword: By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,

That Cliffords Manhood, lyes vpon his congue.

Ed. Say Henry, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand men have broke their Fasts to day, That no're shall dine, valesse thou yeeld the Crowne. War. If thou deny, their Blood spon thy head,

For Yorke in inflice put's his Armour on.

Pr.Ed. Is that be right, which Warwick saies is right, There is no vorong, but every thing is tight. war. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother Rauds,

For well I voc, thou hast thy Mothers tongue. Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,

But like a foule milhapen Stygmaticke, Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided, As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull flings.

Reb. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt, Whose Father beares the Title of a King,

(As if a Channell should be call d the Sea)
Sham it thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught, To let thy tongue detect thy bale-Lorne heart.

Ed. A wifpe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns, To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe: Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou, Although thy Husband may be Menelass; And ne're was Agamemnons Brother wrong'd By that falle Woman, as this King by thee, His Father reuel'd in the heart of France, And ram'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope: And had he match'd secording to his State, He might have kept that glory to this day. But when he tooke a begger to his bed, And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day, Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him, That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France, And heap'd fedition on his Crowneat home: For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride? Had It thou bene meeke, our Title fill had flept, And we in pitty of the Gentle King, Had flipt our Claime, vizill another Age.

Cla. But when we law, our Sunshine made thy Spring, And that thy Summer bred vs no increase, We fet the Axe to thy viurping Roote: And though the edge hath something hit our selves, Yet know thou, fince we have begun to ftrike, Wee'l neuer leave, till we have howne thee downe,

Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods. Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee, Not willing any longer Conference. Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake. Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave, And either Victorie, or elfea Graue.

Qu. Stay Edward.
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer flay,
These words will contenthousand lines this day.

Exercit ourses.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warnicks.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race. I lay me downe a little while to breath : For firokes received, and many blowes repaid, Have robb'd my strong knit finewes of their strength, And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while,

Enter Edward roming.

Ed. Smile gentle heaven, or strike vagentle death, For this world frownes, and Edwards Sunne is clowded, War. How now my Lord, what happer what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cta. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire, Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs. What counsaile give you? whether Chall we five?

Ed. Bootleffe is flight, they follow vs with Wings, And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why halty withdrawn thy felfe? Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk. Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffords Launce's
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death,
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds, That stain'd their Ferlockes in his smoaking blood, The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghoft.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our bloods He kill my Horse, because I will not flye: Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere, Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage, Andlooke vpon, as if the Tragedie Were plaid in iest, by counterferring Actors. Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue, Ile neuer pawfe againe, neuer stand full, Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or Fortune given me measure of Revenge.

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine, And in this you 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, Thon fetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings: Befeeching thee (if with thy will it stands) That to my Foes this body must be prey, Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, And give (weet passage to my sinfull soule. Now Lords, take leave vntill we meete againe, Where ere it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, Give me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke, Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes: I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo, That Winter should cut off our Spring-time lo.

War. Away, away: Once more sweet Lords farwell.

Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes, And give them leave to flye, that will not flay: And call them Pillars that will fland to ve : And if we thrive, promife them such rewards As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breafts, For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Fore

Exemu

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine.

Excursions. Enter Ruchard and Clifford.
Ruch. Now Clifford, I have singled the easione,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rucland, both bound to revenge,
Wes't thou invitor d with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that flabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that flew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumpha in their death.
And cheeres these hands, that flew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like *pon thy selfe,
And so have at thee.

They Fight Narwicke course, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, fingle out some other Chace,
For I my selse will hunt this Wolfe to death.

Exeurs:

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone. Hen, This battell fares like to the mornings Warre, When dying clouds contend, with growing light, What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailer, Can neither call it perfed day, not night. Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea, Fore'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winder Now fwayes it that way, like the felfe-fame Ses, Fore'd to retyre by furie of the Winde. Sometime, the Flood preusiles; and than the Winde: Now, one the better: then, another beft; Both tugging to be Victors, breft to breft: Yer neither Conqueror, nor Conquered. So is the equal poise of this fell Warre. Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe, To whom God will there be the Victorie: For Margaret my Queene, and Clifferd 200 Haue chid me from the Battell : Swearing both, They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would I were dead, if Gods good will were fo; For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe. Oh God! methickes it were a happy life, Po be no better then a homely Swaine, To fit vpon a hill, as I do now, To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point, Thereby to fee the Minutes how they runne: How many makes the Houre full compleste, How many Houres brings about the Day, How many Dayes will finish up the Yeare, How many Yeares, 2 Mortall man may live. When this is knowne, then to duide the Times: So many Houres, must I tend my Florke; So many Houtes, must I take my Rest: So many Houres, must I Contemplate: So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe: So many Dayes, my Ewes have bene with yong: So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane: So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece: So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares, Paft ouer to the end they were created, Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet grave. Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely? Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade To Shepheards, looking on their filly Sheepe, Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie To Kings, that feare their Subjects treacherie? Oh yes, it doth; a thousand sold it doth And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds.

His cold thinne drinke out of her Leather Bottle, His wonted fleepe, under a fresh trees shade, All which secure, and sweetly he enloyes, Is farre beyond a Princer Desicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup, His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistruss, and Treeson waits on him.

Alexano. Enter a Somo that hath half d his Father, es one doore; and a Father that hash hill d bis Some as another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body, This man whom hand to hand I flew in fight, May be possessed with some store of Crownes, And I that (haply) take them from him now. May yet (ere night) yeeld 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 (vnwares) have kill'd : Oh heavy times! begetting fuch Events. From Landon, by the King was I prest forth, My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man, Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master: And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life, Haue by my bands, of Life bereaved him. Pardon me God, I knew not what I did: And pardon Father, for I knew not thee. My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes: And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill

King. O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warte, and battaile for their Demes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile syde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civill Warte,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griese

Enter Faiber pearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stourly hath resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if show hast any Gold:
Por 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 up thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart,
O pitty God, this miserable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Pather gave thee life too sone,
And hath berest thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo about wo strees more the common of

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more the common greefe
O that my death would flay thefe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heaven pitty:
The Red Rofe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ftriuing Houses:
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
If you contend, a thousand lines must wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death Take on with me, and ne're be fatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for flaughter of my Sonne. Shed feas of Teares, and ne're be fatisfid? King. How will the Country, for these wosul chances, Mis-thinke Mil-thinke the King, and not be facisfied?

Son. Was ever fonce, forcw'd a Farbers death?

Fath. Was over Father to bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hon. Wez over King to green'd for Subjects wee?

Much is year forrow; Mine, ten times fo much.

Son: The beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

Path. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine I mage ne're shall go.
My sighing brest, shall be thy Fanerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the lost of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them sight that will,
For I have courthered where I should not kill.

Exit

Hem. Sad-hearted-men, much overgone with Care;

Alarmas. Excursions: Enter the Queen she Prince, and Exerc.

Heere fits a King, more wofull then you are.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled. And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull: Away, for death doth bold vo in pursoite.

Qm. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwickepost s-

Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds, Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in fight, With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wreth, And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands Are as our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exit. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, flay not to exposulate, make speed,
Or effecome after, lie away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good fweet Exercs:
Not that I feare to flay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. Estants

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies, Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light. O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow, More then my Bodies parting with my Soule: My Loue and Feste, glew'd many Friends to thee, And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts, lappairing Henry, strength ning misproud Yorke a And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne? And who shines now, but Hearus Enemies? O Phoebus! had'A thou never given consent, That Phacton Should checke thy fiery Steeds, Thy burning Carre never had fcorch'd the earth. And Henry, had'ft thou iway'd as Kings thould do, Or as thy Father, and his Father did, Giving no ground vnto the house of Yorke, They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes t I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme, Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death, And thou this day, had ft kept thy Chaire in peace. For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle syre? And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity ? Bootlesse Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds s No way to five, nor firength to bold out flights The Fee is mercileffe, and will not pitty: For at their hands I have defem'd no picty. The syre hath got into my deadly Wounds,

And much ethile of blood, deeh make metsint: Come Torke, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest, I Rab'd your Fathers bolomes; Split my brest.

Alorum & Reveat. Enter Edward Watwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Monagus, & Clarenze.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vapuale, And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookee; Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queeno, That led calme Henry, though he were a King, As doth a Saile, fill'd with affecting Gust Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues, But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fied with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
(For though before his face I speake the words)
Your Brother Richard markt him for the Grace.
And wherefoere he is, hee's surely dead. Clifford graver
Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.

See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailes ended,

If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vied.

Rieb. Resoke that doorne of mercy for the Cefford,

Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaves put forth,
But fet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roore,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke,

War. From off the gates of Yorke, ferch down I head, Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there: In flead whereof, les this supply the roome, Measure for measure, must be asswered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house, That nothing fung but death, to vs and ours: Now death shall stop his dismall threatning found, And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake.

War. I thinke is understanding is bereft i Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee? Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life, And he not sees, not heares vs, what we say.

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhops) he doth, Tis but his policy to counterfer, Because he would avoid such bitter taunts Which in the time of death he gave our Father,

Cla If so thou think'st, Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtains no grace.

Ed. Clifford, repent in bootleffe penitence.

War. Clifford, devile excules for thy faults.

Cla. While we deuife fell Torrures for thy faults.
Ruch. Thou didd'st love Yorke, and I am fon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pitty thee.

Cla. Where's Captaine Margaret, to sence you now?

War. They mocke thee Clifford,

Swesre as thou was't wont.

Ric. What, not an Osth? Nay then the world go's hard
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath a
Lknow by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,
This hand shoold chop it off: & with the issued Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose vostanched thirst
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not fairstie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head.
And reare it in the place your Fathers flands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King : From whence, thall Warwicke cut the Sea to France, And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene : So shale thou finow both these Lands together, And having France thy Friend, thou fhalt not dread The feattred Foe, that hopes to rife againe : For though they cannot greatly fling to liurt, Yes looke to have them buz to offend thine eares ! First, will I sec the Coronation, And then to Britanny He croffe the Ses, To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt fweet Warwicke, let it bee : For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate ; And neuer will I vndertake the thing Wherein thy counfaile and confent is wanting: Rubard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucefter, And George of Clatence ; Warwicke ss our Selfe, Shall do, and vndo as him pleafeth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Glofter, For Glofters Dukedome is too ominous

Wer. Tut, that's a foolish observation : Richard, be Duke of Glofter: Now to London, To fee thefe Honors in possession. Exeunt

> Ever Sinklo and Humfrey with Croffe bower m their bands.

(our selues:

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd For through this Laund snon the Deere will come, And in this couert will we make our Stand, Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. He ftsy about the hill, so both msy shoot. Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Croffe-bow Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost: Heere fland we both, and syme we at the best : And for the time shall not feeme tedious, He tell thee what befell me on a day. In this felfe-place, where now we meane to stand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's flay till he be paft; Enter the King with a Proyer booke.

Hen. From Scotland ain I ftolne euen of pure loue, To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull fight: No Harry, Harry, "tis no Laad of thine, Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee, Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Annointed: No bending knee will call thee Cafernow, No humble luters preale to speake for right: No, not a man comes for redrelle of thee For how can I helpe them, and not my felfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Pee . This is the quondam King; Let's feize vpon him. Hen. Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,

For Wilemen lay, it is the wilest courle.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands wpon him. Sunt. Forbeate a-while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:

And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sifter To wife for Edward. If this newes be true, Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost: For Warwicke is a fubile Orator: And Lewis a Prince foone wonne with moving words 1 By this account then, Margaret may winne him, For the's a woman to be pittied much

Her fighes will make a batt'ry in his breft, Her terres will pierce into a Marble heart : The Tyger will be milde, whiles the doth mourne; And Ners will be tainted with remorte, To heare and fee her plaints, her Brinish Tearer. I, but thee's come to begge, Wsewicketo give ! Shee on his left lide, crawing syde for Howing He on his right, asking a wife for Edward Shee Weepes, and layes, her Howy is depos d: He Smiles, and layes, his Edward is inflaul'd; That the (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, fmooths the Wrong, Inferreth arguments of mighty strength, And in conclusion winnes the King from her, With promise of his Sister, and what elfe, To strengthen and support King Edwards place. O Magaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore foule) Art then forfaken, as thou went'st forlorne

Hum. Say, what are thou talk'A of Kings & Queens's King. More then I feeme, and leffe then I was born to: A man at least, for lesse I should not be: And men may talke of Kings, and why not 1?

Hum. I, but thou talk'th, as if thou wer't a King, Ring. Why so 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 t Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian Rones: Not to be seene : my Crowne, is call'd Content, A Crowne it is, that fildome Kings enioy.

Ham. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Concess, Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented To go along with vs. For (as we thinke) You are the king King Edward hath depos'd: And we his subjects, sworne in all Allegeance, Will apprehend you, 25 his Enemie.

King But did you neuer (weste, and breake an Oath, Yum. No, neuer fuch an Oath, nor will not now. King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old, My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings: And you were Iwome true Subjects vato me: And tell methen, have you not broke your Oathes? Sin, No, for we were Subjects, but while you wer king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man? Ah simple men, you know not what you sweate: Looke, 21 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 alwayes by the greater gult: Such is the lightnesse of you, common men. But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne, My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie. Go where you will, the king thall be commanded, And be you kings, command, and He obey. Sinkle. We are true Subjects to the king,

King Edward King. So would you be agains to Henrie, If he were leated as king Edwardis.

Sorblo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings, To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd, And what God will, that let your King performe, And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Enser K. Edward, Glofter, Clarence, Ledy Gray. King. Brother of Gloster, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was flaine, His Land then feiz'd on by the Conqueror, Her fuit is now, to repossesse those Lands, Which wee in Iustice cannoc well deny, Because in Quarrell of the House of Torke, The worthy Gentleman did lofe his Life. Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her sult

It were dishonor to deny it her.

Kung. It were no leffe, but yet Ile make a pawie. Rich. Yea, is it to:

I fee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,

Before the King will graunt her humble fuit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will confider of your fuit, And come some other time to know our minde.

wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay: May it please your Highnesse to resolve menow, And what your pleasure is, shall fatisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then He warrant you all your Lands, And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:

Fight elofer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, voleffe the chance to fall. Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her. Rich Nay then whip me : hee'le rather giue her two. Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Rich. You shall have foure, if you'le be rul'd by him. Ring. 'Twere pictie they should lose their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Bepittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then. King. Lords give vs leave, He trye this Widowes

Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue you Children ?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I love my felfe.

King. And would you not doc much to doe them good ?

Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

wid. Therefore I came voto your Maiestie.

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got.

What service will thou doe me, if I give them?

wid. What you command, that refts in me to doe.

King: But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wad. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it. King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske. Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace com-

mands. Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the

Marble. Clar. As red as fire ? nay then, her Wax muft melt.

Pid. Why Roppes my Lord? shall I not heare my Taske?

King. An easie Taske, cis but to loue a King.
Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thec.

wid I take my leave with many thousand thankes. Rich. The Match is made, thee feales it with a Curfie. King. But stay thee, the the fruits of love I meane. Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege. King. I, but I feare me in another fence.

What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Fed. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers, That love which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No. by my troth, I did not meane such love.

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 perceive Your Highnesse aymes at, if I syme aright.

To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee. Wid. Totell you plaine, I had rather lye in Ptison. King. Why then thou shalt not baue thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower, For by that loffe, I will not purchase them

King. Therein thou wrong'ft thy Children mightily, w.d. Herein your Highnelle wrongs both them & me; But mightie Lord, this merry inclination Accords not with the sadnesse of my fuit : Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no.

King . I, if thou wilt fay I to my request : No, if thou do'ft fay 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 bluntest Wooer in Christendome.

King. Her Looks doch argue her replete with Modelly, Her Words doth thew her Wit incomparable, All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie, One way, or other, thee is for a King, And thee thall be my Loue, or elfe my Queene.

Say, that King Edward cake thee for his Queene? wid. Tis better faid then done, my gracious Lord:

I am a fubiect fit to jeaft withall, But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I fweare to thee, I speake no more then what my Soule intends, And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld ento: I know, I am too meane to be your Queene, And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Danghters Call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou halt some Children, And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor, Haue other-fome. Why, tis a happy thing, To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:

Answer no more, for thou thalt be my Queene. Rich. The Ghoftly Father now hath done his Shrift. Clarence. When hee was made a Shriver, twas for shift. King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue

had. Rich, The Widow likes It not, for thee lookes very fad.

King. You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie

Clarence. To who, my Lord? King. Wby Clarence to my felfe.

Rich Tha

Rieb. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the leaft.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lafta. Rich. By lo much inthe Wonder in estremes King. Well, ieast on Brothers. I can tell you both, Her fuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, Horry your Foe is taken, And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate King. See that he be convey'd voto the Towers And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him, To question of his apprehension. Widow goe you along: Lords vie her honourable.

Manes Richard

Rich. I, Edward will vfc Women honourably: Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all, That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may fpring, To croffe me from the Golden time I looke for: And yet, betweene my Sonles delire, and me, The luftfull Edwards Tille buryed, Is Clarence. Homy, and his Sonne young Edward, And all the valook d-for Iffue of their Bodies, To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfer A cold premeditation for my purpole. Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie, Like one that flands upon a Promontorie, And spyes a fatre-off shore, where hee would tread, Wishing his foot were equall with his eye, And chides the Sea, that funders him from thence, Saying hee'le lade it dry, to have his way : So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off, And so I chide the meaner that keepes me from it, And fo (I fay) lle cut the Caufes off, Flattering me with impossibilities: My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much, Vnleffe my Haad and Strength could equal them. Well, say there is no Kingdome then for Richard: What other Pleasure can the World affoord? He make my Heaven in a Ladies Lappe, And decke my Body in gay Omaments, And witch (were Ladies with my Words and Lookes. Oh miferable Thought! and more vnlikely, Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes. Why Loue for swore me in my Mothers Wombe: And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes, Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe, To thrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub, To make an envious Mountaine on my Back, Where fits Deformitie to mocke my Body & To thape my Legges of an voequall fize, To dis-proportion me in every part: Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe, That carryes no impression like the Damme. And am I then a man to be belou'd? Oh monftrous fault, to harbour fuch a thought Then fince this Earth affoords no log to me But to command, to check, to o're-beare fuch, As are of better Person then my selfe: The make my Heauen, to dreame youn the Crowne, And whiles I line, t'account this World but Hell, Vntill mymis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head, Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne. And yet I know not how to get the Crowne, For many Lives stand betweene me and bome:

And I, like one loft in a Thornie Wood. That rents the Thomes, and is rent with the Thomes, Seeking a way, and Araying from the way, Not knowing how to finde the open Ayte, But toyling desperately to finde it out Torment my felfe, to catch the English Crowne; And from that torment I will free my felfe. Ot hew my way out with a bloody Aze. Why I can foule, and murther whiles I fruite, And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart, And wet my Cheekes with artificial Teares, And frame my Face to all occasions. He drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid Shall, He flay more gazers then the Bafiliake, He play the Oracot as well as Neftor December flyly then Viger could, And like a Synon, take another Troy. I can adde Colours to the Camelion, Change shapes with Prosew, for advantages, And fee the murtherous Macbeull to Schoole. Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne? Tut, were it farther off, Ile placke it downe.

Fluoris. Enter Lewis the French King, bu Sister Bona. bis Admiral. call d Bombon : Prince Edward, Queene Margares and the Earle of Oxfort. Lown fits, and riferb up agame.

Levis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Morant, Sit downe wish vs : it ill befits thy State, And Birth, that thou fould'it frand, while Lowe doch fit

Mag. No, mightie King of France: now Magan Most firike her sayle, and learne a while to serve, Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse) Great Albions Queengin former Golden dayes: But now mischance hath trod my Title downe, And with dif-honor layd me on the ground, Where I must take like Seat voto my fortune, And to my bumble Seat conforme my felfe.

Lows. Why say, faire Queene, whence fprings this

deepe despaire?

Mary. From fuch a cause, as fills mine eyes with centes, And flops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares. Lewis. What ete it be, be thou fill like thy felle. And he thee by our fide. Seas ber by bir. Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes youke, But let thy dauntleffe minde still ride in triumph, Over all mischance. Be plaine, Queene Mergaret, and tell thy griefe,

It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe. Mag. Those gracious words Revive my drooping thoughts, And give my tongue-ty'd forrowes leave to speaks Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Levis, That Heary, fole possessor of my Love, Is, of a King, become a banishe man, And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlome; While prowd ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke, V furpes the Regall Title, and the Seat Of Englands true snoynted lawfull King, This is the cause that I, poore Magaret, With this my Some, Prince Edward. Henries Heire, Am come to craue thy just and lawfull ayde: And if thou faile verall our hope is done Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led, Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight, And (as thou feeft) our felues in heavie plight.

Lewis. Renowned Queene, With patience calme the Storme, While we bethinke a meanes to breake It off.

Marg. The more wee flay, the stronger growes our Foe.

Lewis. The more I flay, the more lle succour thee. Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true forrow. And see where comes the breeder of my forrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lovis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our pre-Sence ?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, Edwards greatest Friend.

Lowis. Welcome braue Warwicks, what brings thee to France? Hee descends. Shee arefeth.

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise, For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde. Warn. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,

My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend, I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue) First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person, And then to craue a League of Amitie: And leftly, to confirme that Amitie With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchfafe to granns That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sifter, To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.

Marg. If that goe forward, Hemies hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, Speaking to Bo
In our Kings behalfe, Speaking to Bons.

I am commanded, with your leave and favor,

Humbly to kiffe your Hand, and with my Tongue To tell the passion of my Soueralgnes Heart; Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Earcs, Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.

Marg. King Lovis, and Lady Bona, heate me speake,

Before you answer Warwicke. His demand Springs not from Edwards well-meant honest Loue, But from Deceit, bred by Necessities
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vriesse abroad they purchase great allyance? To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice, That Honry liueth still : but were hee dead, Yet here Prince Edward (Ands, King Horrus Sonne. Looke therefore Lowis, that by this League and Mariage Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-houor: For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while, Yet Heau'ns are just, and Time suppresset Wrongs

Wars. Iniurious Margaret.

Edw. And why not Queene? Wow. Because thy Father Henry did vsurpe, And thou no more att Prince, then thee is Queene,

Oxf. Then Warwicke disapulls great lobe of Gaunt, Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine; And after John of Gaunt, Honry the Fourth, Whose Wildome was a Mirror to the wisest : And after that wife Prince, Henry the Pift, Who by his Prowelle conqueted all Frances From these, out Herry lineally descends.

Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse, You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath loft All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten to

Me thinkes these Peeres of France should simile at that, But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree Of threescore and two yeeres, a filly rime To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth. Oxf. Why Warwicke, canft thou speak against thy Liege Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and fix yeeres, And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right, Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?

For shame leave Henry, and call Edward King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doome My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere Was done to death? and more then fo, my Father, Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres, When Nature brought him to the doore of Death? No Warwicke, no: while Life vpholds this Arme, This Anne vpholds the House of Lancaster.

Warw. And I the House of Torke. Lews . Queene Margares, Prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside, While I vie further conference with Warwicke.

They Rand aloofe.

Morg. Heavens graunt, that Warwicker wordes be witch him not.

Lew. Now Warvicke, tell me even vpon thy conscience Is Edward your true King? for I were loth To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen.

Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Hc

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye? Farw. The mote, that Hemy was unfortunate. Lovis. Then further: all dissembling fet aside. Tell me for truth, the measure of his Love Vnto our Sifter Bona.

War. Such it seemes, As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe. My selfe have often heard him say, and sweare, That this his Loue was an externall Plant, Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground, The Leaves and Fruit maintaill'd with Beauties Sunne, Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,

Volesse the Lady Bora quit his paine.

Lowis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine. Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, SpeakstoWa When I have heard your Kings defert recounted, Mine eare hath tempted judgement to defire.

Lewis. Then Warwicke, thus:
Our Sifter shall be Edwards. And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne, Touching the Ioyature that your King must make, Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poys'd: Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse, That Bona shall be Wife to the English King.

Pr. Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King Marg. Deceitful Warwicks, it was thy deuice, By this alliance to make vold my fuit: Before thy comming, Lewis was Herries friend.

Lewis. And fill is friend to him, and Margaret. But if your Title to the Crowne be weake, As may appeare by Edwards good successe: Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd From giving ayde, which late I promifed. Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand, That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld.

nat your Estate requires, and single states when Warm. Hours now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
When

Where having nothing, nothing can he lofe.

And as for you your felle (our quondam Queene) You have a Father able to maintaine you,

And better 'twere, you troubled him, theo France. Mar. Peace impudent, and fhamelette Warwicke, Proud ferter 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 flye conucyance, and thy Lord: false love,

Post blowing a horne Wilhin.

For both of you are Birds of felfe-same Feather. Lever. Warwicke, this Is some poste to vs, or thee. Enter sbe Pofte.

Poft. My Lord Amballador, These Letters are for you. Speaker to Warwick. Sent from your Brother Marquelle Montagus. Thele from our King, vnto your Maielly. To Lows. And Madam, thefe for you: To Mergan From whom, I know not.

They allreade their Letters. Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris Smiles at her newes, while Warnicke fromnes at his.

Prince Ed. Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were netled. I hope, all's for the best.

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes? And yours, faire Queene.

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd loyes. T/ar. Mine full of forrow, and hearts discontent. Low. What? has your King married the Lady Grey?

And now to footh your Forgery, and his, Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience? Is this th'Alliance that he feekes with France? Dare he presume to scorne valn this manner?

Mar. I rold your Maiefly as much before i This proueth Edwards Loue, and Warwickes honefty.

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in fight of beauen. And by the hope I have of heavenly bliffe That I am cleere from this mildeed of Edwards; No more my King, for he dishonors me, But most himselse, if he could see his shame. Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke My Father came vntimely to his death? Did I let palle th'abule done to my Neece? Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne? Did I put Henry from his Native Right? And am I guerdon'd at the laft, with Shame? Shame on himselfe, for my Defert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor lost for him, I heere renounce him, and returne to Hemy My Noble Queene, let former grudges palle, And henceforth, I am thy true Servicour : I will revenge his wrong to Lady Tone, And replant Homy in his former state.

Mar. Warwicke, Thefe words haueturn'd my Hate, to Loue,' And I forgine, and quite forget old faults, And ioy that thou becom'lt King Henries Friend. War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,

That if King Lewis vouchlafe to furnish vs With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours, He vndertake to Land them on our Coaft, And force the Tyrant from his fear by Warre. Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him. And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me, Hee's very likely now to fall from him, For matching more for wanton Luft, then Honor,

Bons. Deere Brother, how shall Bons be reveng'd, But by thy halpe to this diffrested Querne ? Mar. Renowned Prince, how that Poore Heary live, Vnlesse thou rescue him from faule dispaire? Bono. My quartel, and this English Queens, are one.

Or then for Arength and lafety of our Country.

War. And mine faite Lady Bona, toynes with yours. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and diagreese Therefore, at laft, I fitmely am refolu'd You shall have syde.

Mar. Let me gloe humble thankes for all at once. Low. Then Englands Mellenger, resurne in Polle, And tell falle Edward, thy supposed King, That Lowu of France, is fending over Maskers To rewell it with him, and his new Bride. Thou feelt what's past, go feare thy King withall.

Bona. Tell him, in hope bee'l proue a widower shorely I werre the Willow Garland for his fake.

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are lay deafide,

And I am ready to put Armor on.

Wer. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong. And therefore lle vn-Crowne him, er't be long.

Low. But Warwicke, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men Shall croffe the Seas, and bid falle Edward battaile: And as occasion ferues, this Noble Queen And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply. Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt What Pledge have we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This thall affure my constant Loyalry, That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree, Ile ioynamine eldeft daughter, and my Io To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion. Sonne Edward, the is Faire and Vertuous, Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwicke, And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable, That onely Warwickes daughter shall be thine. Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for the well deferues it,

And heere to pledge my Vow, I give my hand. He gives his band to Name. Lew. Why flay we now? These soldiers shalbeleused,

And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall Shall wast them over with our Royall Fleete. I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance, For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exems. Moses Wormake. War. I came from Edward as Ambassador, But I returne his sworne and mortal! Foe: Matter of Marriage was the charge he gane me, But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand. Had he none elle to make a stale but me? Then none but I, shall turne his lest to Sorrow. I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne, And He be Cheefe to bring him downe againe a Not that I pitty Herries milery, But seeke Revenge on Edwards mockery.

Exis.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerfet, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray? Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice? Clas Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France, How

How could be flay till Warwicke made recurne? Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke; heere comes the King.

Flowrish. Enter King Edward Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Hastings: foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride. Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke. King. Now Brother of Clarence,

How like you our Choyce,

That you ftand pensiue, as halfe malecontent? Clarence. As well as Lewis of France, Or the Earle of Warwicke,

Which are so weake of courage, and in judgement, That they le take no offence at our abuse,

King. Suppose they take offence without a eause They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward, Your King and Warwicker, and must have my will. Rich. And shall have your will, because our King: Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well.

Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I : no !

God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd, Whom God bath loyn'd together : I, and twere pirtie, to funder them, That yoake fo well together.

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside, Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queenz? And you too Somerfer, and Mountague,

Speake freely what you thinke.

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King Lewis become your Enemle, For mocking him about the Marriage

Of the Lady Bona. Rich. And Warwicke, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage. King. What, if both Lowis and Warwick be appear'd,

By fuch invention as I can deuise?

Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in such alliance, Would more have firength ned this our Commonwealth 'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage. Hast. Why, knowes not Mountagus, that of it felfe,

England is safe, if true within it felfe

Mount. But the lafer, when 'tis back'd with France. Hall. Tis better vfing France, then trufting France : Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas, Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable, And with their helpes, onely defend our felues: In them, and in our felues, our fafetie lyes.

Clar. For this one speeth, Lord Hastings well deserves To have the Heire of the Lord Hungerford.

King. I, what of thet? it was my will, and graunt, And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law. Rich. And yet me thinks. your Grace hath not done well, To give the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride; Shee better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

But Hyang Bride you burie Brotherhood.

Clar. Orelse you would not have bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord Bonuill on your new Wives Sonne, And leave your Brothers to goe specde elsewhere. King. Alas poore Clarence: Is it for a Wife

That shou are malecontent? I will prouide thee.

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe, You shew'd your judgement : Which being shallow, you shall give me leane To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe; And to that end, I fhortly minde to leave you.

King. Leade 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 Maieslie To rayle my State to Title of a Queene, Doe me but right, and you must all consesse, That I was not ignoble of Descent, And meaner then my felfe have had like fortune But as this Title honors me and mine, So your diflikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Doth cloud my loyes with danger, and with forrow.

King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes. What danger, or what forrow can befall thee, So long a Edward is thy conflant friend, And their true Soucraigne, whom they must obey? Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too, Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands: Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee lafe, And they shall feele the vengeance of my wrath.

Rich. Theare, yet fay not much, but thinke the more,

Enter a Poste.

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & sew words, But (uch as I (without your special) pardon)

Dare not relate.

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee : Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words, As neere as thou canft guelle them.

What answer makes King Lemis vnto our Letters? Post. At my depart, these were his very words a Goe tell false Edward, the supposed King, That Lewis of France is sending over Maskers,

To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.

King. Is Lewis to braue? belike he thinkes me Henry. But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage? Post. These were her words, vtt red with mild distaine Tell him, in hope hee'se prove a Widower shortly, Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.

King. I blame not her; the could fay little leffe: She had the wrong. But what faid Hemiss Queene? For I have heard, that the was there in place.

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.

King. Belike the minds to play the Amazon. But what faid Warwickero thefe injuries?

Poft. He, more incens'd against your Maiestie, Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore Ile vncrowne him, et't be long. King. Ha?dusft the Traytor breath out so prowd wores? Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd: They shall have Worres, and pay for their presumption. But fay, is Warwicke friends with Margaret?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne, They are so link'd in friendship,

That yong Prince Edward marryes Warwicks Daughter.

Clarence. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and fit you fall, For I will hence to Warvickes other Daughter, That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage I may not proue inferior to your felfe. You that love me, and Warnely, follow me.

Exil Clarence and Samer fet followers.

Rich. Not 1:

My thoughts syme as a further matter i I thay not for the love of Edward, but the Crowne.

King. Clarence and Semerfer both gone to Warwicke? Yet ain I arm'd against the worst can happen t And hafte is needfull in this desp'rate cafe Pembrooke and Stafford, you in our behalfe Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre; They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Exerni Pembrooke and Stafford But ere I goe, Haftings and Mountague Resolue try doubt: you twalne, of all the rest, Are neere to Warvicke, by bloud, and by allyance a Tell me, if you loue Warwicke more then me; If it be fo, then both depart to him: I rather with you foes, then hollow friends. But if you minde to hold your true obedience, Giue me affurance with some friendly Vow,

That I may neuer haue you in suspect. Mount. So God helpe Mountague, as hee proues

Halt. And Haltings, as hee fauours Edwards cause. King. Now, Brother Richard, will you frand by vs ? Rich. 1, in despight of all that shall withstand you. King. Why fo: then am I fure of Victorie.

Now therefore let vs hence, and lofe no howre, Till wee meet Warnicks, with his forreine powre. Exewet

> Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Sculdiors.

Warm. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well, The common people by numbers fwarme to va

Enter Clarence and Somerfet. But fee where Somerfes and Clarence comes : Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord. Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome ento Warrate. And welcome Somerfer: I hold it cowardize, To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in figne of Loue; Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother, Were but a fained friend to our proceedings : But welcome (weet Claronce, my Daughter fall be thine. And now, what refts? but in Nights Couerture, Thy Brother being careleffely encamp'd, His Souldiors larking in the Towne show, And but attended by a simple Guard, Wee may surptize and take him at our pleasure, Our Scouts have found the adventure very eafie : That as Wyfes, and fout Diameds, With fleight and manhood fole to Rhefs Tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds; So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle, At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard, And feize himfelfe: I fay not, flaughter him, For I Intend but onely to susprize him, You that will follow me to this attempt

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader. They all cry. 11 my. Why then, let's on our way in fent fore, For Warwicks and his friends, God and Saint George.

Enter ibree Waschmen to guard the Kings Tom.

1 Wach. Come on my Mafters, each man take his fland, The King by this, is fet him downe to fleepe.

2. Wateb. What, will be not to Bed?

1. Wasch. Why, no for he hash made a folemne Yow. Never to lye and take his natural Reft, Tlil Warnicke, or himselse, be quite supprest. 3 Waich. To morrow then belike fhall be the day,

If Warwicke be so neere so men report. 3. Watch. But fay, I pray, what Noble man is that,

That with the King here teffeth in his Tent? 1. Watch. Tis the Lord Haftings, the Eings chiefest friend

3. Warch. O, is it fo? but why commands the King, That his chiefe followers lodge in Towner about him, While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

2. Waseb. 'Tis the more honour, because more dange.

3. Watch. I, but give me worthip, and quiemelle, I like it better then a dangerous honor. If Warmicke knew in what estate he stands, Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. Watch. Valesse our Halberds did shut op his pass

2. Wath. I: wherefore elfe guard we his Royall Test, But to defend his Perfan from Night-foes?

Enter Warnicks, Clarence, Oxford, Somerfes, and French Souldsors, films all

Warv. This is his Tent, and fee where fland his Guard: Courage my Masters: Honor nove, or neucr : But follow me, and Edward Chall be ours.

1. Wareb. Who goes there? 2. Watch. Stay, or thou dyeft.

Warnicke and the rest ery all, Warnicke, Warnicke, and set woon the Guard who size, crying, Arma, Arme. Warwicke and the reft following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet founding. Exter Harwicke, somerfes, and the reft, bringing the King out on bis Gowne, fitting in a Chaire: Pichard and Haftings flyes over the Stape.

Som. What are they that flye there? Warw. Richard and Haffings: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?

Why Warkte, when wee parted,

Thou call'dft me King.
Wow. I, but the case is alter'd, When you difgrac'd me in my Embaliade, Then I degraded you from being King, And come now to create you Duke of Yorke. Alse, how hould you governe any Kingdome, That knownet how to vie Emballadors Nor how to be contented with one Wife, Nor how to vie your Brothers Brotherly, Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare, Nor how to throwd your felfe from Enemies? K.Eds. Yes K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I fee, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwicks, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compasse of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King.

Takes off bis Crowne.

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne, And be true King iodeede: thou but the shadow. My Lord of Somerset, at my request, See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd Vitto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke: When I have sought with Pembrooks, and his sellowes, He follow you, and tell what answer Lews and the Lady Bona send to him. Now for a-while sarewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him ent foreibly.

K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide
It boots not to resist both winde and tide. Execute
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Solders?
War. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King Hemy from impussomment,
And see hun leated in the Regall Throne.

Enser Rusers, and Lady Gray.

Rin. Madam, what makes you in this fodain change? Gray. Why Brother Rivers, are you yet to learne What late misfortune is befaine King Edward? Rin. What loffe of fome pitcht battell

Against Variates

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.

Rim. Then is my Soueraigne staine?

Gray. I almost staine, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,

Or by his Foe surprized at ynawares:

And as I further haue to ynderstand.

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,

Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.

Rim. These Newes I must confesse are full of greese, Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may, Warwicke may toole that now hath wonne the day. Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder lives decay: And I the rather waine me from dispaire For love of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe: This is it that makes me bridle passion, And beare with Mildnesse my missortunes crosse: 1,1, for this I draw in many a teare,

1,1, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking fighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th'English Crowne.
Rus. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London To fet the Crowne once more on Hemies head, Guelle thou the reft, King Edwards Friends must downe But to preuent the Tyrants violence, (For trush nothim that hath once broken Faith) lie hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To faue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:
There shall I rest secure from force and traud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye.

exeun

Enter Richard, Lord Haftings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hestings, and Six Welliam Stanley
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheesest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hauds
He hath good viage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I have advertised him by secret meanes,
That Is about this houre he make this way,
Vinder the colour of his vivall game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivitie.

Euter King Edward, and a Humfmon

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen fland.
Now Brother of Glotter, Lord Hastings, and the reft,
Stand you thus close to fleate the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth bast,
Your horse flands ready at the Parke-corner.

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Halt. To Lyn my Lord,
And thips from thence to Flanders.

Rich. Wel guest believe me, for that was my meaning
K.Ed. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnesse.

Rub. But whetefore flay we? its no time to talke.

K.Ed. Huntiman, what lay fl thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Hunti. Better do fo, then tarry and be bang'd.

Hunsf. Better do so, then carry and be hang'd.

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo,

K.Ed. Bishop farwell,

Sheeld thee from Warmsches frowne,

And pray that I may re-possesse to covere.

Flourish. Enter King Henry the fixt. Clerence, Warwicke, Somerfet, joung Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenaus.

K.Hm. M. Lieurenant, now that God and Friends
Have thaken Edward from the Regall feate,
And turn'd my captive flate to libertic,
My feate to hope, my fortower voto 1096s.
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lew. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may prevaile,
I then crave patdon of your Maieflie.

K. Hm. For what, Lieutenant > For well vling me?
Nay be thou lure, lie well require thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
1, such a pleasure, as inceged Birds.
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.

But Varwicke, after God, thou fet'st me free.

And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.

Therefore that I may conquer Portunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punishe with my thwarting starres.

Varwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Government to thee,
For thou are fortunate in all thy deeds.

And now may feeme as wife as vertuous,
And now may feeme as wife as vertuous,
By fpying and acouding Forcunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Statres t
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No Warmicke, thou are worthy of the Iway,
To whom the Head in an thy Nativitie,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be bleft in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free confent.

Warw. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector.

King, Warwick and Clarence, give me both your Hands
Now toyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no diffention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To since rebuke, and my Creators prayse.

Warw. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes

Clar. That he consents, if Parackeyeeld consent.
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe.

Warw Why then, though loth, yet must I be content a Weele yoake together, like a double shadow To Henries Body, and supply his place; I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment, While he enloyes the Honor, and his ease. And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull, Forthwith that Edvara be prenound a Traytor, And all his Lands and Goods conficate.

Clar. What elfe 's and that Succession be determined wow. I, therein 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 Some Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My 109 of libertie is halfe eelips d.

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all

King My Lord of Somerfet, what Youth is that,
Of whom you feeme to have so tender care?

Somers. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Lages bu Hand on bu Head.

If fecret Powers suggest but cruth
To my divining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will prove our Countries blisso.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are burt by mee.

ENIT a Pofte

Par. What newes, my friend?
Pafe. That Edward is aleaped from your Brothes.
And fled (as hee heares fines) to Burgundie

For. Vulsuone newer but how made he eleape f Foste. He was convey'd by Rebord, Duke of Glorier, And the Lord Hastings, who attended him In fecret ambush, on the Forrest side, And from the Bishops Huntimen rescond bim.

For Hunting was his dayly Exercise.

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.

But let vs hence, my Souerasgne, to provide

A falue for any fore, that may betide

Exemp

Maner Somerfet, Richmond and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards.
For doubtleffe, Bury under will yeeld him heipe,
And we shall have more Watres befor the long.
As Humiss late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond.
So doth my heart missingue me, in these Cooks. Oas,
What may befall him, to his barme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith weelessend him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmitte.

Oxf. 1: for if Edward re-possess the Crowne,
"Tushke that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe.

Som. It shall be so, he shall to Brittanie,
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exempt.

Flouryb. Enter Edward, Richard, Haftings, and Soulders.

Edw Now Brother Rebard, Lord Hagings, and the reft, Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs smends, And fayes, that once more I shall enterchange My wained state, for Hammer Regall Crowne. Well have we passed, and now re-passed the Seas, And brought deficed helpe from Brigundie. What then remaines, we being thus arrived From Rauenspure Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke, But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rieb. The Gares made fast?

Brother, I like not this.

For many men that stumble at the Threshold,

Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.

Edw. Tulh man, aboadments must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon

them.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,

For now we owe allegence vnto Heary.

Edw. But, Mafter Major, if Heary be your King.

Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke.

(Moor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no

lesse.

Edw Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with the: alone.

Rich But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Note,
Heele foone finde meanes to make the Body follow.

Haff. Why, Mafter Maior, why fland you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King Heeries friends.

Maior. 1, fay you fo? the Gates shall then be opened.

He descends,

Rich. A wife front Captaine, and foone perfwaded.
Haft. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, voto reason.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.
Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, seare not man, but yeeld me up the Keyes,
Takes bu Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee, And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomera with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Ma mgomerie, Our trustie friend, vnlesse l be deceiu'd.

Edv. Welcome Sir John: but why come you in

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme, As every loyall Subject ought to doc.

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomeric But we now forget our Title to the Crowne, And onely clayme our Dukedome, Till God please to send the rest.

Mount. Then face you well, for I will hence againe, I came to ferue a King, and not a Duke:
Drumme firske vp, and let vs march away,
The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay flay, Sit Iobn, a while, and wee'le debate
By what fafe meanes the Crowne may be recoure'd.

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words, If you'le not here proclaime your felfe out King, lie leave you to your fortune, and be gone.
To keepe them back, that come to fuccour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore fland you on nice

Edw When wee grow flonger, Then weele make our Clayme:

Till then, ils wildome to conceale our meaning.

Haft. Away with ferupulous Wit, now Atmes must

rule.

Rich. And fesreleffe minds clyme fooueff vnto Crowns.

Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,

The brust thereof will bring you many friends.

Edw Then be it as you will: for its my tight,

And Hemy but viurpes the Diademe.

Monus. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe, And now will I be Edward Champson.

Haft. Sound Trumper, Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, sellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourift. Sound.

Soul Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mount. And who foe regainlayes King Edwards right,

By this I challenge him to lingle fight.

Throwes downe bis Grantlet.

All Long live Edward the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomery,
And thankes vito you all:
If fortune ferue me, lie require this kindneffe,
Now for this Nigbt, let's harbor here in Yorker
And when the Morning Sunne shall tayle his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards Warmicke, and his Mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no Souldier.
Ah froward Clarete, how eutil it befeemes thee,
To flatter Henry, and fortake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warmicke.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt oot of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay Exerum.

Flouragh. Enter the King Warmicke, Mountague, Clarence Oxford, and Somerfet.

War. What counfaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia, With haftie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas, And with his troupes doth march amaine to London, And many giddie people flock to him.

King Let's leuic men, and bear him backe againe, Clar A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannor quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-beared friends,
Nor mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence
Shalt stirre vp in Sustolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother Mountagne, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt sind
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ste.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.
My Soversigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his lland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modest Dyan, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leave, and stand uot to reply.
Farewell my Soversigne.

King. Farewell my Helter and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In figne of truth, I kiffe your Highneffe Hand.
King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and fo I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I leale 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 Coventry.

Exeum.

Ring. Here at the Pallace will I reft a while. Coulin of Exerc, what thinkes your Lordflip? Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field, Should not be able to encounter mine

Exa. The doubt is, that he will fedure the reft.

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me faine:
I have not flopt mine eares to their demands.

Nor posted off their faites with flow delayes,

My pittle hath beene balme to heale their wounds,

My mildnesse hath allay d their swelling grieses,

My mercie dry'd their water-flowing wares.

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress them with great Subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more then me?

No Exam, their Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe, The Lambe will never cease to follow him.

Show withm, A Luncafter, A Lancafter.

Exer. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shours are these?

Emer Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the sharnesse'd Horry, beare him hence, And once againe proclaime vs King of England. You are the Fount that makes small Brockes to flow, Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry. And swell so much to chigher, by their ebbe. Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course, Where peremptoric Warnicks now remaines:
The Sunne thines hor, and if we vie delay,
Cold bring Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces 10yne,

And take the great-growne Traytor vnawates:
Braue Warriors, march appaine towards Coventry.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Contenty, two Mcfongers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford? How farrethence is thy Lord, mine honest sellow?

Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How farre off is our Brother Momnague?

Where is the Post that came from Momnague?

Mess. By this at Daintry, with a pussion troope.

Enter Somerule.

War. Say Somerude, what fayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy gueffe, how nights Clarence now?
Somerus. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And doe expect him here fome two howees bence.
War. Then Clarence's at hand, I heate his Drumme.
Somerus. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drumyour Honor heates, marcheth from Warwicke,
War. Who Chould that he? belike valook'd for friends
Somerus. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Floursh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumper, to the Walls, and found a Parle.

Rich. See how the furly the micke mans the Wall.

Wo. Oh vabid spight, is sportfull Edward come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

Edm. Now Warmicke, wilt thou ope the Citic Gates, Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee, Call Edmard King, and at his hands begge Mercy, And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

war. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt the downe,
Call warnicke Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Pith 1 phonophray least the would have said the Kin.

Rich. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the Ieast against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to give,

Ile doe thee feruice for fo good a gift.

War. Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Bro-

ther.

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warvickes gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight: And Weakeling, Varmely takes his gift againe, And Henry is my King, Warmsche his Subject.

Edw. But Warnicker King is Edwards Prisoner. And gellant Warnicker, doe but answer this, What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rub. Alasthat Warnicke had on more fore-cast, But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten, The King was styly singered from the Deck: You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace, And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis cuti fo, yet you are Warwicke fill.

Rich. Come Warwicke,

Take the time, kneele downe; kneele downe:
Nay when? Itake now, or elfe the Iron cooles,

Wer. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow.

And with the other, fling it at thy face,

Then beare follow a fayle, to strike to thee.

Edw. Sayle how thou canft, Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend, This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre, Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut of, Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood, Wind-changing Famicke now can change no more.

Enter Oxford with Drumme and Colours.

Or. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.
Rech. The Gates are open, let us enter too.
Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will issue out againe, and bid us battaile;
If not, the Ciric being but of small defence,
Weele quickly towze the Traitors in the same.
For. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Larcafter.

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Eurn with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie, My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

Enter Somerfet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerfet, Somerfet, for Langaffer.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerfet,
Have fold their Lives voto the House of Torke,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword bold.

Enter Clarence with Drumme and Coleurs.

Wie. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along, Of force enough to bid his Brother Battoile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, prevailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Love.
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Francisks call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes? Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers House,
Who gave his blood to ly me the stones together,
And set up Lancaser. Why, trowest thou, Warwicke,
That Clarence is so has this to bend the fatall lostruments of Warre

Agsinst

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt oblect my holy Ooth:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then Iephab, when he foctifie'd his Daughter.
I am so forry for my Trespass made,
I here proclayme my felse thy mertall soe:
With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy soule mis-leading me.
And so, prowd-hearted Warwicke, I desie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, doe not frown e vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.
Edw., Now welcome more, and ten times more be

Edv. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd, Then if thou neuer hadft deferu'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like. Warw. Oh passing Traytor, periur d and vniust. Edw. What Warwicke,

Wile thou leave the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we bear the Stones about thine Eares?

Ware. Alas, I am not coop dhere for desence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee Battaile, Edward, if thou dat'A.

Edw. Yes Warmche, Edward dares, and leads the way:

Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie. Excuss.

March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye out feare, For Wormicke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all. Now Mannague ht fast, I steke for thee, That Warnackes Bones may keepe thine companie.

Warw. Ah, who is night come so me, friend, or foe, And tell me who is Victor, Torke, or Warwicke i Why aske I that? my mangled body showes, My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes, That I must yeeld my body to the Earth, And by my fall, the conquest to my foe. Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edges Whole Armes gave thelter to the Princely Eagle, Vnder whole thade the ramping Lyon flept, Whole top-branch ouer-peer'd loues spreading Tree, And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow rfull Winde. These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle, Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne, To fearch the fecret Treasons of the World: The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood, Were lik ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers: For who hu'd King, but I could digge his Graue? And who durst smile, when warwicke bent his Brow? Loe, now my Glory (mear'd in duft and blood, My Patkes, 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 Duft? And live we how we can, yet dye we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerfec.

Som. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, wert thou as we are, We might recourt all our Leile againe:

The Queene from France hath brought a pulling power.
Even now we heard the newes: sh, could'st thou flye.

Warw. Why then I vould not flye, Ah Nountague,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'st me not: for Brother, if thou dids,
Thy teares would wash this cold congcaled blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly Mountague, or I am dead,
Som. Ah Warvicke, Mountague hach breath'd his last,

Som. Ah Warvicke, Mountague hath breath'd his laft, And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for Warvicke: And sid, Commend me to my valiant Brother. And more he would have sid, and more he spoke, Whith sounded like a Cannon in a Vault, That mought not be distinguishe: but at last I well might heare, delivered with a groene, Oh sarewell Warwicke.

Nam. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and save your selves,
For Warvicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great powes.
Here they beare away his Body.
Exercise.

Flowrish. Enter King Edward in trieonoph, with Richard, Clarence, and the rest.

Korg. Thus farre out fortune keepes an spward course, and we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie to But in the midft of this bright-shining Day, I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud, That will encounter with our glotious Sunne, Ere he attaine his easefull Westerne Bed: I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene Hath rays'd in Gallia, have arrived our Coast, And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.

Clar. A little gale will foone disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For every Cloudengenders not a Storme

For every Cloud engenders not a Storme.

Rich. The Queeness valued thirtie thousand strong,
And Somerses, with Oxford, fled to her:

If the haue time to breathe, be well assured
Her saction will be full as strong as ours.

Kmg. We are advertis'd by our loung friends.
That they doe hold their courie toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In every Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.
Exemp.

Flourish. March. Enser the Queene, joung Edward, Somerses, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'r fit and waile their loffe, But chearely feeke how to redreffe their harmes. What though the Maft be now blowne ouer-boord, The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loft, And halfe our Saylors fwallow'd in the flood? Yet lives our Pilot fill. Is a meet, that hee Should leave the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad, With tearefull Eyes adds Water to the Sea, And glue more firength to that which hath too much, Whiles in his moane, the Ship fplirs on the Rock, Which Industrie and Courage might have fau'd? Ah what a fhame, ah what a fault were this. Say Warnets was our Anchor: what of that?

q 3

And Mountague out Top-Malt: what of him? Out flaught'red friends, the Tackles : what of shele? Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor? And Somerfer, another goodly Maft? The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings? And though viskilfull, why not Ned and I, For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge? We will not from the Helme, to lit and weepe, But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no) From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack. As good to chide the Waves, as Speake them faire. And what is Edward, but a tuthleffe 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 fwim, alas 'tis but a while: Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly finke, Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off, Or elle you famish, that's a three-fold Death. This speake I (Lords) to let you understand, If cale some one of you would flye from vs, That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers, More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Saods and Rocks. Why courage then, what cannot be auoided, Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit, Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words, Insus his Breass with Magnanimitre, And make him, naked, soyle a man at Armes. I speake not this, as doubting any here: For did I but suspect a fearefull man, He should have leave to goe away betimes, Leah in our need he might inseed 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 high a courage, And Warriots faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame. Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather Doth live againe in thee; long may st thou live, To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle Somerfer, (weet Oxford thankes.
Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elfe.

Enter a Mullenger.

Meff. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand, Readie to fight: therefore be refolute.

Oxf. I thought no leffe: it is his Policie,
To hafte thus fail, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceived, we are in readinesse,

Som. But hee's deceived, we are in readinesses.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse.

Out. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw.Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood, Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength, Must by the Roots be hew he to your fire, I need not adde more fuell to your fire, For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:

Giue fignal to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Krüghts, and Gentlemen, what I should say, My leares gaine-say: for every word I speake, Yt see I drinke the water of my eye.

Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soveraigne Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsury'd,

His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subsects slaine,

His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:

And yonder is the Wosse, that makes this spoyle.

You sight in suffice: then in Gods Nisme, Lords,

Be valiant, and gine signall to the sight.

Alarum, Estress, Extension.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Ruchard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerfee

Edw. Nowhere a period of turnultuous Broyles.

Away with Oxford to Harnes Castle straight.

For Somerfer, off with his guiltie Head

Goe heare them hence, I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Not I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Da. So part we fadly in this troublom World,
To meet with Joy in sweet Lerusalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward cornes.

Enter : be Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake. What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for shiring vp my Sobiects,
Aud all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subject, prowd ambitious Torke.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Refigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,
Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would shaue me answer to,

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene fo resolu'd Rub. That you might shill have worne the Petricoat, And no re have stolne the Breech from Lancaster.

Primes. Let Asp fable in a Winters Night, His Corrish Riddles forts not with this place.

Reb. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

24. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Ruh. For Gods sake, take away this Capune Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue, Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapere. Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull; Lafetitious Edward, and thou persur'd George, And thou mile shapen Dicke, I tell ye all. I am your better. Traytors as ye are. And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine. Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler bere.

Stabs hum.

Rich. Sprawl'A thou? take that, to end thy agonic.

Rich. Stabs him.

CLo. And ther's for twitting me with periutie

2a. Oh, kill me too.
Rich. Marry, and Itall. Offers to kill ber.
Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much
Rich. Why

Rich. Why should shee live, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth shee swowne? vie meanes for her recouerie.

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother : He hence to London on a ferious marter, Ere ye come there, be fure to heare some newes.

Clu. What? what i

Exit. Rich Tower, the Tower.

Qu. Oh Ned, [weet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy. Can'it thou nut speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that stabb'd Cafar, shed 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 Childe, And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe. What's worfe then Murtherer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burft, and if I speake, And I will speake, that so my heart may burft. Botchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes, How (weet a Plant have you vntimely cropt: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would have (tirr'd vp remorfe, But if you euer chance to haue a Childe, Looke in his youth to have him fo cut off As deathimen you have rid this Iweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce. Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heete: Here theath thy Sword, lle pardon thee my death: What? wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou.

(la. By heaven, I will not do thee so much case. Qu. Good Clarence do: [weet Clarence do thou do it. Cla. Did'il thou not heare me [weste I would not do it? Qu. I, but thon vielt to forsweare thy lelle. "Twas Sin before, but now "tis Charity

What wile anoi? Where is that divels butcher Richard? Hard favor'd Richard? Richard, where are thou ! Thou are not heere; Murther is thy Almef-deed: Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'it backe.

Ed. Away I fay, I charge ye beare her hence, 24. So come to you, and yours, as to this Printe. Exis Queene

Ed. Where's Richard gone.

(la. To London all in post, 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, discharge the common fore With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, And fee our gentle Queene how well the fares, By this (I hope) the hath a Sonne for me. Exts.

Enter Henry the fixt, and Richard, with the Lieuenans on the Walles .

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke fo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord . my Lord I should say rather, Tis sinne to flatter. Good was little better : *Good Gloster, and good Devill, were alike, And both prepolierous therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leave va to our felues, we must conferre. Hen. So flies the wreaklesse shepherd from & Wolfe : So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece, And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife. What Scene of death hath Rollins now to Acte ? Rich. Suspition alwayer haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each bulh an Officer. Her. The Bird that hath bin limed in a both, With trembling wings mildoubteth every bush; And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,

Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a pecuish Foole was that of Creet, That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle, And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd

Hen. I Dedains, my poore Boy Icarus, Thy Father Minns, that dem'de our courle, The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my fweet Boy. Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea Whole envious Gulfe did [wallow up his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point, Then can my cares that Tragicke History. But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'il thou I am an Executioner? Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art, If murchering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou are an Executioner.

Rich Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption. Hen. Hadft thou bin kill'd, when firft bidft prefume. Thou had'ft not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine : And thus I prophelie, that many a thouland, Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare, And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-standing-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wives for their Husbands, Orphans, for their Parents timeles death, Shall rue the houre that ever thou was't borne. The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an evill signe, The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleffe time, Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempelt shook down Trees: The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chare ring Pies in difmall Difcords fung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine And yet brought forth leffe then a Mothers hope. To wir.an indigested and deformed lumpe, Not like the fruit of fuch a goodly Trec. Teeth had'A thou in thy head, when thou was't borne, To lignifie, thou cam'il to bite the world: And if the rest be true, which I have heard, Thou cam'it-

Rich. He heare no more: Dye Prophet in thy Speech, Stabbes bim. For this (among fit the reft) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more flaughter after this, O God forgiue my finnes, and pardon thee. Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sinke in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See how my Iword weepes for the poore Kings death. O may fuch purple teares be alway fhed

From those that wish the downfall of our house. If any sparke of Life be yet remaining, Downe, downe to hell, and fay I fent thee thither. Stabs bim againe.

I that have neyther piety, loue, nor feare, Indeed tis true that Hemis told me of: For I have often heard my Mother fay, I came into the world with my Legges forward. Had I not reason (thinke ye)to make hast, And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right? The Midwite wonder'd, and the Women cri'de O lesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified, That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogger Then since the Hennens have shap day Body to, Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it. I have no Brother, I am like no Brother: And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Dialne, Be refident in men like one another, And not in me : I am my felfe alone. Chirenes bewere, thou keept'it me from the Light, But I will fort a pitchy day for thee : For I will buzze abroad fuch Prophehes, That Edward shall be fearefull of his life, And then to purge his feare, lle be thy death. King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone, Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reft, Counting my felfe but bad, till I be best. Ile throw thy body in another roome, And Triumph Henry, inthy day of Doome. FrA

Flourisb. Enter King, Queens, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse and Assendants.

King. Once more we fit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchae'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerfet, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're spurt'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound
With them, the two brane Bezres, Warmerk & Montagus.
That in their Chaines setter d the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept Suspition from our Seate, And made our Footstoole of Security.

Come hither Defe, and let me hille my Boy:

Kong Ned, for thee, thine Vnekles, and my selfe, Have in our Armors waters the Winters in ght, Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate.

That thou might's reposselse the Crowne in peace, And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine

Ruh. He blast his Harvest, if your head were laid, For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain d so thicke, to heave, And heave it shall some waight, or breake my backs, Worke thou the way, add that shall execute.

King. Clarence and Gloter, love my lovely Queene.
And the your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe vnto you: Maichy, I Seale upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cls. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks Reb. And that I love the tree from hence y sprang'st Witnesse the louing kisse I give the Fruite, To say the truth, so Indas kiss his master, And cried all haife, when as he meant all harme.

King. Nowam I feated as my foule delights, Having my Countries peace, and Brothers loves, Cld. What will your Grace have done with Margores, Regnord her Father, to the King of France

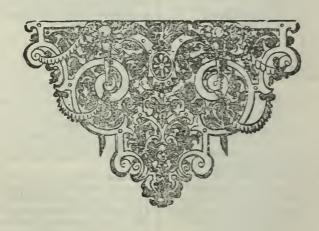
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France-And now what tests, but that we spend the time With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewer, Such as besits the pleasure of the Court.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell source annoy, For heere I hope begins our lasting toy.

Exture comes

FINIS.





The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Adus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter Rubard Daks of Glofter Solus.

Ow is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glottous Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes, Our bruifed armes hung up for Monuments; Our freme Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings; Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures. Grim-vilag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front: And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds, To fright the Soules of fearfull Adverfaries, He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber, To the lasciulous pleasing of a Lute. But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes, Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse: I, that am Rudely stampt, and want loues Maiesty, To ftrut before a wonton ambling Nymph: I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion, Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature, Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time Into this breathing World, scarse halfe made vp. And that so samely and unfashionable, That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them. Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to palie away the time, Vnleffe to fee my Shadow in the Sunne, And defeant on mine owne Deformity. And therefore, fince I cannot prove a Lover, To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes, I am determined to proue a Villaine, And have the idle pleasures of these dayes, Plots have I laide, Inductions dangerous, By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreames, To let my Brother Clarence and the King In deadly have, the one againft the other : And if King Edward be as true and iuft, As I am Subtle, Falle, and Treacherous, This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vpr About a Prophesie, which sayes that G, Of Edwards heyres the murtherer shall be Dive thoughts downe to my foule, here Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury, guarded, Brothet, good day: What meanes this armed guard That waites upon your Grace?

Cla. His Matefy tendring my persons safery, Hath appointed this Conduct, to convey me to th Tower Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George.

Rich. Alackerny Lord, that fault is none of yours a
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent.
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter Clasence, may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard, when I know: but I proteft
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Propheties and Dreames,
And from the Crosserow pluckes the letter G:
And sayes, a Wizard rold him, that by G,
His issue distinherized should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moon dhis Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are ruld by Women Tisnor the King that lends you to the Tower, My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarenee its fine.
That tempts him to this half hexteenity.
Was it not fine, and that good man of Worship.
Authory Woodculle her Brother there,
That made him fend Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe.

Cla. By heaven, I thinke there is no man fecure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Haltmer was for her delivery?

Lord Hastings was, for her delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in favour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Livery.
The jealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra I befeech your Graces both to pardon me, His Maiesty hath straightly given in charge, That no man shall have private Conference (Of what degree soever) with your Brother.

Rich

Rich. Even lo, and please your Worling Brakenbury, You may pattake of any thing we fay 1 We speake no Treason man; We say the King Is wife and vertuous, and his Noble Queene Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not icalious. We say, that Sourer Wife hath a pretty Foot, A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a palsing pleasing tongues And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes. How fay you fir? can you deny all this !

Bra. With this (my Lord) my felfe have nought to

Rech. Naught to do with Miltris Shore? I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her (Excepting one) were bolt to do it fectetly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Reb. Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. Ido beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbeare Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and will obey. Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey. Brother farewell, I will vino the King, And whatfoe're you will imploy me in, Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sifter, I will performe it to infranchise you. Meane time, this deepe difgrace in Brotherhood, Touches me deeper then you can imagine. Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long, I will deliver you, or elfe lye for you :

Meane time, haue patience.

Exis Clar. Cla. I must perforce : Farewell. Reb Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return: Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee fo, That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heaven, If Heaven will take the present at out hands. But who comes heere? the new delivered Haftings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Haft. Good time of day voto my gracious Lord. Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine: Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,

How hash your Lordship brook'd impissonment? Haft. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must: But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thankes

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Claresce too, For they that were your Enemies, are his, And have prevail'd as much on him, as you. Haft. More pitty, that the Eagles should be mew'd,

Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Haft. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home: The King is fickly, weake, and melancholly, And his Physicians feare him mightily.

Reb. Now by S. John, that Newes is bad indeed

Ohe hath kept an evill Diet long, And ouer-much confum'd his Royall Person: Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon. Where is he, in his bed?

Haft. Heis.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

He cannot live I hope, and must not dye, Till George be pack'd with post-borse vp to Heaven He in to vige his hatred more to Clarence, With Lyes well fleet'd with weighty Arguments, And if I faile not in my deepe intent, Clarence hath not another day to live : Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy, And leave the world for me to bufsle in. For then, He marry Warwickes yongest daughter. What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father, The readiest 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 fecret close intent, By marrying her, which I must reach voto: But yet I run before my horse to Merket: Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and raignes, When they are gone, then must I count my games. Ext

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarfe of Henrie the fixt with Halberds to gnard it, Lady Anne being the UNDUTNET.

Ame. Set downe, set downe your honourable laid, If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse; Whil'ft I a-while obsequiously lament Th'vatimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster. Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King, Pale Afhes of the House of Lancaster; Thou bloodleffe Remnant of that Royall Blood, Be it lawfull that I muocate thy Ghoft, To heare the Lamentations of poore Arme, Wife to thy Edward, to thy flaughtred Sonne, Stab'd by the felfelame hand that made these wounds. Loc, in these windowes that let forth thy life, I powre the helpleffe Balme of my poore eyes, O corfed be the hand that made these holes: Curled the Heart, that had the heart to do it: Carfed the Blood, that let this blood from hence: More direfull hap betide that hated Weetch That makes vs wretched by the death of thee, Then I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toades, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lines. If ever he have Childe, Abortive be it, Prodigeous, and entimely brought to light, Whole vely and vnnaturall Afpect May fright the hopefull Mother at the view, And that be Heyre to his vnhappinelle.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made More miserable by the death of bim, Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertley with your boly Lode, Taken from Paules, to be interred there. And still as you are weary of this waight, Rest you, whiles I lament King Herrius Coarse.

Enser Risbard Duke of Glofter

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarfe, & fet it down. An. What blacke Magitian conjures vp this Fiend, To stop devoted charitable deeds? Rich, Villaines fer downe the Coarfe, or by S. Paol, He make a Coarfe of him that disobeyes.

Gen

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and les the Costin passe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge, Stand's thou when I commaund a Advance thy Halbert higher then my breft, Or by S. Paul Ile Strike thee to my Foote, And spurne upon thee Begger for thy boldnesse. Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid? Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall, And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Divell. Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell Thou had'ft but power ouer his Mortall body, His Soule thou canft not have: Therefore be gone, Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not fo curft.

An. Foule Dinell. For Gods sakehence, and trouble vs not, For thou hall made the happy earth thy Hell: Fill'dit with curfing cries, and deepe exclaimes: If thou delight to view thy heynous decds, Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, see see dead Henriss wounds,
Open their congeal a mouthes, and bleed afterh. Blufh, blufh, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie: For tis thy presence that exhales this blood From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels. Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall, Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall. O God! which this Blood mad'ft, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ft, reuenge his death. Either Heau'n with Lightning ftrike the murth'rer dead : Or Farth gape open wide, and eate him quicke, As thou doft (wallow up this good Kings blood, Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered. Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,

Which renders good for bad, Bleffings for Curies. An. Villaine, theu know's nor law of God nor Man, No Beaft so fierce, but knowes some touch of pitty Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaft. As. O wonderfull, when divels tell the truth ! Rich. More wonderfull, when Angèls are so angry a

Vouchfafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

An. Vouchlafe (defus'd infection of man) Of these knowne enils, but to give me leave By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have Some patient leyfure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then beart can thinke thee, Thou can'it make no excuse current, But to hang thy felfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe. An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excused, For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe, That did st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rich. Say that I flew them not An. Then fay they were not flaine: But dead they are, and divellish flave by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband.

An. Why then he is aliue Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards bands. An. In thy foule throat thou Ly ft,

Queene Margaret faw
Thy murd rous Faulchion (moaking in his blood: The which, thou once didd'ft bend against her brest, But that thy Brothers beate slide the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her fland rous tongue,

That taid their guilt, vpon my guiltleffe Shoulders.

An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde. That never dream'ft on ought but Butcheries: Did'ft thou not kill this King ?

Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'ft grant me Hedge-hogge,

Then God graunt me too
Thou may it be damned for that wicked deede, Ohe was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him. An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Rich. Let him thanke me, that bolpe to fend him thither:

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell. Rech. Yes one place elfe, if you will heare me name le,

An. Somedongeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill rest betide the chamber wherethou lyest.

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you. An. I hope lo.

Rich. I know fo. But gentle Lady Anne, To leave this keene encounter of our wittes,

And fall fomething into a flower method. Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths Of thele Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,

As blamefull as the Executioner.

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect, Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect 1 Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe, To vindertake the death of all the world, So I might live one houre in your fweet bosome.

An If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide, These Nailes should sent that beauty from my Cheekes. Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,

You should not blemish le, if I stood by; As all the world is cheared by the Sunne, So I by that: It is my day, my life.

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life. Rich. Curle not thy felfe faire Creature,

Thou art both. As, I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee,

Rich. It is a quarrell moft venaturall, To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.

An. It is a quarrell just and reasonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband. Rieb. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband, Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband,

As. His better doth not breath upon the earth. Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could. An. Name him.

Rich. Plantagenet. An. Why that was he.

Rieb. The felfelame name, but one of better Nature.

Rich. Heere: Spits at him. Why dost thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poylon, for thy lake.
Rich. Neuer came poylon from to tweet a place.

As. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.
Out of my fight, thou dost infect mine eyes. Rich. Thine eyes (Iweet Lady) have infected rolne.
An. Would they were Bafiliskes, to frike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once? For now they kill me with a liuing death.

Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawne salt Teares;

Sham'd their Alpecta with itere of child ih drops: These eyes, which never shed remorfefull tears, No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept, To heare the pittlous moone that Rutland inade When black-fac'd Clifford Inooke his Iword at him. Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe, Told the fad florie of my Fathers deuh, And twenty times, made paule to lob and weeper That all the flanders by had wer their cheekes Like Trees bedafti'd with raine. In that fad time, My manly eyes did scorpe an humble seare: And what these fortowes could not thence exhale, Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping. I never fued to Friend, nor Enemy : My Tongue could never learne fweet smoothing word. But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee, My proud heart lues, and prompts my tongue to Speake. She lookes forafully as bim.

Teach not thy lip fuch Scome; for it was made For killing Lady, not for fach contempt. If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive, Loc heere Hend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword, Which if thoo plesse to hide in this true breft, And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee, I lay it naked to the deadly ftroke,

And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,

Helajes bu breft open flee affers at with his favord. Nay do not paule: Por I did kull King Hemie, But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay now dispatch: Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward, But 'twas thy Heauenly face that fet me on

Shefals the Sword

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.

An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death, I will not be thy Executioner.

Ruch. Then bid me kill my felfe, and I will do it. An. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy rage: Speake it againe, and even with the word, This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love, Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue, To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

An I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. Tis figur'd in my tongue. An. I feate me, both are false. Rich. Then never Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made. An. That shalt thou know beereafter.

Rich. But Chall I live in hope. An. All men I hope live fo. Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger, Even fo thy Brest incloseth my poore beart: Weare both of them, for both of them are thine. And if thy poore devoted Servant may But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand, Thou dost confirme his happinelle for ever-

An. Whatisit? Rich. That it may please you leave these sad designes, To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner, And presently repayre to Crosbie House: Where (after I have lokemply interrid At Chertley Monast'ry this Noble King, And wet his Grave with my Repentant Teares) I will with all expedient duty fee you,

For discrevaknowne Ressons, I beleech you, Grant me this Boon.

As. With all my heart, and much ke loyes me too, To see you are become so pentent. Traffel and Berkly, go along with me.

Reb. Bid me farwell.

An. Tis more then you deferue;
But fince you teach me how to flatter you, Imagine I have falde farewell elready.

Was ever woman in this humous woo'd?

Exil res with Att. Gem. Towards Cherrley, Noble Lord! Rock, Not to White Friats, there attend any comming Exi: Com

Was ever women in this hamour wome! lle haue her, but I will not keepe her long, What? I that kill d ber Husband, and his Father, To cake her in her hearts extresmest hate, With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes, The bleeding witnesse of my hatted by, Having God, her Conscience, and these bars against an, And I, no Friends to backe my fuite withall, But the plaine Divell, and diffembling lookes? And yet to winne ber? All the world to nothing Hah! Hath the forgot alreadle that brane Prince, Edward, her Lord, whom I (fome three mouther face) Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury? A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman, Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature Youg, Valiant, Wile, and (no doubt) right Royal, The specious World cannot againe affoord : And will the yet abase her eyes on me, That crope the Golden prime of this sweet Prince, And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed? On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie? On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus? My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier! I do mistake my person all this while: Vpon my life the findes (although I cannos) My selse to be a maru'llous proper man. Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse, And entertaine a score or two of Taylors, To fludy fashions to adorne my body: Since I am crept in favour with my felfe, I will maintaine it with some little coft. But first Ile torne you Fellow in his Grave, And then returne lamenting tomy Love. Shine out faire Sunne, till I bave bought a glaffe,

Scena Tertia.

That I may fee my Shadow as I passe.

Enert the Queene Morber Lord Kiners, and Lord Gray.

RialHaue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Malety Will soone recouer his accustom'd health. Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worfe, Therefore for Gods lake entertaine good comfort, And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me! Gray. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but loffe of fuch a Lord.

Qu. The loffe of fuch a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heavens have bleft you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforcer, when he is gone.

On. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Richard Gloufter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Mr. It is determin'd, not concluded yets
But so it must be, if the King milicarry.

Enter Buckingbarn and Derby.

Cray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Maieffy toyful, as you have bin

Qu. The Counteffe Rebmond, good my Lof Derby.

To your good prayer, will fearfely fay, Amen.

Yet Derby, not with flanding fhee's your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord affur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleeue
The entitious flanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From way ward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

Qn. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby.

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I.

Ate come from vifiting his Maiefly.

Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc, Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he defires to make attonement;

Betweene the Duke of Gloufter, and your Brothers, And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine, And fent to warme them to his Royall prefence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be, Ifeare our happinesse is at the height.

Emer Richard.

Rab. They do me wrong and I will not indure it, Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forfooth) emflerne, and love them not?
By holy Faul, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with furth diffentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, decelue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Aprish cuttese,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man live, and thinke no harme,
But thus his timple truth must be abus d,
With filken, slye, in sinuaring Iackes?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast not Honesty, nor Grace:

When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague you you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet sease a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints,

Bot you must trouble him with lewd complaints,

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)

(And not prouok'd by any Sutor elfe)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred.

That in your outward action shewes it felfe Against my Childten, 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 eueric Iaeke became a Gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother You enuy my advancement, and my friends: (Gloffer God grant we never may have neede of you.

Ruch Meanetime, God grants that I have need of you.

Our Brother is imprison d by your meanes,

My selfe disgrac d, and the Nobilitie

Held in contempt, while great Promotions

Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarse some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

Particiate to the two days index we worth a work.

From that contented hap which I intoy'd,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have bin
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull inverse,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects,
Rich! You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord Hashing; late imprisonment.

Rish. She may my Lord, for Rish. She may Lord Rishers, why who knowes not for She may do more fir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,

And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lift those Honors on your high defert.
What may the not, the may, I matry may the.
Riw. What matry may the?

Ric. What marrie may the? Marrie with a King.
A Batcheller, and a handsome ftripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I have too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scottes:
By heaven, I will acquaint his Maietie
Of those grosse taunts that of I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie servan: maide
Then a gress Queene, with this condition,
To be so batted, scorn'd, and stormed as,
Small ioy have I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lefined be that small, God I befeech him, Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in presence of the King:

I will auouch t in prefence of the King:
I dare adventure to be fent to th' Towre.
Tis time to speake,
My painer are quite for one.

My paines are quite forgot.

Margarer. Our Diuell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou killd'ft my Husband Henrie in the Tower,

And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-borfe in his great affaires:
A weeder out-of his proud Aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood. I spent mine owue.

Margaret. I and much better blood. Then his, or thine.

Rich.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Gray Were factions, for the House of Longager; And Rower, lo were you : Was not your Husband, In Alargarett Battaile, at Saint Albons, Saine ? Let me put in your mindes, if you forget What you have beene ere thish and what you are: Withall, what I have beene, and what I am.

2,M A murch rous Villaine, and fo ftill thou are. Rich. Poore Clarece did forfake his Father Warnte. I and for (wore himfelfe (which Ielis pardoo.)

Q. M. Which God revenge.

Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Ceowne, And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed *ps I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards, Or Edwards loft and pittifull, like mine ; I am too childish faolish for this World.

Q.M. High thee to Hell for shame, & leave this World Thou Cacademon, there thy Kingdome is.

Rm. My Lord of Glofter: in those busie dayes, Which here you vege, to proue vi Ecemies, 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.

Qu. As little toy (my Lord) as you suppose You hould entry, were you this Countries King, As little toy you may suppose in me, That I enjoy, being the Queene thereof.

Q M. A listle joy enjoyes the Queene thereof, For I am thee, and altogether toylette: I can no longer hold me patient. Heareme, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out, In Charing that which you have pill'd from me: Which off you crembles not, that lookes on me? If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subie as ; Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebella. Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away.

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ft thou in my

2.M. But repetition of what thou half marr'd, That will I make, before I let thee goe.

Ruch. Were thou nor banished, en paine of death? Q M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishmem. Theo death can yeeld me here, by my abode. A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ft to me,

And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance: This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

Aud all the Pleafures you vlurpe, are mine Rich. The Curfe my Noble Father layd on thee, When thou didft Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper And with thy scornes drew's Rivers from his eyes, And then to dry them, gau'ft the Duke a Clowt, Sceep'd in the faultleffe blood of prettie Rulad, His Curfes then, from bitternelle of Soule, Denounc'd against thee, are all falne upon thee: And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iuft is God, to right the innovem. Haft. O,'twas the fouleft deed to flay that Babe, And the most mercilesse, that ere was beard of.

Kin. Tyranis themselves weps when it was reported. Dorf No man but prophecied revenge for it. Buck Northumberland, then prefent, wept to fee it. 2 M. Whar? were you insiling all before I came, Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And corne you all your hacred now on me? Did Torter dread Curse prevaile so much with Heauen, That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,

Should all but answer for that peruils Brat? Can Cutfer merce the Clouds, and emer Heaven? Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curles. Though not by Warre, by Surfer dye your King, As ours by Murther, to make him a King Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales. For Edward our Soone, that was Prince of Wales, Dye in his youth, by like untimely utolence. Thy felfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene, Our-live thy glory, like my wretched felfe: Long may it thou live, to wayle thy Childrens death, And fee another, as I fee thee naw, Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art Hall'd in mine. Long dye thy happie dayes before thy death, And after many length ned howres of greefe, Dye neyther Mother, Wife, not Eaglands Queene Rours and Derfer, you were franders by, And to walt thou, Lord Hafforgs, when my Sonne Was flab d with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him, That none of you may live his naturall age, But by fome valook'd accident cut off. Rub. Have done thy Charme, & hateful wither'd Hagge.

Their Kingdomes loffe, my world Banishmens

OM And leave out thee? Hay Dog. for & fhalt beare me. If Heaven have any grievous plague in fore, Exceeding those that I can with vponthee, Oles them keepe is, till thy finnes be tipe, And then hurle downe their indignation On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace, The Worme of Conscience Aill begans with Soule, Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'ft, And take deepe Traycoes for thy descent Friends . No fleepe close up that deadly Eye of these, Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills Thou eluish mark'd, abortive rooting Hagge, Thou that wast feal'd in thy Nattuitie The flave of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell ! Thou flander of thy heavie Mothers Wombe, Thou toathed Illue of thy Fathers Lognes, Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detelled-

Rich. Margares. Q.M Richard. Rich Ha. Q.M. I call thee not.

Rich. I cry thee mercie then : for Idid thinke, That thou hadft call'd me all thefe bitter names. Q M. Why lo I did, but look'd for no reply.

Ohlet me make the Period to my Curfe. Rub. Tis done by me, and ends in Margare. Qu. Thus have you breath'd your Cur leagainft your lelf. Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my forume, Why threw'st rhou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, Whole deadly Web enforreth thee about? Foole, foole, thou whet It a Knife to kill thy felfe : The day will come that thou halt will for me,

To helpe thee eurle this poylonous Bunch-backt Torde. Haft. Falle boding Woman, end thy frantick Curle, Least to thy barme, thou mode our petience.

2. M. Foule shame "pon you, you have all moo'd mine. Ri. Were you wel ftru'd, you would be taught your duty. 2 M To ferue me well, you all should do me duty, Teach the to be your Queene, and you my Subie 202

O ferue me well, and reach your felues that duty. Dorf. Dispute not with bee, thee is looseteke. Q.M. Peace Mafter Marquelle, you are malapert, Yout hee-new stampe of Honoria learce currant. O that your yong Nobility could judge What 'twere to lofe it, and be miferable. They that fland high, have many blasts to shake them, And if they fall, they dash themselves to peeces. Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Mar-

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much at me. Rich. I, and much more : but I was borne fo highs Our syerie builderh in the Cedars top, And dallies with the winde, and fcornes the Sunne. Mar. And turnes the Sun to Made: alas, alas,

Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death, Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy weath Hath in eternall darkneffe folded vp. Your ayery 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 shame : If not, for Charity. Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me; Vncharitably with me have you dealt, And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd. My Charity is outrage, Life my shame, And in that shame, still live my sorrowes rage.

Buc. Haue done, haue done. Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kille thy hand, In figne of League and amity with thee r Now faire befull thee, and thy Noble house t Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood; Nor thou within the compelle of my curle. Buc. Norno one heere : for Curles neuer paffe

The lips of those that breath them in the syre. Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky, And there awake Gods gentle fleeping peace. O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogges Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites, His venom tooth will rankle to the death. Haue not to do with him, beware of him, Sinne, death, and hell haue fet their markes on him, And all their Ministers attend on him.

Rich. What doth the fay, my Lord of Buckingham. Buc, Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.

Mar. What dost thou scorne me

For my gentle counfell? And footh the divell that I warne thee from. Obut remember this another day: When he shall split thy very heart with forrow t And fay (poore Margaret) was a Prophetesse: Liuc cach of you the subjects to his hate, And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses. Rim. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertle. Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother, She hach had too much wrong, and I repent

My pare thereof, that I have done to her.

Mar I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrongs I was too hat, to do formebody good, That is too cold in thinking of it now t Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed: He is frank'd up to fatting for his paines, God pardon them, that are the coule thereof.

Rin A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion To pray for them that have done feath to vs. Rieb. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to hamfolfe. For had I curft now, I had curft my felfe

Enter Caresby.

Cates. Madam, his Malesty doth call for you, And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord. Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mes. Riu. We wast vpon your Grace.

Breum all but Glofter. Rich, I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle. The fecret Mischeefes that I fet abroach,

I lay voto the grecuous charge of others. Clarence, who I indeede have cast in darknesse, I do beweepe to many simple Gulles, Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingbam And tell them "tis the Queene, and her Allies, That flire the King againft the Duke my Brother. Now they beleeve it, and withall whet me To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorfet, Grey. But then I figh, and with a peece of Scripture; Tell them that God bids vs do good for cuill : And thus I cloath my naked Villanie With odde old ends, Rolne forth of holy Writ, And feeme a Saint, when most I play the deuille.

Enter two muriberers. But foft, heere come my Executioners,

How now my hardy flout refolued Mates, Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

Vil. We are my 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, repayte to Crosby place; But firs be sodaine in the execution, Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleades For Clarence is well spoken, and pernappes May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.

Vil Tur, cut, my Lord, we will not fland to prate, Talkers are no good dooers, be affur'd:

We go to vie our hands, and not our tongues. Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-Rones, when Fooles eyes I like you Lads, about your bufinesse straight.

Go,go,dispatch. Ud. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper. Resp. Why lookes your Grace to heavily to day. Cls. O, I have past a miserable night, So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly lights, That at I am a Christian faithfull man I would not spend another such a night Though tweet to buy a world of happy dalers So full of dismall terror was the time. Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower, And was embark'd to croffe to Burgundy, And in my company my Brother Gloufter, Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke, Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd roward England,

€ 2

And cited up a thousand heavy times, Durin?

The Life and Dearn of Richard the Third.

During the warres of Yorke and Lancatter That had befalse vs. As we poe'd along Vpon the glddy footing of the Hatches. Me thought that Glouller stambled, and in falling Strookeme (that thought to flay him) ouer-boord, Into the tumbling billowes of the maine. O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne, What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares, What fights of vgly death within mine eyes. Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackers A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon : Wedges of Gold, grest Anchors, beapes of Pearle, Inefirmable Scones, vovalewed lewels, All scattred in the bottome of the Sea, Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes Where eyes dld once inhabit, there were crept (As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes, That woo'd the flimy bottome of the deepe, And mock'd the dead bones that lay feattred by.

Krep. Had you fuch leyfure in the time of death Togaze vpon thefe fecrets of the deepe ! Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I Arive To yeeld the Ghoft: but fill the enuious Flood Stop din my foule, and would not let it forth To had the empty, vall, and wanu mag agre : But Imether'd it within my panting bulke, Who almost burst, ro belch it in the Sea.

Reep. Awak'd you not in this fore Agony? Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life. O then, began the Tempest to my Soule. I past (me thought) the Melanchially Flood, With that fowre Ferry-man which Poets write of Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night. The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule, Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke, Who spake alowd: What scourge for Periurie, Can this darke Monarchy affoord falle Clarence? And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by, A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out slowd Clarence is come, falle, fleeting, persur'd Clarence, That flabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury : Seize on him Furies, take him voto Tormeni. With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Frends Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine cares Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Nolle, I (trembling) wak d, and for a feafon after, Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell, Such terrible Impression made my Dreame. Keep Ne marvell Lord, though it affrighted you,

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done thefe things (That now give evidence against my Soule) For Edwards lake, and fee bow he requires mee. O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeale thee, But thou wilt be aveng'd on my mildeeds, Yet execute thy wrath in me alone : O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children. Keeper, I prythee he by me a-while, My Soule is heavy, and I faine would fleepe. Keep I will my Lord, God give your Grace good reft.

I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it

Encer Brakenbery the Lieutenza.

Bra Sorrow breaker Seafons, and repoling houres, Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:

Princes have but their Titles for their Glazies, An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle, And for vafelt Imaginetions They often feele a world of reflieffe Cares : So that betweene their Titles, and low Nisoe, There's oothing differs, but the our ward face.

Lan in Murbarre

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would it thou fellow? And how carrier it thou hither.

2. Other I would speak with Clarence, and I came his ther on my Legges.

Bra. What to breefe?

t. Tis better (Sir) then to be redious: Let him fee our Commission, and talke so more. Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver

The Noble Duke of Claronce to your bards. I will not reason what is meant becreby, Because I will be guildelle from the meaning. There lies the Duke afleepe, and there the Keyts. lle to the King, and fignific to him, That thus I have tefign'd to you my charge.

1 You may fir, 'tis a point of wifedome t Par you well

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes.

1 No: hee'l fay 'twas done cowardly, when be wakes 2 Who he shall neser wake, vntill the great ludge-

1 Why then hee'l fay, we flab'd him Decping.

2 The origing of that word ludgement, bath beed a kinde of remorfe in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, having a Warrant, But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had it bin resolute.

2 Solam, to let him liue.

1 He backe to the Dake of Gloufler, and well him to

2 Nay, I prythee ftay a little : I hope this passionare humor of mine, will change,

It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty. 1 How do'A thou feele thy felfe now?

3 Some certaine dregges of conference see per with-

a mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies : I had forgot the Reward-

1 Where's thy conscience now.

3 O, in the Duke of Gloufters parle.

When bee opens his perfe to give vs our Reward, thy Confcience flyes out.

2 Tis no macter, let it goe : There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 He not meddle withit, it makes a man a Coward : A man cannot steale, but it accreseth nim : A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. Tis a blufhing shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans botome : It filles a man fall of Obflacles. It made me once reftore a Purise of Gold that (by chance) I found. It beggars any man that keepes it : It is turn'd out of Townes and Cit ties for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to line well, endeaours to truft to himselfe, and line without it.

1 Tia

Zarit.

Tis cuen now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the Dkue.

2 Take the divell in thy minde, and beleeve him not t He would infinuate with thee but to make thee figh. t I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spokelike a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

- 1 Takehim on the Coffard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmefey-Butte in the next roome.
 - 2 O excellent deuice; and make a fop of him.

I Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

No, wee'l reason with him.

Cla. Whereart thou Keeper? Glueme a cup of wine.

You shall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, 25 you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

I Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble. My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne. Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doft thou speake?

Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who fent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

3 To,to,to-Cla. To murther me ?

Both. I,I.
Cla. You fearfely have the hearts to tell me for And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends have I offended you?

Offended vs you have not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe. 2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To flay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me? What lawfull Quest have given their Verdict vp

Vnto the frowning ludge? Or who pronouve'd The bitter fentence of poore Clarence death, Before I be conuich by course of Law? To threaten me with death, is most valawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodneffe, That you depart, and lay no hands on me a The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do voon command.

And he that hath commanded, is out King. Cla. Erroneous Vallala, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans? Take heed: for he holds Vengesnee in his hand, To hutle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that same Vengeance doth he hutle on thee, For falle Forswearing, and for murcher too : Thou did A receive the Sacrament, to fight

In quarrell of the House of Lancaster,

And like a Traitor to the name of God, Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip it the Bowels of thy Sou raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was t I worne to cherifh and defend.

How canst thou vige Gods dreadfull Law to vs.

When thou hall broke it in such deere degree? Cla. Alas! for whose fake did I that ill deede? For Edward, for my Brother, for his fake. He fends you not to mutther me for this :

For in that finne, he is as deepe as I. If God will be avenged for the deed. O know you yet, he doth it publiquely, Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course, To cut off those that have offended him.

Who made thee then a bloudy minister, When gallant springing braue Plantagener,
That Princely Nouice was strucke dead by thee? Cla. My Brothers love, the Divell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to flaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, bate not me: I am his Brother, and I love him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will fend you to my Brother Glouster: Who shall reward you better for my life, Then Edward will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Glouster hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he bolds me deere : Go you to him from me.

I I fo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke. Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this divided Friendship Bid Gloufter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

s I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not flander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueft: Come, you deceive your felfe,

Tishe that fends vs to destroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and fwore with fobs, That he would labour my delinery.

Why so be doth, when he deliuers you From this earths thraldome, to the loyes of heauen.

Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord. Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your foules, To counsaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne foules fo blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O firs confider, they that fet you on To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and faue your foules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two fuch murtherers as your felues came to you, Would not intreat for life, as you would begge Were you in my diffresse.

Relent? no: Tis cowardly and womanish. Cla. Not to relent, is beaftly, fauage, dinellish : My Friend, I fpy some picty in thy lookes : O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer, Come thou on my fide, and intreate for mee,

A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.
2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

Take that, and that, if all this will not do, Stabs him. He drowne you in the Malmesey-But within.

3 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht: How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands Enter s. Mursherer Of this most greeuous murther.

t How now? what mean's thou that thou help's me not? By Heaven the Duke Chall know how flacke you haue beene.

Exa

2. Mar I would be knew that I had tau'd his brother, Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I fay, For I repent me that the Duke is flame.

1. Mir. So do not I : go Coward as thou are. Well, le go hide the body in sonie hole, Till that the Duke give order for his burnall a And when I have my meede, I will away, For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Emer Rescliffe, and Glofler.

Rich Good morrow to any Sourraigne King & Quern And Princely Peeres, happy ome of day.

King, Happy indeed as we have spent the day: Gloffer, we have done deeds of Charny, Made peace of enemity, fatre loue of line, Betweene thele swelling wrong incensed Peeres.

Rich. A bleffed labour my most Sourraigne Lords Among this Princely heape, if any heere By falle intelligence, or wrong furmize Hold me a Foe. If I vowillingly, or in my tage, Haue ought committed that is hardly borne, To any in chis presence, I desire To reconcile me to his Friendly peace : Tis death to me to be at enmitte I have it, and defire all good mens love, First Madam, I intreate true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my ductious service. Of you my Noble Cono Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs. Of you and you, Lord Ravers and of Darfes. That all without defert have frown'd on me: Of you Lord Wooduil, and Lord Scales of you, Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all I do not know that Englishman alive, With whom my foule is any iot at oddes, More then the Infant that is borne to night:

I thanke my God for my Humility.

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept beereafter: I would to God all Arifes were well compounded. My Sourraigne Lord, I do beferch your Highne Te To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace,

Rich. Why Madam, have I offred love for this, To be so Bowted to this Royall prefence? Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? 767 You do him inturie to scome his Coarle. al flare.

King. Who knowes not he is dead? Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-feeing heaven, what a world is this? Buc. Looke I sopale Lord Derfet, as the rest?

Dar. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence, But his ted colour hath forfooke his cheekes.

Kong. Is Clarence dead? The Order was reverft.
Rub. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed. And that a winged Mercurie did beare: Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand, That eame too lagge to fee him buried. God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall, Necret in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve por worse then wretched Clarence did, And yet go current from Suspition.

Enser Early of Derby.

Dr. A boone my Sourraigne for my ferulee done, King. I prethee peace, my foule is full of forrow. Dr. I will not rife, vnleffe your Highnes heare me.

Ring Then lay at once, what is it thou requests.

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my feruants life. Who flew to day a Riorous Gentleman Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.

King. Haue I a rongue to doome my Brothers death! And shall that tongue give pardon to a flave? My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought, And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Adus Secundus. Secon Prima.

Flowrist. Enter the King ficke the Ducone, Lord Moquefe Dorfet, Rivers, Hallings, Caresby, Buckingbam, Woodwall.

King. Why to: now have I done a good daies work. You Peeres, continue this vnited League: I, euery day expect an Embassage From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence. And more to peace my foule shall part to heaven, Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth-Dorfes and Rouers, take each others hand, Diffemble not your hatted, Sweare your love.

Kru. By heaven, my foele is purg'd from grudging hate And with my hand I feale my true hearts Loue.

Haft. So thrive I, as I truly sweare the like. King. Take heed you dally not before your King, Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings Confound your hidden fallhood, and award

Either of you to be the others end.

Haft. So prosper Las I swezre perfect loue.
R. And Las I loue Hafings with my heart, King. Madam, your felfe is not exempt from this : Not you Sonne Darfet, Buckinghars not you; You have bene factious one against the other. Wise, love Lord Haftings, let him kille your hand, And what you do, do it enfeignedly.

Qu. There Haftings, I will never more remember Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine.

King. Dorfet, imbrace him: Hastings, love Lord Marquesse.

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest Vpon my pare, shall be inviolable.

Haft. And so sweare I.

King. Now Princely Buckingham, seale & this league With thy embracements to my wives Allies,

And make me happy in your voiry.

Buc. When over Buckmoham doth turne his hate Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious love, Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me With hate in those where I expect most love, When I have most need to imploy a Friend. And most assured that he is a Friend, Deepe, hollow, treacherour, and full of gulle, Be he ynto me: This do I begge of heauen, When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

King. A pleating Cordiall, Princely Buckingham.
Is this thy Vow, vnto my fickely heart: There wanteth now our Brother Glofter heere, To make the bleffed period of this peace.

Bue. And in good time, Heere comes Su Richard Rascliffe, and the Duke.

Who

Who fued to me for him? Who (in my wrath) Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be adult'd?
Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue? Who told me how the poore foule did forfake The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me? Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury, When Oxford had me downe, he refrued mes And faid deare Brother live, and be a King ! Who told me, when we both lay in the Field, Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me Euen in his Garments, and did give himselfe (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night? All this from my Remembrance, brutish weath Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you Had fo much grace to put it in my minde. But when your Carters, or your wayting Vasfalls Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd The precious Image of our deere Redeemer, You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon, And I (vniustly too) must grant it you. But for my Brother, not a man would speake, Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all, Haue bin beholding to him in his life Yet none of you, would once begge for his life. O God! I feare thy inflice will take hold On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come Hastings helpe me to my Closset.
Ah poote Clarence.

Execut some with K Execut 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 heare of Clarence death. O! they did vrge it fill vnto the King, God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go, To comfort Edward with our company,

Scena Secunda.

exesust.

Buc. We wait vpon your Grace.

Enter the old Dutcheffe of Torke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs,is our Father dead? Dutch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?

And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne.

Boy. Why do you looke on va, and shake your head,

And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes, If that our Noble Father were alive?

Dat. My pretty Cofins, you militake me both, I do lament the ficknesse of the King, As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death: It were lost forrow to walle one that's lost.

By. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead: The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it. God will revenge it, whom I will importune With earnest prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And lo will I.

Dur. Peace children peace, the King doth love you wel. Incapcable, and shallow Innocents,

You cannot guelle who caus'd your Fathers death. Boy. Grandam we cant for my good Vnkle Glofter

Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene, Deuis'd impeachments to impsison him; And when my Vnekle told me fo, he wept. And pittled me, and kindly kift my cheeke: Bad me rely on him, as on my Father, And he would love me deerely as a childe.

Das. Ah! that Deceit should fleale such gentle shape, And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice. He is my fonne, I, and therein my shame, Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did diffemble Grandam? Dut. I Boy. Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Rivers & Dorfet after ber.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe? To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfc. He ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule, And to my felfe, become an enemie.

Due. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience? Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence. Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead. Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone? Why wither not the leaves that want their fap? If you will live, Lament : if dye, be breefe, That our fwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings, Or like obedient Subjects follow him, To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.

Dur. Ah so much interest have in thy forrow, As I had Title in thy Noble Husband: I have bewept a worthy Husbands death, And liu'd with looking on his Images: But now two Mirrors of his Princely femblance, Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death, And I for comfort, have but one falle Glaffe, That greeues me, when I fee my shame in him. Thou are a Widdow: yet thou are a Mother, And hast the comfort of thy Children left, But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes, And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands, Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I, (Thine being but a moity of my mosne) To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death : How can we ayde you with our Kindred teates? Daugh. Our fatheriesse distresse was left vomoan'd,

Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vowept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation, I am not barren to bring forth complaints: All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, That I being govern'd by the waterie Moone, May fend forth plenteous teates to drowne the World. Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence. Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence.
Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and hee's gone? Chil. What flay had we but Clarence? and he's gone. Dut. What stayes had I, but they ? and they are gone.

Qm. Was never widdow had so deere a losse. Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a loue.

Dur. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse. Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes, Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall. She for an Edward weepes, and so do I 1

I for a Clarence weepes, to doth not thee: These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they. Alas! you three,on me threefold diffieft: Power all your teares, I am your fortowes Nurle, And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Der. Comfort deete Mother, Godis much displeasid, That you take with vothankfulnesse his doing. In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull, With dull vnwillingnelle to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent : Much niore to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Riveri. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother Of the young Prince your sonne: fend fraight for him, Let him be Crown'd, in him your coinfort lives. Drowne desperate fortow in dead Edwards grave, And plant your loyes in living Edwards Throne.

Emer Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Ha-Singiand Ruichfe.

Rich. Sifter have comfort, all of vs have caufe To waile the dimming of our shining Starre: But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them. Madam, my Mother, I do cry you metcie, I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,

leraue your Bleffing.
Dut. God bleffe thee, and put meeknet in thy breaft, Loue Charity, Obedience, and teue Dutie.

Rith. Amen, and make me die a good old man, That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleffing; I maruell that her Grace did leave it out.

Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-forowing-Peeres, That beare this heavie mutuall loade of Moane, Now cheere each other, in each others Loue: Though we have spent our Harvest of this King, We are to reape the Haruell of his Sonne. The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates, But lately fplinter'd, knit, and joyn'd together, Must gently be preseru'd, cherifht, and kept : Me feemeth good, that with fome little Traine, Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

RINCTI. Why with some little Traine,

My Lord of Buckingham?

Bue. Marrie my Lord, leaft by a multitude, The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake oue, Which would be so much the more dangerous, By how much the effect is greene, and yet vingouem d. Where every Horse beares his commanding Reine, And may direct his course as please himselfe. As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant, In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs. And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Rus. And fo in me, and fo (I thinke) in all. Yet fince it it but greene, it should be put To no apparant !tkely-hood of breach, Which haply by much company might be vrg'd: Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham, That it is meete so sew should fetch the Prince.

Haft. And so say I.

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London. Madam, and you my Sifter, will you go To give your censures in this businesse. EXTINE

Monet Buck jugham, and Richard Buc. My Lord, who ever tourners to the Prince, For God lake let not vs two flay at home ! For by the way, lle fort occasion, As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rieb. My other felfe, my Countailes Confiftory, My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Colin, 1,21 2 childe, will go by thy direction,

Toward London then, for wee I not flay behinde. Exercise

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen as one dware, and another as the other.

1 Cu. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away to

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarlely know my selfe :

Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead,

2. Ill newes byrlady, feldome comes the better: lfeare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world. Enter another CHIZEN.

3. Neighbourt, God speed.

t. Give you good morrow fir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king Edward death

2. I fir, it is too true, God helpe the while. 3. Then Mafters looke to fee a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne.

3. Wee to that Land that a govern'd by a Childe.

1. In him there is a hope of Gouernment, Which in his nonage, counfell under him And in his full and ripened yeares, himfelfe No doubt fiell then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So flood the State, when Henry the fire Was crown'd in Paris, but at oine months old.

3. Stood the State fo? No, no, good friends, God wo For then this Land was famoufly enrich'd With politike grave Counsell; then the King Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

2. Why fo hath this, both by his Father and Mother

Better it were they all came by his Father t Or by his Father there were none at all : For emulation, who shall now be neerest, Will touch vs all too neere if God prevent not Ofull of danger in the Duke of Gloutier, And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud And were they to be rul'd, and not co rule, This fickly Land, might folace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worst : all will be well. 3. When Clouds are feen, wifemen put on their clokes When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand; When the Sun lets, who doth not looke for night? Vintimely flormes, makes men expect a Dearth: All may be well; but if God fort it fo, 'Tis more then we deferue or 1 expe&

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare: You cannot reason (simos) with a man, That lookes not heavily, and full of dread

3. Before the dayes of Change, fill is it fo, By a divine inftine, mens mindes miftruft

Enfuing

Pursuing danger: as by proofe we see
The Water swell before a boyst rous storme: But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 Marry we were fent for to the Lustices.

3 And fo was I : Ile beare you company. · Excune

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-tishop , yong Torke, the Queene, ord the Dutchelle

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford, And at Northampton they do rest to night : To morrow, or next day, they will be heere. Dur. I long with all my heart to fee the Prince : I hope he is much growne fince last I faw him. Qu. But I heare no, they fay my fonne of Yorke Ha's almost overtane him in his growth. Torke. I Mother, but I would not have it fo. Dus. Why my good Cofin, it is good to grow. Tor. Grandam, one night as we did fit at Supper, My Vnkle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vakle Gloufter, Small Herbes have grace, great Weeds do grow apace. And fince, me thinkes I would not grow fo fast, Because sweet Flowres are flow, and Weeds make haft.

Det, Good faith, good faith, the faying did not hold In him that did obiect the same to thee. He was the wretched st thing when he was yong, So long a growing, and so leysurely, That it his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam. Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Tor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,

I could have given my Vakles Grace, a flour, To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke, I prychee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they fay) my Vnkle grew fo fast, That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old, Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth. Grandam, this would have beene a byting Iest.

Due. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Tor. Grandam, his Norffe.

Dur. His Nurle? why the was dead, ere ? wast borne. Yor. If twere not the, I cannot tell who told me.

Qw, A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd. Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers have eares.

Enter a Olle Jenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes? Mef. Such newes my Lord, as greenes me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince? Mef. Well Madam, and in health. Dur. What is thy Newer? Meff. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, Are fent to Pomfret, and with them, Sit Thomas Vaugban, Prisoners.

Dir. Who listh committed them? Mef. The mighty Dukes, Gloufter and Brokingbarn. Arch. For what oftence?

Mef. The fumme of all I can, Thaun difclos'd : Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed, Is all vaknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I fee the ruine of my House: The Tyger now hath leiz'd the gentle Hinde, Infulting Tiranny beginnes to Jutt Vpon the innocent and a weleffe Throne : Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre, I see (as in a Map) the end of all.

Det. Accurled, and vnquiet wrangling dayes, How many of you have mine eyes beheld? My Husband loft his life, to get the Crowne, And often vp and downe my fonnes were toft For me to loy, and weepe, their gaine and loffe. And being feated, and Domesticke broyles Cleanc ouer-blowne, themselves the Conquerors, Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother; Blood to blood, selfe against selfe : O prepostorous And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene, Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.

Madam, farwell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you. Qu. You have no cause. Arch. My gracious Lady go, And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes, For my part, Ile religne vnto your Grace The Seale I keepe, and so beside to me, As well I tender you, and all of yours. Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanduary.

Exeunt

Adus Tertius. Scana Prima.

The Trumpers found. Emeryong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Lord Cardmall, with others.

Bue. Welcome sweete Prince to London, To your Chamber.

Rub. Welcome deere Cofin, my thoughts Soueraign The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Priss. No Vakle, but our croffes on the way, Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heaule. I want more Vnkles beere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your yeers Hath not yet div'd into the World's deceit: No more can you distinguish of a man, Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes, Seldome or neuer jumpeth with the heart. Those Vakles which you want, were dangerous: Your Grace attended to their Sugred words, But look'd not on the poylon of their hearts; God keepe you from them, and from such falle Friends,

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,

But they were none,

Rich. My Lord, the Major of London comes to greet YOU.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo. Maior. God bleffe your Grace, with health and happie dayes. Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, end thank you all: I thought my Mother, and my Brother Torke, Would long, ere this, have met vs on the way. Fig. what a Slug is Haftings, that he comes not To tell vs, whether they will come, or na.

Ener Lord Haftengs.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the swesting Lord.

Proce. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother

come?

Hall. On what occasion God he knowes, not I; The Queene your Mother, and your Brother Torke, Haue taken Sanctuarie : The tender Prince Would faine hauc come with me, to meet your Grace, But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and pecuish course Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace Perswade the Queene, to fend the Duke of Yorke Vnto his Princely Brother presently? If the denie, Lord Hailings goe with him, And from her icalous Armes pluck him perforce,

Card My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke, Anon expect him here: but if the be obdurate To milde entreaties, God forbid We should infringe the holy Priviledge Of bleffed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land, Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne.

Buck. You are too fenceleffe obstinate, my Lord, Too ceremonious, and traditionall. Weigh it but with the groffeneffe of this Age, You breake not Sanctuarie, in ferzing him : The benefit thereof is alwayes granted To those, whose dealings have deserved the place, And those who have the wit to clayme the place t This Prince both neyther claym'd it, nor deserv'd it, And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it. Then taking him from thence, that is not there, You breake no Priviledge, nor Charter there : Oft have I heard of Sanctuarie men, But San Quarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once. Come on, Lord Huftings, will you goe with me?

Haft. I goe, my Lord. Exis Cardinall and Haftings. Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may. Say, Vackle Glocefter, if our Brother come, Where shall we solourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'ft best vnto your Royall selfe. If I may countaile you, some day or two Your Highrheffe shall repose you at the Towers Then where you please, and shall be thought most sit For your best health, and recreation.

Princy. I doe not like the Tower, of any place; Did Iulius Cafar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place, Which fince, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.
Prizer. Is it vpon record? or elfe reported Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord. Prince. But fay, my Lord, it were not registred, Me thinkes the truth should live from age to age, As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie, Even to the generall ending day.

Gla So wile fo young they lay doe never live long. Protes. What fay you, Vnckle?

Glo. I fay, without Characters, Fame lives long, Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquirie, I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Iulius Cafer was a famous man, With what his Valour did enrich his Wir. His Wit let downe, to make his Valour live ; Death makes no Conquell of his Conqueror, For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life. lle tell you what, my Coulin Bucking born

Buck What, my gracious Lord? Proves. And if I live vitil I be a man, He win our ancient Right in France againe, Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King. Glo. Short Summers lightly bave a forward Spring-

Enter young Torks, Hastings, and Cardmak

Buck, Now In good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. Ruchard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

Torks. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now. Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it la yours : Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title, Which by his death hath loft much Maiefie.

Glo. How fares our Coulin, Noble Lord of Yorke? Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord. You faid, that idle Weeds are fast in growth i

The Prince, my Brother, bath out-growne me farre. Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Torke And therefore is he idle? Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so. Torke. Then he is more beholding to you, then L

Gla. He may command me as my Soueraigne, But you have power in me, as in a Kinfman.

Torke. I pray you, Vnckle, give me this Dagger. Glo. My Dagger, little Coufin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Torke. Of my kind Vnekle, that I know will give,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, lle give my Coufin. Take. A greater gift ? O, that's the Sword to it. Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough, Torke, O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,

In weightier things you'le fay a Begger my.

Glo. It is too weightle for your Grace to weste. Torks. I weights lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

Torke I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

Gb. How? Torke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will fill be croffe in talker Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him. Torke. You meane 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 should beare me on your shoulders.

Buck With what a Therpe provided wit he restons: To mittigate the fcome he gives his Vackle, He prettily and spriy tounts himfelfe: So cunning, and fo young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along? My felse, and my good Coulin Buckingbam, Will to your Mother to entreat of her To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Torks. What.

Torke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord? Prince. My Lord Protector will have it fo. Torke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower. Glo. Why, what should you feare? Torke. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Choft: My Grandam told me he was muther'd there.
Prince I feare no Vnckles dead. Glo. Nor none that live, I hope. Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not feare. But come my Lord : and with a heavie heart, Thinking on them, goe I voto the Tower. A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Torke, Haftings, and Durfet.

Manet Richard, Buskingham, and Catesby. Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Torke

Was not incenfed by his subtile Mother, To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh'tis a perillous Boy. Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable: Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe. Buck. Well, let themseft: Come hither Catesby, Thou are sworne as deepely to effect what we intend, As closely to conceale what we impart : Thou know'ft our reasons vrg'd vpon the way. What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter, To make William Lord Hastings of our minde, For the installment of this Noble Duke

In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile? Cates. He for his fathers fake so loues the Prince, That he will not be wonne to ought against him.

Buck. What think's thou then of Stanley? Will

not hee?

Cases, Hee will doe all in all as Haffings doeb. Buck. Well then, no more but this : Goe gentle Catethy, and as it were farre off, Sound thou Lord Hallings, How he doth fland affected to our purpole, And fummon him to morrow to the Tower, To fir about the Coronation. If thou do'ft finde him tractable to vs. Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons : If he be leaden, yeie, cold, vn willing, Be thouso too, and so breake off the talke, And give vs notice of his inclination: Por we to morrow hold divided Councels, Wherein thy felfe shalt highly be employ'd.

Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby, His apcient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caftle, And bid my Lord, for joy of this good newes, Glue Miftresse Shere one gentle Kisse the more.

Buck. Good Caresby, goe effect this businesse soundly. Rich. Shall we heare from you, Cassiby, ere we fleepe? Carer. You shall, my Lord.

Rich. As Crosby House, shere shall you find vs both. Exit Caresby.

Buck, Now, my Lord, What shall wee doc, if wee perceive Lord Haftings will not yeeld to our Complets? Rich. Chop off his Head: Something wee will determine: And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moveables Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.

Bork: He clayme that promite at your Graces hand. Rich. And looke to have it yeelded with all kindnelle. Come let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards Wee may digest our complots in some forme,

Exercus.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Meffenger to the Doore of Haftings.

Mef. My Lord, my Lord. Hast. Who knockes ! Mef. One from the Lord Stanley. Haft. What is't a Clocke? Mef. Vpon the stroke of source.

Enter Lord Haftings. Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe thele tedious

Meff. Soit appeares, by that I have to fay: First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.

Haft. What then? Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme: Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept; And that may be determin'd at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at th'other. Therefore he fends to know your Lordships pleasure, If you will presently take Horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the North,

To frun the danger that his Soule divines.

Haff. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell: His Honor and my felfe are at the one, And at the other, is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs, Whereof I shall not have intelligence: Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance. And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's fo simple, To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers. To flye the Bore, before the Bore purfues, Were to incense the Bore to follow vs, And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase. Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me, And we will both together to the Tower, Where he shall see the Bore will vie vs kindly Meff. He goe, my Lord, and tell him what you fay. Exit.

Enter Casesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord. Hall. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ftirring: What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State ? Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord: And I beleeve will never fland vpright Till Ruhard weare the Garland of the Realme. Haft. How we are the Garland?

Doeft thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I,my good Lord. Haft. le haue this Crown of mine out fro my fhonlders, Before le fec the Crowne fo foule mif-plac'd: But canft thou gueffe, that he doth syme at it?

Cates. 1.

Cases. I, no my life, and hopes to find you forward, Vpon his partie, for the gains thereof:
And thereupon he fends you this good newes,
That this fame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pornfree.

Haft. Indeed I am no mourner fur that newes, Because they have beene still my adversaries:
But, that He glue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Helrea in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.

Cares. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious

mino

Haft. But I shall laugh as this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to looke upon their Tragedie.
Well Caresby, ere a fort-night make me older,
lie send some packing that yet thinke not on the
Carest, 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,

When men are unprepar'd, and looke not for it.

Haft. O montrous, montrous and to fall air out
With Rivers Ucushan, Grees: and to twill do?

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and to twill doe With fome men elle, that thinks themselves as fase At thou and I, who (as thou knows?) are deare To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you, For they account his Head upon the Bridge.

Ball. I know they doe, and I have well deferred it.

Enter Lord Stonley.

Come on, coine on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Caterby:

You may least on, but by the holy Rood, I doe not like these severall Councels, I.

Haft. My Lord, I hold my Life 26 deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe proteft,
Was it so precious to me, as tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Sta, The Lords at Pomsret, who they rode from Lond

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whe they rode from London, Were locund, and supposed their states were sure. And they indeed had no cause to misseus:

But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.

This sudden stab of Rancour I missous:

Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.

What, shall we toward the Towers the day is spent,

Hast. Come, come, have with you:

Wor you what, my Lord,

To day the Lords you talke of are beheaded, Sta. They for their truth, might better wear their Heads, Then fome that have accused them, weare their Hats. But come, my Lord, let's away

Enter a Purfusuant.

Haft. Goe on before, the talke with this good fellow.

Exil Lord Stanley, and Carethy

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purf. The better, that your Lordship please to aske.

Haft. I tell thee man, it is better with me now,

Then when thou mer'if me last, where now we meet:

Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes,

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those Enemies are put to death,

And I in better fiste then ere I was.

Purf. God hold is, to your Honors good centers. Hoff. Gramercic fellow i there, drinke that for me, Throws hom his Purfe.

Parf. I thanke your Honor.

Enn Pursuman.

Ener a Priof.

Pruft. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to fee your Ho.

Haft. I thanke thee, good Sit Idm, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you
Pruft. Ile wait upon your Lotdfrip.

Emer Budengham.

Bue. What, talking with a Prieft, Lord Chamberlaine? Your friends at Pointret, they doe need the Prieft, Your Honor hath no forming worke in hand.

Haft. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, The men you talke of, came into my minde,

What, goe you toward the Tower?

Bue. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot fray theres. I shall returne before your Lordship, thence.

Haft Nay like enough, for I flay Dinner there.

Bue. And Supper too, although thou know 'A it not Come, will you goe?'

Hast. He wait voon your Lordship.

Exerne

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ruscliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfres.

Rivers. Sit Richard Rateliffe, let me tell thee this, To day shalt thou behold a Subject die, For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.

Gry. God bleffe the Prince from all the Pack of you, A Knot you are, of damned Blood-fuckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall try wor for shis beere-

Ras. Dispatch; the limit of your Lives is out.
Ravers. O Pomstet, Pomstet! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and aminous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Rechard the Second here was backe to death:
And for more flander to thy dismall Seat,
Wee give to thee our guiltiesse blood to drioke.
Orey. Now Marganess Curse is falne upon our Heads,

Org. Now Margarett Curie 12 falne vpon our Heads, When thee exclaimed on Halloret, you, and I, For flanding by, when Richard that der Sonne.

Rwers. Then curs'd fine Richard,
Then curs'd fine Buckingham.
Then curs'd fine Hallings. On remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sifter, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know's, vniustly must be spile.

Rus. Make hafte, the houre of death is expirate.

Rusers. Come Gray, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace.

Farewell, vntill we meet agains in Heatien.

xeum. Sco

Score

Scana Quarta.

Emer Buckingham Darby, Hassings, Bilhop of Ely, Norfolke, Rascliffe, Lowell, with others, at a Table.

Haft. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met, Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name (peake, when is the Royall day?

Buck, Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happie day.

Buck Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his minde.

Buck, We know each others Faces: for our Hearts, He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours, Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord Hoftogs, you and he are neere in love.

Haft. I thanke his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded 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'le take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucofter.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe.

Rub. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrows
I have been e long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth negle & no great designe,
Which by my presence might have been e concluded.

Back, Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord Haftings, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord Haftings, no man might be bolder,

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder, His Lordship knowes me well, and loves me well. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne, I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there, I doe beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rieb. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath founded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testic Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere give consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your felfe a while, lle goe with you.

Darb. We have not yet fet downe this day of Triumph: To morrow, in my judgement, is too fudden, For I my felfe am not to well provided, As elfe I would be, were the day prolong d.

Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloffer?

I have fent for these Strawberries.

Ma.His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,

There's fome concelt or other likes him well,
When that he bids good mortow with fuch spirit.
I thinke there's nener a man in Christendome
Can leffer hide his love, or hate, then hec,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Derb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face, By any lively hood he shew'd to day?

Heft. Mary, that with no man here he is offended: For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deferue, That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots Of damned Witcheraft, and that have prevail'd Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes.

Haft. The tender love I beare your Grace, my Lord, Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence, To doome th'Offendors, who soe're they be: I say, my Lord, they baue deserved death.

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their enill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blassed Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is Edwards Wise, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Haft. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord. Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumper, Talk fit hou to me of Ifs: thou are a Traytor, Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I (weare, I will not dine, vntill I fee the same.

Lovell and Ratelife, looke that it be done: Exam.

The rest that love me, tife, and follow me.

Mones Lovell and Raicliffs, with the Lord Haftings.

Hast Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me, For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and dissaine to slye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now tepent I told the Pursolvant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomsret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
Oh Magaret, Magaret, now thy heavise Curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head,
Ra-Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner

Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Haft. O momentarie grace of mortall men,

Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.

Low. Come, come, dispatch, 'tas bootlesse to exclaime, Hast. O bloody Rebard: miserable England.

I prophecie the fezrefull'strime to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard and Buchingham, in rossen Armour, maruellom ill-famoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst shou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck, Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian, Speake, and looke backe, and pric on every fide, Tremble and flart at wagging of a Straw I Intending deepe fulpition, gaffly Lookes Are at my feruice, like enforced Smiles; And both are readic in their Offices, At any time to grace my Stratagemes. But what, is Caterby gone?

Rich. He is, and fee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Major, and Caterby.

Buck. Lord Maior.
Rieb. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.
Buck. Hearke, 2 Drumme.
Rieb. Casesby, o'te-looke the Walls.
Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we have sent.
Rieb. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
Buck. God and our Innocencie desend, and guard va.

Enter Lonell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Raicliffe, and Lone B. Lone B. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor, The dangerous and unfulpe Oed Hastings.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe: I tooke him for the plainest batmelesse Creature, That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian. Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded The Historie of all her secret thoughts. So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue, That his apparant open Guilt omitted, I meane, his Conversation with Shores Wise, He liu'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck, Well, well, he was the couerust sheltred Traytor.
That ever livid.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
West not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Glosser.

Major. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
Bur that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons (asette,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution,

Maior. Now faire befall you, he defers'd his death, And your good Graces both have well proceeded, To warne falle Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miftreffe Shore:
Yet had we not determin'd be should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings have prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously consesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well have fignify'd the fame Vinto the Citizens, who haply may Misconfler vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serve,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake;
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case,

Rub. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here, T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck, Which fince you come too late of our intent, Yet withelfs what you heare we did intend: And so, my good Lord Major, we bid farwell.

Rich. Goe after, after, Coulin Bucking harn The Malor towards Gulld-Hall hyes him in all poste : There, at your meetest vantage of the time, Inferre the Bastardie of Edward Children: Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen Onely for faying, he would make his Sonne Heire to the Crowne, mezaing indeed bis Houle, Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed for Moreover, vrge his hatefull Luxurie, And beastiall appetite in change of Lust, Which Bretcht vnto their Servants, Daughters, Wines, Euen where his raging eye, or fausge heart, Without controll, lusted to make a prey. Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person: Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child Of that infatiate Edward; Noble Torke, My Princely Father, then had Warres to 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 2 Yet touch this sparingly, as twere farre off, Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lines.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my felfe: and fo, my Lord, adue,
Rich, If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Gaftle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied

With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops,

Buck. I goo, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rieb. Goe Lovel with all speed to Doctor Shaw,

Goe thou to Fryer Penter, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caftle.
Now will I goe to take some prime order,
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of fight,
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse vnto the Princes.

Enter a Scrivener

Ser. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Haft age, Which in a fet Hand fairely is engrofs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in Pauler.
And marke how well the fequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I have spent to write it outs,
For yester-night by Cauchy was it feat me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five houres Hastings lin'd,
Vintainted, wiexamin'd, free, at libercie.
Here's a good World the while,
Who is so groffe, that cannot see this palpable detice?

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seene in thought,
Ext.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at Jouerall Doores

Rub. How now, how now, what fay the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,

The Citizens are mum, fay not a word.

Rich. Toucht you the Baffardie of Edwards Children? Buck I did with his Contract with Lady Lucy, And his Contract by Deputie in France, Th'vniatiate greedinesse of his delire, And his enforcement of the Citie Wives, His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie, As being got, your Father then in France, And his refemblance, being not like the Duke. Withall, I did inserre your Lineaments, Being the right Idea of your Father, Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde a Layd open all your Victories in Scotland, Your Diseipline in Warre, Wildome in Peace, Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie: Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpole, Vntoucht, or fleightly handled in discourse. And when my Oratorie drew toward end, I bid them that did love their Countries good, Cry, God faue Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they fo Buck. 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 Maior, what meant this wilfull filence? His answer was, the people were not vsed To be spoke to, but by the Recorder. Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus fayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd, But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe. When he had done, some followers of mine owne, At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps, And some tenne voyces cry'd, God seue King Rubard: And thus I tooke the vantage of those few. Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I, This generall applaule, and chearefull thows, Argues your wifdome, and your love to Richard : And even here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-leffe Blockes were they, Would they not speake?

Will not the Major then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Major is here at hand: intend fome feare, Benot you spoke with, but by mightie suit: And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand, And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord, For on that ground lie make a holy Descast: And be not easily wome to our requests, Play the Maids part, still answer may, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iffue.

Buck Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Mior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendence here, I thinks the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby

Buck, Now Casesby, what sayes your Lord to my

request?

Casety. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
Diulnely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke, Tell him, my felfe, the Maior and Aldermen, In deepe defignes, in matter of great moment, No Jeffe importing then our generall good, Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. Ile fignifie fo much vnto him fitsight. Exis.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Divines:
Not fleeping, to engroffe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof,
But fure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say yes

Maior. Marry God detend his Grace should lay v

Buck, I feare he will: here Careby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what layes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you have affembled

Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Coufin should Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfit love.
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace.
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beades, its much to draw them themee,
So sweet is zeslous Contemplation.

Emer Richard aloft, betweene two Bifhaps.

Malor. See where his Grace flands, tweene two Clergie men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince, To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Planagener, most gracious Prince,
Lend sauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zenle.

Rieb. My Lord, there needes no fuch Apologies I doe befeech your Grace to pardon me, Who earneft in the feruice of my God, Defert'd the vifitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces picafure?

Buck, Even that (I hope) which pleafeth God abone.

And all good men, of this vngouern'd He.

Ruh, I doe suiped I have done force offence,

Ruh. I doe suspect I have done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

o reprenend my ignorance.

Buck, You have, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Rich. Elle wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.
Buck, Know then, it is your fault, that you refigne The Supreme Sest, the Throne Maiefficall, The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors, Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth, The Lincall Glory of your Royall House, To the corruption of a blemisht Stock; Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts, Which here we waken to our Countries good, The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes : His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie, His Royall Stock graffe with ignoble Plants, And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Oblivion. Which to recure, we heartily folicite Your gracious selse to take on you the charge And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land: Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute, Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine; But as fuccessively, from Blood to Blood, Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne. For this, conforted with the Citizens, Your very Worshipfull and louing friends, And by their vehement instigation,

In this just Cause come I to move your Grace, Rich. I cannot wil, if to depart in filence, Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe, Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition. If not to answer, you might haply thinke, Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie, Which fondly you would here impose on me-If to reproue you for this fuit of yours, So season'd with your faithfull loue to me, Then on the other fide I check'd my friends. Therefore to speake, and to apoid the first, And then in speaking, not to incurre the last, Definitiuely thus I answer you. Your love deferues my thankes, but my defere Vametitable, shunnes your high request. First, if all Obstacles were cut away, And that my Path were euen to the Crowne, As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth: Yes so much is my povertie of spirit, So mightie, and so manie my defects, That I would rather hide me from my Greatnelle, Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea; Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid, And in the vapour of my Glory fmother'd. But God be thank'd, there is no need of me, And much I need to helpe you, were there need : The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit, Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time, Will well become the Seat of Maiestie, And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne. On him I lay that, you would lay on me, The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres, Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck, My Lord, this argues Confeience in your Grace, But the respects thereof are nice, and triviall, All circumstances well confidered.
You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne, So say we too, but not by Edwards Wife:

For first was he contract to Lady Lucie Your Mother lives a Witneffe to his Vow; And afterward by fubflitute betroth'd To Bons, Sifter to the King of France These both put off, s poore Petitioner, A Care-cras d Mother to a many Sonnes, A Beautie-waining, and diffrested Widow, Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes, Made prize and purchase of his wancon Eye, Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree, To bale declention, and loath'd Bigarnie. By her, in his valawfull Bed, he got This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince. More bitterly could I expostulate. Saue that for reverence to some aline, I give a sparing limit to my Tongue Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall felfe This proffer d benefit of Dignities If not to bleffe vs and the Land withall, Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceftrie From the corruption of sbufing times, Vnto a Lineall true derived course.

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entrest you.

Buck Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer a love.

Catesb. O make them in offull, grant their lawfull fort.

Rueb. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?

I sm vnfit for State, and Maiestie:

I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie: I doe befeech you take it not amisse, I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it as in love and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of beart,
And gentle, kinde, esseminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, 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 House:
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will entrear no more.

Exemp.

Caseb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it,
Rob. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Enter Buckingham, and tage grave 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 Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this.

Maier. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will

Rich. In faying fo, you shall but fay the truth.

Buck. Then I falute you with this Royall Title,
Long live King Richard, Englands worthin King.

Al. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will baue it so.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace. And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe. Excunt. Farewell my Coufins, farewell gentle friends.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enser the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Ducheffe of Yorke, and Marqueffe Dorfes.

Duch. Torke. Who meetes vs heere? My Neece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Glofter? Now, for my Life, thee's wandring to the Tower, On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince. Daughter, well met.

Arme. God give your Graces both, a happie

And a joyfull time of day.

Qu. As much to you, good Sifter: whither away? Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueife, Vpon the like denotion as your felues, To gratulate the gentle Princes there. Qu, Kind Sifter thankes, wee'le enter all togethers

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes. Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Torke?

Lieu. Right well, deare Madame : by your patience, I may not fuffer you to visit them, The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lun. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title. Hath he fer bounds betweene their love, and me? I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them? Duch, Torke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will fee

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother: Then bring me to their fights, Ile beare thy blame, And take thy Office from thee, on my perill

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leave it fo : I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. Exit Licusenant.

Enter Scanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence, And He falute your Grace of Yorke as Mother, And reverend looker on of two faire Queenes. Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster, There to be crowned Rubards Royall Queene.

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace afunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to best, Orelfe I fwoone with this dead-killing newes.

Anne. Despignefull tidings, O vnpleafing newes. Darf. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your

Qu. O Dorfet, speake not to me, get thee gone, Death and Defruction dogges thee at thy heeles, Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.

If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas, And live with Richmond, from the reach of Hell. Goe hye thee, hye thee from this flaughter-house, Lest thou encrease the number of the dead And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curfe, Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene. Stroley. Full of wife care, is this your counfaile, Madame: Take all the swift advantage of the howres: You shall have Letters from me to my Sonne, In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay.

Duch Torke. O ili dispersing Winde of Milerie. Omy accurfed Wombe, the Bed of Death : A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,

Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous. Stanley. Come, Madame, come, 1 in all haste was fent. Anne. And I with all vn willing nette will goe, O would to God, that the inclusive Verge Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow. Were red hot Steele, to feare me to the Braines, Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome, And dye ere men can fay, God faue the Queene.

Qu. Goe, goe, poore foule, I enuie not thy glory. To feed my humor, with thy felfe no harme.

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now, Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Corle, When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands, Which issued 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 Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurt. For making me, fo young, fo old a Widow: And when thou wed'ft, let forrow baunt thy Bed; And be thy Wife, if any be fo mad, More miserable, by the Life of thee, Then thou haft made me, by my deare Lords death, Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe, Within to small a time, my Womans hearz Groffely grew captime to his honey words,
And prou'd the fubicat of mine owne Soules Curse, Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reft: For neuer yet one howre in his Bed Did I entoy the golden deast of fleepe But with his timorous Dreames was fill awakd, Belides, he hates me for my Father Warwicke, And will (no doubt) shorrly be rid of me.

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pletie thy complaining.

Ame. No more, then with my foule I mouthe for

Dorf. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory. Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy lesue of ic

Du. T.Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee, Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts poffete thee, I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee. Eightie odde yeeres of fortow haus I feene, And each howres log wrackt with a weeke of teene.

28. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower. Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes, Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls, Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones, Rude ragged Nurfe, old fullen Play-fellow, For tender Princes: vie my Babies well So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Excurs.

Sound

Scena Secunda.

Setted a Senner. Enter Richard in porrigo, Bac-Mugbam, Carety, Racciffe, Louel.

Rob. Standall apart. Coufio of Buckingham. Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.
Rick. Give methy hand. Sound. Thus high, by thy advice, and thy affiftance, Is King Richard feared: But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reloyce in them?

Buch. Still live they, and for ever let them laft.
Rich. Ah Bucking ham, now doe I play the Touch, To trie if thou be surrant Gold indeed : Young Edward lives, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.
Rich. Why Buckingham, I fay I would be King.

Buck. Why fo you are, my thrice-tenowned Lord. Rub. Ha? am I King? tis fo: but Edward lines.
Buch True, Noble Prince.
Rub. O bitter confequence!

That Edward (till should live true Noble Prince. Coufin, thou wast not wont to be so dull. Shall I be plaine? I wish the Baftards dead, And I would have it fuddenly perform d.

What fay'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe. Buck Your Grace may doe your pleafure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Euc. Giue me some litle breath, some pawle, deare Lord, Before I politively speake in this:

I will resolue you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Casesby. The King is angry see he gnawes his Lippe. Rich, I will converse with Iron-witted Fooles, And vnrespective Boyes: none are for me, That looke into me with confiderate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingbam grower circumspect. Boy

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'll thou not any, whom corrupting Gold Will tempt voto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman, Whole humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit: Gold were as good as twentie Orators, And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. Whot is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tirred.

Rich. I partly know the man : goe call him hither, The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes. Hath he fo long held out with me, vntyr'd, And Rops he now for breath? Well, be it fo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes? Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquelle Dorfet As I heare, is fled to Richmond, In the parts where he abides.

Rieb. Come hither Caterby, rumor it abcord, That Anne my Wife is very grieuous licks,

I will take order for her keeping close. Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman, Whom I will marry flraight to Clarace Daughter: The Boy is foolish, and I seare not him. Looke how thou dream ft: I say againe, give out, That Anne, my Overne, is ficke, and like to dye. About it, for it flands me much vpon To flop all hopes, whose growth may demmage me, I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter, Or elle my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse: Murther her Brochers, and then marry her, Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in So farre in blood, that finne will pluck on finne, Teare-falling Pittle dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. lames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
Rich. Arrithou indeed?

Ty. Proue me, my gracious Lord. Rich. Dar'st thou resolut to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you :

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou haft it : two deepe enemies, Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes diffurbers, Are they that I would have thee deale vpon: Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open meanes to come to them, And soone lle rid you from the seere of them.

Rich. Thou fing'ft Iweet Mufique: Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,
Goe by this token: rife, and lend thinc Eare, Worker.

There is no more but fo: fay it is done, And I will love thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it ftraight.

Enter Backing harm.

Buck. My Lord, I have confidered in my minde, The late request that you did found me in.

Rich. Well, let that reft : Dorfer is fled to Richmond.

Back. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wives Sonne: well, looke

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promile, For which your Honor and your Falth is pawo'd, Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moneables, Which you have promifed I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if the coasey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What layes your Highnesse to my just request !
Rub. I doe remember me. Herry the Sixt
Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little pecuish Boy. A King perhaps.

Buck, May it please you to resolve me in my sult.
Rieb. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exe. Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe service With fuch contempt? made I him King for this? O let me thinke on Hoftings, and be gone

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done, The most arch deed of pittious massacre

To Brecnock, while my feareful Head is on.

Ther

That ever yet this Land was guilty of a Digition and Forrest, who I did suborne
To do this peece of rushfull Butchery, Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges, Melted with tendetnesse, and milde compassion, Wept like to Children, in their deaths (ad Story.
O thur (quoth Digition) lay the gende Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde:
But on the Divell, there the Villaine stop:
When Digition thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speake, and fo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Euser Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Souersigne Lord.
Re. Kinde Tirrel, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge.
Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done.

Rich. But did'ft thou see them dead.

Tir. I did my Lord.
Eich. And buried gentle Tirres.

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them, But where (to fay the cruth) I do not know.

Rich. Come to me Tirre! foone, and after Supper, When thou shalt tell the processe of their death. Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good, And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tir. I hambly take my leave.

Rich. The Sonne of Clarence have I pent up close, His daughter meanly have I matcht in marriage. The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrabanus bosome, And Asme my wife bath bid this world good night. Now for I know the Britaine Richmond symes At yong Eluzabeth my broshers daughter, And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne, To her go I, a folly thriuing woocr.

Euter Rateliffe,

Rat. My Lord.

Rieb. Good or bad newes, that thou com'fi in fo bluntly?

Res. Bad nevs my Lord, Marson is fled to Richmond, And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welfbrmen Is in the field, and fill his power encreaseth.

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that searfull commenting
Is leaden service to dult delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then service expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercusy, and Herald for a King:
Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
We must be breese, when Traitors brave the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enser old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in these Consines slily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire industion, am I witnesses,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicals,
Withdraw thee wretched Margares, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheffe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My enblowed Flowres, new appearing (weets:
If yet your gentle foules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doorne perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.

Mar. Houer abouther, fay that right for right Hath dim'd your Infant mome, to Aged night Dur. So many miferies have craz'd my voyce,

That my woe-wested tongue is fill and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou deed?

Man Plantagenet dock wife Plantagenet.

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward, payers a dying debt.

2s. Wilt thou, O God, flye from fuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didft thou fleepe, when fuch a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my fweet Sonne.
Dat Dead life, blind fight, poore mortal lluing ghoft,
Woes Scene, Worlds fhame, Graues due, by life viurps,
Breefe abstract and record of recious dayes,
Rest thy wriest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vniawfully made drunke with innocent blood.

Qu. Ah that thou would'it affoone affoord a Graue, As thou canft yeeld a melancholly feate: Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere, Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient for row be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of ligneurie,
And let my greefes frown on the vpper hand
If for row can admit Society.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a Hutband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou had it a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him:

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did A kill him; I had a Rusland too, thou hop A to kill him.

Mar. Thou had ft a Clairnee too,
And Riebard kill'd him.
From forth the keunell 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 Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping foules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombelet loofe to chafe vs to out graves.
O vpright, juft, and true-difposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the Muc of his Mothers body, And makes her Puc-fellow with others mone. Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes : God witnelle with me, I have wept for thine.

Mur. Beare with me . I am hungry for reuenge, And now I cloy me with beholding it. Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward, The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they Marcht not the high perfection of my loffe. Thy Clarence he is dead, that flab'd my Edward, And the beholders of this franticke play, Th'adulterate Haftings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray. Vntimely fmother'd in their dusky Graves. Richard yet lives, Hels blacke Intelligencer. Onely referu'd their Factor, to buy foules, And fend them thither : But at hand, at hand Infues his pittious and impittied end. Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray, To have him fodainly convey'd from hence: Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray, That I may live and fay, The Dogge is dead.

Qu. O thou did'ff prophehe, the time would come, That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back d Toad Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my forcune:

I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen, The presentation of but what I was; The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant; One heau'd a high, to be burl'd downe below: A Mother onely mocke with two faire Babes ; A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge To be the syme of every dangerous Shot, A figne of Dignity, a Breach, a Bubble; A Queene in teast, onely to fill the Scene. Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers? Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou loy? Who fues, and kneeles, and fayes, God faue the Queene? Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee? Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee? Decline all this, and fee what now thou art. For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow: For 10 yfull Mother, one that wailes the name : For one being fued too, one that humbly fues: For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care : For the that foorn'd at me, now foorn'd of me ; For the being feared of all, now fearing one: For the commanding all, obey'd of none. Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about. And left thee but a very prey to time, Having no more but Thought of what thou waft To torture thee the more, being what thou art, Thou didft vsurpe my place, and doft thou not Vsurpethe inft proportion of my Sorrow? Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke, From which, euen heere I flip my wearied head, And leave the burthen of it all, on thee. Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of fad mischance, These English woes, shall make me smile in France.

2x. O thou well skill'd in Curles, flay a-while, And teach me how to curle mine enemies.

Mar. Forbeare to fleepe the night, and fast the day: Compare dead happinesse, with living woe: Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were, And he that flew them fowler then he is:

Bett'ring thy loffe, makes the bad causer worle,

Revoluting this, will teach thee how to Carle. Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe, And pierce like mine. Exil Harresa

Dur. Why should calamity be full of words? Qu, Windy Atturnies to their Clienta Woes, Ayery succeeders of imelline loyes, Poore breathing Orstors of mileses, Let them have scope, though what they will impart, Helpe nothing els, yet do they eafe the hare.

Dw. If so then, be not Tongue-ty d go with me, And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother My damned Son, that thy two fweet Sonnes (mother'd. The Trumpet founds, be copious in exclaimen

Enter King Rubard, and bu Trome

Rich. Who Intercepts me lo my Expedition? Dur. O fbe, that might have intercepted thee By firangling thee in her accurred wombe, From all the flaughters (Wretch) that thou haft done

Qu. Hid'A thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne Where't should be branded, if that right were right? The flaughter of the Prince that ow dthat Crowne, And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers. Tell me thou Villaine flave, where are my Children ?

Dur Thou Toad, thou Toade, Where is thy Brother Clarence? And little Ned Plansagenes his Sonne?

Qu Where is the gentle Rours, Vanghan, Gray !

Dur. Where is kinde Haftings?

Rich. A flouristo Trumpers, ftrike Alarum Drummes: Let not the Heavens heare these Tell-tale women Raile on the Lords Annoinced. Scrike I fay,

Flourish. Either be patient, and intreat me fayre, Or with the clamorous report of Warre,

Thus will I drowne your exclamations. Dat. Artthourny Sonne?

Rich. 1, I thanke God, my Finher, and your felfe. Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition, That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dia. O let me speake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.

Dis: I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Ruh. And breefe (good Mother) for lam most.

Dut. Art thou fo hally? I have flad for thee

(God knowes) in totment and in agony. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dur. No by the holy Rood, thou know if it well, Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell. A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me, Tetchy and way ward was thy Infancie. Thy School-daies frightfull, delp'tate, wilde, and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous: Thy Age confirm d, proud, lubele, flye, and bloody, More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred :

What comfortable boure can't thou name, That ever grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but Humfrey Hower,

That call'd your Grace
To Breakefast once, forth of my company. If I be so disgracious in your eye, Let me march on, and not offend you Madon.

Strike vp the Drumme.

Dur. I prythce heare me speake.

Rich. You speake too bitterly. Dur. Heare me a word: For I shall never speake to thee agains,

Rich. So.

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods lust ordinance Ere from this warre thou turne & Conqueror : Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish, And never more behold thy face againe. Therefore take with thee my most greenous Curse, Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear's. My Prayers on the adverse party fight, And there the little foules of Edwards Children, Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies, And promise them Successe and Victory: Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end: Shame ferues thy life, and doth thy death attend. Exit.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse Abides in me, I fay Amen to her.

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you. 28. I have no more sonnes of the Royall Blood For thee to flaughter. For my Daughters (Richard) They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenest And therefore levell not to his their lives.

Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth, Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious? Qu. And must the dye for this? O let her live, And He corrupt her Manners, staine her Buauty; Slauder my Selfe, as falle to Edwards bed : Throw over her the vaile of Infamy, So the may live vnfcarr'd of bleeding flangheer, I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, the is a Royali Princesse. Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth. Qu And onely in that fafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rub. Loe at their Birth, good flarres were opposite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary. Rich! All vnauoyded is the doome of Desiny. Qu. True: when anoyded grace makes Delliny.

My Babes were deftin'd to a fairer death, If grace had bleft thee with a fairer life.

Rich. You speake as if that I had flaine my Cofins? 24. Cofins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend, Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life, Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts, Thy head(all indirectly) gave direction. No doubt the murd rous Knife was dull and blunt, Till it was wheeted on thy stone-hard heart, To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes. But that still vie of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame, My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes, Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes: And I in such a desp'trate Bay of death, Like a poore Barke, of failes and tackling reft,

Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome. Rieb. Madam, so thriue I in my enterprize And dangerous successe of bloody warres, As I intend more good to you and yours,

Then ever you and yours by me wete harm'd.

Qu. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven, To be discovered, that can do me good.

Rich. Th'adusncement of your children, gentle Lady Qe. Vp to fome Scatfold, there to lofe their heads.

Reb. Vnto the dignity and height of Fotune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my forrow with report of it: Tell m, what State, what Dignity, what Honor, Canst thou demise to any childe of nine.

Rich. Even all I have; I, and my felfe and all. Will I withall indow a childe of thine: So in the Lethe of thy angry foule, Thon drowne the fad remembrance of those wrongs, Which thou supposed I have done to thee.

Qu. Be breefe, lenst that the processe of thy kindnesse Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.

Rich. Then know,

That from my Soule, I lougtly Daughter,

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her foule. Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soule So from thy Soules love didft thou love her Brothers,

And from my hearts love, I do thanke thee for it. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning s I meane that with my Soule I love thy daughter, And do intend to make her Queene of England.

Qu' Well then, who dost of meane shallbe her King. Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:

Who elfe should bee?

Qu. Whac, thou?

Rich. Euen fo: How thinke you of it? Qu. How can't thou woo her? Rich. That I would learne of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Que. And wilt thou learne of me? Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Qu. Send to her by the man that flew her Brothers, A paire of bleeding hearts : thereon ingrave Edward and Torke, then haply will she weepe: Therefore present to hereas sometime Margares Did to thy Father, steept in Rutlands blood, A hand-kercheefe, which fay to her did dreyne The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body, And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall. If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a Letter of the Noble deeds: Tell her, thou mad'it away her Vnckle Clarence, Her Vnckle Rivers, I (and for her fake) Mad'A quicke conveyance with her good Aunt Anne.

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way

To win your daughter,
24. There is no other way, .

Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape, And not be Richard, that hath done all this. Ric. Say that I did all this for love of her,

Qu, Nay then indeed the cannot choose but hate thee Having bought love, with fuch a bloody spoyle.

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended: Men shall deale vnaduifedly sometimes, Which after-houres glues leyfure to repent. If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes, To make amends, He give it to your daughter: If I have kill'd the iffue of your wombe, To quicken your encrease, I will beget Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter: A Grandams name is little leffc in love, Then is the doting Title of a Mother; They are as Children but one steppe below, Euen of your mertall, of your very blood: Of all one paine, faue for a night of groanes Endur'd of ber, for whom you bid like forrow. Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age, The loffe you have, is but a Sonne being King, And by that lolle, your Daughter is made Queene. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindnesse at I can Dorfet your Sonne, that with a fearfull foule Leads discontented stoppes in Porraine soyle, This faire Alliance, quickly snall call home To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Danghter Wife,
Familiarly Chall call thy Dorfer, Brother i Againe shall you be Mother to a King : And all the Ruines of diffreffefull Times, Repayed with double Riches of Content. What? we have manygoodly dayes to fee : The liquid drops of Teares thu, you have thed. Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle, Advancaging their Love, with interest Often-times double gaine of happinelle, Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go, Make bold her balhfull yeares, with your experience. Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale. Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring Flame Of Golden Soveraignty: Acquaint the Princesse With the sweet filent houses of Marriage loyes: And when this Arme of mine hath chaftifed The perry Rebell, dull-brain d Buckingham, Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come, And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed : To whom I will retaile ray Conquest woone, And the thalbe fole Victore Te, Cafar: Cafar.

Qn. What were I beat to fay, her Fathers Brother Would be her Lord! Or shall I say her Vnkle? Or he that flew her Brothers, and her Vnkles? Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee, That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,

Can make secree pleasing to ber tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre saire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which she shall purchase with still lasting warre. Rich. Tellher, the King that may command, intreats. Qu. That as her hands, which the kings King forbids. Rich. Say the thell be a High and Mighty Queene.
24. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.
Rich. Say I will love her everlaftingly. Que But how long shall that title ouer last? Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire lives end.

Qn. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last? Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it. Qu. As long as Hell and Riebard likes of it. Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low. Rich, Be eloquent in my behalfe to her. Qu. An honest cale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale. Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too barsh a style. Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke.
20. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead, Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graves, Harpe on it fill shall I, till heart-strings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that firing Madam, that is past. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne. Qu. Prophen'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt.

Rich. I Swesse.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath : Thy George prophan'd, bath loft his Lordly Honor; Thy Garrer blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Versne; Thy Crowae vourp'd, difgrac'd his Kingly Glery:
If fomething thou would'il (weare to be believe'd, Sweare then by Comething, that thou half not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selle, Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-mistri'd. Rich. Now by the World. 9n. To full of thy foole wrongs Ruch. My Fathers death. Qu, Thy life hath it diffrance'd. Rich. Why then, by Heaven.

Qu. Heanens wrong is most of all:
If those didd's seare to breake an Oath with him, The vnity the King my husband made. Thou had it not broken, not my Brothers died. If thou had'ft fear'd to breake an outh by him, Th'Imperiall mercall, circling now thy head, Had grac d the tender temples of my Child, And both the Princes had bene breathing heere, Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duft, Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormers What can'il thou fweareby now.

Rub. The time to come.
Qu. That thou helt wrenged in the time ore-past: For I my felfe have many teares to wash Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee. The Children line, whose Fathers thou hast staughter'd, Vngouem'd youth, to waile it with their age: The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd, Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age. Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haft Milvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repat.

Ruch. As I entend to prosper, and repent: So thrive I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe consocrad: Heaven, and Fortune barre me bappy boures: Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reft. Be opposite all Planets of good lucke To my proceeding, if with decre hearts love, Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts, I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter. In her, confills my Happinelle, and thine: Without her, followes to my felfe, and thee; Her felfe, the Land, and many a Christian foule, Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay: It cannot be anoyded, but by this: It will not be anoyded, but by this. Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so) Be the Atturney of my love to ber: Pleade what I will be, not what I have become; Not my deferts, but what I will deferue: Vrge the Necessity and state of times, And be not poculi h found, in great Designes. Qn. Shall I be tempted of the Direct thus?

Reb. Lifehe Dinell tempt you to do good.

2s. Shall I forget my felfe, to be my felfe.

Reb. Life your felfes remembrance wrong your felfe.

Qu. Yet thou didft kil my Children. Reb. But in your daughters wombe I bury them. Where in that Neft of Spicery they will breed Schues of themselves, to your recemforture.

Que Shall I go win my daughter to thy will? Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed. Qu. I go, write to the very shortly,

And you shal vaderfland from me her mind. Rich. Beare her my true loves kiffe, and fo farewell. Relenting Foole, and fallow-changing Woman

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Reschiffe.

Ra. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast Rideth a puiffant Naule: to our Shores Throng many doubtfull hollow-bearted friends, Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe. Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admirall 1 And there they hull, expeding but the aide Of Buckey barn, to welcome them ashore. Rich. Some light-foot friend polt to & Duke of Norfolk:

Rescliffe thy felfe, or Catesby, where is bee?

Ca. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. Casesby, Aye to the Duke. Cas. I will, my Lord, with all convenient hafte. Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury: When thou com's thither: Dull vamindfull Villaine, Wby flay's thou here, and go'ft not to the Duke? Cas. First, mighry Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure, What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him.

Rich. Otrue, good Carety, bid him leuie Araight The greatest frength and power that he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cas. I goe.

Ras. What, may it pleese you, shall I doe at Salisbury ≥

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I

Ret. Your Highaeffe told me I should poste before, Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Emer Lord Stanley.

Scanler, what newes with you? Sta None, good my Liege, to plesse you with y hearing, Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

Rich. Hoyday, e 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 finke, and be the Seas on him, White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Sien. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse. Rich. Well, 25 you gueffe.

Sian. Stirr'd up by Da fet, Buckingham, and Aforton, He makes for England, here to claying the Crowne.

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnfway'd?

Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoffelt? What Heire of Torke is there alive, but wee? And who is Englands King, but great Torker Heire? Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas

Ston. Valelle for that, my Liege, I cannot gueffe. Rich. Valeffe for that he comes to be your Liege, You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I feare.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back? Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers? Are they nor now upon the Westerne Shore,

Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stan. No. my good Lord, my friends are in the North.

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North, When they should sexue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded mighty King Pleafeth your Maiestie to give me lesue, He muster up my friends, and meet your Grace, Where and what time your Maiettie shall plesse. Rich. I, thou would'A be generco logue with Richmond-But He not trust thee.

Ster. Most mightie Sourraigne, You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull, I never was not never will be falle.

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leave behind Your Sonne George Stanley : looke your heart be firme, Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile.

Stan. So deale with him, as I prove true to you. Exit Starley.

Enter a Mellenger.

Meff. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Dewonshire, As I by friends am well advertised. Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate. Bishop of Execer, his elder Brother, With many moe Confederates, are in Armes,

Enter another Maffenger.

Meff. In Kent, my Liege, the Guiffords are in Armes, And every houre more Competitors Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter enother Jilessenger.

Meff. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham. Rich. Out on ye, Owles nothing but Songs of Death,
He ftrikesh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes, Melf. The newes I have to tall your Maiestie, Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters, Buckinghams Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd, And he himselfe wandred away alone, No men knowes whither.

Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine, Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mell. Such Proclamation hath been made my Lord.

Enter another Mc Songer.

Meff. Sit Thomas Lowelland Lord Marquelle Dorfer, 'Tis faid my Liege in Yorkeshire are in Armes s But this good comfort bring I to your Highneffe, The Brittaine Naule is dispers'd by Tempest. Richmond in Dorfetshire sent out a Boar Voto the shore, to aske those on the Banks, If they were his Affistants, yea, or no? Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham, Vpon his partie: be mistrusting them, Hoys'd fayle, and made his course agains for Britisine.

Rich." March on, march on, fince we are vp in Armes, If not to fight with forraine Enemies, Yet to beat downe these 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

200 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 cowards Salsbury, while we reason here, A Royall batter! might be wonne and lost: Some one take order Backingham be brought To Salsbury, the rest match on with me. Florish Exempt Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarett curic falles heavy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margarett was a Prophetesse Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame.

Excurs Bucking how with Officers.

Scena Quarta.

Enser Derby and Sir Christopher.

Dor. Six Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the flye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanler is frankt vp in hold:
If I reualt, off goes yong George: head,
The feare of that, holds off my prefent ayde,
So get there gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chra. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.

Der. What men of Name refort to him.
Chri, Sir Walter Herbert, a tenowned Souldiet,
Sir Gubert Talbox, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, tedoubted Pernbroke, Sir lamer Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.

Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kille his hand, My Letter will resolue him of my minds.

Farewell.

Exeums

Adus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bucking horn with Halberde Led to Execution

Bue. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be parient.
Bue. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Hemry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughem, and all that have miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted soule injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clowds behold this present houre,
Even for revenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?

Sher. It is.

"Bue. Why then Al-foules day, is my bodies doomfday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
Fasse to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wishe to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my searfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respit of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Frends Bruis'd vaderneath the yoake of Tyranny, Thus farre into the bowels of the Land, Have we marcht on without impediment; And heere receive we from our Father Stanley Lines of faire comfort and encouragement: The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare, (That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines) Swilles your warm blood like walh, & makes his trough In your embowel'd bolomes: This foule Swine Is now cuen in the Centry of this Ifle, Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne: From Tamworth thicher, is but one dayes march. In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends, To respe the Harnelt of perpetual peace, By this one bloody tryall of tharpe Warre.

Oxf. Every mans Conference is a thouland men,
To light against this guilty Homicide.

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings,
Execute Output,

Enter King Richardin Armes with Norfolke, Radiffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Teot, even here in Bolworth field, My Lord of Surrey, why looke you to lad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we must have knockes:

Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take my louing Lord.

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,

But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who bath descried the number of the Traisors?

Nor Six or feven thousand is their vimost power.

Rich. Why our Bartalia trebbles that accounce
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of thrength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction went.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey 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 busie day.

> Enter Rubmond, Sir William Branden, Oxford, and Dorfes.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden fet, And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre, Giues token of a goodly day to morrow. Sit William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard to Giue me some linke and Paper in my Tent: Itedraw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile, Limit each Leader to his seuterall Charge, And part in inst proportion our small Power. My Lord of Oxford, you Sit William Brandon, And your Sit Walter Herbert stay with me; The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment; Good Captaine Blum, beare my goodnight to him, Andby the second houre in the Morning, Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent: Yet one thing mote (good Captaine) do for me: Where is Lord Stamley quarter'd, do you know? Blum, Volesse I have mistage his Colours much.

Blunt. Vnleffe I have miftans his Colours much, (Which well I am affur d I have not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaft
South, from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without perill it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him

And give him from me, this most needfull Note.

Bluns. Vpon my life, my Lord, He undertake it,

And so God give you quiet rest to night.

Richm. Good night good Captaine Blum: t

Come Gendemen,

Let vs consult upon to morrowes Bufinesse; Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesty.

Rich. What is's a Clocke?

Cas. It's Supporting my Lord, it's nine a clocke-King. I will not fup to night,

Glue me some Inke and Paper: What, is my Beauer easier then it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in

Cat. It is my Liege: and all chings are in readinesse.

Rub. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vie carefull Watch, choose trusty Centiness.

Nor. I go my Lord.

Rich. Stit with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit

Rich. Rascliffe. Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternal night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Gine me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:

Look that my States be found, & not too heavy Raclif.

Rat. My Lord.

Rich Saw's the melancholly Lord Northumberland a Rat. Thomas the Barle of Surrey, and himselfe, Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope Went through the Army, chearing up the Souldiers. King. So, I am satisfied: Glue me a Bowle of Wine,

King. So, I am (atisfied: Give me a Bowle of V I have not that Alacrity of Spirit, Nor choore of Minde that I was wont to have. Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Exercise | Set it downer. Is Inke a
Ret. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Lesue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tenz
And helpe to armeme. Lesue me I say.

Exit Ratclif.

Enter Derby to Richmond in bis Tent.

Drr. Fortune, and Victory fit on thy Helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to the Perfon, Noble Father in Law.

Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother? Der. I by Actourney, blesse thee from thy Mother, Who prayes continually for Richmonds good: So much for that. The filent houres Reale on, And flakie darkeneffe breakes within the East. In breefe, for so the feason bids vabe, Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning, And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement Of bloody ftroakes, and mortall staring Warre: I, as I may, that which I would I cannot, With best aduantage will deceive the time. And syde thee in this doubtfull (hocke of Armes, But on thy fide I may not be too forward, Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George Be executed in his Fathers fight, Farewell : the leyfure, and the fearfull time Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Lone, And ample enterchange of fweet Discourse, Which fo long fundred Friends should dwell vpons God give vs leyfure for these rites of Loue. Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Riebm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
lle fittue with troubled noife, to take a Nap,
Left leaden flumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exemp. Maner Richmond.
Othou, whose Captaine I account my felfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heavy fall.
Th'viurping Helmets of our Adversaries:
Makevs thy ministers of Chasticement,
That we may praise thee In thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonneto Heavy the fixt.

Ch. to Rt. Let me fit heavy on thy foule to morrow t Thinke how thou stab's me in my prime of youth At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Choft to Richm. Be chestefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of hurcher'd Princes, fight in the behilf:

Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe: King Hender iffue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoft of Henry the first.

Choft. When I was mortall, my Annointed body

By thee was punched full of holes;

Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,

Harry the first, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:

Harry that prophetied thou should's be King,
Doth comfort thee insleepe: Liue, and flourish.

Enter

Emer the Chaft of Clarence.

Ghoft Let me fit heavy in thy toule to morrows.

I that was wash'd to death with Fullome Wine:

Poore Clarence by thy gnile betrsy'd to death:

To murrow in the battell thinke on me,

And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dge.

To Ricom. Those off-spring of the house of Lancaster

To Richm. Thou off-fpring of the house of Lancast The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee, Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.

Ever the Gloft' of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughen.

Rivers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy foule dispaire.

Vaugh, Thinke vpon Vaughen, and with guilty feeze

Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Rubm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Rubods Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Gooft of Lord Haftings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake, And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes. Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye. Hast. to Rich. Quiet vortoubled scale, Awake, awake:

Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands fake.

Enserabe Ghosts of the two yong Princes.
Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let was be laid within thy bosome Riebard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.
Ghosts to Riebard. Sleepe Richmond,

Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Loy, Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy, Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings, Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Edwards unhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourist

Essar the Ghost of Annu fit Wife.

Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,

That wretched Anne thy Wife,

That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,

That never flept a quiet houre with thee, Now filles thy fleepe with perturbations, To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me, And fall thy edgeleffe Sword, dispaire and dye:

Chost to Richm. Thou quiet foule,
Sleepe thou a quiet fleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Chast of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that selt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy gultinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispairing yeeld thy breath.
Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope

Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde;
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds fide,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Rich. Give me another Horle, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy left. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Confeience! how dost thou affaich me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead audnight.
Cold fearefull drops fland on my trembling flash.

What? do I featerry Selfe? There's none elfe by, Richard loves Richard, that is, I am I. Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am: Then flye; What from my Solfe ! Gross reason: why? Left I Resenge. What? my Solfe upon my Solfe? Alacke, House my Solfe. Wherefore? For any good That I my Selfe, have done vnto, my Selfe? Ono. Alas, I rather bate my Seife, For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe. I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not. Foole, of thy Selfe speaks well: Foole, do not flater. My Confeience hath a thoufand feuerall Tongues, And every Tongue brings in a feuerall Tale, And overie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine; Perturie, in the high'ff Degree, Morther, flerne murther, in the dyr'st degree, All fenerall finnes, ell vs d in cach degree, Throng all to'th Barre, crying all, Guiley, Guiley. I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me ; And if I die, no soule shall pittie me. Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Solfe, Finde in my Selfe, no pittle to my Selfe. Me thought, the Soules of all that I had tourther'd Came to my Tent, and every one did threat To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard

Enter Racliffe.

Res. My Lord.

King 'Who's shere?

Res. Reschiff my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock

Hash twice done falteration to the Morne,

Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Atmour.

King. O Reschiffe, I feare, I feare.

Res. Nay good my Lord, be not effected of Shedows.

King. By the Apoftle Paul, shadowes to night

Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,

Then can the substance of terr thousand Souldiers

Armed in proofe, and led by thallow Richard.

Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,

Vinder our Tenta Ile play the Ease-dropper,

To heate if any meane to shrinke from me,

Exema Richard & Radiffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond fixing in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you have tane a tardic fluggard beete?
Lords. How have you flept my Lord?
Rich. The sweeteff fleepe,
And fairest booding Dreames,
That ever entred in a drowfie head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Richmarcher'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very locond,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How faire into the Morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stoke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.
His Oranon to bu Saiduers.

More then I have faid, louing Countrymen, The leyfure and inforcement of the time Forbids to dwell upon: yet temember this,

God

God, and our good cause, fight upon our fide, The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged foules, Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, fland before our Faces, (Richard except) those whom we fight agains, Had rather have vs win, then him they follow. For, what is he they follow ? Truly Gemlemen, A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide: One rais'd in blood, and one in blood effablish'd; One that made meanes to come by what he hath, And flaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him: A bale foule Stone, made precious by the foyle Of Englands Chaire, where he is falfely fet : One that hath ever beene Gods Enemy. Then if you fight against Gods Enemy God will in lustice ward you as his Soldiers. If you do fweare to put a Tyrant downe, You sleepe in peace, the Tyract being slaine: If you do fight against your Countries Foes, Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre, If you do fight in safegard 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 thefe rights, Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords. For me, the ransome of my bold attempt. Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face. But If I thrive, the game of my attempt, The least of you shall share his part thereof. Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and checrefully. God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Rescliffe and Catesby.

K. What faid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in Armes.
King. He faid the truth: and what faid Surrey then?
Rat. He fmil'd and faid, the better for our purpole.
King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.
Give finites.
Give me a Kelender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

Ret. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he dissiplies to shine 1 for by the Booke
He should have bran'd the East an houre ago,
Ablacke day will it be to somebody. Reselifes.
Ret. My Lord.

Ret. My Lord.

King. The Sun will not be feene to day,
The sky doth frome, and lowre you our Army,
I would thefe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the felfe-fome Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes fadly you him.

Euter Narfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lords the foe vanuts in the field.
King.. Come, buftle, buftle. Caparifon my horse.
Call vp Lord Scanley, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell shal be ordeed.
My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foots
Our Archets shall be placed in the midst;
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haus the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will sllow

In the maine Battell, whole puillance on either fide Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think it thou Norfolke.

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, This found I on my Tent this Morning. Icokey of Norfolke, be not fo bold,

For Diskon thy maister w bought and fold. King. Aching deviled by the Enemy. Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge, Let not our babling Dreames affright our foules: For Conscience is a word that Cowards vie, Desis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe, Our frong armes be our Conference, Swords our Law. March on, joyne brauely, let vs 100't pell mell, If not to heaven, then hand in hand to Hell. What shall I say more then I have inferr'd? Remember whom you are to cope withall, A fort of Vegabonds, Rafcals, and Ron-awayes, A form of Brittaines, and bafe Lackey Pezants, Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction. You seeping safe, they bring you to vnrest: You having Lands, and blest with beauteous wives, They would restraine the one, distaine the other, And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow? Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coft, A Milke-lop, one that never in his life Felt fo much cold, as over shooes in Snow: Les's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe, Lash hence these ouer-weening Ragges of France, These famish'd Beggers, weary of their lives, Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit) For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themfelues. I fwe be conquered, let men conquer vs, And nor these bastard Britzines, whom our Fathers Have in their owns Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd, And on Record, left them the heires of shame. Shall these curry our Lands? lye with our Wines? Rauish our daughters! Drum of arre of Hearke, I heare their Drumme, Right Gentlemen of England, fight holdly yearnen, Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head, Spurre your provid Horses hard, and ride in blood, Amaze the welkin with your broken flaues.

What layes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

My. My Lord, he do th deny to come.

King. Off with his fonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Mersh t

After the barralle, let George Stanley dye.

Ring. A thousand hearts are great within my bolom.
Advance our Standards, set vponour Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George
Inspire vs with the spleane of firsty Dragous a
Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

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Car. Refere my Lord of Norfalke, Refere, Refere; The King enacts more wonders then a man, Daring an opposite to every danger: His horfe is flaine, and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death a Refere faire Lord, or elfe the day is loft.

Alerums.

Esagr

Emer Richard.

Rich A Horle, a Horle, my Kingdome for a Horle.

Carer. Withdraw my Lord, lle helpe you to a Horle
Rich. Slaue, I have fet my life vpon a caft,
And I will ftand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
Five have I flaine to day, in flead of him.
A Horle, a Horle, my Kingdome for a Horle.

Aloum, Enter Richard and Rechmond, they fight, Richard u flows.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter Riebmond. Derby bearing the Crowne, with discres other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.
Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well haft thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere thefe long viurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wrerch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, fay Amen to all.
Buttell me, is yong George Stanley living?

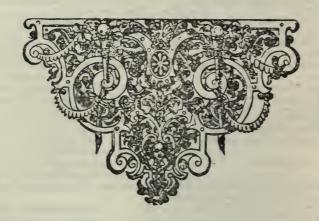
Der Heismy Lord, and fafe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are staine on either side?

Der. John Duke of Nortoiks, Water Lord Ferns, Sir Robert Brokenburg, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interretheir Bodies, as become their Burths, Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers Bod, That in Submission will returne to ve And then as we have tape the Sacramens We will vnite the White Role, and the Red. Smile Heaven upon this faire Conjunction, That long have frown'd vpon their Encity: What Traitor heares me, and fayes not Amen? England hash long beene mad, and feart'd her felfest The Brother blindely thed the Brothers blood; The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonnes The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire; All this divided Yorke and Lancaster, Divided, in their dire Division Onow, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true Succeeders of each Royall House, By Goda faire ordinance, consogne together : And let thy Heires (God if thy will be to) Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace, With Smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes. Abair the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe. And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood; I et them poi live to taffe this Lands increase, That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace. Now Cruill wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen; That the may long live heere, God fay, Amen. Exew

FINIS.





The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

THE TROLOGUE.

Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
Toat beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Such Noble Scanes, at draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere
May (if they I minke st well) let fall a Teare,
The Subject will desenue it. Such as give
Their Maney out of hope they may believe.
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
The Play may passe: If they be still and wisling,
Ille undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Baway Play,
A nogle of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In along Moticy Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be deceju'd. For gentle Hearers, know To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show As Foole, and Fight is, beside for seysing Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring To make that onely true, we now intend, Will leave us never an under standing Friend. Therefore, for Goodne ffe fake, and as you are knowne The First and Hoppicit Hearers of the Towne, Be fad, as we would make ye. Thenkeye fee The very Perfons of our Noble Story, As they were Laurng : Thanke you fee them Great, And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweet Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, fee How foone this Mightimeffe, meets Mifery: And if you can be merry then, He fay, A Man may weeperpon his Wedding day.

Allus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter the Dute of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Dute of Buckinghom, and the Lord Aburgaucusy.

Buckingham.

Ood morrow, and well met. How have ye done

The Since last we saw in France?

Norf Ithanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer fince a freih Admirer
Of what I faw there,

Buck. An entimely Ague Staid me a Personer in my Chamber, when Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twist Guynes and Arde,
I was then prefent, law them falute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?.

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prifoner.

Nor. Then you loft The view of earthly glory : Men might fay Till this time Pompe was fingle, but now married To one about it felfe. Each following day Became the next dayes mafter, till the laft Made former Wonders, It's. To day the French, All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they Made Britaine, Iodia: Euery man that flood, Show dlike a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too, Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beate The Pride vpon them, that their very labour Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske Was cry'de incompareable and thenfuing night Made it's Foole, and Begger. The two Kings Equall in luftre, were now beft, now worst As presence did present them Him in eye, Still him in praise, and being present both, Twas faid they faw but one, and no Difcemer Durst wagge his Tongue in centure, when these Sunnes (For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compalle, that former fabulous Storie Being now feene, possible enough, got credit That Boun was beleeu'd.

Bac. Ohyougo farre.

Nor. As I belong to worthip, and affect In Honor, Honefty, the trad of curry thing, Would by a good Discourser loose lone life, Which Adious selfe, was tongue too.

Buc. All was Royall, To the disposing of it bought rebell'd, Order gave each thing view. The Office did Diffinally his full Function : who did guide, I mesne who fet the Body, and the Limber

Of this great Sport together? Nor. At you guelle:

One certes, that promifes no Element La luch a busicelle.

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord!

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion

Of the right Reverend Cardinali of Yorke.

Buc. The diugli speed him: No mans Pye is freed From bis Ambitious finger. What had be To do in these herce Vanities? I wonder, That such a Keech can with his very bulke Take vp the Rayes o'th'benefictall San, And keepe it from the Earth.

Nor. Surely Sir,

There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends: For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd apon For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied To eminent Affiftants ; but Spider-like Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O gives vs note, The force of his owne merit makes his way A guift that heaven gues for him, which buyes A place next to the King.

Abro. I cannot tell What Heaven hath given him: let fome Graue: eye Pierce into that, but I can fee 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 be begins

A new Hell in himselfe.

Buc. Why the Divell, Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon lum (Without the printy o'th King) t'appoint Who should attend on him? He makes up the File Of all the Gentry; for the malt part fuch To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor He meane to lay upon ; and his owne Letter The Honourable Boord of Councell, our Must ferch him in, he Papers.

Abar. I do know Kinfmen of mine, three at the less, that have By this, fo licken'd their Effaces, that never They shall abound as formerly.

Buc. Omony Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em For this great Ioomey. What did this vanity But minister communication of A most pooreissue.

Nor. Greeningly I thinke, The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes The Cost that did conclude it.

Bre. Every man. After the hideous storme that follow'd, was

A thing Infpir'd, and not confulring broke Into a general! Propheter That this Tempete Dalbing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded The fodeine breach on't.

No. Which is budded out, For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd Our Merchants goods at Burdeax

Abor. le it therefore; Th'Ambaffador is filened?

Nor. Marry 15'L

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd' At a Superfluous rate.

Zuc. Why all this Bulinette Our Reverend Cardinall carried, Nor. Like it your Grace,

The State takes notice of the private difference Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I admie you (And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you Honor, and plenteous (afety) that you reade The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency Together; To confider further, that What his high Harred would effect, wants not A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature, That he's Revengefull; and I know, his Sword Hath a sharpeedge : It's long, and't may be saide It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend, Thirber he daris it. Bolome vp my counsell, You'l finde it wholefome. Loe, where comes that Rock That I advice your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolfey, the Purfeborne before bom, arrists of the Guad, ordin Secretarin sub Popers . The Cardonal in hispassage, fixed bis eye on Buck-barn, and Bucking hom on burn but full of differe.

Co. The Duke of Euckingbams Surveyor Ha? Where's his Examination?

Ser. Heere lo please you Car. Is he in person, ready! Secr. 1, please your Grace.

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckergham Shall leften this bigge looke.

Exerts Cardinall, and by Trane. Buc This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I

Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best Not wake him in his flumber. A Beggers booke, Our-worths a Nobles blood.

Nor. What are you chaff'd? Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely Which your difeafe requires.

Bue. I read in's looks Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd Me as his abie dobied, at this inftant He boresme with fome tricke; He's gone to'th King: He follow, and out-frare bim.

Nor. Stay my Lord, And let your Reason with your Choller question What 'tis you go about : to climbe fleepe hilles Requires flow pace at first. Anger is like A full hot Horse, who being allow d his way Selfe-mettle tyres him : Not a man in England Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe, As you would to your Friend.

Bue. He to the King, And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

Thu

This fossible fellowes insolence; or proclaime, There's difference in no persons.

Norf. Be adult d;
Heat not a Futnace for your foe so hot
That it do sindge your selfe. We may our-rume
By violent swistingse that which we run at;
And lose by our-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till run ore,
In steeming to augment it, wasts it, be adust d;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the say of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck, Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and He goe along.
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From fincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Inf., when
Wee see acb grane of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norf. Say not treasonous.

Buck To th'King lie say's, &t make my vouch as strong as shore of Rocker attend. This holy Foxe, Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous As he is subtile, and as prone to mischiefe, As able to perform't) his minde, and place insecting one another, yea reciprocally, Only to shew his pompe, as well in France, As here at home, suggests the King our Master To this last costly Treasy: Th'enterview, That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse

Did breakenth'wrenching,
Norf. Faith, and so it did.
Buck, Pray give me favour Sir: This cunning Cardinass

The Articles o'th' Combination drew As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified As he cride thus les be, to as much end, As give a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolfer (Who rannoterre) he did it. Now this followes, (Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie To th'old dain Treason) Charles the Emperous, Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt, (For twas indeed his colour, but he came To whilper Wolfer) here makes visitation, His feares were that the Interview betwist England and France, might through their amity Breed him fome presudier; for from this League, Peep'd harmes that mense'd him Privily Deales with our Cardinal, and as Ptros Which i doe well; for I am fure the Emperous Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted Ere it was ask'd. Bot when the way was made And pou'd with gold: the Emperor thus defir'd, That he would please to alter the Kings course, And breake the forefaid prace. Let the King know (As foone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall Does buy and fell his Honour as he pleases, And for his owne advantage.

Norf. Tamforry
To hearethis of him; and could with he were
Something militaken in c.
Buck. No not a fillable:

Buck. No not a fillable:

I doe pronounce him in that very thape
He shall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sorgeam at Atmes before him, and two or these of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.

My Lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earle Of Hersfird Stafford and Northampton, I Arreft thee of High Treason, in the name Of our most Soueraigne King.

Buck. Lo you my Lord.
The net has faine upon me, I shall perish
Vinder deuice, and practifes

Bron. I am forry,
To fee you cane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. The his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th' Tower

Buck, It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit if part, black. The will of Heat's
Bedone in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord Aburgany: Fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must be are you company. The King Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determines further.

Abur. As the Duke faid.
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By meobey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, tattach Lord Mountacute, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Pecke, his Councellour.

Buck: So, lo;
Thele are the limbs o'th' Plos: no more I hope.

Bra. A Monke o'th' Charreux.

Buck. O Muhaell Hopkins?

Buck. My Surveyor is falce: The ote-great Cardinall Hath the widhim gold; my life is spand already: I am the shadow of poore Buckingham, Whose Figure even this instant Clowd puts on, By Daskning my cleere Sunne, My Lords sarewell. Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Correts Enser King Herry, leaving on the Cardinals shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall places himselfs under the Kings feets on his right side

King. My life it felfe, and the best heart of it, Thankes you for this great care. I shood it h' leuell Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and give thankes To you that chook'd it. Let be cald before vs That Gentleman of Bucking bans, in person, lie heare him his confessions of this Maister, And point by point the Treasons of his Maister, He shall againe relate.

A nosse within crying roome for the Queene, wher'd by the Duke of Norfolke Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke she kneels King riseth from his State, take her up, killer and placeth ber by him.

Queen. Nay, we mult longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Artie, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to, vs; you have halfe our powers

The

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Kin. Lady mine proceed.

Queen, I am folicited not by a few,
And those of true condition. That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have beene Commissions
Sens downe among 'em, which hath flaw dethe heart
Of all their Loyalicis; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardmall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King, our Masser (not
Whose Honor Heaven shield from soile; even he escapes
Language vinnannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.

Norf. Not almost appeares, It doth appeares (or, vpon these Taxations, The Clothiers all not able to maintaine. The many to them longing, have put off. The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weavers, who Vnsit for other life, compeld by hunger. And lack of other meanes, in despenate manner. Daring thewent too thiceth, are all in vproze, And danger serves among them.

Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with yz,
Know you of this Taxation?

Cord. Pleafe you Sir,
I know but of a fingle part in ought
Persaines to th'State; and from but in that File
Where others tell fleps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholfome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would have note) they are
Most pessilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuis'd by you, er else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

Km. Still Exaction: The nature of it, in what kinde let's know, Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too ventutous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The fixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spir their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their cutses now
Llue where their prayers did and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slane
To cach incensed Willi 1 would your Highnesse
Would give it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.

Km. By my life, This is against our pleasure.

Card Andforme, I have no further gone to this, then by A fingle voice, and that not past me, but By learned approbation of the ludges: If I am Traduc'd by ignorant Toogues, which senther know My faculties not person, yet will be The Chronicles of my doing: Let me fay, Tis but the face of Place, and the rough Brake That Vertue must goe through : we mud not fine Our necellary actions, in the feare To cope maneious Cealurers, which ever, As rau nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow That is new trien'd; but benefit no further Then vainly longing. What we oft doe beft. By ficke laterpreters (once wesks once) is Not ours, or not allow'd; what worth, as oft Hitting a groffer quality, is cride up For our bell Ad i fiwe hall fland full, In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd as, We should take roote here, where we be; Or fit State- Statues onely.

Kin Things done well,
And with a cate, exempt themfelves from feare:
Things done without example, in their iffue
Ate to be fear'd. Have you a Prefident
Of this Commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our Subitests 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 1
And though we leave it with a roote thus backe,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, fend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters with to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeved Compacts
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be possed,
That through our Interceffion, this Resolvement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

Exu Secree,

Euter Surveyor.
Queen. I can forty, that the Puke of Buckingbon
Is run in your displessore.

Kin. It grieves many : The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker, To Nature none more bound; his crayning such, That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers, Andneuer fecke for ayd out of himfelfe: yet fee, When thele lo Noble benefits shall prone Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt, They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly Then ever they were faire. This man so compleat, Who was enrold mongst wonders; and when we Almost with rapish'd liftning, could not finde His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady) Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces That once were his, and is become as blacke, As if beforear'd in hell. Sit by Vayou finall heare (This was his Gentleman in trust) of him Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount The fore-recited practifes, whereof We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold Tpirit relate what you Moft like a carefull Subject have collected Out of the Duke of Bucking bam.

Kin. Speake freely.

Sur. First, it was vivall with him; every day It would infed his Speech: That if the King Should without iffue dye; hee'l carry it fo To make the Scepter his. Thefevery words l'ue heard him vitter to his Sonne in Law, Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd Revenge vpon the Cardinall.

Card. Please your Highnesse note This dangerous conception in this point, Not frended by his with to your High person; His will is most malignant, and it stretches Beyond your oyour friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,

Deliver all with Charity.

Kin. Speake ons

How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne Vpon our faile; to this poyne, haft thou heard him, At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this, By a value Prophetie of Nicholas Hemon. Kin. What was that Henten?

Sur. Sir, a Chartraux Fryet, His Confessor, who fed him every minute With words of Soueraignty.

Km. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Hignesse sped to France, The Duke being at the Rose, within the Patish Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners, Concerning the French Lourney. I replide, Men feare the French would proue perfidious To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke Said, twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted 'Twould prove the verity of certains words Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he, Hach fenc to me, withing me to permit loba de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre To heare from him a marrer of some moment: Whom after under the Commissions Scale, He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke My Chaplaine to no Creature living, but To me, should vicer, with demure Confidence, This paulingly enfu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres (Tell you the Dake) Chall prosper, bid him thrive To the love o'th' Commonsity, the Duke Shall governe England, Queen. If I know you well,

You were the Dukes Surveyor, and loft your Office On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good need You charge not in your spleene a Noble person, And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;

Yes, heartily befeech you.

Kin, Lechim on: Goe forward. Sur. On my Soule, He speake but truth. I told my Lord the Duke, by th Diaels illusions The Monke might be deceived, and that 'twas dangerous For this to ruminate on this fo farre, vutil It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd It was much like to doe: Heanswer'd, Tush, It can doe me no damage; adding further, That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild, The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Bourls heads

Should have gone off.

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha, There's mischiese in this man; canft show fay forther

Ser. I can my Liedge. Kin. Proceed.

Ser. Being at Greenwich,

After your Highnesse had reproved the Duke About Sir William Blumer

(uant, Kin. I remember of fuch a time, being my fwom fer-The Dake retein'd him his, Bus on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed, As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid The Part my Father meant to all vpon Th'V Surper Ruchard, who being at Salsbury,

Made fast to come in's presence; which if granted, (As he made semblance of his duty) would Haue put his knife into him.

Kin. A Gyant Trayeor.

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome, And this man out of Prison.

Queen. Godmendall. (fay'ft? Kin. Ther's fornthing more would out of thee; what Ser. After the Duke his Father, with the knife He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger, Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes, He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor

Was, were he cuill vs'd he would outgoe His Father, by as much as a performance Do's an irresolute purpose.

Kim. There's his period, To theath his knife in vs : he is attach'd, Call him to present tryall: if he may Finde mercy in the Law, tis his; if none, Let him not feck't of vs : By day and night Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Scana Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlame, and L. Sarlys. L. Cb. 1s's possible the spels of France should inggle Men into fuch ftrange myfteries?

L. San. New cultomes, Though they be never lo ridiculous,

(Nay let 'em be vumanly) yet are follow'd. L. Ch. As farre as I fee, all the good our English Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones) For when they hold 'em, you would (weste directly Their very nofes had been Councellours

To Pepus or Clotharius, they keepe State So. L. San, They have all new legs, And lame ones ; one would rake it That neuer fee'em pace I close, the Spauco

A Spring-halt rain'd among ern. L. Cb. Death my Lord, Their cloathes are after fuch a Pagan cut too'c, That fure th'baue wome out Christen dome: how now? What newes, Six Thomas Least?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell. Lowell, Faith my Lord. I heare of none but the new Proclamation, That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Chan.

L. Cham, What li't for?

Lau The reformation of our travel'd Gillants, That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.

L. Cham I'm glad to there;
Now I would pray out Monfieurs
To thinke an English Courtiet may be wise,
And never see the Learne,

Lou. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leave those tempinus

Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France, With all their honourable points of ignorance Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes, Abusing better men theo they can be Out of a forreigne wisedome, renouncing cleane The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings, Short blifted Breeches, and those types of Travell; And understand agains like honest men, Otpack to their old Playsellowes; there, I take it They may Cera Pranlegie, wee away

The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh dat,
-L. San. Tis time to give 'em Physicke, their diseases

Are growne to catching.

L'Cham What a losse out Ladies Will have of these term vanities?

Louis. Imatry.

There will be woeindeed Lords, the flye whorfons Have got a fpeeding tricke to lay downle Ladies.
A French Song and a Fiddle, ha't no Fellow

L. Son The Divell fiddle em.

I am glad they are going,
For fure there in o converting of 'em. now
An honest Country Lord at I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine long,
And have an houre of hearing, and hy'r Lady
Held currant Musicketoo.

L. Cham. Well faid Lord Sands, Your Coles tooth is not cast yet? L. San. No my Lord,

Nor shall not while I have a sturepe.

L. Cham. Six Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Low To the Cardinals;
Your Lordflip is a guest too.

L Cham O, tis crue;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile affore you.

Low. That Churchman

Betres a bounteous minde todeed,

Ahand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,

His dewes fall every where.

L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble; He had a blacke mouth that faid other of him. L. San He may my Lord,

Ha's wherewithall in him; Sparing would thew a worle finne, then ill Doctine, Men of his way, should be most liberall.

They are fet heere for examples.

L. Cham. True, they are fo;
But few now give fo great ones.

My Barge flayes;

Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sit Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sit Herry Gulfford

This night to be Compttollers.

L. San. 1 am your Lordships.

Exeun:

Scena Quarta.

Hobones. A final Table wider a State for the Cardenal, a longer Table for the Guefts. Then Emer Ann Bulen, and desert when Lades & Genetionen as Gueft, as one Deers as an other twee rater so through Guilford.

S Hen, Godf Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
Tofsire content, and you. Note heere he hope.
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad, hee would have all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Ener L. Chamberlaim L. Sands and Louil.
O my Lord, y'are taidy,
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham You are young Sit Horry Coulford

San. Sit Thomas Land, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, fone of thefe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they refled,
I thinke would better pleafe 'em: by my life,
They are a fweet fociety of faire ones.

Los Othat your Lordship were bet now Confessor,

To one or two of thefe. San. I would I vere,

They should finde easie pennance.

Low Futh how easie?

San- As easie as a downe bed would affoord in Cham. Sweet Ladier will it please you fit, Sir Harry Plice you that fide, lle take the charge of this: His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze, Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather My Lord Sand, you are one will keepe 'em waking: Pray sit between these Ladies.

See By my faith, And thanke your Lordship: by your leave sweet Ladies, Ist chance to talke a little wilde, for give one.

I had it from my Father.

An. Bul Was he mad Sir?

See. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
Bothe would bite none, inflat I doe now,
He would Kiffe you T wenty with a breath.
Cham, Wellfaid my Lord:
So now y are fairely feared. Gutlemen,
The pennance I yes on you, if the fe faire Ladies
Paffe away frowning.

San. For my little Cure,

Let me alone.

Hobores. Enter Cardinal Wolfer, and takes his State.

Card Y'are welcome my faire Quests, that nobic Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.

Son. Your Grace is Noble,

Let me have such a Bowle may hold my thankes.

And save me so much talking.

Card. My Lord Sands,

am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours: Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen.

Whose fault is this?

San The red wine firft muft rife In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall have 'em, Talke vs to filence.

An. B. You are a merry Gemiler

My Lord Sands.

San. Yes, if I make my play: Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madams For tis to fuch a thing.

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpes, Chambers discharge. San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon. Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, fome of ye.

Card. What warlike voyce,

And to what end is this? Nay, Ladles, feare not; By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cam. How now, what is't? Sera. A noble troupe of Strangers, For fo they feeme; th'have left their Barge and landed And hither make, as great Embassadors From forraigne Princes

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine, Go, gine 'en welcome; you can speake the French tongue And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall thine at full upon them. Some attend him-All rife, and Tables remort d.

You have now a broken Banker, but wee'l mend it. A good digestion to you all; and once more I thowre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboycs. Enter King and others as Markers, habited like Shopbeards, ofher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully sa-

A noble Company: what are their pleasures? Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid To tell your Grace: That bauing heard by fame Of this to Noble and to fatte affembly, This night to meet heere they could doe no leffe, (Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leave their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct

Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat An houre of Reuels with 'em.

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine, They have done my poore house grace: For which I pay em a thouland thankes,

And pray 'em take their pleasures. Choose Ladies, King and An Bullon. King The fairest hand I ever touch'de O Beauty, Till now I neuer knew thee.

Muficke, Dane.

Card. My Lord.

Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from mes There should be one amongst'em by his person More worthy this place then my felfe, to whom (If I but knew him) with my loue and dury would furrender it. Whilper.

Cham I will my Lord. Card. What fay they ?

Cham. Such some, they all confesse There is indeed, which they would have your Grace Find out, and he will take it. Card. Let me fee then,

By all your good leaves Gentlemen; heere He malte My royall choyce.

Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall, Youhold a faire Affembly; you doe well Lord: You are a Churchman, or He tell you Cardinall, I should indge now vnhappily.

Card. I am glad Your Grace is growne so pleasant.

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine, Prothee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham, An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bulkens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,

One of her Highnesse women. Kin. By Heaven the is a dainty one, Sweet heart,

were vamannerly to take you out, And not to kille you. A health Gentlemen,

Let it goe round. Card. Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banket ready

I'th' Privy Chamber?
Low, Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace

I feare, with dancing is a little heated,

Km. I feare too much. Card. There's fresher agre my Lord,

In the next Chamber.

Kin, Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one : Sweet Partner, I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry, Good my Lord Cardinall: I have halfe a dozen healths. To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame Who's best in fauour, Let the Musicke knock it.

Execute with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at Severall Doores.

1. Whether away fo faft?

2. O, God faue yer

Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what Chall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. lle saue you That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony Of bringing backe the Prisoner.

3. Were you there?

z. Yes indeed was I.

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd.

1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?

z. Yes truely is he,

And condemn'd vpen's 2. I am forty fort.

1. So are a number more.

2. But pray how past it? t. He tell you in a little. The great Duke Came to the Bar; where, to his accusetions He pleaded fill not guilty, and alleadged Many sharpe reasons to descatthe Laws. The Kings Acturney on the contrary, Vrg'd on the Examinations, process, confessions

DI

Of dluers witneffes, which the Duke defie'd To him brought when were to his face; As which appear'd against him, his Surveyor Sir Gilbers Pecke his Chancellour, and John Car, Confessor to him, with that Dluell Monke, Hopkins, that made this mischiefe.

2 That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies.

1. The faine,

All these accused him strongly, which he faine Would have flung from him; but indeed he couldnot; And so his Pecres vpon this euidence, Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much He spake, and learnedly for life : But all Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe? x. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare His Knell rung out, his ludgement, he was flir'd With fuch an Agony, he (weat extreamly, And fomshing spoke in choller, ill, and haffy:

But he fell to himfelfe againe, and fweetly, In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience. 2. I doe not thinke he feares death.

1. Sute he does not,

He neuer was fo womanish, the cause He may a little grieue at.

2. Certainly,

The Cardinall is the end of this.

t. Tis likely, By all contectures: First Kildarn Attendure; Then Deputy of Iteland, who remou'd Earle Surrey, was fent thither, and in half too, Least he should helpe his Father.

2. That tricke of State Was a deepe envious one,

r. At his teturne, No doubt he will requite it; this is noted (And generally) who ever the King favours, The Cardnall instantly will finde imployment, And farreenough from Court too.

2. All the Commons Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience With him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much They loue and doate on: call him bounteous Buchmgham, The Mirror of all courtelie.

Enser Buckinghem from hu Arraignment, Tipflaves before bim, the Axe with rice edge towards bim. Halberds on each Ede, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Venn, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,

And fee the noble ruin'd man you speake of.

2. Let's frand close and beholdhim, Buck All good people, You that thus force have come to pitty me; Heate what I fay, and then goe home and infe me. I have this day receiv'd a Traitors judgement, And by that name must dye; yet Heaven beere witnes, And if I have a Conscience, let it fincke me, Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not falthfull. The Law I beare no mallice for my death, T'has done voon the premiles, but Justice: But those that sought it, I could with more Christians: (Be what they will) I heartly forgive em; Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischiefe;

Nor build their tuils on the groves of groat men ; For then, my guildeffe blood must cry against 'em For farther life in this world I we're hope, Nor will I fue, all hough the King have mercies More then I dare make faulte. You few that lou'd me, And dere be bold to weepe for Buching bam, His Noble Friends and Fellower; whom to leave In only bitter to him, only dying : Goe with me like good Angels to my end, And as the long disorce of Steele falson me, Make of your Prayers one (weer Sacrifice, And lift my Soule to Heaven. Lead on a Gods name,

Louell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity If ever any malice in your bears

Buck, Sir Thomas Lourd, I as free forgive you

Were hid sgain? me, now to forgive me frankly.

As I would be forgiven : I forgive all. There cannot be those numberielle offences Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: No blacke Enuy fhall make my Grave, Commend mee to his Grace: And if he speake of Bucking haw; pray well him, You met him halfe in Heauen: my vower and prayers Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule for fake. Shall cry for bleffings on him. May be live Longer then I have time to tell his yeares; Euer belou'd and louing, may his Role be; And when old Time shall lead him to his end,

Goodnesse and he, fill up one Monument.

Lan. To th' water fide I must conduct your Grace. Then glue my Charge up to Sir Niebelas Umix,

Who undertakes 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 Greatnesse ofhis Person.

Buck. Nay, Six Nicholas, Let it alone, my State now will but mocke me. When I came hither, I was Lord High Conflable, And Duke of Buckingham . now poore Edward Bakes, Yet I am richer then my base Accusers, That never knew what Truth meant: I now feele it; And with that blond will make 'em one day groans for't My noble Father Henry of Buckingben. Who first rais'd head against Viurping Richard, Flying for fuccour to his Serunt Danifler, Being diffrest; wet by that wretch betraid, And without Tryatl, fell; Gods peace be with him. Henry the Seaventh succeeding, truly pittying My Fathers loffe; like a most Royell Prince Reftor'd me to my Honours : and out of ruines Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Soane, Hory the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all That made me happy; at one ftroske ha's taken For ever from the World. I had my Tryail, And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me A little happier then my wretched Father: Yet thus forre we are one in Fortunes; bach Fell by our Secuents, by chole Men we lou'd moil A most vnnarurall and faithlesse Seruice. Heaven ha's an end in all: yet, you that heave me, This from a dying man receive as certaine

Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,

Be fare you be not loofe; for thate you make friends

And give your hearts to; when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, neuer found againe But where they meane to finke ye: all good people Pray for me, I must now forfake ye, the last houre Of my long weary life is come vpon me: Farewell; and when you would lay fomthing that is fad, Speake how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me.

Excust Duke and Trame.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals I feare, too many curies on their heads That were the Authors.

2. If the Duke be guiltleffe, Tis full of woe: yet I can grue you inchling Of an enfung evill, if it fall, Greater then this

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs: What may it ber you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Sceret is so weighty, twill require A frong faith to conceale it.

1: Let me have it : I doe not talke much.

2. I am confident; You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes beare A buzzing of a Separation Betweene the King and Raberme?

t. Yes, hut it held not; For when the King once heard it, out of anger He fent command to the Lord Mayor Braight To flop the rumor; and allay those tongues That durst disperse it

2. But that flander Sit, Is found a truth now: for it growes agen Fresher then e'reit was; and held for certaine The King will venture at it Either the Cardinall, Or some about him neers, have out of malice To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple That will undoe her: To confirme this too, Cardinall Campenus is arriv'd, and lately, As all thinke for this bufines.

1. Tis the Cardinall; And meerely to revenge him on the Emperour, For not beflowing on him at his asking, The Archbishopeteke of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. Ithinke You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell, That the should feele the smart of this : the Cardinall Will have his will, and the must fall.

t. Tis wofull. Wee are too open heere to argue this: Let's thinke in private more-Excum.

Scena Secunda.

Emer Lord Chamberlame, reading the Letter.

They were young and handforme, and of the best breed in the T Lord, the Horses your Lordhip sens for, with all the North When they were ready to fet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls , by Commission , and mane power tooks em from me, with the reason bu maifter would bee feru dbefore a Subject, if not before the King, which deur mouthes I feare he will indeede ; well, let him haue them; bee

will have all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlame, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine. Cham. Good day to both your Graces. Suff. How is the King imployed? Cham. I left him priuate,

Full of fed thoughts and troubles. Norf. What's the cause?

Cham, It secmes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife

Ha's crept too neere his Conscience. Suff. No, his Conscience

Ha's crept too neere another Ladie. Norf. Tis fo;

This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall. That blinde Prieff, like the eldeft Senne of Fortune, Turnes what he lift. The King will know him one day. suff. Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe elle.

Norf. How holely he workes in all his bufineffe, And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew) He dives into the Kings Soule, and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Confesence, Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage. And out of all thefe, to restore the King, He counsels a Divorce, a losse of her That like a lewell, ha's hung twenty yeares About his necke, yet never loft her luftre; Of her that loves him with that excellence, That Angels love good men with: Even of her, That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will blessethe King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from fuch councel: 113 most true These newes are every where every tongue speaks 'em, And every true heart weepes for't. All that date Looke into these affaires, see this main end, The French Kings Sister Heaven will one day open The Kings eyes, that to long have flept vpon This bold bad man.

Suff. And free vs from his flavery. Norf. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance; Or this imperious man will worke vs all From Princes into Pages: all mens honours Liclike one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he pleafe.

Suff. For me, my Lords, I love him not, not feate him, there's my Creede: As I am made without him, so He stand If the King please : his Carles and his bleffings Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeve in-I knew him, and I know him: fo I leave him To him that made him proud; the Pope.

Norf. Let's in; And with some other busines, put the King From the fe fad thoughts, that work too much voon him: My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham Excuse me,

The King ha's fent me otherwhere: Belides You'l finde a most vofit time to distutbe him: Health to your Lordships.

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Norfolks. Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine. Basis Lord Chamberlains, and the King drawes the Cortains and fits reading penfinety.

Suff. How lad helookes; lure he is much afflicted. Kin, Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your Into my private Meditations?

Who am 1? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences Malice ne're meant : Our breach of Duty this way. Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come To know your Royall pleasure, Rin. Ye are too bold:

Go too; He make ye know your times of bulinelle : Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolfer and Cumperus with a Commission. Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? Omy Walfer, The quiet of my wounded Conscience; Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome Most learned Reverend Sir, iato our Kingdome. Vie vs, and it: My good Lord, have great care, I be not found a Talker.

Wd. Sir, you cannot; I would your Grace would give vs but an boore Of private conference.

Kin. Weare buhes goe. Neeff. This Priest ba's ao pride in him? Suff. Not to speake of: I would not be fo ficke though for his place: Bur this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, lle venture one; haue at bim. Suff. I another .

Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke. Wol. Your Grace ha's gruen a Prefident of wifedome Aboue all Princes, in committing freely Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome: Who can be angry now? What Entry reach you! The Spaniard tide by blood and favour to her Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse, The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes, (I meane the learned ooes in Christian Kingdomes) Haue their free voyees. Rome (the Nurle of Judgement) Inuited by your Noble felfe, hath fent One generall Tongue vato vs. This good man, This iuft and learned Pricit, Cardnall Campeius, Whom once more, I prefent vuto your Highnesse.

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome, And thanke the holy Conclave for their loves, They have fent me fuch a Man, I would have wish'd for. Cam. Your Grace could needs deferue all ftrangers loues, You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand I tender my Commission; by whose vertue, The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord Cardinall of Torke, are loyn'd with me their Seruant, In the unpartiall judging of this Bufineffe.

Km. Two equals men : The Queene shall be acquain-Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner? Wel. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd ber So deare in heart, not to deny her that

A Woman of leffe Place might aske by Law; Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her:

Kin. I, and the best she shall have; and my fauour To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall, Prethee eall Gardinar to me, my new Secretary. I find him a fit fellow,

Emer Gardwer.

Wel. Give me your hand, much loy & favour to you; You are the Kingtnew.

Gard. But to be commanded

or cuer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rau'd me. Kor. Come hither Gardmer.

H'alter and whoffers.

Comp. My Lord of Take, was con one Dodor Face In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Comp. Was he not held a learned man f

Wol Yes lurely.

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then, Euen of your felfe Lord Cardinall

Wd. How? of me?

Camp They will not ficke to fay, you emide him; And fearing he would rife (he was fo vertuous) Kept him a forraigne manstill, which so greet'd bim, That he ran med, and dide.

Wal. Heav'ns peace be with him: That's Christian care enough : for living Marmurers, There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole; For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow, If I command him followes my appointment, I will have none so neere els. Learne this Brother, We live not to be grip'd by meaner perfons.

Kin. Deliuer this with modefly toth Queene.

Ex 11 Garder.

The most convenient place, that I can thinke of For fuch receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers: There ye shall meere about this waighty business. My Wolfey, fee it furnish'd, Omy Lord, Would it not grieve an able man to leave So sweet a Bedsellow? But Conscience, Conscience; O 'tis a render place, and I must leave her.

Scena Tertia.

Ester Aum Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that placher His Highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and stre 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 enthroaned, Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which To leave, a thouland fold more bitter, then 'Tis fweet at first l'acquire After this Processe. To give her the auaunt, it is a pitty Would moue a Monfler.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall, Yet if that quarrell Fortune, do diuorce It from the bearer, 'tis a fufferance, panging As foule and bodies feuering.

OUL. Alas poore Lady, Shee's a ftranger now againe.

An. So much the more Must piery drop vpon her; verily I (weare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble livers in Content, Then to be perk'd vp in a glifting griefe,

And weare a golden forrow.

Old L. Our content Is our best having.

Ame: By my troth, and Maidenhead, I would not be a Queene. Old.L. Beshrewme, I would, And venture Maidenhead for's, and so would you For all this spice of your Hipocrise: You that have to faire parts of Woman on you, Haue (100) a Womansheart, which ever yet Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soveraignty Which, to fay footh, are Bleffings; and which guifes (Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your fost Chiuerell Conscience, would receive, If you might please to firetch it Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen? Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heaven. Old. L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me

Old as I sm, to Queene it : but I pray you, What thinke you of a Durchesse? Have you limbs

Tobeare that load of Title?

Au. 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 vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake

Euer to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke; I fweare againe, I would not be a Queene,

For all the world:

Oil. L. In faith, for little England You'ld venture an emballing : I my felle Would for Camarumshire, although there long'd No more to th' Crowne but that : Lo, who comes here !

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know L. Cham. Good motrow Ladies; what wer't worth to The feerer of your conference?

Au. My good Lord, Not your demand; it values not your asking: Our Milfris Sorrowes we were pittying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming The action of good women, there is hope All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham, You beare a gentle minde, & heavinly bleffings Follow fuch Creatures That you may, faire Lady Perceive I speake fincerely, and high notes Tanc of your many vertues; the Kings Wisiesty Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing Then Marchionelle of Pembreote; to which Title, A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support, Out of his Grace, he addes.

An I doe not know What kinde of my obedience, I should tender; More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wilhes More worth, then empty vanities: yer Prayers & Wishes Are all I can returne. Beseach your Lordship, Vouchfafe to speake my thankes, and my obedience, As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse; Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

I fhell not falle t'approve the faire conceit The King hath of you. I have perus dher well, Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled, That they have caught the King : and who knowes yet But from this Lady, may proceed a lemme. To lighten all this He. I'le to the King, And lay I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord. Old L. Why this it is : See, fee, I have beene begging fixteene yeares in Court (Am yet a Courtier beggetly) nor could Come pat betwist too early, and too late For any fuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, sye, sye vpon This compel'd fortune: have your mouth fild vp. Before you open it.

An. This is strange to me.

Old L. Howtofts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no: There was a Lady once (tis an old Story That would not be a Queene, that would the not For all the mud in Egypt; have you heard it?

An. Come you are pleasant. Old. L. With your I beame, I could O're-mount the Laike: The Marchioneffe of Fembrooker A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure tesped? No other obligation? by my Life, That promifes mo thousands: Honours traine Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time I know your backe will beare a Dutcheffe, Say, Are you not fironger then you were?

An. Good Lady, Make your felfe mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on't. Would I had no being If this falute my blood a lot; it faints me Tothinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortleffe, and wre forgetfull In our long absence: pray doe not deliver, What heere y have heard to her,

Old I. What doe you thinke me ___ Exerm

Scena Quarta.

Trumpers Sennet, and Corners. Enter two Vergers, with short siluer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Dollors: after them, the Bybop of Conserbury al. no; after him, the Bisnops of Lincolne, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: Next them, with some simell distance, followes a Geneleman bearing the Purje, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat . Then two Priefts bearing each a Silver Crosse Then a Gentleman Viber bare. beaded accompanyed with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Silver Mace: Then 100 Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillers: After ibem, fide by fide the two Cardwals. two Noblemen, wish the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls fit under him as ludges. The Queene takes place forme dr-Rance from the King. The Bishops place othernsclues on each side the Cours in manner of a Confisory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords fit next the Bulhops. The reft of the Astendants Stand in connenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

King What's the need? It hath already publiquely bene read, And on all fides th'Authority allow'd, You may then sparethat time.

Car. Bee't fo, proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court. Crur. Henry King of England, &c.

King, Heere.

Scribe. Say, Katherme Queene of England,

Come into the Court.

Crier. Kusherine Queene of England, &c.
The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Cours, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feese. Then speakes.

Sir, I defire you do me Right and Iuflice, And to bestow your pitry on me; for I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger, Borne out of your Dominions : having heere No ludge indifferent, nor no more a flurance Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir In what have I offended you? What caule Hath my behaulour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceede to put me off. And take your good Grace from me? Hezuen witnesse, I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife, At all times to your will conformable: Euer in feare to kindle your Diflike, Yea, fubica to your Countenance: Glad, or forty, As I faw it inclin'd? When was the house I ever contradicted your Defire? Ormade it not mine too? Or which of your Friends Have I not stroug to love, although I knew He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine, That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did ! Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice He was from hence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde, That I have beene your Wife, in this Obedience, Vpward of twenty yeares, and have bene bleft With many Children by you. If in the course And processe of this time, you can report, And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught; My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt Shut doore vpon me, and lo give me vp To the sharp's kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir, The King your Father, was reputed for A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent And vamarch'd Wit, and Judgement. Ferdinand My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one The wifell 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 Councell to them Of every Realme, that did debate this Bufinelle, Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly Befeech you Sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God Your pleasure be fulfill'd. Wal. You have heere Lady.

Wol. You have heere Lady,
(And of your choice) the Reverend Fathers, men
Of fingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th Land, who are affembled
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootiesse,

That longer you define the Court, as well For your owne quiet, as to reftifie What is unfeiled in the King

Camp His Grace
Hath Spoken well, and justly: Therefore Madam,
It's fitchis Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

On. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake. Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

On Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that Weare a Queene (or long have dream'd fo) certaine. The daughter of a King, my drops of teares, lle turne to sparkes of fire.

Wel, Be patient yet.

Qu. 1 will, when you are humble; Ney before,
Or God will punish me. 1 do beleeue
(Indue'd by potent Circumflances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Judge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwint my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I viterly abhorre; yes, 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.

Wel. I do profeste

You speake not like your selfe : who everyer Haue flood to Charity, and displayd th'effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisedome, Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong I have no Spleene against you, nor injustice For you, or any : how farre I have proceeded, Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted By a Commillion from the Confidence. Yea, the whole Confistorie of Rome. You charge me, That I have blowne this Coale: I do deny it, The King is prefent: If it be knowne to him, That I gainfay my Deed, how may he wound, And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much As you have done my Truth, Ifhe 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 these Thoughes from you. The which before His Highnesseshall speake in, I do befeech You(gracious Madam) to unthinke your speaking, And to fay to no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weake T'or pofe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd You figne your Place, and Calling, in full feeming, With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Hear: Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride. You have by Fortune, and his Highnesse favors, Gone flightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words (Domeflickes to you) serue your will, as't please Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must rell you, You tender more your persons Honor, then Your high profession Spirituals. That agen I do refule you for my Judge, and heere Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope, To bring my whole Cause fore his Holinelle, And to be judg'd by him.

She Curties to the King, and offers to depart.

Carry

Camp. The Queene is oblimate, Stubborne to luftice, apt to accuse it, and Distainfull to be tride by't; tis not well. Shee't going away.

Shee's going away.

Kin. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherice. Q of England, come into the Court.

Cas. What need you note it? pray you keep yout way, When you are cald teturne. Now the Lotd helpe, They vexe me past my patience, pray you posse on; I will not tarry: no, not euer more
Vpon this businesse appearance make,

In any of their Courts.

Exit Queen, and ber Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes Kane,
That man i'th' world, who fhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trufted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy tare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy mecknesse said like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soweralgne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, the 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
Ofall these eares (for where I am tob d and bound,
Theremust I be valoos'd, although not these
At once, and fully satisfide) whether ever I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on toor ever
Have to you, but with thankes to God for such
A Royall Lady, spake onc, the least word that might
Beto the presudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Ria. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon 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 Viliage Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more infliste? You ever
Hane wish'd the steeping of this busines, never defir'd
It to be stir'd; but oft have hindied, off
Thepass gas made toward it; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heede
My Confetence first receiv'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th' Bishop of Baron, then French Embassador,
Who had beene hither, sent on the debating
And Matriage't wixt the Duke of Orloanse, and
Our Daughter Mary'. I'th' Progresse of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Matriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wise. This tespite shooke

The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me; Yea, with a spitting power and made to tremble The region of my Bread, which forc'd luch way, That many maz'd confiderings, did throng And preft in with this Caucion. First, me thought I flood not in the smile of Heaven, who had Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should Doeno more Offices of life too't; then The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Iffue, Or dide where they were made, or shortly after This world had syt'd them. Hence I tooke a thought, This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome Well worthy the bell Heyre o'th' World) fhould not Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that I weigh'd the danger which my Real mes flood in By this my I flues faile, and that gaue to me Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in The wild Sea of my Confeience, I did Reere Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present licere together: that's to say, I means to rectific my Conscience, which I then did seele full licke, and yecnot well, By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land, And Dodors learn'd. Firft I began in private, With you my Lord of Lincolne; you remember How under my oppression I did sceke When I first mou'd you.

B. Lim. Very well my Liedge, Kin 1 have looke long, be pleas'd your felfe to fay How farre you lansfide me.

Lin. So please your Highnes,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment int.
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,
And did entrease your Highnes to this coutse,
Which you are running heere.

Kin. I then mou'd you,

My Lord of Cauterbury, and got your leave

To make this prefent Summons vnfolicited.

I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;

But by particular consent proceeded

Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,

For no disther'th' world against the person

Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points

Of my alleadged reasons, drives this forward:

Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life

And Kingly Dignity, we are contented

To weare our mortall State to come, with her,

(Katherine our Queene) before the primess Creature

That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes,
The Queene being absent, it is a needfull strees,
That we advoume this Court cill further day;
Meane while, and the earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call backeher Appeale
She intends vato his Holimesse.

Kin. I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory floth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Servanc Cramer,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake up the Cours;
I (ay, set on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Adus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

Emer Queene and ber Worken as at morke. Quem. Take thy Lute wench, My Soule growes (ad with troubles, Sing, and disperse 'em if thou const: leave working:

> SONO. Rehew with his Line made Trees, And the Morms aine tops that freeze, Bow shemfelues whom be did fine Tobis Musicke, Plants and Flowers Euer sprung; as Sunna and Showers, There had made alasting Spring. Every thing that heard birn play, Euco the Billowes of the Sea. Hung their heads, or then lay by. In free Majuke is feeb Ars, Killing care or grisfe of heart, Fall offeepe, or bearing dye.

> > Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now! Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals

Walt in the presence.

Queen. Would they speake with me? Gens. They wil'd me fay fo Madam. Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere : what can be their busines With me, a poore weake woman, faine from favour? I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't, They hould bee good men, their affaires as righteous: But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cordinells, Wolfer & Campian. Welf. Peace to your Highnesse.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houlwile. (I would be all) againfi the worft may happen: What are your pleafures with me, reverent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw Into your private Chamber; we Chall give you

The full cause of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.
There's nothing I have done yet o'my Confeience Deferues a Corner : would all other Women Could speake this with as free a Soulcas I doe. My Lords, I care not (fo much I amhappy Aboue a number) if my actions Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye faw 'em, Enuy and bale opinion let againft'em, Iknow my life to even. If your bufines Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in; Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing. Card. Tanta eft erge te mentis unegritas Regina forenifica.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Lann; I am not fuch a Truant fince my comming, As not to know the Language I have liu'd in : A ftrange Tongue makes my cause more ftrange, suspiti-Pray speake in English , heere are some will thanke you, If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake; Beleeve me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall, The willing's finne I ever yet committed, May be absolu'd in English.

Cord. Noble Lady,

Iam forry my integrity frou! breed, (And service to his Maichy and you) So deepe suspicion, where all faith was meant; We come not by the way of Accusation, To taint that honous every good Tongue ble Eco; Nor to betray you arry way to fortow; You have too much good Lady 1 Bet roknow How you frand minded in the waighty difference Betweene the King and you, and to deliver (Like free and honeit men) our lutt opinions, And comforts to our cause.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature, Zeale and obedience he fill bore your Grace, Forgetting (like a good mon) your lete Cenfure Both of his truth and him (which was too fatte) Offers, as I doe, ig a figne of peace, His Service, and his Counsell.

Quem. To berray me. My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills, Ye fpeake like honeft men, (pray God ye proue fo) But how to make ye fedainly an Answere In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Henour, (More necre my Life I feare) with my weake wit; And to luch men of grauny and learnings Intruth I know not. I was fet at worke, Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) locking Either for fuch men, or fuch bufinelle; For het fake that I have beene, for I feele The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces Let me have time and Councell for my Cause: Alas. 1 am a Woman frendleffe, hopeleffe. Wal. Madam,

You wrong the Kings love with these feares, Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England, But little for my profit can you thinke Lords, That any English men dare give me Councell? Or be a knowne friend gainst his Highnes pleasure, Though he be growne so desperate to be hosess) And live a Subject? Nay for footh, my Friends, They that must weigh out my assistictions, They that my trust must grow to, live not heere. They are (as all my other comforts) far hence In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace Would lesue your greefes, and take my Comfell, 2mm. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection, Hee's louing and most gracious 'Twill be mech, Both for your Honour better, and your Cause: For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye, You'l part away difgrac'd

Wel. He tels you rightly. Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my raise: Isthis your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye. Heaven is above all yet; there has a ludge. That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage miftakes vs. Queen. The more shame for yesholy men I thought ye,
V pon my Soule two renerend Cardinall V ertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I seare ye. Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort? The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Ledy? A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scornd? I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,

I have more Charity. But Say I warn'd ye; Take heed, for heavens fake take heed, leeft at once The butthen of my forrowes, fall vpon ye.

Car. Madam, this is a meere diffraction,

You turne the good we offer, into enuy,

Que. Yeturne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all fuch falle Professors. Would you have me (If you have any luftice, any Piery, If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ficke cause into his hands, that hater me? Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already. His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords, And all the Fellowship I hold now with him Is onely my Obedience. What can happen To me, about this wretchednosse ! All your Studies Make me a Curfe, like this.

Camp. Your feares are worle.

Qn Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my felfs, Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one? A Woman (I dare fay withous Vainglory) Never yet branded with Suspition? Hane I, with all my full Affections Still met the King ? Lou'd him next Heau'n/Obey'd him? Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him? Almost forgot my Prayres to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lordz, Bring me a confiant woman to her Husband, One that ne're deem'd a loy, beyond his pleasure; And to that Woman (when the has done most) Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.

Car. Madam, you wander from the good

Weaymest.

Qu. My Lord, I date not make my felfe fo guiltie, To give up willingly that Noble Title Your Mafter wed me to : nothing but death Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.

Cor. Pray beareme.

Du. Would I had never trod this English Earth, Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon its Ye have Angels Faces; but Heaven knowes your heatts. What will become of me now, wretched Lady? I am the most vinhappy Woman living.
Alas (poore Weaches) where are now your Fortunes? Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty, No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me? Almost no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,

He hang my head, and perifb.

Car. If your Grace Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest, Youl'd feele more comfore. Why shold we (good Lady) Vpon what canfe wrong you? Alas, our Places, The way of our Profession is against it; We are to Cure such forrowes, not to lowe em. For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do, How you may hurt your felfe: I, veterly Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage. The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience, So much they love it. But to Aubborne Spirits. They (well and grow, as terrible as fromes. I know you have a Gentle, Noble temper, A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray thinks vs. Those we profeste, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.
Camp. Madam. you'l finde it so;
You wrong your Vertues

With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spitis As yours was, put into you, euer cafts Such doubts as falle Coine from it. The King loves you. Bewere you look it not : For vs (if you please To trust vs in your bufinesse) we are ready To yle our vemolt Studies, in your feruice.

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords: And pray forgiue me; If I have vs'diny felfe vnmannerly, You know I am a Woman, lacking wit To make a feemely answer to such persons. Pray do my feruice to his Maieflie, He ha's my heart yet, and shall bauemy Prayers While I shall have my life. Come reverend Pathers, Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges That little thought when the fet footing heere. She should have bought her Dignities so deere. Exeum

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolks, Lord Surrey, and Lard Chamberlaine

Norf. If you will now wnite in your Complaints, And force them with a Confiancy, the Cardinall Cannot frand under them. If you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise. But that you shall fustaine moe new difgraces, With thele you beare alreadie.

Sur. I am ioyfull

To meete the least occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,

To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? When did he regard The stampe of Noblenesse in any person Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures: What he deferoes of you and me, I know: What we can do to him (though now the time Giver way to vs) I much fearc. If you cannot Barra his accesse to'th'King, never attemp Any thing on him : for he hath a Witchcraft Ouer the King in's Tongue.

Nor. O feare him not, His spell in that is out : the King hath found Matter against him, that for ever marres The Hony of his Language. No, he's lealed (Not to come off) in his displeasure.

Ser. Sir,

I should be glad to heare such Newes as this Once every houre.

Nor. Belezue it, this is true. In the Dinorce, his contrarie proceedings Are all vafolded: wherein be appeares. As I would with mine Enemy.

Ser. How come His practiles to light?

Suf. Most frangely. Sur. O how? how ?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope milestried,

And came to th'eye o th'King, whetein was read How that the Cardinall did increat his Holine Ce To flay the ludgement o'th Divorce; for if It did take place, I do (quoth be) perceive My King is rangled in affectiou, to A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Enler,

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Belceue ic.

Sur. Will this worke?

Chair. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts And hedges his owne way. But in this point, All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke After his Potients death; the King already Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord, For I prefesseyou have it.

Ser. Now all my joy Trace the Conjuntion.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order given for her Coronstion: Matry this is yet but youg, and may be left To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords She is a gallant Creature, and compleate In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her Will fall fome bleffing to this Land, which shall In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King Digest this Letter of the Cardinals? The Lord forbid

Nor. Matry Amen. Suf. Nono:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose, Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeum, Is (tolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leave, Ha's left the cause o'th'King vnhandled, and Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall, To second all his plot. I do offure you, The King cry'de Ha, at this, Cham. Now God incense him,

And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Norf. But my Lord When returnes Cranmer?

Suf. He is ceturn'd in his Opinions, which Have fatisfied the King for his Divorce, Together with all famous Colledges Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeve) His fecond Marriage shall be published, and Her Coronstion. Katherine no more Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager, And Widdow to Prince Aribur.

Nor. This same Creamer's

A worthy Fellow, and hath cane much paint In the Kings bufinelle.

Suf. Heha's, and we shall see him

For it. an Arch-by shop.

Nor. So I heare. Suf. Tis Co

Enser Wolfey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall,

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber. Card Look'd he o'thinfide of the Paper?

Crom. Prelently He did valesle them, and the fielt he view'd, He did it with a Serious minde ia heede Was in his countenance. You he bad Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad ! Cram, Ithinke by this be u.

Exit Cromwell.

Cord. Leave one a while. It shall be to the Dutches of Alzofore, The French Kings Sifter; He hall marry her Anna Bullens for him. There's more in't then fasse Vilage. Bullen? No, weet no Bullow: Speedily I with To heare from Rome. The Marchonelle of Peabroke?

Nor. He's disconsented. Suf. May be he heares the King Does whethis Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Justice. Car. Thelate Queenes Gentlewoman

A Knights Daughter To be ber Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene? This Candle bumes not cleere, 'cis I muft fruffe it, Then out it goes. What though I know her veruse as And well delerung? yet I know her for A Spleeny Luthersa, and not who! some to Our cause, that she should lye ith befome of Our hardrul'd King. Againe, there is fprong +p An Heretique, an Arch-one; Crammer, one Hath crawl'd into the fasour of the King, And is his Oracle.

Nar. He is vex'd at something

Enter King yeading of a Scedule

Sur. I would 'twer formthing y would fret the string, The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated To his owne portion? And what expence by th'hours Seemes to Bow from him? How, ith name of Thrift Does he rake this together? Now my Lords, Saw you the Cardinall?

Ner. My Lord, we have Stood heere observing him. Some strange Commotion Is in his braine: He bices his lip, and flares, Stops on a sodaine, lookes upon the ground, Then layer his finger on his Temple : ftraight Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe, Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures We have feene him fet himlelfe.

King. It may well be, There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning, Papers of State he fent me, to perule As I requir'd; and wor you what I found There (on my Conscience put vewirtingly) Forfooth an Inventory, thus importing
The feuerall parcels of his Place his Treasure, Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houshold, which I finde at fuch proud Rate, that it out-speakes Possession of a Subied.

Nor. It's Heavens will, Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet, To bleffe your eye withall.

Kong. If we did thinke

His Contemplation were about the earth And fixe on Spirituall object, he should fill Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth His ferious confidering.

King sabes bis Seat, whifters Lovell, who goes

to the Cardinall.

Car. Heaven forgive me, Euer God bleffe your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord You are full of Heavenly Ruffe, and beare the Inventory Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which You were now running o're : you have fearfe time To Reale from Spiritual leylure, a briefe fpan To keepe your earthly Audit, fure in that I deeme you en ill Husband, and am gald To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir, For Holy Offices I have a time; a time To thinke you the part of bulinelle, which I beare ith Scare: and Nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce Ther fraile fonne, among'A my Brethren mortall, Must glue my tendance to

King. You have faid well.

Car. And ever may your Highnesse yooke together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well laying.

King. 'Tis well faid agen,

And the kinde of good deede to lay well, And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you, He (sid he did, and with his deed did Crowne His word vpon you. Since I had my Office, I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home, But par'd my prefent Hauings, to bestow

My Bounties vpon you.

Cor. What should this meane?

Ser. The Lord increase this businesse, King. Have I not made you The prime man of the State? I pray you rell me,

If what I now pronounce, you have found true .
And if you may confesses, say withall If you are bound to vs, or no. What lay you?

Car. My Souerzigne, I confesse your Royall graces Showr'd on me daily, have bene more then could My studied purposes require, which went Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors, Have ever come too short of my Desires, Yet fill d with my Abilities : Mine owne ends Haue beene mine fo, that evermore they pointed To'th'good of your most Sarred Person, and The profit of the State, For your great Graces Hesp'd vpon me (poore Vndeleruer) I Cannothing render but Allegiant thankes, My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyaltie Which cuer ha's, and cuer shall be growing, Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairely answer'd: A Loyall, and obedient Subject is Therein illustrated, the Honor of it Does pay the Act ofic, as i th'contrain The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume, That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you, My heart drop'd Loue, my powrerain'd Honor, more On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart.

Your Braine, and every Function of your power. Should, notwithftending that your bond of duty, As twee in Loues particular, be more To me your Friend, then any.

Car. Ida professe, That for your Highnesse good, I ever 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 Soule, though perils did Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and Appeare In formes more horrid) yet my Duty, As doch a Rocke agoinft the chiding Flood, Should the approach of this wilde River breake. And fland vnihaken yours.

King. Tis Nobly spoken: Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breft, For you have seene him open't. Read o're this, And after this, and then to Breakfast with What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning open the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him limbing, and whifpering.

Car. What flould this meane? What sodaine Anger's this? How have I reap'd it? He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon Vpon the daring Huntiman that has gall'd him: Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper: I feate the Story of his Anger. 'Tis fo: This paper ba's undone me: Tisth' Accompt Of all that world of Wealth I have drawne together For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome, And Ice my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence! Fit for a Foole to fall by : What crofte Diuell Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet I fent the King Us there no way to cure this? Nonew device to beate this from his Braines? I know 'twill flirre him ftrongly ; yet I know A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune Will bring me off againe. What's this ? To th' Pope? The Letter (as I live) with all the Bufineffe witt too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell : I have touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse, And from that full Meridian of my Glory, I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall Like a bright exhalation in the Evening, And no man fee me more.

Enter to Woolfey, the Dakes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heart the Kings pleafure Cardinall, Who commands you To render up the Great Seale prefently Into our handa, and to Confine your felfe To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters, Till you heare further from his Highnesse. Ca. Stay :

Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie Authority fo weighty.
Safe Who date crosse 'em,

Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressely?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to doit, (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords, Idare, and mult dany it. Now I feele Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy, How eagerly ye follow my Difgraces

As if it fed ye, and how fleeke and wantoo Ye appeare in cuery thing may bring my ruine? Follow your envious courses, men of Malice You have Christian warrant for em, and no doubt In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Scale You aske with fuch a Violence, the King (Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me i Bad meenioy it, with the Place, and Honors During my life , and to confirme his Goodnesse, Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The King that gaue it. Car. It must be himselfe then. Sur. Thou are a proud Traitor, Prieft. Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeft :

Within these fortie houres, Surrey durft better Haue burnt that Tongue, then faide fo.

Sur. Thy Ambition (Thou Searles finde) robb'd this bewarling Land Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law, The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals, (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together) Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie, You fent me Deputie for Ireland Farre from his fuccour; from the King, from all That might have mercie on the fault, thou gau'fl him: Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pitty. Absolu'd him with an Axe.

Wol. This, and all else This talking Lord can lay upon my credit, I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law Found his defens. How innocent I was From any private malice in his end, His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse. If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you, You have as little Honestie, as Honor, That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth. Toward the King, my euer Roiall Mafter, Dare mate a founder man then Surrie can be, And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my Soule, Your long Coat (Priefl) protects you, Thou should it feele My Sword i'th'life blood of thee elfe. My Lords, Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance? And from this Fellow ? If we live thus tamely, To be thus laded by a peere of Scarlet, Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward, And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.

Card. All Goodnesse Is poylon to thy Stomacke.
Sar. Yes, that goodnelle

Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one, Into your ownehands (Card'nall) by Extortion: The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets You writ to'th Pope, against the King : your goodnesse Since you provoke me, shall be moft notorious. My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble, As you respect the common good, the State Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues, (Whom if he live, will scarle be Gentlemen) Produce the grand fumme of his finnes, the Articles Colleded from his life. Ile startle you Vorsethen the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench

Car. Howmuch me thinkes, I could despite this man,

of killing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall. But that I am bound in Charitie against it.

Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand: But thus much, they are foole ones.

Wal. So much fairer

And spotlesse, shall raine Innocence arise, When the King knower my Truth.

Sur. This cannot faue you ? thanke my Memorie, I yet remember Some of these Articles, and out they shall Now, if you can bloth, and erle guilde Cardinall, You'l frew a little Honeftie.

Wd. Speake on Sir,

I dere your worlt Obiections : If I blech, It is to fee a Nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had tather want those, then my head ; Haneat you.

First, that without the Kings affent or knowledge, You wrought to be a Legate, by which power You maim'd the Iuridiation of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elfe To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex menu Was full inferib'd: in which you brought the King

To be your Servant.

Saf. Then, that without the knowledge Either of King or Councell, when you went Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.

Sar. Item, You fent a large Commission To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude Without the Kings will, or the States allowance, A League betweene his Highneffe, and Forwa.

Suf. That out of meete Ambition, you have cous'd Your holy-Hat to be stampt on the Kings Coine.

Sur Then, That you have fent inumerable fuhffance, (By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience) To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes You have for Dignities, to the meere vadooing Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are, Which fince they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. Ony Lord,

Presenot a falling man too farre: 'tis Ventue : His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them (Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to fee him So little, of his great Selfe.

Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleafure is, Because all those things you have done of late By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome, Fall into'th' compaffe of a Premunire; That therefore such a Writ be sued against you, To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements, Castles, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And to wee'l leave you to your Meditations How to live better. For your stubborne answer About the giving backe the Great Seale to vs, The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you. So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exercise all but Wolfer. Wal. So farewell, to the little good you beare me. Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneffe. This is the flate of Mao; to day he puts forth The render Leaves of hopes, to morrow Bloslowes, And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him: The third day, comes a Froft; a killing Froft, And when he thinkes, good easie man, full furely

HIS

His Greatnesse is a ripening, oppes his roote, And then he fals as I do. I have ventur'd Like little wenton Boyes that fwim on bladders t This many Summers in a Sea of Glory, But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride At length broke under me, and now ha's left me Weary, and old with Service, to the mercy Of a rude ftreame, that muft for ever hide me. Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye, I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauoura? There is becwine that smile we would afpire too, That Iweet Afpect of Princes, and their ruine, More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have ; And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer, Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Crommell, flooding amazed

Why how now Cromwell?

Crons. I have no power to speake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd

At my misforcunes ? Can thy Spirit wonder A great man should decline, Nay, and you weep lanifalneindeed.

Crom How does your Grace, Cord Why well:

Neuec fo truly happy, my good Cramell, I know my felfenow, and I feele within me, A peace about all earthly Dignities, A fill, and quier Confetence. The King ha's cur'd me, I humbly thanke his Grace, and from these shoulders These ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken A loade, would linke a Nauy, (too much Honor)

O'tis a burden Cromoel, tis a burden Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace, Ha's made that right vie of it.

Card. Ihope I have I am able now (me thinkes) (Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele) To endura more Mileties, and greater farre Then my Weske-hearted Enemies, dare offer.

What Newes abroad? Crom. The heaviest, and the worst, Is your displeasure with the King.

Cod Godbleffe him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is choken Lord Chancellor, in your place

Card. That's somewhat sodato But he's a Learned man. May he cominne Long in his Highnesse favour, and do lustice For Truths-lake, and his Confesence, that his bones, When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Bleffings. May have a Tombe of Orphanes teares wept on ham. What more?

Crom. That Crommer is return'd with welcome ; Install'd Lord Arch-byshop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Arme, Whom the King hath to fecrecie long married, This day was view'd in open, as his Queenc, Going to Chappell t and the voyce is now Onely about her Corronation.

Card There was the waight that pull'd me downe. O (rommell,

The King ha's gone beyond me i All my Glories In that one woman, I have loft for ever.

No Sun, shall ever vince forth mine Honors, Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that weighted Vpon my Imiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel, I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now To be thy Lord, and Master. Secke the King (That Sun, I pray may never fet) I have told him What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee: Some little memory of me, will flire him (I know his Noble Nature) not to let Thy bopefull feruice perish too. Good Cromwell Neglect him not; make vie now, and proude For thine owne future lafery.

Cross. O my Lord, Must I then leave you? Must I needet forgo So good, so Noble, and so true a Master ? Beare witnesse, all that have not hearts of Iron, With what a forrow Cronswel leaves his Loid The King shall have my service , but my prayres For ever, and for ever Chall be yours.

Card. Cromwd, I did not thinke to fhed a teare In all my Miferies: But thou half fore'd me (Out of thy hone it cruth) to play the Woman. Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromoel, And when I am forgotten, as I shall be, And Beepe in dull cold Marble, where no mension Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee; Say Wolfer, that once trod the wayer of Glory And founded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor, Pound thee a way (out of his wracke) to tile in: A fure, and fafe one, though thy Mafter mift it. Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me : Crommel, I charge thee, Bing away Ambirion, By that finne fell the Angels : how can man then (The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it? Love thy felfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee; Corruption wins not more then Honefly. Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace To filence envious Tongues Be just and feare not; Let all the ends thou aym'if at, be thy Countries, Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall A(O Cromwell) Thou fall'it a bleffed Martyr. Serve the King: And prythee leade me in: There take an Inventory of all I have To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe, And my Integrity to Heaven, 12 all, I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Crownel, Had I but feru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale I feru'd my King : he would not in mine Age Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have parience. Card. So I have. Parewell The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Hesuen do dwell.

Mus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Goulemen, meeting one another.

- 1 Y'are well met once againe
- 2 So are you.
- y You come to take your frand beere, and ochold The Lady Anne, passe from her Corronadon.

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

3 Tis all my bufineffe. At our last encounter The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall

1 Tis very true. But that time offer'd forton,

This generall loy.

3 Tis well r The Citizens I am fure have thewne at full their Royali minds, As let'em have their rights, they are ever for ward In Celebration of this day with Shewer,

Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

Neuer greater, Nor lle assure you better eaken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes, That Paper in your hand.

y Yes, tisthe Lift Of those that claime their Offices this day, By custome of the Coronation. The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke, He to be Earle Marshall : you may reade the rest. I I thanke you Sir : Had I not known those customs,

I should baue beene beholding to your Paper : But I befeech you, what's become of Katherine The Princesse Downger? How goes her businesse?

1 That I canzell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other Learned, and Reverend Fathers of his Order, Held a late Court at Dunstable; fize miles off From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which She was often cyted by them, but appear d not: And to be short, for not Appearance, and The Kings late Scrunle, by the maine affent Of all these Learned men, the was divore'd, And the late Marriage made of none effect : Since which she was remou'd to Kymmalion, Where the remaines now licke.

a Alas good Lady. The Trumpets found : Srand close, The Queene is comming.

Ha-boyer.

The Order of the Coronation.

A linely Flourift of Trumpers.

Then, two Indges

Lord Chancellor, with Purfe and Mace before bim.

Moficke

Quirrifters singing. Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in bis Coate of Armes, and on hu bead he wore a Gilt Copper rowne

6 Marquelle Dorler bearing a Scepter of Gold, on bu bead, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of Silver with the Done, Crowned with an

Earles Coronet. Collars of Esfes.

7 Duke of Suffolke, in bu Robe of Effecte, bis Coronet on bis head bearing a long white Wand, as High Secward. With bim, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshalling,

a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.

8 A Canopy, borne by four of the Cinque-Potta, under it the Queene in her Robe, in her have, richly advised with Pearle Crowned On each side her, the Bishops of London, and Winchester.

9 The Olde Dutcheffe of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers bearing the Queenes Train

10 Corraine La dies or Councelles, with plates Circlots of Gold, without Flowers.

Execute, first passing over the Stage in Order and Stage, and then A great Flourist of Trunspets.

A Royall Tra ne beleeve me : Thefe I know : Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquelle Dorfet,

And that the Earle of Sarrey, with the Rod.

2 A bold brave Gentleman. That should bee The Duke of Sulfalke.

1 The the fame : bligh Sreward. 2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.

2 Heaven bleffe thec,

Thou haft the fweeteft face I ever look'd on. Sir, as I have a Soule, The is an Angell; Our King has all the Indies in his Armes, And more, and richer, when he ftraines that Lady, I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare

The Closth of Honour over ber, see foure Barons Ofthe Cinque Ports.

Those men are happy, And fo are all, are neere her, I take it, she that carries up the Traine, Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheffe of Norfolke. 1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

Their Coroners lay lo. Thele are States Indeed, And fometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a ibed Gentleman

t God sue you Sir. Where have you bin breiling? Annong the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am fiffed

With the meere ranknesse of their joy.

3 You law the Ceremony!

3 That I did.

Howwasit?

3 Well worth the feeing.

3 Good Sir, fpeake it to va?

As well as I am able. The rich ftream? Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queene To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so, In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely The Beauty of her Person to the People. Beleeve me Sir, the is the goodlieft Woman That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, fuch a noyfe arole, As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stirfe Tempest, As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hass. Cloakes, (Doublets, I thinke) flew vp. and had their Faces Bin loofe, this day they had beene loft. Such ioy I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women, That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would thake the prease And make 'em reele before 'em. No man lining Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen So strangely in one peece.

2 But what foilow'd?

3 At length, her Grace role, and with modeli peces Came to the Altar, where the kneel'd, and Saint-like Cast her faire eyes to Heaven and pray'd denoutly Then role againe, sad bow'd ber to the people: When by the Arch-byshop of Canterbury, She had all the Royall makings of a Queene; As holy Oyle, Edward Confesiors Crowne, The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all fuch Emblenus Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

Wirb

With all the choylest Muficke of the Kingdome, Together lung To Down. So the parced And with the fame full State pac'd backe againe To Yorke-Place, where the Feaft & held.

You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past : For fince the Cardinall fell, that Titles loft, "Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall,

3 I knowit: But 'tis fo lately alter'd, that the old name Is fielh about me.

2 What two Reverend By thops Were those that went on each fide of the Queene? 3 Stakeles and Gardoner, the one of Winchefter,

Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary : The other London.

3 He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the Archbilhops, The vertuous Cranmer.

3 All the Land knowes thatt How every yet there is no great breach, when it comes Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

Who may that be, I pray you.

Thomas Cromwell,

A man in much effeeme with th'King, and truly A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him Master o'th'lewell House, And one already of the Priny Councell

3 He will deferue more.

3 Yes without all doubt. Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way Which is to th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests: Something I can command. As I walke thither, He well ye more.

Bach. You may command vs Sir.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Downger, Siche, lead between Griffith, ber Gensleman V fber, and Passence

'Grif. How do's your Grace? Kaib. O Griffish, ficke to death : My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th' Earth, Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chaire, So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eale. Did'st thou not rell me Griffith, as thou lead's mee, That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall ("alfoy Was dead i

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace Out of the paine you luffer'd, gave no eare too's Kab. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de. If well, he slept before me happily

Formy example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam, For after the flour Earle Northumberland Arrefled him at Yorke, and brought him forward As a man forely tainted, to his Answer, He fell ficke fodainly, and grew foill He could not fit his Mule.

Karb. Alas poore man. Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Lelcester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot With all his Covent, honourably receiv'd him ; To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot, An old man, broken with the stormes of State, Is come to lay his weary bones among yes Grue him a little earth for Charity, So went to bed ; where eagerly his ficknesse Pursu'd him fill, and three nights after this, About the houre of eight, which he himfelfe Foretold (hould be his laft, full of Repentance, Continual Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes, He gave his Honors to the world agen, His bleffed part to Heaven, and flept in peace.

Karb. So may be rest, His Faults lye gendy on him : Yet thus farre Griffith, give me lesoe to speake him, And yet with Charity. Ha was a man Of an vnbounded flomacke, ever ranking Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion Ty deall the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play, His owne Opinion was his Law. Ith presence He would say untruths, and be ever double Both in his words, and meaning. He was never (But where he meant to Ruine)pirtifull. His Promises, were as he then was, Mighry t But his performance, as he is now, Nothing a Of his owne body he was ill, and gave The Clergy ill example.

Graf. Noble Madame

Mens cull maoners, live in Braffe, their Vertues We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse To heare me speake his good now?

Karb. Yei good Griffinb, I were malicious elles

Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, undoubtedly Was fashion'd to much Hopor. From his Cradle He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one Exceeding wife, faire spoken, and perswading : Lofig, and fowte to them that lou'd him not But, to those men that lought him, sweet as Summer And though he were vnfatisfied in getting, (Which was a sinne) yet in beflowing, Madorn, He was most Princely : Euer witnesse for him Those twinner of Learning, that he rais d in you, Iphyich and Oxford , one of which, fell with him, Vinwilling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though vininith'd) yet to Famous, So excellent in Art, and full fo rifing, That Christendome shall ever speake his Vereve. His Overthrow, heap'd Happinette spon him : For then, and not till then, he felt himfelfe, And found the Bleffedneffe of being little. And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Thon man could give him; he dy'de, learing God.

Karb. After my death, I with no other Herald, No other speaker of my living Actions, To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption, But fuch an honel Chronicler as Griffirb. Whom I most hated Living, thou hast made mee With thy Religious Truth, and Modeflie, (Now in his Ashes) Honor . Peace be with him. Patjence, bencere me still, and fer me lower, I have not long to stouble thee Good Griffab, Caufe the Mufistans play me that fad note I nam'd my Knell; whil'ft I fit meditating

On

On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and folomone Naficke.

Grif. She le alleep : Good wench, let'a fit down quiet, For leare we wake her. Sofily, gentle Patience

The Vifes

Enter solemmely tripping one after another, fixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their beader Carlands of Bayes and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in iber hands. Ther fir! Conge wnto ber, then Dance: and as certaine Changes, the first two bold a spare Garland over her Head, as which the other four make reuerend Curifies. Then the two that bild the Garland deliwer the farer to the other next two , who observe the fame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over ber bead. Which done, they deliver the fame Garland to the luft two: who likewife observe the same Order. At which (as it were by information) (he makes (in ber fleepe) fignes of reingring, and holderh up ber bards to beanen. And fo, m their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland wub them The Musicke consumus.

Kash. Spirits of peace, where are yet Are ye all gone And leave me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere. Kath It is not you I call for, Saw ye none enter fince I tlept?

Ortf. None Madam.

Kab. Not Saw you not even now a bleffed Troope Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces Cast thousand beames upon me, like the Sun? They promis'd me eternall Happinelle, And brought me Garlands (Griffah) which I feele lam not worthy yet to weare : I shall assuredly.

Grif. lam most toyfull Madam, such good dreames

Pollette your Fancy

Kerb. Bid the Mulicke leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me. Pai. Do you note

Mufiche ceafes.

How much her Grace is alter'd on the fodaine? How long ber face is drawne? How pale the looks, And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray. Pari. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. And clike your Grace-Rub. You srea lawcy Fellow, Deferue we no more Reuerence? Gref. You are too blame,

Knowing the will not loofe her wonted Greatneffe To vie so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele.

Mef. I humbly do entrex your Highnesse predon, My hast made me vomannerly. There is flaying A Gentleman lent from the King, to fee you.

Karb. Admit him entrance Gruffat. But this Fellow Let mene're fee againe. Exis Melleng.

Emir Lord Capiebbe.

If my fight faile not,

You fould be Lord Ambafiador from the Emperor, My Royall Nephew, and your name Capachew.

Cap. Madam the fame. Your Servans.

Kath. Omy Lord,

The Times and Titles pow are alter'd ftrangely With me, fince fiell you know me.

Bue I pray you,

Wher is your pleasure with me!

Cap. Noble Lady, Pirst mine owne service to your Grace, the next The Kings request, that I would vilit you, Who greeues much for your weaknesse, and by me Sends you his Princely Commendations,

And heartsly entreats you take good corrsfort. Kash. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late, Tis like a Pardon after Execution;

That gentle Phylicke given in time, had cor'd me: But now I am paft all Comforts heere, but Prayers. How does his Highneffe?

Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kash. So may be coes do, and ever flourish, When I shall dwell with Wormer, and my poore name Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter I caus d you write, yet lent away !

Pas. No Madam.

Kash. Sir, I most bambly pray you to definer This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kark In which I have commended to his goodnesse The Modell of our chafte loves : his young daughter, The dewes of Heaven fall thicke in Bleffings on her, Befeeching him to give her vertoons breeding She is yong, and of a Noble modell Nature, I hope the will deferoe well; and a little To love her for her Mothers lake, ther lou'd him. Heaven knowes how deeredy. My next poore Petition, Is, that his Noble Grace would have force pittle Vpon my wretched women, that follong Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully, Of which there is not one, I dare mow (And now I should not lye) but will deserve For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule, For honeflie, and decent Carriage A right good Husband (let him be a Noble) And fure those men are happy that shall have 'em-The last is for my men, they are the poorest, (But poverty could never draw 'em from me) That they may have their wages, duly paid em, And formerhing over to remember me by. If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer lile And able meanes, we had not parted thus. Thefe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord, By that you love the deerest to this world, As you wish Christian peace to soules departed, Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vige the King

Cap. By Heaven I will, Or let me loofe the fashion of a man.

To do me this last right

Kab. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me In all humilitie voto his Highneffe: Say his long trouble now is paffing Out of this world. Tell him in death I bleft him (For lo I will) mine eyes growdimme. Farewell My Lord. Griffab farewell. Nay Pature. Vou must not leave me yet. I must to bed, Call in more women. When I am dead, good Weach, Let me be vs'd with Honor; firew me ouer With Maiden Flowers, shat all the world may know I was a chafte Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me, Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre ma ! can no more.

Excuss leading Katherine.

Seen

Adus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Exer Gardener Bilbop of Winchester , Page with a Torch tefore him, met by Sir Thomas Lousli.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.

Boy. It hath strooke,
Gard. These should be houses for necessities, Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature With comforting repose, and not for vs To waste these times. Good hours of night Sir Thomas: Whether fo late?

Loss Come you from the King, my Lord? Gar. I did Sir Thomas and left him at Prunero

With the Duke of Suffolke.

Low. Imuft to him too

Before he go to bed. Iletake my leaue.

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Levell: what's the matter? It feemes you are in haft : and if there be No great offence belongs too't, give your Friend Some touch of your late businesse; Affaires that walke (As they fay Spirits do) at midnight, have In them a wilder Noture, then the bufinelle That feekes disparch by day.

Lex. My Lord, I love you; And durft commend a fecret to your eare Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor They fay in great Extremity, and fear'd Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Card. The fruite fhe goes with I pray for heartily, that it may finde Good time, and live: but for the Stocke Sir Toomer, I wish it grubb'd vp now.

Low. Methinkes I could

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes Shee's a good Creature, and fweet-Ladie do's Deserve out better wishes.

Gard. Buc Sir, Sir, Heare me Sit Thomas, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious, And let me tell you, it will ne re be well, Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell, tak's of me Till Crammer, Crommel, her two hands, and shee Sleepe in their Graues.

Lowell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd ith'Kingdome sas for Cremwell, Befide that of the Iewell-House, is made Mafter O'th Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir, Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments, With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbythop Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who date (peak One fyllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, Thore are that Date, and I my felfe have ventur'd To speake my minde of him : and indeed this day, Sir(I may tell it you) I thinke I have Incense the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is (For so I know he is, they know he is) A most Arch-Herezique, 2 Pestilence That does infect the Land: with which, they mound Haue broken with the King, who hath to fatte Given care to our Complaint, of his great Grace, And Princely Care, fore-feeing thole fell Mischiefes,

Our Reasons sayd before him, hath commanded To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your Affaires I hinder you too long : Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page. Law, Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night, My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me. Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.

King. But liesle Charles,

Not shall not when my Fancies on my play. Now Louel, from the Queene what is the Newes. Low. I could not perfonally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman, I fent your Message, who return'd her thankes In the great'st humblenesse, and delit'd your Highnesse Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What fay'st thou? Ha?

To pray for her? What, is the crying our? Low. So faid her woman, and that her fuffrance made

Almost each pang, a death.

King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God fafely quit her of her Burthen, and With gentle Trausile, to the gladding of Your Highnesse with an Heire. King. 'Tis midnight Charles,

Pryshee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember Th'estate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone, For I must thinke of that, which company Would not be friendly too.

Suf. I wish your Highnesse A quiet night, and my good Mistris will

Remember in my Prayers. King. Charles good night. Well Sir, what followes?

Exis Suffolia

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-by thop As you commanded me.

King. Har Canterbury? Den. I my good Lord.

King. Tis true: where is he Demy? Den. He attends your Highnesse planses.

King. Bring him to Vs.
Low. This is about that, which the Byshop spake, I am happily come hirher.

Enter Crammer and Damy.

King. Anoyd the Gallery. Lours fremes to flav Ha? I have faid Begone

What? Excust Lossell and Desny. Cras. I am fearefull : Wherefore frownes he thus?

Tis his Afpect of Terror. All's not well.

King. How now my Lord? You do delire to know wherefore

I fent for you. Cran. It is my dutie

T'strend your Highnesse pleasure. Kmg. Pray you arise

My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie: Come, you and I must walke a turne sogether s I have Newer to tell you.

Come, come, give me your hand. Ah my good Lord, I greeue as what I speake, And am right forrie to repeat what followes. I have, and most viwillingly of late

Fleard

The Life of King Henry the Eight.

Heard many greeuous. I do fay my Lord Granious complaints of you; which being confiderd, Have mon'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall This Morning come before vs, where I know You cannot with fuch freedome purge your felfe, But that till further Triall, in those Charges Which will require your Answer, you must take Your patience to you, and be well contented To make your house our Tower you, a Brother of vs It fits we thus proceed, or elle no wimeffe Would come against you.

Cress. I humbly thanks your Highnelle, And am right glad to extehthls good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chasse
And Come thall sycasunder. For I know There's none stands under more calumnious congues,

Then I my felfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury, Thy Truth, and thy integrity is rooted In vs thy Friend. Give me thy band, fland vp, Prythecler's walke. Now by my Holydame, What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd You would have given me your Petition, that I fould have rane fome paines, to bring together Your felfe, and your Acculers, and to have heard you Without indurance further.

Cros. Moft dread Liege, The good I fland on, is my Truth and Honestie: If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies Will triumph o're my person, which I waighnes, Being of those Vertues vacant I feare nothing What can be fald against me.

King. Know you not How your fixee frands i'th'world, with the whole world Your Enemies are many, and not fmall; their practiles Must beare the same proportion, and not ever The Justice and the Truth o'th'question carries The dew o'th' Verdid with it; at what cafe Might corrupt mindes procute, Kasues as corrupe To sweare against you: Such things have bene done. You are Potently oppos'd, and wish a Malice Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke. I meane in periur'd Witnesse, then your Master, Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he lie'd Vpon this naughty Barth? Go too, go too, You take a Precepit for no leape of danger, And wor your owne destruction.

Crear. God, and your Maielty Proted mine innocence, or I fall into The rrsp is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere, They shall no more prevaile, then we give vray too: Keepe 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 bett perswasions to the contrary Paile not to vie, and with what vehemencie Th'occasion shall infruct you. If intresties Will render you no remedy, this Ring Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps: He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother, I freare he is true-hearted, and a foule Mone better in my Kingdome, Get you gone, And do ss I have bid you. Exit Ci Exit Cranta. He ha's strangled his Language in his ceares.

Emer Olds Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what means you? Lay. He not come backe, the tydings that I bring Will make my boldceffe, manners. Now good Angels Fly o're thy Royall head, and thade thy perion Vnder their bleffed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes

I gosse thy Message. Is the Queene deliver'd?

Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. 1,1 my Liege,

And of a loucty Boy: the God of heesen Both now, and ever bleffe her: Tie a Gy:le Promises Boyes hecres fier. Sit, your Queen Desires your Visitation and to be Acquainted with this firanger, 'dis as like you, As Cherry, 15 to Cherry.

King. Louell. Lon. Sir.

King. Glue her an hundred Markes. He to the Queene.

Extle Klop. Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, lie ha more. An ordinary Groome is for such payment. I will have more, or foold it out of him Said I for this, the Gyrie was like to him? He Have more, or elfe votey's and now, while tis hor, He put it to the illue. Ers Lade.

Scens Secunda.

Exer (ranger, Archhafbey of Comerbay.

Crew. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman That was fent to me from the Councell, pray'd me To make great haft. All faft? What meanes this? Hos? Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enser Korper.

Kap. Yes, my Lord: But yet I cannot helpe you

Cran. Wiby?

Keep. Your Grace must weight till you be call'd for. Enter Dollar Buts.

Cran. So.

Burs. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad I come this way to happily. The King Exit Buts

Shail understand it preferrly. Cran. Tis Zuis

The Kings Physician, as be past along How earneally he cast his eyes opon me: Pray heaven he found not my differee: for certaine This is of purpose laid by some that hate me, (God turns their hearts, I never sought their meller) To quench mine Honor; they would theme to make me Wait elfe at docte : a fallow Councellor

Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes. But their pleafures Must be fulfill'd, and I amond with patience.

> Ever the King, and Bur, or a Wordowe above

Bur: He thew your Grace the fizangest fight Rong. What's that Buts?

Bues

Buces. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day. Kin. Body a me : where is it? Butts. There my Lord : The high promotion of his Grace of Cantarbury, Who holds his State at dore 'mongft Purseuants, Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha I 'Tis he indeed. Is this the Honour they doe one another? 'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yer; I had thought They had parted fo much honefly among em, At least good manners; as not thus to suffer A man of his Place, and fo necre our favour To dance attendance on their Lord frips pleasures. And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets : By holy May (Butt) there's knauery; Let'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close: We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table broughs in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places bimselfe as the upper end of the Table, on the left band: A Scare being left word about him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chain-berlaune, Garduner, seat themselves in Order on each side. Cromwell as lower end, as Secretary

Chan. Speake to the bulineffe, M. Secretary;

Why are we met in Councell? Crom. Please your Honours,

The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Ha'she had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Norf. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:

And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleafures.

Chan. Lethim come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Diuers and dangerous; which are Herefies;

Cham. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very forry To fit heere at this present, and behold That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men In our owne natures fraile, and capable Of our Belh, few are Angels, out of which frailty And want of wisedome, you that best should teach vs, Haue misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little : Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines (For fowe are inform d) with new opinions,

And not reform'd, may prove permicious. Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses, Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle; But flop their moothes with Rubborn Bits & spurre em, Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer Out of our easinesse and childs h pitty To one mans Honour, this contagious ficknesse; Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?

Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours, The upper Germany can deciely witnesse

Yet freshly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse Both of my Life and Office, I have labour d, And with no little fludy, that my teaching

And the strong course of my Authority, Might goe one way and fafely; and the end Was ever to doe well: nor is there living, (I speake it with a fingle heart, my Lords) A man that more detells, more firres againft, Both in his private Conscience, and his place, Defacers of a publique peace then I doe: Pray Heaven the King may never find a hears With Icile Allegeance in it. Men that make Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment; Dare bice the best. I doe befeech your Lordships, That in this case of lustice, my Accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely vige against me. Suff. Nay, my Lord,

That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,

And by that vertue no man dare accuse you. (ment. G.vd. My Lord, because we have butines of more mo-We will be short with you, Tishis Highorfic pleasure And our consent, for better tryall of you From heuce you be committed to the Tower, Where being but a private managaine, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More then (1 feare) you are provided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchefter: Ithanke you, You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will palle, I shall both finde your Lordship, ludge and lutor, You are fo mercifull. I fee your end, Tis my vindoing. Love and meekeneffe, Lord Become a Churchman, better then Ambition : Win straying Soules with modesty againe, Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt as you doe conscience, In doing dayly wrongs. I could fay more, But reuerence to your calling, makes me modelt.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectory, That's the plaine truth; your painted gloffe discovers

To men that understand you, words and weaknesse.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y' are a little, By your good fauout, too Charpe; Men fo Noble, How ever faultly, yet should finde respect For what they have beene: 'tis a cruelty, To load a falling mau.

Gard. Good M. Secretary. I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst Of all this Table lay fo.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauoures Ofthis new Sect? yeare not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found I fay.

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest , Mens prayers then would feeke you, not their feares, Gard I Mall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham, This is too much;

Forbcare for Chame my Lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed I rake ir, by all voyces: That forthwith, You be convaid to th' Tower a Prifoner; There to remaine till the Kings further pleafure Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.

Cram, Is there no other way of mercy, But I must need to th' Tower my Lords? Card. What other, Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:

Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard

Cran. Forme? Must I goe like a Traytor thither? Gard. Receive him, And see him safe ich Tower,

Crass. Stay good my Lords, I have a little yet to fay. Looke there my Lords, By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause Out of the gripes of civell men, and give it To a most Noble ludge, the King my Marster.

Cham. This is the Kings Ring.

Sur. Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. Tis the right Ring by Heau'n: I cold ye all. When we full put this dangerous flone a rowling. Twoldfall vpon our letues.

Norf Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will fuffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd!

Cham. Tis now too eertaine; How much more is his Life in value with him? Would I were fairely out on'r.

Crom. My mind gave me, In feeking tales and informations Against this man, whose honesty the Divell And his Disciples onely enuy at, Ye blew the fire that burnes ye, now have st ye.

Emer King fromning on them, takes bes Seate. Gard Dread Soveraigne, How much are we bound to Heaven, In dayly thankes; that gave es fuch a Prince; Not onely good and wife, but most religious One that in all obedience, makes the Church The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to frengthen That holy duty out of deare respect, His Royall felfe in Judgement comesto heare The cause betwirt her, and this great offender.

Km. You were ever good at fodaine Commendations, Bishop of Wirehester. But know I come not To beate such flattery now, and in my presence They are too thin, and bale 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 halt a cruell Nature and a bloody. Good man his downe: Now let me lee the proudest Hee, that dares moft, but wag his finger at thee. By all that's boly, he had better flarue, Then but on ethinke his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace; -Kin. No Sir, le doe's not please me, I had thought, I had had men of some understanding, And wisedome of my Councell; but I finde none: Was it discretion Lords, to let this man, This good man (few of you deferue that Title) This bonest man, wait like a lowfie Foot-boy At Chamber doze? and one, as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission Bid ye fo farre forget your felues? I gave ye Power, as he was a Counsellour totry him,

Not as a Groome: There's force of ye, I fee, More out of Malice then Integrity, Would trye him to the vimon, had ye meane, Which ye chall never have while I live.

Cher, Thui farce My most dread Soutraigne, may it like your Grace, To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos d Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall, And faire purgation to the world then malice, I'm fure in me.

Lis. Well, well my Lords respect him, Take him, and whe him well; hee's worthy of its I will fay thus much for him, if a Prince May be beholding to a Subject; Am for his love sod feroice, fo to him. Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him; Be friends for Chame my Lords: My Lord of Contrbuy I have a Suite which you man not deny mee. That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptifme, You muft be Godfaiher, and answere for her.

Cran. The greatest Monarch now alive may glory In such an hopour. how may I deserve it, That am a poore and humble Sabrect to you?

Km. Come, come my Lord, you'd space your spooner You shall have two poble Pareners with your the old Duchefie of Norfolke, and Lady Marquelle Dorfol will these please you?

Once more my Lord of Windlefter, I charge you Embrace, and love this man-

Gord. With a true beart, And Brother; love I doe it. Cran. And let Heaven

Withelfe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts, Kho. Good Man, those toyfull teares there thy true The common voyce I fee is verified Of thee, which fayes thus : Doe my Lord of Canadas A threwd turne, and hee's your friend for ever : Come Lords, we trifle time away: 1 long To have this young one made a Christian. As I have made ye one Leeds, one remaine: So I grow Aronger, you more Honour game. LOVE.

Scena Tertia.

Norse and Turnuli wahm i Ence Forces and

Part. You'l lesue your noyle anon ye Ralcals: doe you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye tude Sleves, leave your gaping:

Wirben. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder. Port Belong to th Gallowes, and be bang'd ye Rogue:

Is this a place to roate in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-cree Asues, and firong ones; thefe are but fwirches to 'em: He fcratch your heads tyou must be feeing Christenings Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?

Men. Pray Sir be parient; tis as much impossible. Valeffe wee I weepe 'em from the dore with Cannons To featter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em fleepe On May-day Morning, which will never be ! We may as well push against Powles as fitte em-Per. How got they in, and be bang'd?

Msm

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in ? As much as one found Cudgell of foure foote, (You fee the poore remainder) could diffribute, I made no spare Sir.

Port. You did nothing Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sit Guy, nor Calebrand, To mow 'em downe before me : bur if I spar'd any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or thee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker : Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe, And that I would not for a Cow, God saucher.

Within, Do you heare M. Porter?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good M. Pappy,

Keepe the dore close Sirha. Man. What would you have me doe?

Per. What thould you doe, But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to mutter in? Or have wee some strange Indian with the great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs? Bleffe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore! On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a

thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all to-

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir : There is a sellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier by his face, for o'my conscience ewenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are under the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Nose discharged against mee; hee slands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdathers Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling fuch a combultion in the State. I mitt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might see fromsarie, some sorry Truncheoners draw to her fuccour, 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' broome staffe to me, I defide 'em stil, when fodainly a File of Boyes behind 'eni, loose shor, deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Diuell was amonght 'em I thinke furely.

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse, their-deare Brothers are able to endure. I have fome of em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquer of two

Besdles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me : what a Multitude are heere? They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming, As it we kept a Faire heere? Where are thefe Porters ! Thefe lazy knaues? Y have made a fine band fellowes? Theres a crim cabble let in: are all thefe Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall have Great Rore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies, When they palle backe from the Christening?

Per. And't please your Honout, We are but men; and what fo many may doe, Not being torne a pieces, we have done :

An Army cannot rule em. Cham. As I live,

If the King blame me for't I le lay ye all

By th' heeles, and fodzinly: and on your heads Clap round Fines for neglect : y'are lazy knaues, And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when Ye should doe Service. Harke the Trumpets found, Th'are come already from the Christening, Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out To let the Troope passe fairely; or He finde A Marthalliey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes Por Make way there, for the Princeffe. Man. You great fellow,

Stand close vp, or lie make your head ske.

Por. You ith Chamblet, get vp o'th' rails, He pecke you o're the pales elfe. Exerni.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trampets founding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mader Carter, Crammur. Duke of Norfolke with bus Marsbals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemon, bearing great Randing Bowles for the Christennug Gustis: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheffe of Norfolke, Codmether, bearing the Childerichly babised in a Mansle, Oc. Traine borno by a Lady: Theo followers the Marchienesse Dorses, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troops passe once about the Stage, and Garser speaker. Gari. Heaven

From thy endlelle goodnelle, fend prosperous life, Long and ever happie, to the high and Mighty Princesse of England Elizabet.

Flowifb. Enter King and Guard. Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen, My Noble Partners, and my felfe thus pray Ali comfort, toy in this most gracious Lady, Heauen euer laid vp to make Perenta happy, May housely fall vpon ye.

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop 1

What is her Name !

Cran Elizabeth. Kim. Srand vp Lord,

With this Kiffe, take my Bleffing : God proted thee, Into whole hand, I give thy Life.

Cran. Amen.

Kin. My Noble Goffips, y'have beene too Prodigall; I thanks ye heartily t So Shall this Lady,

When the ha's fo much English. Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Headen now bids me; and the words I vtter,

Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde'em Truth, This Royall Infant, Heaven full move about her; Though in her Cradle; yet now promiles Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Bleffings, Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: 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 never More conetous of Wifedome, and faire Vertue Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces That mould up fach a mighty Piece as this is, With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall fill be doubled on her. Truth shall Nerse her,
Holy Holy and Heavenly thoughts still Counfell ber She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blelle her; Her Foes shake like a Field of bearen Coine, And hang their heads with fortow , Good grower with her In her dayes, Eutry Man shall eate in lafety, Vinder his owne Vine what he planta; and ling The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours. God shall be truely knowne, and those about her, From her shall read the perfect way of Honour, And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood. Nor Shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix, Her Ashes new crease another Heyre, As great in admitation as het selfe.
So shall the leave her Blessednesse to One, (When Heaven shal call her from this clowd of darknes) Who, from the facted Ashes of her Honour Shall Star-like rife, as great in fame as the was, And so Rand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror, That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant, Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him; Where ever the bright Sunne of Heaven shall shine, His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name, Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,

And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches, To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children Shall fee this, and bleffe Heaven

Km. Thou speakell wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England.
An aged Princesse; many dayes shall seeher,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowness.
Would I had knowne no more: But she must day,
She must, the Saints must have her; yet a Virgin,
A most vnspotted Lully shall she passe
To the ground, and all the World shall mourne her.

Thus O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, never before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, has so pleased me,
That when I amin Heauth, I first defire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maket.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haut received much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye.
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

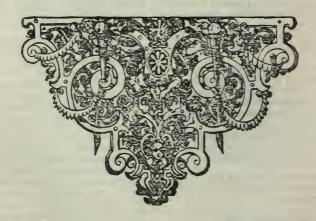
Exeunt.

THE EPILOGVE.

Ils tento one, this Play can never pleafe
All hos are heere. Some come to take their cafe,
And fleepe an Alt or two; but thos we feare
Whome freghted with our Tumpers for the cleare,
They I fay the manght. Other to be are the City
Abus dexireamly, and to cry that's with.
Which were have not done neather; that I feare

All the expelled good ware like to beare.
For the Play at the time, we onely in
The merciful confruition of good women.
For fuch a one we focul em. If they finite,
And fay twill doe; I know wall ma white.
All the best men are ont; for it is all hap,
If they bold, when their Ladies but con lap

FINIS.



The Prologue.

NTroy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd Haue to the Port of Athens fent their shippes Fraught with theministers and instruments Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is mede To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures The ranish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene, With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell. To Tenedos they come, And the deepe-drawing Barke do there difgorge Their varlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines The fresh and yet wnbruised Greekes do pitch Their braue Pauillions. Priams fix-gated (ity, Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien, And Antenonidus with massie Staples And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts Stirre rup the Sonnes of Troy. Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits, On one and other side, Troian and Greeke, Sets all on hazard And bither am I come, A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence Of Authors pen, or Actors poyce; but suited In like conditions, as our Aroument, To tellyou (faire Beholders) that our Play Leapes or e the vaune and firstlings of those broyles. Beginning in the middle . ftar ting thence away, To what may be digefted in a Play: Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are, Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.



E TRAGEDIE OF

Troylus and Cressida.

Atus Primus.

Screna Prima.

Enter Pendarus and Troyles.

Troylus.

All here my Varlet, He vnarme againe.
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy That finde fuch cruell battell here within? Each Troian that is master of his heart,

Let him to field, Troylus alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended? Troy. The Greeks are firong, & skilful to their firength, Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenelle Valiant:

But I am weaker then a womans teare; Tamer then fleepe, fonder then ignorance; Leffe valiant then the Virgin in the night, And skilleffe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my pare, fle not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have a Cake out of the Wheate, must peedes tarry the grinding.
Trey. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding, but you must carry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not totried?

Par. Ithe boulting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.

Troy Still have I tarried.

Pas. I, to the leavening; but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her felfe, what Goddeffe ete the be. Doth leffer blench at lufferance, then I doe: At Priams Royall Table doe I fit; And when faire Creffid comes into my thoughts, So (Traitor) then the comes, when the is thence

PAR. Well; She look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke.

Or any woman effe

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart, As wedged with a figh, would nue in twaine, Lezit Heller, or my Father (hould perceiue me : I have (as when the Some doth light a-scorne) Buried this ligh, in wrinkle of a fmile: But forrow, that is couch'd in feeming gladnesse, Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to fudden fadneffe.

Pas. And her haire were not lomewhat darker then Helens, well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the Women. But for my pate fire is my Kinfwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold

some-body bad heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraile your lifter Cafandra : wit, but-

Troy. Oh Pandarm I tell thee Pandarms When I doe tell thee, theremy hopes lye drown'd: Reply not in how many Fadomes derpe They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Croffids love. Thou enswer's the is Faire, Powr'A in the open Vicer of my heart Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gare, her Voice. Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand (In whose comparison, all whites are loke) Writing their owne reproach; to whole folt leazure, The Cigners Downe is harfn, and spiris of Sense Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel' (me; As true thou tel'ft me when I fay I loue her . But faying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme, Thou lai'ft in every gafn that love hath given me, The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truch.

Troy Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan Faith, lle not meddle in't: Let her be at shee is, if the be faire, 'tis the better for her and the be not, the ha's the mends in her owne hands,

Troy. Good Pandarus: How now Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my Labour for my travellall thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; Gone betweene and betweene, but small thankes for my labour.

Troy. What are thou angry Pandons? what with me? Pan. Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not so faire as Helm, and the were not kin to me, the would be as faire on Friday, as Helor is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and the were a Black-a Moore, 'us all one to me.

Trey. Say I the is not faire?

Trg. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Sheet a Foole to flay behinde her Father: Let ber to the Greeks, and fo He tell her the next time I fee her : for my part, le meddle nor make no more i'h'matter

Troy. Pandarui? Pan Not L

Troy. Sweete Pandarks.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

Same Alarum

Tra. Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude founds, Fooles on both fides, Helm must needs be faire, When with your bloud you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

Exeunt.

Itis too flatu'd a Subject for my Sword, But Pandarus . O Gods! How do you plague me? I cannot come to Creffed but by Pandar, And he's as reachy to be woo'd to woe, As the is stubborne, chast, against all suite. Tell me Apolle for thy Daphnes Loue What Creffid is, what Pandar, and what we: Her bed is India, there she lies, a Pearle, Between our Ilium, and where thee recides Let'it be cald the wild and wandring flood . Our felfe the Merchant, and this fayling Pandar, Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke.

Enter Aneas. Alarum. Ane. How now Prince Trojlus?

Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Because not there; this womans answer lotts. For womanish it is to be from thence:

What newes Aneas from the field to day? Ene. That Paru is returned home, and hurt,

Troy. By whom Iness?

Ane. Trojlus by Monelans.

Troy. Let Paru bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne, Paru is gor'd with Menelaus horne.

Ene. 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 ?

Enc. In all fwift haft.

Troy. Come goe wee then togithet. Enter Cressid and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by: Man, Queene Hechon, and Hellen. Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower, Whole height commands as subject all the vaile, To see the battell: Heltor whose pacience, Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd. He chides Andromache and ftronke his Armorer, And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rofe, hee was harnest lyte, And to the field goe's he; where every flower

Did as a Prophet weepe what it for law, In Hectors wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger? Man. The noise goe's this;

There is among the Greekes, A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Heller, They call him Aiax.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They say he is a very manper fe and flands alone. Cre. So do all men, vulcife they are drunke, ficke or

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many bealls of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, flow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath fo crowded humors, that his valour is crushe into folly, his folly fauced with discretion : there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimple of, nor any man an attaint, but he catries some staine of it. Heis melancholy without cause, and mercy against the haire, hee bath the loynes of every thing, but every thing fo out or joyne, that hee is a gowtie Briarem, many hands and no vie; or purblinded Argu, all eyes and no light.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,

make Heltor angry?

Men. They say he yesterday cop'd Heltor in the battell and froke him downe, the diffaind & fhame whereof, hath ever fince kept Helter falting and waking. Enter Pandarns.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Man. Madam your Vncle Pandara

Cre. Heltors a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.
Pan. What's that what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle Pandarus. Pan. Good morrow Cozen Creffid: what do you talke of good mottow Alexander. how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium &

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Heller arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? Hellen was not vp? was she?

Cre. Helter was gone but Hellen was not vp?
Pan. E'ene so; Helter was stirting early.

Cre. That were we talking of and of his anger.

Pan. Washe angry?

Cre. So he faies here.

Pan True he war fo; I know the cause too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troylur will not come fatte behind him, let them take heede of Troylus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who Troylus ?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh Iupiter; there's no compatison.

Pan. What not betweene Troplus and Hellor? do you know a man if you fee him ?

Cre. I.if I euer faw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I fay Troylus is Troylus. Cre. Then you fay as I fay,

For I am fure he is not Heiter

Pan. No not Hellor is not Trojles in some degrees.

Cre. Tis suft, to each of them he is himfelfe.

Pan. Himfelfelalas poore Troylas I would he were.

Cre. Soheis.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not Hector

Pan. Himfelfe? no? hee's not himfelfe, would a were himselse: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or endswell Troylus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, Heltor is not a better man then Troylus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell meanother tale when th'others come too't? Heller shall not have his will this yeare.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Norhis qualities.

Cre. No matter

Pan. Not his beautie.

Cre. Twould not become himsens over the her felfe Pan. You have no sudgement Neece; Hellen her felfe Swore th'other day that Troyles for a browne fassour (for lo tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne,

Pan: Faith to fay truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To fay the truth, true and not true

Pan. She prais'd his complexion about Paris.

Cre. Why Parahath colour Inough.

Pan Sohehas

Cre. Then Troylus should have too much, if the prati'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he having

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue Hellens golden tongue had commended Trojlus for a copper note.

Pan. I (weate to you,

I thinke Hellen loues himbetter then Paru.

Cre. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

dan. Nay I am fure the does, the came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not palt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Crof. Indeed a Tapfters Arithmetique may soone

bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound life as much as his brother Heltor.

Cref. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to produc to you that Hellen loves him, the came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chio.

Cref. June have mercy, how came it clouen?

Park Why, you know tis dimpled, I thinke his fmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Doorshee not?

Cre. Ohyes, and 'cwere a clow'd in Automme.

Pan Why go to then, but to proue to you that Hellen loves Troylus.

Cre. Trojlus wil frand to thee Proofe, if youle prooue it fo.

Pan. Troylast why he effecties her no more then Ie-Reeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addleegge as well as you loue an

idle head, you would este chickens i'th'shell. Pas. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tick-

led his chin, indeed thee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes upon her to spie a white haire on

Cre. Alas poore chio? many a wart is richer.

Pand Burthere was such laughing, Queene Hecuba laught that her eyes ran ore,

Cre. With Milflones.

Pan. And Caffandra laught,

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vader the pot ofher eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And Heltor laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Matry at the white haire that Heller spied on Troyles chin.

Cref. And thad beene a greene haire, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not fo much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

Cre. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth thee, heere's but two and fifty baires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand That's true make no question of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reft are his Sonnes. Ispiter quoth the, which of thele haires is Paris my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him : but there was such laughing, and Heller so blushe, and Paris so chast, and all the rost so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beenes grest while going by.

Pos. Well Cozen,

I cold you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. Soldoes

Pand, He betworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill, Sound arcircate.

Cref. And He fpring op in his teares, an'tweer a nettle

ogains May.

Pon. Hatkethey are comming from the field, shal we stand up here and fee them, as they passe toward lilium, good Necce do, Iweet Necce Croffida.

Cre At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may fee most brauely, lie tel you them all by their names, as they passe by but marke Trojlan above the sell

Enter Ancu.

Cre. Speake not fo low'd

Pan. That's Lacas, is not that a brave man, her's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke Trojlm. you shal fee anon

Crr. Who's that !

Enter Antenor,

Pan. That's Antenor, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th fourdefludgement in Troy wholoever, and a proper man of person: when comes Trojim? He shew you Trojim acon, if hee fee me, you shall fee him him nod at me.

Cro. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall fee.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have, more.

Enser Helter

Pan. That's Heller, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way Heller, there's a braue man Neece, Obraue Helter! Looke how hee lookes ichere's a countenance;ift not a braue man?

Cre. Obraue man!

Pan. Is a not? It doorsa mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet Jooke you yonder, do you fee? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, cali't off, who ill as they fay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with Swords?

Emer Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diwell come to him, it's all one, by Gods hd it dooes ones hear good. Yonder comes Paru, yonder comes Paru: looke yee yonder Neece, ift not a gallant man to, ift not? Why this is braue now; who faid he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do Hellens heart good now, ha? Would I could fee Trojlus now, you shall Trojlus anon.

(re. Whole that &

Enter Bellevas.

Pan. That's Hellenw, I maruell where Troylar is, that's Heleva, I thinke he went not fortheo day:that's Hel-

Cre. Can Hellemu fight Vncle :

Pan. Hellows no : yes heele fight indifferent, well, maruell where Troplas is; harke, do you not bacte the people crie Troplas : Helleman 11 3 Prieft.

Cre. What fuesking fellow comes youder?

Ester Trylm

Pan. Where ! Yonder? That's Daphobus. Tis Traylu! Ther's a man Necce, hem ; Brane Tropius, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pend. Marke him, not him 1 O brave Trojtus : looke well upon him Nesce, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more backs then Heurs, and how he lookes.

Troylus and Cressida.

lookes, and how be goes. O admirable youth! he ne'ce faw three and twenty. Go thy way Troylus, go thy way, had I a fifter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeffe, hee should take his choice. Oadmitable man ! Paris? Paris 15 durt to him, and I warrant, Helen to change, would give money to book

Enter common Scaldiers.

Cref Heere come more.

Pan. Asses, fooles, dolrs, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porcedge after meat. I could live and dye ith'eyes of Trojla. Ne'te looke, ne're looke tthe Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be fuch a man as Troplus, then Agamemnon and all Greece.

Crof 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 r Why have you any diferention?have

you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, b auty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gencleneffe, vertue, youth, liberalmy, and to forth : the Spice, and fals that featons a man?

Cref. 1,2 mine'd man and then to be bak'd with no Date

in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knowes not

at what ward you lye.

(ref. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles ; vppon my lecrecy, to defend mine honefly; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all thefe: and at all thefe wardes I lye at, at a thouland watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cref. Nay He watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleffe it (well past niding, and then it's past watching

Enter Boy.

Per You are fuch another.

Boy Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Boy. At your owne house

Par. Good Boy sell him I come, I doube he bee hure Fare ye well good Neece

Cref. Adieu Vnkle

Pun. He be with you Neece by and by

Cref. To bring Vnkle.
Pan. I, a token from Trojlus.

Cref. By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit Pand Words, vowes, gifes, seares, & loues full facrifice, He offers in anothers enterptile But more in Troyles thousand fold I fee. Then in the glaffe of Pandar's praise may be; Yes hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, Things won are done, toyes foule lyes in the dooing : That the belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vingain d, more then it is. That the was neuer yet, that ever knew Love got lo fweet, as when defite did fue : Therefore this maxime out of love I teach ; Aschieuement, u command; ungain'd, befeech.

That though my hearts Contents firme love doth beare, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.

Senet. Enter Agamenmon, Nefter, VI, Jos. Dieme des, Menelaus, with others.

Agem. Princes:

What greefe hath fet the Isundies on your cheekes? The ample proposition that hope makes In all defignes, begun on earth below Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd. As knots by the conflux of meeting fap, Infect the found Pine, and diverts his Graine Tortiue and erant from his course of growth. Not Princes, is it matter new to vs That we come short of our suppose so farre, That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walkes stand, Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme: And that unbodied figure of the thought That gaue't furmifed shape. Why then (you Princes) Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes, And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else But the protractive trials of great love, To finde persistive constancie in men? The finenesse of which Mettall is not found In Fortunes loue : for then, the Bold and Coward, The Wise and Foole, the Artist and vn-read, The hard and fost. seeme all affin'd, and kin. But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne, Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan, Puffing at all, winnowes the light away And what hath maffe, or matter by it felfe, Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled. Nester With due Observance of thy godly lest,

Great Agamemnon, Nofter Shall apply

Thy lateft words.

In the reproofe of Chance.

Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being smooth, How many shallow bauble Boates dare faile Vpon her patient breft, making their way

With those of Nobler bulke? But let the Ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Theeis, and anon behold

The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut.

Bounding betweene the two moyf Elements Like Perfeus Horse. Where's then the fawcy Boate, Whose weake untimber'd sides but even now

Co-rival'd Greatnesse ! Either to harhour sed, Or made a Tofte for Neptune. Even fo,

Doth valours shew and valours worth divide

In Cormes of Fortune. For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the fplitting winde Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes, And Flies Bed under shade, why then

The thing of Courage,

As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth lympathize, And with an accent sun'd in feife-fame key,

Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vhs. Agansemnon Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece, Heart of our Numbers, foule, and onely spirit, In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all Should be thus up : Heare what Vly fer speakes, Belides the applaule and approbation The which most mighty for thy place and fway,

And

And thou wolt reverend for thy firetcht-our fife, I give to both your speeches I which were such, As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in Braffe: and fuch againe As venerable Nefter (hatch'd in Silver) Should with a bond of ayre, flrong as the Axletree In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekes eares To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both (Thou Great, and Wife) to heate Viffer Speake.

Aga. Speak Prince of Ithaca, and be't of leffe expect : That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen Droide thy lips; then we are confident When ranke Ther free opes his-Masticke iswes, We shall heare Musicke Wit, and Oracle,

Uly Troy yet vpon his bafis had bene downe. And the great Hellors (word had lack'd a Mafter But for thele inflances. The specialty of Rule liath becoe neglected; And looke how many Grecian Tents do Stand Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions. When that the Generall is not like the Hive, To whom the Forragers shall all repaire, What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded, Th'vnworthieft fhewes as fairely in the Maske. The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center, Observe degree, priority, and place, lotisture, course, proportion, season, forme, Office, and custome, in all line of Order: And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol In noble eminence, enthron'd and fphear'd Amid'it the other, whose med'cinable eye Corrects the Ill Aspects of Planets euill, And puffes like the Command ment of a King, Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets In euill mixture to disorder wander, What Plagues, and what porrents, what mutiny? What raging of the Sea? (haking of Earth? Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors, Diuett, and cracke, rend-and detacinate The vniry, and married calme of States Quite from their fixnre? O, when Degree is shak'd, (Which is the Ladder to all high delignes)
The enterprize is ficke. How could Communities, Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities, Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores, The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth, Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels, (But by Degree) Rand in Authentique place? Take but Degree away, vn-tune that fring. And hearke what Discord followes : each thing meetes In meete oppugnancie. The bounded Waters, Should life their bosomes higher then the Shores, And make a soppe of all this folid Globe i Strength should be Lord of imbecility And the rude Sonne flould frike his Father deads Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong, (Betweene whose endleffe sarre, Juftice recides) Should loofe her names, and fo should lustice too. Then every thing includes it felfe in Power. Power into Will, Will into Appetite, And Appetite(an vniuerfall Wolfe, So doubly seconded with Will, and Power) Must inske perforce en vniuerfall prey, And laft, eate vp himselfe. Great Agamemnon:

This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Follower the chosking And this neglection of Degree, is it That by a pace goes backward in a purpofe It hath to climbe. The Generall's difdain'd By him one step below; he, by the next, That next, by him beneath to enery step Exampled by the first pace that is ficke Of bis Superiour, growes to an englous Feauer Ofpale, and bloodlesse Emulation. And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote, Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length, Troy in our weaknede lives, not in her firength. Neft. Most wisely hath Myffer beere discover'd

The Peauer, whereof all our power is ficke.

Aga. The Nature of the ficknesse found (Ulyfer)

What is the remedie?

VIJ The great Achilles, whom Opinion crownes, The finew, and the fore-hand of our Hoft, Having his eare full of his agery Fame, Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent Lyes macking our delignes. With him, Patroches, Vpon a lazie Bed, the laue-long day Breakes feurrill lefts, And with ridiculous and aukward action, Which Slanderer, he imitation call's) He Pageants vs. Sometime great Agememana, Thy toplesse deputation he puts on; And like a firutting Player, whose concest Lies In his Ham-Aring, and doth thinke it rich To heare the woodden Dialogue and sound Twist his fretcht footing, and the Scaffolage, Such to be pittied, and ore-refted feeming He acht thy Greatnefie in: and when he fpeakes, 'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes volquat'd, Which from the tengue of roering Typhen drops, Would feenes Hyperboles. At this fufly fluite, The large Achiller (on his prest-bed lolling) From his deepe Cheft, laughes out a lowd appleusc, Cries excellent, itis Agamemnon huft. Now play me Neffer ; hum, and froke thy Beard Ashe, being dreft to some Oration 1 That's done, as peere as the extreamest ends Of paralels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife, Yet god Achilles fill ener excellent, Tis Nestor right. Now play bim (me) Patroche. Arming to answer in a night-Alarme, And then (for footb) the faint defects of Age Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit, And with a passe fumbling on his Gorget, Shake in and out the River: and at this sport Sir Valour dies ; cries, O enough Patroclu, Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall split all In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion. All our abilities, gifes, natures, shapes, Secretals and generals of grace exact, Archieuments, plots, orders, preuentions, Excitements to the field, or speech for truce, Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues As stuffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

Neft. And in the imitation of these twaine, Who (as Vlyfes layes) Opinion crownes With an Imperiall voyce, many are infed: Aiax is growne felfe, will'd, and beares his head In fuebareyne in full as proud a place As broad Achilles, and keepes his Tent like him; Makes factious Feafts, railes on our flate of Warre

Pold

Troylus and Gressida.

He sels thee to himlele,

Bold as an Oracle, and fets Therfues A flace, whose Gall comes flanders like a Mint, To march vs in comparlions with durt, To weaken and diferedit our expolure, How ranke focuer rounded in with danger. Plyf. They taxe out policy, and call it Cowerdice, Count Wifedome as no member of the Ware, Fore-fall presence, and effecme so see But that of hand : The full and mentall parts, That do contrive how many hands shall ftrike When fitneffe call them on, and know by measure Of their obscruant toyle, the Enemies weight, Why this hath not a fingers dignity: They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ty, Cloffer-Watte: So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall, For the great fwing and rudenesse of his police, They place before his hand that made the Engine, Or those that with the finenelle of their foules, By Reafon guide his execution. Neft. Let this be granted, and Achilles horse Techet Makes many Theru fonnes. Aga. What Trumpet? Looke Menelane.
Men. From Troy. Enter Ex Enter Aman Aga What would you fore out Tent? Em. Is this great Agamement Tent, I prayyou? Aga Eventhis. Ere. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince, Dos taire mellage to his Kingly cares? Aga With lucety ftronger then Achilles arme, Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyco. Call Agamemon Head and Generali. Aue. Faire leave, and large fecturity. How may A ftranger to those most Imperial lookes, Know them from eyes of other Mortals? Aga. How? Lue. 1: I aske, that I might waken reverence, And on the checke be ready with a bluth Modelt as morning, when the couldy eyes The youthfull Phabus Which is that God in office guiding men? Which is the high and roighty Agameranen? Aga. This Troyen fcornes ve, or the men of Troy Are ceremonious Courtiers. Ene. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd, As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace i But when they would feeme Souldiers, they have galles, Good armes, firong joynes, true (words, & Jours accord, Nothing to full of heart. But peace Anem, Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth: If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the pers. le forth-Bot what the repining enemy commends, That breath Fame blowes, that praite fole pure transceds. Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your lelle Amen? Lee. 1 Greeke, that is my name. Aga. What's your affayre I pray you? edw. Sirpardon, tis for Agamemmons estes Aga. He heares nought privarly That comes from Troy. Esc. Nor I from Troy come nor to whifper him, I bring a Trumper to swake his care, To let his fence on the attentiue bent, And then to fpeake. Aga. Speake frankely as the winde.

It is not Agamemous fleeping hours; That thou thalt know Troyan he is swake,

Ene. Tromper blow loud. Send thy Braffe voycethrough silthefe lazie Tents, And every Greeke of mettle, let him know, What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke aloud. The Trumpers forms. We have great Agamentow heere in Troy, A Prince calld Holter, Pream is his Father Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truca Is rulty growne. He bad me take a Trumper, And to this purpole Speake : Kings, Princes, Lords, If there be one among 'ft the fayt'ft of Greece, That holds his Honor higher then his eafe, That feekes his praife, more then he feares his perill. That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare, That loves his Milters more then in confession, (With trust vowes to her owne lips he loues) And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth, In other armes then bers : to him this Challenge. Heller, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes, Shall make it good, or do his best to do it. He hath a Lady, wifer, fairer, truer, Then ever Greeke did compasse in his armes, And will co morrow with his Trumper call, Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy, To rowze a Grecian that is true in love. If any come, Heller shal honour him : If none, hee'l fay in Troy when he retyres, The Greeian Dames are fun-burnt, and not worth The splinger of a Lance : Even so much Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord Amen. If none of them have foule in (uch a kinde. We left there all at home : But we are Souldiers, And may that Souldier a meere recreant prone, That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love : If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be, That one meets Heller; if none elfe, lie be he.
Neft. Tell him of Nefter, one that was a man When Helters Grandfire fucke: he is old now, But if there be not in our Grecian mould, One Noble man, that hathrone sparked fire To salwer for his Loue; rell him from me, lle hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver, And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne, And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady Was fayrer then his Grandemi, and as chafte As may be in the world : his youth in flood, lle pawne this truth with my three drops of bloods Ene. Now heavens forbid such seastitie of youth. Vlyf. Amen. Ags. Faire Lord Emas, Let me rouch your hand ; To our Pauillion that I leade you hift: Achides shall have word of this intent, So shall each Lord of Greece from Tene to Tene Your felfe shall Feast with vs before you goe, And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. Factoria. Mones Vy fes and Neftor. Vlyf. Nestor. Neft. What Sayes Vigfes ? Vlyf. I have a young conception in my braine. Be you my time to bring it to some shape. Noft. What is't? Ulyfa. This tis: Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the feeded Pride That hath to this maturity blowne vp : 9 3

Troylus and Cressida.

In tanke Achilles, must or now be cropt, Or freeding breed a Nurlery of like cuit To over-bulke vaall.

Noft. Wel, and how?

Ulf. This challenge that the gallant Heller fends, How ever it is spred in general name,

Relates in purpose onely to achilles.

Neft. The purpole is perspicuous even as substance, Whole groffenelle little chartacters fumnie vp. And In the publication make no ftraine, But that Achiller, were his braine as barren As bankes of Lybis, though (Apollo knowles) 'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgemen, I, with celerity, finde Hellers purpole Pointing on him-

Oly. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?
Not. Yes, 'tis most meet, who may you else oppose That can from Helter bring his Honor of, If not Achilles; though't be a sportfull Combate, Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels. Por heere the Troyans tafte out deer's repute With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me Vhffer, Our importation thall be oddely poiz'd In this wilde action. For the successe (Although particular) (ball give a scanding Of good or bad, vnto the Generall : And to fuch Indexes, although Imall prickes To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene The baby figure of the Gyant-maffe Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd, He that meets Heltor, illues from our choyle; And choise being rautuall acte of all our toules, Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle As 'swere, from forth vs ell: a man diftill'd Out of our Vertues; who milearrying, What heart from bence receyues the conquiring part To scelea strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain d, Limbes are in his instruments, In no leffe working, then are Swords and Bowes Directive by the Limbes.

VIT. Gine pardon to my Speech . Therefore tis meet, Actilles meet not Heller: Let vs (like Merchants) shew our sowiest Wares, And thinke perchance they'l fell : If not, The lutter of the better yet to thew, Shall fhew the better. Do not confent, That curt Heltor and Achilles meete: For both our Monour, and our Shame In this, Are dogg'd with two Arange Followers.

Mef. I fee them not with my old cies: what are they? Vif. What glory out Achilles theres from Heller, (Were he not proud) we sli should weare with him: But he already is too infolent, And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,

Then in the pride and falt fcorne of his eyes Should he scape Heller faire. If he were foyld, Why then we did our maine opinion crush In taint of our bett man. No, make a Lott'ry, And by device let blockish Aux draw

The fore to fight with Hellor: Among our feluesat Give him allowance as the worthier man, For that will phyticke the great Mynnidon

Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fail His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends. If the dull brainleffe Aise come fafe off, Wee'l dreffe him up in voyces rifhe faile,

Yet go we under our opinion Hill, That we have better men. But hit or mille, Our proceds life this thope of fence offumer, Ains Imploy diplucker downe Achilles Plumes.

Not. Now Villes, I begin to relish thy advice, And I wil give a tafte of it forthwith

To Agamerana, go we to him frught: Two Curres shal tame each other, Pride alone Must carre che Massiffes on, as 'twere their bone. Zente

Emer Aiax and Therfues.

Ain. Therfuer?

Ther. Agamemas, how if behad Biles (ful) all our generally.

Ale, Therfield

7 ber. And those Byles did runne, fay so; did not the General run, were not that a botthy core?

Mu. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some metter from him: I fee cone now.

Mes. Thou Bitch-Wolfer-Sonne, canft y not here? Feele then. Sirihis him.

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mangrel beefe-witted Lold.

Aia. Speake then you whinid'st leaven speake, I will beste thee into handlomneffe.

Thez. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse: but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Orazion, then y learn a prayer without booke : Thou canft frike, canft thou? A red Morren o'th thy Isdes trickes.

Aia. Toads Roole, learne me the Proclamation. Ther. Doeft thou thinke I have no fence thou frik & Air. The Proclamation.

(me thus? Thar. Thou are proclaim'd a foole, I thinke, Ais. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didft itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothfom'st scab in Greece.

Aia. I say the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest & railest every hours on A. chilles, and thou are as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as Corborns is at Proferpma's beauty. I, that thou barkil at him. Aia. Millielle Therfier.

Ther. Thou should'A sinke him.

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his SA, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Air You horson Curre. Ther. Dodg.

Aus. Thou Roole for a Witch.

Ther. I. do, do, thou fodden-wirted Lord , shoo haft no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Afraico may tutor thee. Thou feurny valiant Affe, thou art heere but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde smong those of any wir, like a Barbarian flaue. If thou vie to best me, I will begin at thy heele and tel what the wart by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou, Ass. You dogge.

Ther. You fouruy Lord.

Aid You Curre

Ther. Mershis Ideor: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do. Ester Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now Aux? wherefore do you dis? How now Therstes? what's the matter man?
Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke upon him.

Achd. So I do: what's the matter?

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Troyles and Gressida.

Ther. Nay but segard him well.

Achil. Well. why I do fo.

Ther. But yet you looke not well spon him : for who fome over you take him to be, he is Aine.

Achd. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not bimfelfe.

Aux. Therefore I beste thee.

7 ber. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what madiciones of wit he veters: his cuations baue cares thus long. I have bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy oine Sparrowes for a peny, and his Piamaser is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (Achilles) Aux who wears his wit in his belly, and his gutter in his head, He tell you what I lay of him.

Achd. What? Ther. I lay this Airse -Achil. Nay good Arax. Ther. Has not fo much wit.

Actil. Nay, I most hold you.

Ther. At will flop the eye of Helens Needle, for whom hecomes to fight.

Achel. Peace Soole.

Ther. I would have peace and quietnes, but the foole will not : he there, that he, looke you there.

Aux. Othou dama'd Curre, I shall-

Add. Will you fet your wit to a Fooles. Ther. No I warrant you for a fooles will shame it.
Pat. Good words Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Anar. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the cenure of the Proclamation , and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I ferue thee not.

Aux. Well, go too, go too. Ther. I ferue heere voluntary.

Achd. Your laft ferutce was fufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beasen voluntary : Asar was heere the

voluntary and you as under an impresse.
Ther. Einclo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your finnewes, or elfe there be Liars. Heller fhall have a great carch, if he knocke our either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

Actul. What with me to 7 ber fues?

Toer. There's Vlyffes, and old Nefter, whole Wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the waire.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good fonth, to Achilles, to Ainx, to-Aiax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. Tis no matter, I shall speake as souch as thou efterwards.

Fat. No more words Therfitet.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles Brooch bids

Acbil. There's for you Patroclas.

Ther. I willce you hang'd like Clospales ere ! come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is with fluring, and issue the faction of fooles.

Exit.

Par. A good riddance.

Achil Marry this Sit is proclaim'd throughal our hoft, That Helfor by the fift house of the Sunne, Will with a Trumper, twist our Tents and Troy To merrow morning call forme Knight to Armes, That hath a fromacke, and fuch a one thet date Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aiex. Farewell e who shall answer him? Acbd. I know not its put to Lotty: otherwife Heknew his man.

Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. Ext. Enter Priam, Hellor, Troylus, Pares and Heinnu. Pri. After formany houres, hues, speeches spent,

Thus once againe layes Neft a from the Greekes, Deliuer Helen, and all damage else

(As booour, lose of time, trauaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is confuer d

In hot digestion of this comorant Warre) Shall be ftroke off. Heller, what fey you too't.

Hell. Though no man leffer feares the Greeks then I As farre as touches my particular : yet dread Fram, There is no Lady of more fofter bowels, More ipungie, to lucke in the lenfe of Feare, More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes Then Hellor is : the wound of peace is furery, Surety lecure: but modest Doubt is cal'd The Beacon of the wife; therent that fearches To th'bottome of the worft. Let Helen go, Since the first fword was drawne about this question, Euery tythe foule mongst many rhousand dismes-Hath bin as deere as Helm : I meane of ours : If we have loft to many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs (Hadic our name) the valew of one ten ; What merit's in that reason which denies The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and he nour of a King (So great as out dread Father) in a Scale Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters fumme The past proportion of his infinite, Andbuckle in a waste most fathonileste, With spaines and inches so diminutive, As feares and realons ? Fee for godly thame?

Hal. No maruel though you bite to tharp at reasons, You are so empty, of them, should not our Father Beare the great fway of his affayres with reasons.

Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Try. You are for dreames & flumbers brother Priest You furre your gloves with resion there are your reasons You know an enemy intends you harme, You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous, And reason flyes the object of all harme. Who maruels theh when Helewas beholds A Grecian and his Tword, if he do fee The very wings of reason to his heeles: Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we raise of Reason, And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue, Let's thut our gates and fleepe; Manhood and Hopor Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghes With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect, Makes Livers pale, and luftyhood deiect,

Hell. Brother, the is not worth

What she doth cost the holding.

Trop. What's aught, but as 'ris valevi'd?

Hest. But value dwels not in particular will, It holds his estimate and dignitie As well, wherein as precious of it felfe,? Asin the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie, To make the fetuice greater then the God,

And the will dozes that is inclineable To what infectiously it felle affects, Without fome image of th'affected merit,

Troy. I take to day a Ville, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My

Troylus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and error, Two treded Pylots Twixt the dangerous frores Of Will, and ladgement. Harring I avoyde (Although my will diffrite what it elected) The Wite I chose, there can be no evalien To blench from this, and to fland firme by honour. We turne no: backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant When we have spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands We do not throw in varefpective fame, Because we now are full. It was thought meete Pers frould do fome vengeance on the Greekes; Your breath of full confent bellied his Sailes, The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce. And did him fervice; he couch'd the Ports defir'd, And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captine, He brought a Grecian Queen, whole youth & frethnesse Wrinkles Apollove, and makes stale the morning. Why keeps we her? the Grecians keeps out Aunt t Is the worth keeping ? Why the Is a Pearle, Whose price hash launch'd aboue a thousand Ships, And turo'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants, Isyou's anouch, 'twas wisedone Pana went, (As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:) If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize, (As you must needs) for you all clops your hands, And cride inestimable; why do you now The issue of your proper Wisedomes rare, And do a deed that Fortune never did? Begger the estimation which you priz'd, Richer then Sea and Land ? O Theft most bale! That we have folne what we do feare to keepe But Theeues vaworthy of a thing fo folne, That In their Country did them that difgrace, We feare to warrant in our Native place.

> Enter Coffendrawith ber baire about ber eres.

Cal Csy Troyons, csy. Prison. What noyle? what shreeke is this? Trey. 'Tis our mad fifter, I do know her voyce. Cef. Cry Troyans. Hell. It is Coffantra.

Caf. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thousand eyes, And I will fill them with Propheticke testes.

Hell. Peace filter, peace.

Caf. Virgins, and Eoyes; mid-age & wrinkled old, Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry, Adde to my clamour : let vs pay betimes A moity of that malle of moane to come. Cry Troyans cry, practife your eyes with teares, Troy must not be, not goodly Illion sand, Out fire-brand Brother Para burnes vs all. Cry Troyans cry, a Helen and a woe; Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let Hiden goe. Frit

Hele. Now youthfull Treylas, do not these hie strains Ofdivination in our Sifter, worke Some rouches of remorfe? Or is your bloud So madly hot, that no diffeutle of reason, Nor feare of bed furceffe in a bad caule,

Can qualifie the fame?

Troy Why Brother Helter, We may not thinks the justinesse of each ade Such, and no other then event doth forme it, Moronce desect the courage of our mindes; Becaule Cafandra's mad, her brainficke raptores Camor distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which tesh our fourtell Honours all engaged To make it gracious. For my prheate part, I am no more touch'd, then all Priams fennes, And love forbid there fould be done among 'A es Such things as might offend the weaken foleens.

To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Ellemight the world convince of curie, As well my vader-taking: ss your counfels: But I arrest the gods, your full consent Gaue wings to my propension, and cur off All feater attending on so dite a protect For what (alas) can thefe my fingle armes? What propugnation is in one mans valour To stand the push and entaity of those This quartell would excite? Yet I protest, Were I alone to passe the difficulties, And had as ample power, as I have will, Poris hould ne re retract what he hath done, Nortains in the pursuite.

Pri. Paris, you speake Like one be-sorted on your sweet delights; You have the Hony Mill bot thefe the Gall, So to be valuant, is no praise at all.

Per. Sir, I propole not meerely to my felfe, The pleasures such a bezory brings with it : But I would have the loyle of her faire Rape Wip'd off in honourable keeping her What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene, Difgrace to your great worths, and shame to me, Now to deliver her possession vp On termes of bale compulsion? Can it be, That fo degenerate a straine as this, Should once fer tooting in your generous bofome? There's not the meanest fpint on our partie, Without a heart to dare, or fword to draw, When Holen is defended : nor none so Noble, Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vnfam'd, Where Helen is the fubied. Then (1 fay) Well may we fight for her, whom we know well, The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

Hell. Paru and Traylus, you have both faid well: And on the cause and question now in hand, Haue gloz'd, but superficially ; not much Vnlike young men, whom Arifials thought Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie. The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce To the hot passion of distemp'red blood, Then to make up a free determination Twixr right and wrong: For pleafure, and revenge, Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce Of any true decision. Nature craves All dues be rendred to their Owners : now What neeter debt in all humanity, Then Wife is to the Husband? if this law Of Nature be corrupted through affection, And that great mindes of partiall indulgence, To their benuthmed wills relift the fame, There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation, To curbe those raging appetites that are Most disobedient and refractiurie. If Helen then be wife to Sparia's King (As it is knowne the is) thefe Morall Lawes Of Nature, and of Nation, speake alowd To kaucher backe return'd. Thus to perfift In doing wrong, extenueres not wrong, But makes it much more heavie. Hellers opinion

Is this in way or truth ; yet nere the leffe, My spritely brethren, I propend to you In relolution to keepe Helen (till ; Por 'cle a cause that hoth no meane dependance, Vpun our joynt and feuerall dignities.

Tra. Why? there you toucht the life of our defigne: Wereir not glory that we more afteded, Then the performance of our heaving spleanes, I would not with a drop of Tretan blood, Spens more in her defence. But worthy Hollor, She is a theame of honour and renowne, A spurre to valiant and magnetismous deeds, Whole prefent courage may beate downe our foes, And fame in time to come canonize vs. For I prefume brave Heiler would not look So rich aduantage of a promifd glory, As fmiles upon the fore-head of this action, For the wide worlds revenew.

Hell. I am yours, You value off-fpring of great Priama, I have a roilling challenge fent among it The dull and factious pobles of the Greekes, Will Arike amazement to their drowfie fpirits, I was aducreiz'd, their Great general! fleps, Whil'st emulacion in the armie crept : This I prefume will wakehim.

Ereunt.

Enter Therfites falus. How now Therfues? what loft in the Labyrinth of thy fire? Chall the Elephant Aiex carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy fatisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil's he rail'd at ma: Sfoote, lle learne to conjure and raise Divels, but He fee some iffue of my ipitefull execuations Then ther's Achilles, arare Enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the wals will fland till they tall of themfelius. O thou great thunder-datter of Olympus, forget that thou are loss the King of gods; and Moreowy, loofe all the Scrpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take noc that little little lesse then little wit from them that they haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so abundant scarse, it will not in circumuention deliver a Flye from aSpider, without drawing the maffie Irons and cutring the web : after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes Is the curle dependant on those that warre for a placket. I have faid my prayers and divell, ennie, fay Amen : What ho ?

Enter Petroclas. Past. Who's there? Therfues. Good Therfues come in and raile.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would's not have slipt out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy safe epon thy selfe. The common cutle of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great revenew; heaven bleffe thee from a Tucor, and Discipline come por neere three. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if the that laies thee out fayes thou art & faire coarfe, lie be sworne and sworne vport the neuer throwded any but Lezars, Amen. Wher's Archilles?

Par. What art thou devout? waft thou in a prayer? Ther. 1, the heavens hare me,

Enter Achilles. Achil. Who's there?

Fur. Therfice, my Lord.

my Lord Achilles?

Achil Where, where, are thou come? why my cheefe, my digeftion, why haft thou not feru'd thy felfe into my Table, to many meales? Come, what's Agamemaen to Ther. Thy Commander Achilles, then tell me Patro

clue, what's Achilles?

Parr. Thy Lord Therfires : then tell me I pray thee, what's thy felfe?

Ther. Thy knower Parocies: then tell me Parocies, what art thou?

Parr. Thou maift cell that know'ft.

Achil. O tell tell.

Ther. He declin the whole questions Agamemmen commands Archilles, Achilles is my Lord, I am Passecias knower, and Patroclus is a foole.

Parry. You cafeall.

Ter. Peace foole, I have not done.

Achil. He is a primledg'd man, proceede Therfires. Ther. Agarsemum is a foole, Achilles is a foole, Ther. fires is a foole, and as aforefaid, Parraclus is a foole.

Acbil. Derive this? come?

Ther. Agamemnen is a foole to offer to command A. chilles. Achilles is a foole to be commanded of Againemes Therfites is a foole to ferue fuch a foole: and Passachus is a foole politiue,

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemmen, Visfes, Nefter, Diamedes, Alax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it fuffiles me thouser. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclas, He speake with no body: come in with me 7 berfites.

Ther. Here is such patcherie, 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 upon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subject, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam Where is Achilles !

Pair. Withinhis Tent, but ill dispos dmy Lord. Agen. Let it be knowne to him that we are here: He fent our Messengers, and we lay by Our appertainments, vifiting of him: Let bim be told of, so perchance he thinke We date not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him. Ulif. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,

He is not ficke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ficke, ficke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will favour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show ve the cause? A word my Lord.

Nef What moves Aiex thus to bay at him?
Plaf. Achillia hath inveigled his Foole from him.

Nef. Who, Therfites,

Mis. Ha

Nef. Then will Aiar lacke matter, If he have loft his A gument.

My. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu

Nef. All the better, their fraction is more our wish then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Foole could disunite.

Vlif. The amitie that wifedome knits, not folly may Enter Paroches. easily ontie.

Here

Here comes Patreclus.

Nof. No Achiller with him?

VIII. The Elephant hath logner, but none for currefie: His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Paro. Achilles bids me fay he is much forry t If any thing more then your sport and pleasure, Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,

To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your bealth, and your digestion lake;

An after Dinners breath. Aga. Heare you Pairochus: We are too well acquainted with thefe answers: But his enalson winged thus fwift with fcorne, Cannot outflye our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the resson, Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuoufly of his owne part beheld, Doe in our eyes, begin to loofe their glosse; Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vaholdsome dish, Are like to rot vntaffed : goe and tell him, We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinue, Ifyou doe lay, we thinke him ouer proud, And under honest, in felfe-a Cumption greater Then in the note of judgement: & worther then himfelfe Herr tends the fauage strangenesse he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command : And voder write in an obseruing kinde His humorous predominance, yea watch His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if The paffage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde, That if he owerhold his price to much, Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin Not portable, lye under this report. Bring action hicher, this cannot goe to warres A firring Dwarfe, we doe allowance give,

Before a fleeping Gyant: tell him fo. Par. I shall, and bring his salwere prefendly. Aga. In second voyce weele not be fatisfied, We come to speake with him, Uliffer enter you,

Exst Vliffes.

Asax. What is he more then another? Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he fo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question

Asar. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?
Ag. No, Noble Asar, you are as firong, as valiant. as Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is? wife, no leffe noble, much more gentle, and also gether more tractable.

Aiax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride

grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the electer Alax, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates up himlelfe; Pride is his owne Glasse, his owne trumper, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praises it selfe but in the decde, devoures the dee de in the praise.

Emer Ulysses.

Ainx, I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Tordes.

Neft. Yet he loues himfelfe:is't not ftrange?

Vly, Achilles will not to the field to motrow. Ag. What's his excuse?
Wif. He doth relye on none,

But carries on the firesone of his dispole, W kbout obleruance of respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in felle admittion.

Aga. Why, will be not upon our faire request, Votent his person, and there the ayre with vid

Plif. Things small as nothing, for requests take onely He makes important; possess he is with greatnesse, And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride Thei quarreli et felfe-breach, Imagin'd wroth Holds in his bloud fuch swolne and hot discourse, That twixt his mentall and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commeron rages, And batters gainft it felfe; what should I fay? He is so plaguy proud that the death tokens of it, Cry Do recovery.

Ag. Let Alax goe to him.
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tene; Tis faid he holds you well, and will be led At your request a little from bimbelle.

Vlif. O Agenemion, let it not be fo. Weele confectate the fleps that Alax makes, When they goe from Achiller, shall the proud Lord, That baster his arrogance with his owne seame, And neuer fuffers marter of the world. Enter his thoughts: faue fuch as doc renolue And raminate himselfe. Shall he be worships, Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord, Must not so saule his Palme, nubly acquird, Nor by my will assubaugate his ment, As amply titled as Achiller 1: by going to Achiller, That were to enlard his far already pride, And adde more Coles to Canter, when he burnes With entertaining great Hiperion. This L.goe to hand imparer forbid, And fay in thonder, Athilles goe to him.

Dio. And how his filence drinkes up this appliante. Ais. If I goe to him, with my armed fift, lle path him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.
Aus. And a be proud with me, the phese his pride : let me goe to him.

Ulf. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel

Aia. A psultry infolent fellow

Neft. How he describes himselfe.

Au. Can he not be fociable?

Vly. The Rauen chides blacknesse. Aia. Ile let his humours blood.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the potient

Ass. And all men were a my minde.

VIA. Wit would be out of fathion.

Aia. A should not beare it so, e should ease Sweets Erft: Shall pride carry ru

Nost. And rewould, you'ld comy beife.

Uhf. A would have ien frares.

Aia. I will knede him, He make him supple, hee's nos yes through warme.

Noft. Force bim with prailes, poure in, poure inthis 20 bition is dry.

Vly. My L. you feede too much on this dillike. Neft. Our noble Generall, doe not doe fo. Diom. You must prepare to fight without Achiller.

VIJ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him barme. Here is a man, but 'tis before his fore, I will be filent.

Mat. Wherefore Boold you to?

He

He is not emulous, as Acidelles is

FRY. 'Know the whole world he is as valiant.

Am. A horion dog, that fhal palter thus with vs. would be were a Troids.

Nigt. What s vice were it in Size now

Ulf. If he were proud.

Die. Or concrons of praise

Why. I, or furley borns

Dus. Or ftrange, or felic affected.
VZ Thank the heavens Lichonart of feren compositions. Praise him that got thee, the that gave thee suckes: Pame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all crudition But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight, Let Mars devide Eternity in twaine, And gue him halfe, and for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Mulo: his addition yeelde

To finnowie Alex: I will not pratte thy wifeons, Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's Neffer Inftructed by the Antiquary times

He muft, he is, be cannot but be wife But pardon Pather Nefter, were your dayes

As greene as Asax and your braine fo temper'd, You foould not have the eminence of him, But be as Assx.

eie. Shall I call you Father?

Ulef. I my good Sonne.
Dw. Berul'd by him Lord Lizz.

Vlef. There is no carrying here, the Hors Aclista Keepes thicker: please it our Generall, To call together all his state of warre, Fresh Kings are come to Troy sto morrow We must with all our maine of power stand fast.

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And coll their flowre, Alex shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let Ashibut sacpe;

Light Bores may faile swift, though greater bulkes draws deepe. Exercit. Musicale swiften.

deepe.

Enter Pandarus and a Sormant.

Per. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord Paris?

Ser. I fir, when he goes before me. Fax You depend upon him I meznet

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentlemen: I must needes praise him

Ser. The Lord be praifed.
Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith fir, Superficially. Fa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord Pandarau.

Sr. I hope I shall know your becous better. Pa. I doe defire it.

Ser. You are in the flate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not lo friend, honor and Lardship are my tisle: What Mufique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know fir : it is Meficke in parts

Pa. Know you the Mustians.

Ser. Wholly fit Pe. Who play they to?

Sar. To the hearers fir.

Pa. At whose pleasure friend !

Ser. At mine fir, and theirs that love Molicke,

So. Who shall I command fir?

Pa. Friend, we understand no: one another il amico courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whole request don these men play?

Ser. Theg's too't indeede fir : marry fir, at the request of Paris my L. who's there inperson: with him the mottall Pense, the heart bloud of beauty, loues invisible

foule.

Pa Who? my Colin Craffele.

Ser. No fir, Halen, could you not finde out that by her accribuces. ?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speake with Para from the Prince Troplus: I will make a complementall affault vpon him, for my bufigeffe feethes.

Ser. Sodden bufinelle, there's a flewed phrase indeede.

Enter Para and Helson.

Pao. 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.

Hd. Deere L. you are full of faire words .

Pan You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene:

faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You have broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. Nel, he is full of harmony.

Pan, Truely Lady no.

· Pas. Rude in footh, in good footh very rude. Paris. Well faid my Lord : well, you fay fo in fits.

Par. I have bulineffe to my Lord, deere Queene : my Lord will you vouchfafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not bedge vs out, weele heare gou

fing certainely.

Pon. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, merry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most effecmed friend your brother Trojlu.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus, hony fweets Lord. Per. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himfelle must affectionately to you. Hel You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly vpan your head.

Pan Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene Ifaith

Hel. And to make a fweet Lady lad, is a lower offence. Pau. Nay, that shall not ferue your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for fuch words, no, no. And my Lord he delires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord Pandarus ?

Por. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very (weete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?
Hes. Nay but my Lord?

Par. What fales my (weete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups,

Par. With my disposer Cressida.
Par. No, nos co such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is ficke.

Par. Well, He make excuse.

Pos. I good my Lord; why should you say Craftide? no, your paore disposer's ficke.

Par. I fplc.

Pan. You

Por. You spie, what doe you spie : come, give me an lagrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pas. My Neece is horrible to love with a thing you baue fwecte Queene.

Hel. She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord

Pand. Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two zre twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three. Pan. Come, come, lie heare no more of this, Ile fing you a long now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth fweet Lord thou

half a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy fong be love; this love will undoe us all Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Loue? Ithat it shall yfaith.

Par. I good now love, leve, no thing but love.

Pan. In good tooth it begins fo.

Lows, lone, nothing but lone full more: For O lones Bow Shootes Buske and Doe: The Shaft confounds not that at wounds, Bu tickles fill the fore : These Louers cry, oh bo they die; Tet that which feemer the wound to kill, Doib tempe ob bo, to ha ha be: So dying love lines ft. 1. Obea white but ba ba ha, O be grones out for ha ba ba -- bey bo.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the nofe. Per. He cases nothing but doues love, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Per. Is this the generation of love? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a

generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. Helter, Dephabus, Holenus, Anthoner, and all the gallantry of Triy. I would faine have arm'd to day, but my Nell would not have it fo.

How chance my brother Trojlas went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at fomething; you know all Lord Pandariu?

Per. Not I hony sweete Queene: Hong to herre bow they sped to day :

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene. Hel. Commend me to pour Neece,

Pan. 1 will sweete Queene Sound a retreat.

Par. They're come from helde: let vs to Priams Hall To greete the Warriers. Sweet Heller, I must wee you, To helpe vnarme our Helter: his flubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish snewes a you shall doe more

Then all the lland Kings, difatme great Hellor.

Hel 'Twill make vs proud to be his feruant Poris: Yes what he shall recelde of vsin ductie, Gives vs more palme in beautie theo we have:

Yes overshines our selfe.

Sweete shoue thought I love thee.

ट्रिक्स्याः

Emir Pensous ous Trojius Man. Pan. How now, where's thy Maillet, at my Couzen Crefinder?

Men. No fit, he flayer for you to conduct him that Set Emer Trylus.

Par. Ohere he comes: How now, how now?

Try. Sina walke off,

Pan. Have you freeze my Coufin?

Trey. No Pandarm: I Aslke about her doors Uke a Arange loule vpon the Sugran bankes Staying for wastage. O be thou my Charen, And give me swift transportance to those field; Where & may wallow in the Luly beds Propos'd for the defetuer. O gentle Pardeit, From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings, And flye with me to Crefind

Pen. Walke here ith Orchard. He bring ber ftraight.

Exit Ponderna.

Trey. I amgiddy; expediation whiles me cound, Th'imaginary relish is fo sweere, That it inchants my fence: what will it be When that the watty pallats tafte indeede Loues thrice reputed Nechar? Death I feare me Sounding distruction, or force joy too fine, Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweeteelle, For the capacitie of my rades powers; I ferreit much, and I doe feare befides. That I shall loofe diftinction in my 1075, As doth a bettaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Par. Shee's making her ready, theele come ftraight, you must be witty now, the does so blush & settlement her winde fo fhore, as if the were fraid with a fprice : He ferch ber ; it is the prettless villaine, the ferches her breath so thort as e new tane Sparrow.

Tro. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosome: My heart beates thicker then a seavorous pulse, And all my powers doe their bestowing loose, Like vallage at vnawares encountring

The eye of Maiestie.

Enter Psyderns and Creside. Per. Come, come, what neede you bloth? Shames a babie; here the is now, sweare the outher now to her, that you have fwome to me. What are you gove againe, you muft be watcht ere you be made tome, muft you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th his: why doe you not speak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture. Alate the day, how losth you are to offend day light and twere darke you'ld close fooner: So, fo, rub on, and kiffe the mistrella; how now, a kille in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I pare you, The Faulcon, authe Tercell, for

ell the Ducks th River: go too, go too.

Trg. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but sheele beresue you 'oth' deeds too, if thee call your schoity in question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, lle go

get a fire?

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O Crefride, how often hove I witht me thus? Cref. Wishi my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord. Try. What should they grant? what makes this perabruption: what too curious dreg esples my [werels-

dy in the fountaine of our loue?

Cre' More

Cref. More dregs then water, if my teates have eyes. Trey. Feates make divels of Cherubins, they never fee

truely.

Cref. Blinde feare, that feeing reason leads, findes safe focting, then blinde reason, stumbling without seare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Ohlet my Lady apprehend no feare, In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cref. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vowe to weepe feas, live in fire, eaterockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for out Miffresse to deuse imposition inough, then for us to undergoe any difficultie impossed. This is the monstruositie in love Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution consist of the the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cref. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet resetue an ability that they neuer performe; vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares; are

they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we prove: our head shall goe bare till ment crowne it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: wee will not name defert before his birth, and being bottne his addition shall be humble: few words to faire faith. Troylus shall be such to Cressia, as what envie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake truest, not truet then Troylus

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cref. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate

to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle give him me: betrue to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word

and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, llegiue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conflant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they le flicke where they are throwne.

Cref. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince Troylus, I have lou'd you night and day, for

many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my Creftid then to hard to win? Cref Hard to feeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that euer pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant : I love you now, but not till now fo much But I might maister it; infaith I lye: My thoughts were like unbrideled children grow Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles, Why liane I blab'd: who shall be true to vs When we are so vnsecret to our felues? But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not, And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man; Or that we women had mens priviledge Offpeaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I thall furely speake The thing I thall repent : fee, fee, your filence Comming in dumbneffe, from my weakeneffe drawes

My foule of counfell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And shall, albeit sweete Musickeissues thence.

Pan. Precty yfaith.

Cref. My Lord. I doe beteech you pardon me, 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiffe: I am asham'd; O Heavens, what have I done! For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

Troy. Your scaue sweete Crassid?

Pan. Leaue: and you take leave till to motrow more

Cref. Pray you content you. Troy. What offends yo Lady? Cref. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot shun your selfe.

Cref. Let me goe and try.

I, have a kinde of felfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde felfe, that it felfe will leave,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they speake, that speakes

so wisely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I fhew more craft then loue, And fell to roundly to a large confession,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wife,
Or else you loue not: for to be wife and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue,

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a women: As if it can, I will prefume in you, To feede for aye her lampe and flames of love. To keepe her conflancie in plight and youth, Out-living beauties outward, with a minde That doth renew fivifier then blood decaies: Or that perfwasion could but thes convinceme, That my integritie and truth to you, Might be affronted with the match and waight Of such a winnowed puriritie in love: How were I then yp-lifted! but alas, I am as true, as truths simplicitie, And simpler then the infance of truth.

Cres. In that He warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When tight with right wars who shall be most right:
True (waines in loue, shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Trojlus, when their rimes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare;
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
Astrue as steele, 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 comparisons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as Trajlus, shall crowne up the Verse,
And sactifie the numbers.

Cref Prophet may you be:

If I be falle, or swerue a harre from truth,

When time Is old and hath forgot it selfe:

When water drops have worne the Stones of Troy;

And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities vp;

And nightie States characterissie are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among salse Maids in love,

Vpbraid my falsehood, when they are said as false,

As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as fandicearth;

As Foxeto Lambe; as Wolfe to Heisers Calse;

Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;

Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of salsehood,

As falle as Croffed.

Pand. Go ton, a trargame made: leale it, feste it, The be the wirnelle here I hold your hand here my Coufins, if euer you proue falle one to another, fince I have taken fuch pames to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name : call them all Pandets; les all conflant men be Trojuffes, all falle viomen Creffuli, and all brokers betweene, Panders: lay, Amon.

Troy. Amen. Cref. Amen. Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, becaufe it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, preffe

it to death : away.
And Cupid grant all tong-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. Excum.

Enter Vlysses, Diornedes, Nester, Agarnemian, Mensians and Chalcas Floush.

Cal. Now Princes for the Service I have done you, Th'aduantage of the time promps me aloud, To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde, That through the fight I beare in things to love, I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traitors name, expos d my felfe, From certaine and pollell conveniences, To doubtfull fortunes, fequeftring from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature ; And here to doe you feruice am become, As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted. I doe bestech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in premise, Which you fay, line to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'st thou of vs Troian? make demand? Cal. You have a Troian prisoner, cal'd Anthenor,

Yesterday cooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore) Defir'd my Creffia in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath Rill deni'd : but this Anthenor, I know is such a wrest in their affaires; That their negotiations all most slacke, Wanting his mannage: and they will almost, Give vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of Prizm, In change of him. Let him be fent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter : and her presence, Shall quite Arike off all fervice I have done, In most accepted paine.

Aga. Let Diomedes beare him, And bring vs Creffed hither: Calcas shall have What he requests of vs: good Diamed Furnish you fairely for this enterchange; Withall bring word, if Heller will to morrow Be an feet'd in his challenge. Aiax is ready.

Dio. This fhall I vodertake, and 'tis aburthen Which I am proud to beare.

Exit.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tens. Vlif. Achilles Stands i'th cotrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligene and loofe regard vpon him; i will come laft, 'as like heele question me,

Why fuch unplaufiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him If fo, I have derifion medicinable, To vie betweene your strangenesse and his pride, Which his owne will shell have defire to drinke; It may doe good, pride both no other glaffe To show it lelfe, but pride : for supple knees, Frede estogance, and are the proud mans fees,
Agam. Weele execute your paspole, and put on

A forme of ftrangeneffe at we paffe along, So dor each Lord, and either greete him not, Or elfe disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achd. What comes the Generall to speake with me! You know my minde, He fight no more gainst Troy. Aga. What faies Aebilles, would be ought with vo? Nef. Would you my Lord ought with the Generali?

Achil. No.

Nef. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better. Achel Good day, good day.

Men. How dee you? how doe you? Achi. What, do's the Cuckold (come cae?

Alax. How now Patroclis?

Achil. Good morrow Aux? Alax. Hz

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiar. 1, and good next day too. Achd. What meane these sellowers know they not Achilles?

Pair. They passe by strangely: they were and to bend To fend their fmiles before them to Achilles; To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Alcars. Achd. What am I poore of late?

Tis certaine, greatnesse once falue out with fortune, Must fall our with mentoo : what the declin'd is, He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others, As feele in his owne fall: for men like busser-flies, Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours That are without him; as place, tiches, and fatour, Prizes of accident, as oft 23 merit: Which when they fall, as being shppery Randers; The loue that leand on them as flippery too, Doth one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not fo with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enior At ample point, all that I did possesse, Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde on: Something not worth in me fuch rich beholding. As they have often given. Here is Ulifes, Heincerrupt his reading : how now Vifes?

Vif. Now great Their Sonne. Acbil. What are you reading? Vif. A Arange fellow here Writes me, that man, how dearely ever parted, How much in having, or without, or in, Cannot make boaft to have that which he hath; Not feeles not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his vertues thining upon others, Heare them, and they recort that heate againe

To the Sift giver.

Achie This is not ftrange Viffes: The beautie that is borne here in the face, The bearer knower not, but commends it felfe, Not going from it felfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other with each others forme. For fpeculation turnes not to it felfe, Till it hath trausil'd, and is married there Where it may fee it felfe : this is not strange at all, Vlif. I doe not ftraine it at the polition, It is familiar; bucat the Authors drift, Who in his circumstance, expresly 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 himfelfe know them for ought, Till he behold them formed in th'applause, Where they are extended : who like an arch reuerb'rate The voyce againe; or like a gate of feele, Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this, And apprehended here immediately : The voknowne Alax; Heavens what a man is there? a very Horfe, That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there Moff abiect in regard, and deare in vie. What things againe most deere in the estceme, And poore in worth : now shall we fee to morrow, An act that very chance doth throw vpon him? Asax renown'd? Oheauens, what some men doe. While some men leave to doe! How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall, Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes: How one man eates into anothers pride. While pride is feafling in his wanconnesse

And great Troy Chrinking. Acbil. I doe beleeue it : For they past by me, as my fers doe by beggars, Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:

To fee thefe Grecian Lords; why, even already,

They clap the lubber Aiax on the shoulder,

As if his foote were on braue Helters breft,

What are my deedes for got?

Olif. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe, Wherein he puts almes for oblinion : A great fiz'd monfter of ingratitudes : Thole leraps are good deedes palt, Which are devour'd as fast as they are made, Forgot as foone as done : perfeuerance, deere my Lord, Keepes honor bright, to have done, is to hang Quite out of fashion. like a rusie male, In monumentall mockeie: take the instant way, For honour trauels in a straight so narrow, Where one but goes a breaft, keepe then the paths For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes, That one by one purfue; if you give way Or hedge alide from the direct forth right; Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by, And leave you hindmoft: Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke, Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present, Though leffe then yours in past, must ore-top yours : Fortime is like a fashionable Hoste, That flightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;

And with his armes out-firetchi, as he would flye, Graspes in the commet: the welcome ever smiles, And farewels goes out fighing : Olet not vertue feeke Remuneration for the thing it was : for beautie, with High birth, vigor of bone, defert in feruice, Love, friendship, charity, are Subiects all

To enuious and calumnlating time: One touch of nature makes the whole world kin: That all with one confent praise new borne gaudes, Though they are made and moulded of things past, And goe to dust, that is a little guilt. More laud then guilt oredufted. The present eye praises the present obiect: Then maruell not thou great and complear man, That all the Greekes begin to worship Aiax; Since things in motion begin to eatch the eye, Then what not flits: the cry went out on thee, And fill it might, and yet it may againe If thou would'it not entombe thy felfe alive. And cafe thy reputation in thy Tent : Whole glorious deedes, but in their fields of late. Made emulous missions mongst the gods themselves, And draue great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacie, I have strong reasons.

Vlif. But gainft your privacie The reasons are more potent and heroycall: Tis knowne Achilles, that you are in loue With one of Priami daughters.

Achil. Ha?knownel Ulif. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchfull State, Knowes almost cuery graine of Plutoes gold; Findes bottome in th'vncomprehensiue deepes; Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods, Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles: There is a mysterie (with whom relation Durft neuer meddle) in the foule of State; Which hath an operation more divine, Then breath or pen can give expressure to: All the commerce that you have had with Troy, As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord, And better would it fit Achilles much, To throw downe Hellor then Tolixena. But it must grieue yong Pirbus now at home, When fame shall in her Hand found her trumpe; And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing, Great Heltors fifter did Achilles winne ; But our great Aiax brauely beate downe him. Farewell my Lord: 1 as your lover (peake ; The foole flides ore the lee that you should breake.

Pair. To this effect Achilles haue I mou'd you; A woman impudent and mannish growne, Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man, In time of action: I fland condemn'd for this; They thinke my little stomacke to the warre, And your great love to me, testraines you thus : Sweete, toufe your felfe; and the weake wanton Capid Shall from your necke vnloofe his amorous fould, And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane, Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

Achil. Shall Aiax fight with Hector? Pair. I, and perhaps receive much honor by him. Achil. I fee my reputation is at flake.

My same is shrowdly goted. Pair. Othen beware: Those wounds heale ill, that men doe give themselves . Omission to doe what is necessary, Seales a commission to a blanke of danger, And danger like an ague fubtly taints Euen then when we lit idely in the funne. Achil. Goe call I berfires hither (weet Parroclus,

He fend the fools to Aux, and defice him Tinuite the Troisi Lords after the Combat To fee vs here vnarm'd. I have a womans longing. An appetite that I am ficke withall, To fee great Hollor in his weedes of peace; Dier Therfi.

To talke with him, and to behold his visage, Even to my full of view. A labour fau'd.

Ther. It wonder.

2cbd. What?

Ther. Wisk goes up and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Ther. Heemust fight fingly co morrow with Heller, and is fo prophetically proud of anherolcall cudgelling, that he raves in faying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he fielkes up and downe like a Pearock, a firide and a fland: ruminates like an hoffeffe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to fet downe her reckoning a bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should lay there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and fo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if Hellor breake not his necke i'th'combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee : I faid, good morrow Aux; And he replyes, thankes Agamemmen. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fish, languagelesse, a monster : a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both fides like a leather Icikin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him Therfices. Ther. Who, I: why heele answer no body: he profelles notanswering; speaking is for beggers: he weates his tongue in's armes: I will put on his prefence; let Parroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the Page. ant of Alax.

Achil. To him Patroclus; tell him, I humbly defire the valiant Aux, to invite the most valorous Helor, to come vnatm'd to my Tent, and to procure fale conduct for his perion, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, fixe or feauen times honour d Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie Agamemmon, &c. doe this.

Parro. Icue bleffe great Aiax. Ther. Hum.

Pair, I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha?

Par. Who most humbly desires you to muite Heater to his Tent.

Pair. And to procure (see conduct from Agamannon.

Ther. Agamemion?

Pair. Imy Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Parr. What fay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart

Pair. Your answer fir.

Ther. If so morrow be a faire day, by eleven a clocke it will goe one way or other; howfoeuer, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr Your answer fir.

Ther Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

760 No, but he's out a tune thus: what mulicke will be in him when Hester has knockt out his braines, I know not: but lam fute none, valeffe the Fidler Apollo get his

finewes to make carlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shale beare a Letter to him Araight.

Ther Let me carry another to his Horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine fir'd,

And I my felfe fee not the bottome of ic.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Alle at it : I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then fuch a valuatignorance.

Enter as one deore Aneas wa's a Torch, as another Paris, Diephabu: Anibense, Dursed ice Crecian, with Torches.

Par. See hos, who is that there? Dieph. It is the Lord Anras.

Ene. Is the Prince there in person? Had I fo good occasion to lye long As you Prince Pain nothing but liceverly bufnefie, Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord

Par. A valiant Greeke Eneas, take his hand, Witnesse the processe of your speech within; You told how Diamed in a whole weeke by dayes Did haunt you in the Field.

Ene. Health to you valiant fir, During all question of the gentle truce: But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance, As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Drom. The one and other Diomed embraces, Our blouds are now in calme, and follong health. But when contention, and occasion meetes, By low, He play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, purfuite and pollicy

Ane. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye With his face backward, in humaine gendeneffe: Welcome to Troy; now by Anchifes life, Welcome indeede : by Venus hand I (weare, No man aliue can loue in such a fort, The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We simpathize, lonc let Eneas live (If comy (word his fate benot the glory) A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne, But in mine emulous honor let him dy With every lognt a wound, and that to morrow.

Ane. We know each other well.

Dia We doe, and long to know each other worfe. Par. This is the most, despightful'it gentle greeting; The noblest hatefull love, that ere I heard of.

What businesse Lord so early? Anc. I was fent for to the King; but why, I know not Par. His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek To Calcha's house; and there to render him, For the enfreed Anthenor the faire Creffelt

Lets have your company; or if you pleafe, Haste there before vs. I constantly doe thinke (Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge) My brother Troylus lodges there to night. Rouse him, and glue him note of our approach, With the whole quality whereof, I feare

We shall be much vowelcome. Ane. That I affure you:

Troplus had rather Troy were borne to Greece, Then Creffed bonne from Troy.

Par. There

Exerust.

Par. There is no helpe: The bitter disposition of the time will have it io. On Lord, weele follow you.

Ana. Good morrow all. Exit Anna Par. And tell me noble Diomed; faith tell ree true, Euen in the foule of found good fellow thip, Who in your thoughts merits faire Helen most?

My Selse, or Menelawi

Diam. Both alike. He merits well to have her, that doth feeke her, Nor making any fcruple of her foylure, With fuch a hell of paine, and world of charge. And you as well to keepe her, that defend her, Not pallating the tofte of her dishonour, With fuch a cofly loffe of wealth and friends: He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp The lees and diegs of a fiat tamed peece: You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes, Are pleased to breede our your inheritors: Both merits poyz'd, each weight no leffe nor more, But hear he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman. Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey : heare me Paris, For every falle drop in her baudy veines, A Grecians life bath funke: for every fcruple Ofher contaminated earrion weight, A Troian hath beene flaine. Since the could fpeake, She hath not given fo many good words breath, As for her, Greekes and Troians Suffred death.

Par. Faire Dismed, you doe as chapmen does Dil praise the thing that you defire to buy : But we in filence hold this vertue well; Weeie not commend, what we intend to fell.

Here lyes our way.

Enter Troyles and Creffida.

Troy. Decretrouble not your selfe: the morne is cold. Cref. Then sweet my Lord, lle call mine Vnckle down; He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Trey. Trouble him not: To hed, to bed : fleepe kill those pritty eyes, And give as foft attachment to thy fences, As Infants empty of all thought.

Cref. Good morrow then. Troy. I prithee now to bed.

Cref. Are you a weary of me? Troy. O Creffida! but that the bufie day

Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes, And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer: I would not from thee.

Cref. Night hath beene too bilefe. Troy. Beshtew the witch! with venemous wights she As hidioully as hell; but flies the graspes of love, With wings more momentary, fwift then thought; You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cref. Prithee tarry you men will neuer tarry; O foolish Cressed, I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

Pand, wahin. What's all the doores open here? Troy. It is your Vnckle. Enser Pandarus. Cref. A peltilence on him: now will he be mocking: I hall have fuch a lite.

Pen. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads? Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin Creffel? Cref. Go hang your felf, you naughty mocking Vnckle: You bring me to doo ---- and then you floute me too. Par. To do what? to do what? let her lay what:

What have I brought you to doe?

Cref. Como, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor fuffer others.

Pan. Ha,ha: alas poore wretche a poore Chipochia, haft nor slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it fleepers bug beare take him. One knochs.

Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and fee. My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber: You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no fuch thing. How earnefly they knocke: pray you come in. Knocks. I would not for halfe Troy have you feene here.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Enr. Good morrow Lord, good morrow Pas. Who's there my Lordie Eneas! by my troth ! knew you not: what newes with you to early?

And Is not Prince Troylus here? Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

Ene. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:

It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here fay you? 'tis more then I know, He be Sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doehere?

Ene. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe setch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troj. How now, what's the matter? Ene. My Lord, I fearce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand, Pars your brother, and Deiphabus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Anthenor Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with, Ere the first facrifice, within this houre. We must give up to Diomeds hand The Lady Creffida.

Troy. Is it concluded fo?

Ene. By Prium, and the general state of Troy, They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my archieuements mocke me; I will goe meete them: and my Lord Aneas, We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

An. Good, good, my Lord, the fecrets of nature Haue not more gift in tacitumitie. Exem

Enter Pandarsis and Cressid.

Pan. Is't poffible? no fooner got but loft : the divell take Anthener; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon Anthenor: I would they had brok's necke.

Cref. How now? what's the matter? who was here? Pan. Ah, ha!

Cref. Why ligh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord' gone? tellme swe't Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am aboue.

Cref. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan: Prythee get thee in : would thou had A nere been borne; I knew thou would'A be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague vpon Authenor.

Cref. Good

Cref. Good Vnckle I befeech you, on my knees, I be-

feech you what's the matter?

Par. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Aniberer: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from Trojlus : 'twill be his death : 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it ..

Cref. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou must.
Cref. I will not Vnckle: I have forgot my Father:

I know no touch of confanguinitie : No kin, no loue, no bloud, no soule, so neere me, As the sweet Troyles: O you gods dinine Make Croffids name the very crowne of fallhood! If ever she leave Troylas : time, orce and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the strong base and building of my loue, Is as the very Center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Ton. Doe, doe. Cres. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised

cheekes, Cracke my cleere voyce with fobs, and breake my heart With founding Troylas. I will not got from Troy. Execut.

> Enter Paris, Troylus, Eneas, Deiphebus, Am Shenor and Domedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixe Ofher deliverie to this valiant Grecke Comes fast vpon: good my brother Troyler, Tell you the Lady what she is to doe, And haft her to the purpole.

Troy. Walke into her house: He bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand, when I deliver her, Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother Trojlus

A Priest, there offring to it his heart.

Par. Iknow what tis to love, And would, as I shall pittie, I could belpe. Please you walke in, my Lords.

Exercit.

Enter Pandarus and Creffid. Par. Be moderate, be moderate. Cref. Why tell you me of moderation? The gricfe is tine, full perfect that I tafte, And no leffe in a fenfe as frong As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? If I could temporife with my affection, Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat, The like alaiment could I give my griefe: My love admits no qualifying croffe; Ester Trojles.

No more my griefe, in such a precious losse. Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cref. O Troylus, Troylus 1

Per. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too : oh hart, as the goodly faying is; O heart, heavie heart, why fighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking : there was neuer a truer rime; let vs cast away nothing, for we may live to have neede of fuch a Verle: we fee it, we fee it : how now Lambs?

Troy. Creffid: I loue thee in lo ftrange a puritie; That the bleft gods, as angry with my fencie More bright in zeale, then the denotion which Cold lips blow to their Deities : take thee from me.

Cref. Haue the gods enuie?

Pow. 1,1,1,1, tis too plaines cafe.

Cref. And is it true, that I must goe from Troy?

Troy. A hacefull truth.
Crof. What, and from Troylus too?

Troj. From Troy, and Trojlus.

Cref. 1A pullible?

Trey. And sodainely, where injurie of chance Puts backe leane-taking, justles roughly by All time of paule; rudely beguies our lips Of all reioyndure: forcibly preucots Our lockt embrasares; stranglos our deste vowes, Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighes Did buy each other, must poorely fell our selves, With the rude breuitie and discharge of our Injurious time; now with a robbers hafte Crams his rich thecuerie vp, he knowes not how. As many farwels as be flars in heaven, With diffind breath, and confign'd killes to them, He fumbles vp into a loofe adiew; And scants vs with a fingle famish kiffe, Distasting with the salt of broken teares. Enter Spens

Aneau within. My Lord, is the Lady ready? Trey. Harke, you are call'd : some say the genius so Cries, come to him that inflandy must dye. Bid them have patience : The shall come anon.

Par. Where are my teates? raine, to lay this winde or my heart will be blowne up by the root.

Cref. I must then to the Greenans?

Troy. No remedy.

Cref. A wofull Creffed 'mong'ft the metry Greekes.

Troy. When thall we fee againe?

Troy. Here me my love: be thou but true ofheart.

Cref. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this? Troy. Nay, we must vie expostulation kindely,

For it is patting from vs :

speake not, be thou true, as searing thee: For I will throw my Glose to death himselfe, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But be thou true, fay I to fashion in My sequent protestation: be thou true, And I will fee thee.

Cref. O you shall be expord, my Lord to dangers As infinite, as imminent : but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;

Weare this Sleeue. Cref. And you this Glone. When thall I fee you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels, To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true. Cref. O heavens : be true againe? Troy. Heare why I speake it; Love : The Grecian youths are fuil of qualitie,

Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature, Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise: How nouelties may moue, and parts with person. Alas, a kinde of godly icalouse; Which I besecch you call a vertuous since:

Makes me affraid.

Cres. O heavens, you love me not! Troy. Dye I a villaine then: In this I doe not call your faith in question So mainely as my merit : I cannot fing,

Nor heele the high Lauolt ; nor fweeten talke; Nor play at subtill games ; faire vertues all ;

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant: But I can tell that in each grace of thefe, There lurkes a still and dumb-discourfine diwell, That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Doe you thinke I will:
Trey. No, but something may be done that we wil not: And sometimes we are divels to our selves, When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers, Prefuming on their changefull potentie.

Aneas within. Nay, good my Lord? Troy. Come kiffe, and let vs part. Paris within. Brother Troplus?

Trey. Good brother come you hither, And bring Anear and the Grecian with you,

Cref. My Lord, will you be true? Exit Troy. Who I? also it is my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I, with great truth, catch meere hmplicitie; Whil'ft fome with cunning guild their copper crownes, With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes. Fezre not my truth; the morrall of my wit Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach ofit. Welcome fir Diomed, here is the Lady Which for Antener, we deliver you. At the port (Lord) He give her to thy hand, And by the way possesse thee what she is Entreate her faire; and by my foule, faire Greeke, If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword, Name Creffed, and thy life shall be as safe As Priamis io Illion!

Diem. Faire Lady Creftid, So please you sauethe thankes this Prince expects: The lustre in youreye, heaven in your cheeke, Pleades your faire vilage, and to Diomed You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou do'ft not vie me curteoully, To shame the seale of my petition towards, I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece : Shee is as farrehigh foaring o're thyprailes, As thou vitworthy to be cal'd her feruant: I charge thee vie her well, even for my charge: For by the dreadfull Pluto, If thou do'ft not, (Though the great bulke Achilles be thy guard) He cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince Trojlus; Let me be priviledg'd by myplace and mellage, To be a speaker free? when I am hence, Ile answerro my lust: and know my Lord; He nothing doe on charge : to her owne worth She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't io; Helpeake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. He tell thee Diomed, This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head: Lady give me your hand, and as we walke, To our owne selves bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet. Par. Harke, Hellers Trumpet. Ene. How have we spent this morning The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse, That fwore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troylus fault: come, come, to field with him. Exeunt.

Dio. Let vemake ready ftraight. Enc. Yez, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacritie

Let vs addresse to tend on Hellors heeles: The glory of our Troy doth this day lye On his faire worth, and fingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemmon. Menelaus, Vlisses, Nester, Calcas de.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire, Anticipating time. With flatting courage. Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy Thou dreadfull Aiax, that the appauled arre May pierce the head of the great Combatant, And hale him hither.

Aia. Thou, Trumper, ther's my purfe; Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe: Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke Out-swell the collicke of puft Aquilon : Come, fretch thy cheft, and let thy eyes spout blouds Thou blowell for Helter

Vlif. No Trumpet answers. Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Aga. Is not yong Diomed with Calcas daughter? Vis. "Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate, He rifes on the toe : that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady Creffid? Die Euen fhe.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes, sweete Lady.

Neft. Our Generall doth falure you with a kiffe. Ulif. Yet is the kindenesse but particular; twere better the were kift in generall.

Neft. And very courtly counfell: He begin. So much for Neftor.

Achil. He take that winter from your lips faire Lady Acbilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for killing once. Patro. But that's no argument for kuffing now;

For thus pop't Pair in his hardiment. Vlif. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our fcornes, For which we loofe our heads, to gild his hornes.

Patro. The firft was Menelaus kiffe, this mine: Patroclus killes you.

Mene. Ohthis is trim.

. Parr. Paru and I kille evermore for him. Mene. He have my kille fir: Lady by your leave. Cref. In killing doe you render, or receiuc.

Pair. Both take and give. Cref. He make my march to live,

The kiffe you take is better then you give: therefore no kulle.

Mene. He give you boote, He give you three for one. Cref. You are an odde man, give even, or give none. Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odde.

Cref. No, Parisisnot; for you know 'tistrue, That you are odde, and he is even with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th' head. Cref. No. 11e be sworne.

It were no match, your naile against his horne: May I (weece Lady beg a kiffe of you?

Cref. You may Ulif. I doe defire it.

Cref. Why begge then?
Vif. Why then for Venus Take, give me a kills: When Hellen is a maide againe, and his-Cref. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

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Vif. Nover's

Ulif. Neucr's my day, and men a kille of you. Diom. Lady a word, He bring you to your Father Neft. A womin of quicke lence. Viif. Fie, fie, vpon her : Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip: Nay her fuote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out At cuery loynt, and motine of ber body : Oh thele encounterers fo glib of tongue, That give a coasting welcome etc it comes; And wide vnclaspe the tables of their thoughts, To every tickling reader : fet them downe, For fluttish spoyles of opportunitie; And daughters of the game. E. Enter all of Troy, Hellow, Paris, Lector, Helmus Exemus. and Attendants. Florifo. All. The Troians Trumper. Aga. Yonder comes the troope. Am. Haile all you flate of Greece : what shalbe done To him that victory commands? or doe you purpole, A victor shall beknowne : will you the Knights Shall to the edge of all extremitie Pursue each others or shall be divided By any voyce, or order of the field : Heller bad aske? Aga. Which way would Hellor have it? Ane. He cares not, heele obry conditions. Aga. 'Tis done like Hellor, but securely done, A little proudly, and great deale disprising The Knight oppos'd Ane. If act Achilles fit, what is your name? Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Am. Therefore Achilles; but what ere, know this, In the extremity of great and little : Valour and pride excel themselves in Hellor; The one almost as infinite as all; The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well: And that which lookes like pride, is currefie : This Aiax is halfe made of Helters bloud; In love whereof, halfe Helter flaies at home : Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe Heltor, comes to feeke This blended Rnight, halfe Troian and halfe Greeke.

Achd. A maiden battaile then? O I perceive you. Aga, Here is fir, Diemed: goe gemle Knight, Stand by our Aiax: as you and Lord Ancas Confent vpon the order of their fight So be it: either to the vetermoft, Or elfe a breach: the Combatants being kin, Halle flints their frife, before their frokes begin. VIII. They are oppos'd already.

Aga, What Troian is that same that lookes so beaug? Ptif. The yongest Sonne of Priam; A true Knight; they call him Troylus; Not yet marure, yet matchleffe, firme of word, Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue; Not foons prousk't, nor being prouok't, foone calm'd; His heart and hand both open, and both free: For what he has, he gives ; what thinkes, he thewes; Yet gives he not till indgement guide his bounty, Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath ? Manly as Heller, but more dangerous; For Heller in his blaze of wrath subscribes To render obiects; but he, in heate of action, Is more vindecative then realous love, They call him Troylus; and on him erect, A fecond hope, as fairely built as Hellor.
Thus faies Ereas, one ahat knowes the youth Euenco his inches: and with private forle,

Did in great lilion thus translate lum to me. Alaum And. They are in altion.
Nost Now Asax hold thine owne Troy. Heller, thou Beep n, awake thee. Aga. His blowes are weldilpos'd where Aux. Whyns Diam. You most no more. Ase. Princes enough, so please you. Au I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe. Diom. As Heller pleases. Hell. Why then will I no more: Thou art great Lord, my Fathers fifters Some; A coulen german to great Prisms leede: The obligation of our bloud forbids A gorie emulation twixt vs twaine: Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trolan fo, That thou could'it fay, this hand is Grecian all, And this is Troian: the finewes of this Legge, All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud Rups on the deater cheeke, and this finisser Bounds in my fathers : by Ione multipotent, Thou should'it not beare from me a Greekish enember Wherein my fword had not impressore niade Of our ranke fend: but the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrwd It from thy mother, My facted Aunt, should by my mortall Sword Be drained. Let me embrace thee Aiax: By him that thunders, thou haft luftie Armer; Helior would have them fall ypon him thus. Cozen, all honor to thee. Ais. I thanke thee Heller: Thou art too gentle, and too free a man: I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence A great addition, earned in thy death. Hell. No: Nespedymus fo mirable, On whole bright creft, fame with her lowd ft (O yes) Cries, This is he; could'A promise to himselfe, A thought of added honor, torne from Heller. Ene. There is expectance here from both the fides, What further you will doe? Hell. Weele answere it: The issue is conbracement: Aux, farewell. Ais. If I might in entreaties finde successe, As feld I have the chance: I would defire My famous Coulin to out Grecian Tenta. Dions. Tis Agamemnous with, and great Ashilles Doth long to fee vnarm'd the valiant Hellor. Helt. Lucas, call my brother Trojlus to me: And fignifie this louing enterview To the expediers of our Troian pare: Defirethem home. Give me thy hand, my Coufin: I will goe eate with thee, and fee your Knights. Enter Agamemnon and the reft. Aia. Great Agamemuen comes to recetevs here. Hell. The worthielt of them, tell mename by name: But for Athilles, mine owne ferching eyes Shall finde him by his large and portly fize. Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one That would be rid of fuch an enemic. But that's no welcome: vaderstand more cleere What's paft, and what's to come is firew'd with buskes And formeleffe ruine of oblinion: But in this excent moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing: Bids thee with most divine integritie From heart of very heart, great Hellor welcome. Hell. I thanke thee most imperious Agamemon Age. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leffe to you. Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting, You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hitier.

Helt. Who must we answer? Ene. The Noble Menelaus.

Hell. O. you my Lord, by Mars his gauntlee thanks, Mockenor, that I affect th'untraded Oath, Your guardam wife fricates Hill by Venus Glouc Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now fir, the's a deadly Theame.

Hell. Operdon, I offend.

Nest. I have (thou gallant Troyan) scene thee oft Labouring for destiny, make cruell way Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee As hot as Perfeus, sputte thy Phry gian Steed. And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th'ayre, Not letting it decline, on the declined: That I have faid voto my standers by, Loe lupiter is yonder, dealing life. And I have seene three pause, and take thy breath, When that a ring of Greekes have hem'd thee m, Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seene, But this thy countenance (Rill lockt in fleele) I neuer faw till now. I knew thy Grandfire, And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good, But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all, Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee, And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

Ane. Tis the old Neffor.
Held. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle, That haft fo long walk'd hand in hand with time: Most reverend Neftor, I am glad to claspe thee

Ne.1 would my armes could match thee in contention As they contend with thee in courtefie.

Heat. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome : I haue seen the time. Myf. I wonder now, how yonder City flands,

When we have heere her Base and pillar by vs. Helt. I know your fauour Lord VI, fes well Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead, Since first I faw your selfe, and Diamed

In Illion, on your Greekish Embassic. Vlyf. Sir, I foretold you then what would enfue, My prophetie is but halfe his journey yet; For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,

Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds, Must kisse their owne feet.

Helt. I must not beleeue you : There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke, The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood : the end crownes all, And that old common Arbitrator, Time, Will one day end it.

VIIS. So to him we leave it. Most gentle, and most valiant Hellor, welcome; After the Generall, I beseech you next To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord Vly Tes, thou Now Hector I have fed mine eyes on thee, I have with exact view perus'd thee Hellor,

And quoted loynt by loynt. Helt. Is this Achilles

Achille I am Achilles.

Hell. Stand faite I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Helt. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou are to breefe, I will the second time. As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

Helt. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore: But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st. Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body Shall I deftroy him? Whether there, or there, or there, That I may give the locall wound a name, And make distinct the very breach, where-out Hellors great spirit flaw. Answer me heavens,

Hell. It would discredit the bleft Gods, proud man, To answer such a question : Stand againe; Think it thou to eatch my life so pleafantly, As to prenominate in nice consecture Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achd. Itell thee yea.

Hell, Wert thou the Oracle to tell me fo, I'ld not beleeve thee; henceforth guard thee well, For He not kill thee there, nor there, nor there, But by the forge that flythied Mars his helme, He kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore. You wiselt Grecians, pardon me this bragge, His insolence drawes folly from my lips, But He endeuour deeds to match these words. Or may I neuer-

Ainx. Do not chafe thee Cofin: And you Achiller, let these threats alone Till accident or purpose bring you too't. You may every day enough of Hestor If you have stomacke. The generall state I feare, Can (carle intreat you to be odde with him.

Hell. I pray you let vs fee you in the field, We have had pelting Warres fince you refus'd

The Grecians caule.

Acbil. Doft thou intreat me Heller? To morrow do I meete thee fell as death, To night, all Friends.

Helt. Thy hand wpon that match.

Aga. Firf, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent, There in the full convine you: Afterwards, As Helters leyfure, and your bounties shall Concurre together, feuerally intreachim. Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow, That this great Souldier may his welcome know. Excum

Troy. My Lord Uly fes, tell me I befeech you, In what place of the Field doth Calchas keepe? Utyf. At Menclaus Tent, most Princely Troyles, There Diomed Joth feast with him to night, Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the faire Creffid.

Troy. Shall I (fweet Lord) be bound to thee fo much,

After we part from Agumenmon Tent,

To bring me thither?

Vlyf. You shall command me fir: As gentle tell me, of what Honour was This Creffida in Troy, had the no Louer there That wailes her absence?

Troy. Ofir, to fuch as boatting thew their scarres, A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord? She was belou'd, the lou'd: The is, and doorh; But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. Exeuer

Enter Achilles , and Patroclus .

Achil. He heat his blood with Greekish wine to night

Which with my Cemitar He coole to morrow: Patroclus, let vs Feafthim to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes Therfitte.

Achil. How oow, thou core of Enuy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes? Ther. Why thou picture of what thou feem'il, & Idoll of Ideor-worthippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Actual. From whence, Fragment?
Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Par. Who keepes the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound,

Patr. Well faid aduerfity, and what need thefe tricks? Ther. Prythee be filent boy, I profit not by thy talke,

thou art thought to be Achilles male Varlot.

Pairo, Male Varlot you Rogue; What's that?
Ther. Why his masculine Whore, Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a gravell i th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palises, and the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discoue-

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enug thou, what mean's thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I cutfe thee?

Pair. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorfon indi-

Ringushable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle. immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarconet flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals putfe thou: Ah how the poore world is pettred with fuch water-Bies, diminutiues of Nature.

Pas. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.
Ach. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpole in to morrowes battell 1 Heere is a Letter from Queene Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my faire Loue, Both raxing me, and gaging me to keepe An Oath that I have fworne. I will not breake it, Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or flay, My maior vow lyes heere; this lle obay: Come, come Therfues, helpe to trim my Tent, This night in banquetting must all be spent. Away Patroclus.

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad : but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's Agameonon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves Quailes, but he has not fo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, athrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Affe were nothing; hee is both Affe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Affe : to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Hetring without a Roe, I would not care : but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not Therfues: for I care not to bee the lowfe of a Lazar, fo I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day, fpirits and fires.

Enter Heltor, Alax, Agamemnon, Vlyffes, Nefor Diomea, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Asax. No yonder 'eis, there where we fee the light. Heat I trouble you.

Alax, No,001 a whit.

Enter Achilles.

VIJf. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue Heller welcome Princerall. Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, Aiex commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Alm. Goodnight my Lord.

Helt. Goodnight Iweet Lord Menelans.

Ther. Sweet draught : (weet quoth-a? (weet finkt,

Achil, Goodnight and welcom, both as once, to those that go, or tarry.

Ago. Goodnight

Achil. Old Neffor tarties, and you too Doomed. Keepe Hellor company an house, or two.

Die. I cannot Lord, I haue important bufmelie, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great Heller

Hell. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to Chalca Tent, He keepe you company.

Troj. Sweet fir, you honour me.

Hell. And fo good night.

Achil. Come, come, coter my Tent.

Ther. That same Diomed's a falle-hearted Rogue, a most vniust Knaue; I will co more trust him when bee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiffes : he will fpend his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigsous, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when Diomed keepes his word. I will tather leave to fee Hellor, then not to dogge him they fay, he keepes a Troyan Deab, and vies the Traitour Chaleau his Tent. Ile after--Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here ho? speake?

Chal. Who cals?

Dio. Diemed, Chalcas (Ithinke) wher's you Daughter? Chal. She comes to you

Enter Troyless and Vliffes.

Vlif. Stand where the Torch may not discover vs. Enter Crefied.

Troy. Crefied comes forth to him.

Die. How now my charge?

Cref. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Vaf, She will fing any man at fir A fight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life : the inoted.

Dso. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Cref. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly. Ther. Roguery. Die. Nay then.

Cref. He tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come teil a pin, you are a forfwome .-Cref. In faith I cannot : what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling tricke, to be fecretly open.

Die. What did you weare you would bestow on me Cref. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me doe not any thing but that fweere Greeke.

Dio. Good

Dio. Good night. Troy. Hold, patience.
Utif. How now Troisn?
Cref. Diamed.

Dio. No, no, good night: He be your fuole no more.

Troy. Thy better must.
Cref. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. Oplegue and mednesse! Vist. You are mound Prince, let vs depare I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous; The time right deadly : I befeech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vis. Nay, good my Lord goe off: You flow to great distraction . come my Lord?

Tray. I pray thee stay? Vlif. You have not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you flay? by hell and hell torments, I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cref. Nay, but you part in anger.

Try, Doth that grieve thee? O withcred with! Our. Why, how now Lord?
Try, By love! will be patient. Cref. Gardian ? why Greeke ?

Dso. Fo, fo, adew, you palter,
Cref. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Vis. You shake my Lord at something, will you goe

you will breake out.

Tray. She stroakes his cheeke.

Troy. Ney stay, by law I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will, and all offences,

A goard of patience : (tay a little while.
Ther. How the diue!! Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles these together : frye lechery, frye.

Die. But will you then?

Cref. In fanh I will lo; neuer trust me elfe.

Die. Giue me some token for the furety of it.

Cref. He fetch you one.

Vif. You have sworne patience.

Trey. Feare menor fweere Lord. I will not be my felfe, nor have cognition

Enser Creffid. Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now. Cref. Here Dismod, keepe this Sleeue. Troy. O bequire! where is thy Faith? Vif. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cref. You looke upon that Sleeve I behold it well: Helou'd me : O falle wench : giur't me againe.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cref. It is no matter now I have t againe. I will not meete with you to morrow night :

I psychee Diomed visite me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said Whet some.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cref. What, this? Dio. I thar.

Cref. O all you gods I O prettie, prettie pledge; Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed Of thee and me, and fighes, and takes my Gloue, And gives memoriall daintie kiffes to it; As I kiffe thee.

Dio. Nay, doenot fnatch it from me.

Cref. He that takes that, rake: my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did (weare patience. Cref. You shall not have it Diamod; faith you shall not: He give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : whose was it?

Cref. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whole 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 Dionas waiting women youd: And by her felfe, I will no: tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme, And grieve his spirit that dates not challenge it. Troy. Wert thou the divell, and wor'll it on thyhome,

It should be challeng'd.

(ref. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ; and yet it is not;

I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,

Thou never shalt mocke Diomed againe.

Cref. You shall not goe : one cannot speake a word, But it Arait Races you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Not I by Pluto: but that that likes not me, please les me beil.

Dio. What shall I come? the house

Cref. I; come : O loue! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cref. Good night: I prythee come : Troyles farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee; But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee. Ah poore our fexe; this fault in vs I finde: The errour of our eye, directs our minde.: What errout leads, must erre: O then conclude, Mindes (wai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Ther. A proofe of ftrength the could not publish more

Valeffe the fay, my minde is now turn'd where.
Uif. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is. Vuf. Why flay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my foule Of eucry syllable that here was spoke; But if I tell how thefe two did coact; Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth? Sith yet there is a credence in my heare a An esperance so obstinately strong, That doth invert that tell of eyes and eares; As if those organs had deceptions functions, Created onely to calumniate.

was Creffed here?

Exit.

Vlif. I cannot conjure Trolan.

Troy. She was not fure. Vlif. Most fure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesses Vlif. Normine my Lord: Creffed was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleen'd for womanhood : Thinke we had mothers; doe not give advantage To Aubbome Criticks, apt without a theeme For depravation, to square the general for.
By Creffel rule. Rather thinke this not craffel.

Vis. What hath the done Prince, that can feyle our mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, volette that this were the.
Ther. Will be swagget blodelse out on's owne eye?

Troy. This sheet no, this is Diomids Croffida :

If besucie have a foule, this is not fbe?

If foules guide vowes; if vowes are fanctimonie; Iffandimonie be the godi delight. If there be rule in vnitie it felfe, This is not the: O madnelle of discourse ! That cause fets up, with, and against thy lelfe By foule authoritic : where reason can revole Without perdition, and loffe affume all reafons Without revolt This is, and is not Creffid: Within my foule, there doth conduce a fight Of this ftrangenature, that a thing inseperate, Divides more wider then the skie and earth ; And yet the spacious bredth of this division. Admits no Orifex for a point as fobile, As Ariachnes broken woofe to enter: Inflance, O inflance! ftrong as Plutoes gates : Creffid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven; Inflance, Oinflance, ftrong as heatten it felfe : The bonds of heaven are flips, diffolu'd and loos'd, And with another knot five finger sied, The fractions of her faith, orts of her love: The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazle religies, Ofher ore eaten faith, are bound to Diomed

Vlif. May worthy Traylus be halfe attached With that which here his passion doth expresse? Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well In Characters, as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venu: never did yong man fancy With so eternall, and so fixe a soule. Harke Greek: as much I doe Creffida loue; So much by weight, hate I her Diorned, That Sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme : Were it a Caske compos'd by Vulcans skill My Sword should bite it : Not the dreadfull spout, Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call, Constring'd in masse by the almighty Fenne, Shall dizzie with more ciamour Neptunes eare In his difcent; then shall my prompted sword, Falling on Diemed.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie. Troy. O Creffid! O falle Creffid falle, falle, falle: Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And theyle feeme glorious.

Plif. O containe your felfe: Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter Extas. Ene. I haue beene fecking you this houre my Lord: Hellor by this is arming him in Troy.

Aiax your Guard, states to conduct you home.

Troj. Haue with you Prince: my curreous Lord adew: Farewell revolted faire: and Diomed, Stand fast and weare a Castle on thy head.

Vii. He bring you to the Gares. Trop. Accept diffracted thankes.

Execute Troylus, Eneas, and Uliffes.

Ther. Would I could meete that toague Diomed, I would croke like a Rauen : I would bode, I would bode : Patrocles will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parros will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, fill warres and lechery, nuthing elicholds fashion. A burning druell take them.

Enter Helter and Andromache. And. When was my Lord to much angently temper'd, To Rop his cares against admonishment? vasime, vnzime, and doe not fight to day.

Hell. You traine me to offend you; get you gone.

By the cuertafting gods, lle goe,

And My decames will fure prove ominous to the day Hell. No more I fay. Enter Caffendra.

Caffa, Where is my brother Heller?

And. Here lifter, sim d, and bloudy in intent; Confort with me in loud and deere perition: pursue wehim on knees ; for I have dreampt Ofbloudy turbulence; and this whole night Hath nothing beene but Phapes, and formes of Daughter.

Call O, ustrue.

Hell. Ha? bid my Trumpet found

Caf. No notes of fallie, for the heavens, fweet brother.
Hell. Eagon I fay: the gods have heard me (weare.
Caf. The gods are deale to not and peeush vowes;

They are polluted offrings, more abhord Then spotted Livers in the sacrifice.

And. Obepersivaded, doe not count u holy, To hurt by being just; it is as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefte, And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caff. It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe; But vowes to every purpose must not bold:

Vnsme sweete Helter

Heal. Hold you fall I fay; Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate: Life every man holds deere, but the deere man Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life. Enter Troylus

How now yong man? mean It thou to fight to day? And. Caffandra, call my father to perswade.

Exa Cafandra. Hell. No faith yong Treylen; doff thy harnelle youth. I am to day ith vaine of Chiualtie: Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be firong: And tempt not yet the brothes of the warre. Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,

He stand 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. Hest. What vice is that? good Troplus chide me for su. Trop. When many times the captive Greeco fals.

Even in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword: You bid them rife, and live.

Hed. O'tis faire play.

Troj. Fooles play, by heaven Heller, Hell. How now? Troy. For th'loue of all the gods Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;

And when we have our Armors buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our fwords, Spur them to ruthfull works, remethem from ruth.

Hell. Fie lausge, fie.

Heller, then 'tis warres.

Hed. Trojin I would not have you fight to day.

Troj. Who should with-hold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mar, Beckning with herie trunchion my retire; Not Priamia and Hechba on knees; Their eyes ore-galled with recourse of teares: Nor you my brother, with your true fword drawne Oppol'd to hinder me, fhould ftop my way: But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caffandra. Caff. Lay hold spon him Prum, hold him fall: He is thy crutch; nowaf thou loofe thy ffsy, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together,

Priam. Come Heller, come, goe backet Thy wife hath dreampt : thy mother hath had visions ; C. Sandra doch forefee; and I my felfe, Am like a Prophet fuddenly emapt, to cell thee that this day is ominous i Therefore come backe.

Helt Ances is a field, And I do Stand engag'd to many Greekes, Eveninthe faith of valour, to appeare

This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe, Hell. I muft oot breake my faith: You know me dutifull, therefore deare fir, Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you doc here forbid me, Royall Priam.

Caff. O Priam, yeelde not to him. And. Doe not deere father.

Hell. Andromache I am offended with you : Vpon the louc you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle, Makes all thefe bodements.

Cuff. O farewell, deere Hellor : Looke how thou dieft; looke how thy eye turnes pale: Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents : Harke how Troy roares; how Heenba cites out; How poore Andremache fhrils her dolour forth; Behold diffraction, frenzie, and amazement, Like witleffe Antickes one another meete. And all cry Hellor, Hellors dead : O Hellor !

Troy. Away, away.
Caf. Farewell: yes, fost: Heltor I take my leave; Thou do'ft thy felfe, and all our Troy decesue. Hell. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime ?

Goe in and cheere the Towne, weete forth and fight: Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell, the gods with lafetie stand about Alarum.

Troy. They are at it, harke : proud Dwmed, beleeue I come to loose my arme, or winne my floris

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yourd poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.
Pand. A whorson tisicke, a whorson rascally tisicke, fo troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'th's dayes : and I have a rheume in mine eyes too; and fuch an ache in my bones; that voleffe a man were curft, I cannot tell what to thinke ou't. What fayes shee

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;

Th'effect doth operate another way. Goewinde to winde, there turne and change together: My love with words and errors fill the feedes; But edifies another with ber deedes.

Pand Why, but heare you!

Troy. Hence brother lackie ; ignomic and shame Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A LATUM.

Enter Therfites in excuefion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on : that diffembling abhominable varler Dian mode, has got that fame feuruse, dotting, foolish yong knauesSleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine fee them meet; that, that fame yong Troian affe, that loves the whore there, might fend that Greekish whore-maifterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the diffembling luxurious drabbe, of a fleeueleffeerrant. O'th' torher fide the pollicie of those craftie swearing raseals; that stole old Moule-caten dry cheele, Neftor : and that fame dogfoxe Vliffes' is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They fet me vp in policy, that mungrill curre Aiax, against that dogge of as bad a kinde, Achiller And now is the curie Asax prouder then the curre Achilles, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus. Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the River Scin, I would fwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ft miscall retire: I doe not flye; but aduantagious care Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude s

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian. now for thy whose Troian 1 Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Heller.

Hell, What art thou Greek fart thou for Hellors match. Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall : a scuruse railing knaue : s very filthy rosque.

Hell. I doe beleeve thee, live.

Ther God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake thy necke--- for frighting me : what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have fwallowed one another. I would laugh at the miracle-yet in a fort, lecherie eates it felfe; Ile feeke them.

Enter Diomed and Servants.

Die. Goe, goe, my feruaur, take thou Troyles Horfe; Present the faire Steede to my Lady Crestid: Fellow, commend my fetuice to her beauty; Tell her, I have chaftif'd the amorous Troyan. And am her Knight by proofe

Ser. I goe my Lord Enter Agan.
Aga. Renew, tenew, the herce Polidamus Enter Agamemuon, Hath beate downe Menon ballard Margarelon Hath Dorem prisoner. And stands Calossus-wife waying his beame, Vpon the passed courses of the Kings: Epistropus and Cedus: Polixines is Daine ; Amphimacus, and Thous deadly hure; Patroclus tane or flame, and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruiled; the dreadfull Sagittary Appauls our numbers, hafte we Diomed To re-enforcement, or we perilb all.

Emer Neft or . Neft. Coe beste Patroclus body to Achilles, And bid the Inaile pac'd diax atme for fhame; There is a thousand Heltors in the field i Now here he fights on Galathe his Hotle, And there lacks worker anon he's there a foote,

And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

Before

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder, And there the Araying Greekes, ripe for his edge, Fall downe before him, like the mowers fwath ; Here,there, and every where, he leaves and takes ; Dextentie lo obaying appente, That what he will he does, and does fo much That proofe is call dimpossibility.

Enter Villes.

Ulif. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great Achilles Is strming, weeping cuiling vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have roug'd his drownie bloud, Together with his mangled Afyrmidons, That noteleffe, handleffe, hacke and chipt, come to him; Crying on Heller. Aux hath lost a friend, And foames at mouth, and he is arm d, and at it i Roaring for Troylus; who bath done to tay, Mad and fantafficke execution; Engaging and redeeming of himfelfe. With fuch a careleffe force, and forceleffe care, As if that luck in very fpight of cunning, bad him win all. Enter Alax. Exil.

Aia. Trojlas, thou coward Trojlas. Dio. I there, there,

Neft. So, lo, we draw together. Exit. Enter Achilles

Achil. Where is this Hellor! Come, come, thou boy-queller, thew thy face:

Know what it is to meete Achilles angry Hellor, whet's Hellor? I will none but Hellor Enter Aux.

Asa. Trojlus, thou coward Trojlus, flow thy head. Enser Diomed.

Diem. Trojlus, I (24, wher's Trojbus? Ais. What would'ft thou?

Dum I would corred him. Au. Were Tthe Generall,

Thou Mould'A have my office,

Erethat correction . Trojlus I (sy, what Trojlus 2 Enter Trojlus.

Troy. Oh traitour Diomed! Turnethy falle face thou traytor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my bosse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there!

Asa. He fight with him alone, fland Diomed.

Dio. Heismyptize, I will not looke vpon. Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, have at you Exit Troyles. both.

Enter Helter.

Hell. Yes Troylus? O well fought my yongest Brother. Enter Achilles.

Exis.

Achil. Now doe I fee thee; have at thee Hellar. Hell. Paule if thon will,

Achil. I doc discaine thy curtesie, proud Troisn; Be happy that my armes are out of vie: My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe ! Till when, goe feeke thy fortune.

Helt. Fare thee well: I would have beene much more a fresher man. Had I expected thee: how now my Brother? Enter Trojbus.

Tros. Asax hath tone Anes; thall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him : Ile be tane too, Orbring him off: Fate heare me what I fay ;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. Enter one in Armon

Hell. Stand Aand, thou Greeke, Thou are a gondly marke : No? wile thou over I like thy armour well. He frush it, and valocke the rivers all

But le be muster of it; will thou not bealt abide Why then Bye on, lle hunt thee for thy hide ERM. Enter Achillet sub Myrmiders.

Achal. Come here about me you my My midone Marke what I fay; attend me where I wheele: Strike not a ftroake, bur keepe your felues in breath, And when I have the bloudy Hiller lourid, Empele him with your weapons round about. In felleft manner execute your arme.

Follow me firs, and my proceedings eye; It is decreed, Hellor the great must dye.

Enter Therfitti, Menelam and Paru.
Ther The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now ball, now dogge, lowe; Pau lowe; now my double hen'd (parrow; lowe Paru, lowe; the bull has the game: watchornes ho?

Exil Paris and Meroslam. Enter Zaftark

Baft. Turne flave and fight. Ther. What art thou!

Baft. A Baftard Sonne of Priami

Ther. I am a Bastord 100, Houe Bastards, I am a Baflard begot, Baffard inftructed, Baffard in minde, Baffard in valour, in every thing illegitimate ; one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take heede, the quarrel's most ominous to vi : if the Sonne of a whose fight for a whose, he tempts indgement : fare well Baltard.

Baft. The divell take thee coward. Emer Heller.

Extras.

Exu.

Hell. Most putrified core so faire without; Thy goodly armour thus hath coff thy life. Now is my dates worke done; He take good breath r Refl Sword, thou haft thy fill of blond and death. Enser Achilles and his Myrmidans.

Achil. Looke Heller how the Sonne begins to fee ; How vgly night comes breathing at his becles, Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne. To close the day vp, Hellers life is done.

Helt I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke. Achil Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke So Illion fall thou: now Troy finke downe; Here lyes thy heart, thy finewes, and thy bone. On Myrmidons, cry you all a maine, Arbilles hath the mighty Hellor flame. Kerrea.

Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part. Oree. The Troian Trumpers founds the like my Lord. Acts. The dragon wing of night ore-spreds the earth And Rickler-like the Armies Seperates My halfe fupt Sword, that frankly would baue fed, Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed. Come, tye his body to my horses tagle; Along the field, I will the Troisn traile. Except

Sound Retreat.

Enter Agamenton, Aux. Monetous, Nefor Diomed and the reft marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what shout is that? Neft. Peace Drums.

Sol Achilles

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hectar's flaine. Achilles.

Dio. The bruiters, Hectar's flaine, and by Achilles.

Asa. It is be for yet braglesselled in be:

Great Hectar was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see we at our Tent.

Is in his death the gods have we be frended.

Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt

Enter Aneas, Paris, Anthenor and Despuebus.

Ente. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.

Enter Trojlus.

Troy. Hellor's flaine.

All. Hellor's the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead; and acthe murtherers Horfes taile,
Inbraftly fort, drag'd through the thamefull Field.
Frowne on you heavens, effect your rage with speede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our fure destructions on.

**Lec. My Lord, you doe difcomfort all the Hofte.
Trop. You understand me not, that tell me so:
Idoe not speake of slight, of seare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addresse their dangers in. Heller is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so? or Heswar
Lethim that will a screechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, Heller's dead:
There is a word will Priam turne to stone;
Make wels, and Niebes of the maides and wives;
Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,
Scatte Troy out of it selfe. But match away,
Haller is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon out Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan rife as early as he dare,
He through, and through you; & thou great fiz'd coward:
No space of Earth shall funder out two hates,
He haunt thee, like a wicked conscience shill,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts,
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfore goe;
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarns.

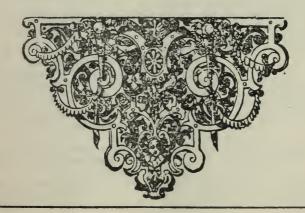
Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie ignomy, and fhame
Purfue thy life and line aye with thy name.

Exem

Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisse: Oh trairours and bawdes; how earnefly are you fer aworke, and how ill required? why flould our indevour be fo defir'd, and the performance foloath'd? What Verfe for it? what instance for it? let me fec. Full merrily the humble Bee doth fing, Till he hain loft his hony, and his fling And being once subdu'd in atmed taile, Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile. Good tradersin the flesh, fet this in your painted cloathes; As many as be here of Panders hall, Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at Pandar's fall ; Or if you cannot weepe, yet give some grones; Though not for me, yet for your akingbones : Breihren and fifters of the hold-dore trade, Some two months bence, my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my feare is this: Some galled Goole of Winchester would hiffe ! Till then, He fweate, and feeke about for eafes ; And at that time bequeath you my discases, Excumt,

FINIS..







The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Adus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinows Citizens, with Stanes, Clubs, and esber meapons.

1. Citicon.

The Elore we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake. speake.

to familh?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1.Cie. First you know, Cains Martins is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know'r, we know't

t. Cir. Let vs kill him, and wee'l have Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdich?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

a.Cir. One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit. We ate accounted poore Claizens, the Patricians good: what Authority furfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluttie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeved vs hu-manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse ther afflicts vs, the obiect of our milery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2. Cir. Would you proceede especially against Cains

MATTIMS.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty

1. Cr. Confider you what Services he ha's done for his

Country :

2. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himfelfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

r.Cit. Isy vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end : though fost conscienc'd men can be content to fay it was for his Countrey, he did it to pleafe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2.Cir. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you secount a Vice in him : You must in no way say be is co-

uttous.

1. (st. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with furplus) to tyre in repetition. Showts within

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why flay we pracing beeref To th Capitall.

All Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrapa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

Y Cir. He's one honest enough, wold at the rest wer so.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand? Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter

Speake I pray you.

2 Cit. Our busines is not vnknowneto th Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, & now wee'I shew em in deeds: they fay poore Suters hove firong breaths, they shal know we have strong arms too.

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest

Neighbours, will you ando your selves?

2 Cit. We cannot Sir, we are undone already. Men. Itell you Friends, most charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants. Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaven with your staues, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes : cracking ten thouland Curbes Ofmore flrong linke affunder, then can euer Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Therher, where more attends you, and you flander

The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,

When you curle them, as Enemies,

2 Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Soffer vs to familh, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vlutie, to support Vsurers; repeale daily any wholfome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine up and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's allthe lone they bezze

Menen. Either you must Confesse your selves wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall cell you A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it, But fince it ferues my purpofe, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2 Citizen. Well. He heare it Sir : yet you must not thinke

To fobbe off our difgrace with a rale: But and't please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies men ders Rebell'dagainft she Belly; thus accus'd it: That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

A'th

I'th midd'ft a th'body, idle and vnactiue, Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing Like labout with the reft, where th'other Inftrumen.s Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele, And mutually participate, did minister Vnto the appetite; and affection common Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2. Cer. Well fir, what answer made the Belly. Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile, Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus: For looke you I may make the belly Smile, As well as speake, it taintingly replyed To'th'discontented Members, the mutinous parts That enuled his receite : even fo most fitly, As you maligne our Senators, for that They are not such as you.

2.Cir. Your Bellies answer: What The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye, The Counsailor Heart, the Armeour Souldier, Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter, With other Muniments and petty helpes In this our Fabricke, if that they

Mon. What then? Foreme, this Fellow Speakes. What then? What then?

2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the linke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?

2.Cir. The former Agents, if they did complaine, What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,

If you'l bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience awhile; you'ft heare the Bellies answer

2.Cir. Y'are long about it. Men. Note me this good Friend; Your most grave Belly was deliberate, Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered. True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he) That I receive the generall Food at first Which you do line vpon : 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 Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' feate o th' Braine, And through the Crankes and Offices of man, The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines From me receive that naturall competencie Whereby they live. And though that all at once (You my good Friends, this layes the Belly) marke me.

2. Cit. I fir, well, well. Men. Though all at once, cannot See what I do deliver out to each, Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all From me do backe receive the Flowre of all, And leave me but the Bran. What fay you too't?

a Cu. It was an answer, how apply you this? Men. The Senators of Rome, ate this good Belly, And you the mutinous Members: For examine Their Counsailes, and their Cares; disgest things rightly. Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde No publique benefit which you receive But it proceeds, or comes from them to you, And no way from your felues. What do you thinke? You, the great Toe of this Assembly :

I the great Toe ? Why the great Toe? Mon. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest Of this most wife Rebellion, thou goest formost

Theu Rascall, that are worft in blood to run, Lead it first to win some variage.
But make you ready you sille bass and clubs. Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell, The one fide must have baile.

Enter Coins Martin.

Hayle, Noble Marine.

Mer. Thanks. What's the matter you diffentious roguet That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion, Make your selves Seabs.

2.Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, wil flatter Beneath abhorting. What would you have, you Cutter, That like not Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you. The other maker you proud. He that truffs to you, Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares: Where Foxes, Geele you are: No lurer, no, Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice, Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue it, To make him worthy, whole offence subdues him, And curse that luftice did it. Who deserves Greatnes, Deferues your Hate: and your Affections are A fickmans Appetite; who defires most that Which would encrease his euill. He that depends Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade, And howes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang yearust ye? With cuery Minute you do change a Minde. And call him Noble, that was now your Hate: Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter, That in these severall places of the Citie, You cry against the Noble Senate, who (Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elfe Would feede on one another? What's their feeking? Men. For Corne at their owne tates, wherof they say The Citie is well flor'd.

Mar. Heng'em: They say?
They'l six by th' fire, and presume to know What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rife, Who thrives, & who declines: Side factions, & give out Coniecturall Marriages, making parties ftrong, And feebling fuch as frand not in their liking. Below their cobled Shooes. They fay ther's grain enough? Would the Nobility lay ande their ruth, And let me vie my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie With thousands of these quarter'd saues, as high As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly persuaded: For though abundantly they lacke diferetion Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you, What fayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are distolu'd: Hang em; They faid they were an hungry, figh'd forth Prouerbes That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate That meate was made for mouths. That the gods fem not Corne for the Richmen onely: With these threds They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd Anda petition granted them, a strange one, To breake the heart of generolity, And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps As they would hang them on the hornes ath Moone, Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them? Mar. Fine Tribunes to defend their vulga: Wildoms Of their owne choice. One's Iunius Bruses, Sicinius Veluina, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble should have first vnroo's the City Ere fo preuzyl'd with me; it will in time Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames For lafurrections arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments. Enter a Meffenger baftsty.

Mef. Where's Casus Martins? Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

Wef. The newes is fir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

Ester Sicinius Velusas, Annias Braths Commiss, Titus Larting, with other Senetours.

1. Sen. Martine 'tis true, that you have lately told va, The Volces are in Armes

Mar. They have a Leader, Talles Auffidies that will put you too't: I finne in enuying his Nobility : And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me onely he.

Com. You have fought together?
Mer. Were halfe to halfe the world by theares, & he vpon my partie, I'de revolt to make Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion

That I am proud to hunt.

s. Sen. Then worthy Martin Attend upon Cominini to thele Warres.

Com. It is your former promile.

Mar. Siritis,

And I am constant : Trens Lucius, thou Shalt fee me once more ftrike at Tullus face What are thou fliffe? Stand'ft out?

Tit. No Cains Martini, He leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tother, Ere flay behmderhis Busnelle.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Son. Your Company to'th Capitoll, where I know Our greateff Friends actend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominus, we mult followe you, right worthy you Priority

Com. Noble Martins.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar Naylet them follow,

The Volces have much Corne: take thefe Rats thither, To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners, Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Citizens Steale away. Manet Sicur. O Brutus. Siein. Was ever man lo prond as is this Martiner?

Bru. He has no equall.

Siein. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people. Bra. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Siein. Nay, but bis taunes.

Bra. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods. Siela. Bemocke the modell Moone.

Bru. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne Too proud to be so valiant.

Siem. Such a Nature, tickled with good fuceelle, difdaines the Chadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his infolence can brooke to be commanded vnder Commini?

Bru Fame, ar the which he symes, In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot Better be held, not more attain'd then by

A place below the first : for what miscatries Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe To th'otmost of a man, and giddy centure Will then cry out of Martin. Oh, If he Had borne the bafinelle.

Sicin. Belides, if things go well, Opinion that fo flicker on Mariau, (ball Ofhis demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come: halfe all Comindas Honors are to Mertin Though Mertini earn'd them not : and all his faults To Marines shall be Honors, though indeed In ought he merst not.

Siesa. Let's hence, and heare How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion More then his lingularity, he goes Vpon this present Action.

Brw. Leis along.

Exemi

Enter Tullus Auffidies with Senators of Corsolus.

1.Sen. So, your opinion is Auffiding, That they of Rome are entred in our Counfailer. And know how we proceede.

Auf. Is it not yours? What ever have bin thought one in this State That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke I have the Letter heere : yes, heere it is; They have preft a Power, but it is not knowne Whether for East or West : the Dearth is great, The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd. Commius, Martius your old Enemy (Who is of Rome worle hated then of you) And Tiens Larius, a most valiant Roman, These three leade on this Preparation Whether 'tis beat : most likely, 'tis for you: Consider of it.

1. Sen. Out Armie's in the Field: We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready Toanswer vs.

Auf Nor did you thinke it folly, To keepe your great precences vayl'd, till when They needs mult thew themselves, which in the harching It feem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discourry, We shalbe shortned in our syme, which was To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome Should know we were a-foot.

2. Sm. Noble Auffednus, Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands, Let vs alone to guard Corroles If they fet downe before's : for the remoue Bring vp your Army : but (I thinke) you'l finde Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.

Anf. O doubt not that, I speake from Certainties. Nay more, Some parcels of their Power are forth already, And onely hitherward. I leave your Honots. If we, and Cams Marinis chance to meete, Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall ever firike Till one can do no more

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All The Gods afsist you. Auf. And keepe your Honors fafe.

1. Sen, Farewell. 2.Sm. Farewell.

All. Farewell

Exeunt emper

Enter Volumenta and Utrgilla, mather and wife to Martin ; They for them downs on two lows flools: and four.

Volum. I pray you daughter fing or expresse your felse In a more comfortable fort : If my Sonne were my Hufband, I should freelier reiogce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would fhew most love. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Soone of my womb; when youth with comelinelle pluck'd all gaze hit way; when for a day of Kings correcties, a Mother should not sel him an house from her beholding; I confidering how Honour would become such a person, that It was no betreethen Picture-like to houg by th'wall, if renowne made it not fire, was pleas'd to let him feete danger, where he was like to finde fame : To a cruell Warre I fent him, from whence he return d, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in 10y at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in fuft feeing he had proued himfelte a man.

Vog. But had he died in the Bulineffe Madame, how

then ?

Volum. Then his good report should have beene my Sonne, I therein would have found iffue. Heare me profeffe fincerely, had la dozen fons each in my love alike, and none leffe deere then thine, and my good Martin, 1 had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuoully furfer out of Action.

Emer a Genilewoman.

Gens. Madam, the Lady Veleria is come to visit you. Virg. Bescech you give me leave to retire my lelfe. Volum loderd you hall not:

Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke sufficius downe by th'haire : (As children from a Beare) the Volces (hunning him: Me thinkes I fee him Hampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feate Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Harvest man, that task'd to mowe Or all, or loofe his byre.

Viry. His bloody Brow? Oh lupiter, no blood. Volum Away you Poole; is more becomes a man, Then gilt bis Trophe. The brefts of Hocuba When the did fuckle Heller, look'd not lovelier Then Hellors forhead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian (word. Contenume, tell Valeria We are he to bid her welcome. Exis Gons.

Va. Heavens bleffe my Lord from fell Auffaus.

Vol. Hee'l best Auffidies head below his knee,

And creade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Viber, and a Gentleworsen. Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol Sweet Madam.

Vir. 1 am glad to fee your Lady hip.

Val. How do you both ? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you fowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

I thanke your Lady-ship : Well good Madam. Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum,

then looke upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. . A my word the Fathers Sonne : Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wentday halfe an houre together : ha's fuch a confirm'd countenance. I law him run efter a gilded Butter Ry, & when he caught it he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catchi it again or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how twas, hee did to fee his seeth, and seare in Oh, I warrant how he mammoch

Val. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Vng. A Cracke Madam.
Val. Come, lay alide your flitchery, I must have you play the idle Hulwife with me this efternoone

Virg. No (good Madam) I will not out of doores VN. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall the shall

Vog. Indeed no, by your patience; He not over the threshold, all my Lord returns from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your felle most vareasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that her in.

Vorg. I will wish liet ipeedy frength, and visite her with my prayers . but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I proy you.
Why. Tir not to laut labour, nor that I want love.

Vlag. Tis not to faue labour, nor that I want love. Vai. You would be another Penelope: yet they fay, all the yearne the foun in Vifes ablence, did but fill Aibre full of Mothes Coine, I would your Cambrick were ferhble as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitte. Come you shall go with va.

Vo. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not

foorth.

U.d. In truth la go with me, and le tell you exerilent newer of your Husband.

rng. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Unl. Verily I do not selt with your there came newes from him last night

Urr. Indeed Madam.

Val. In carnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is the Volcies have an Army forth, against who Cominus the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and Titus Larins, are fer down before their Citie Cambes, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and fo I pray go with vs.

Fire. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you

in every thing heeresfier.

Vol. Let her sone Ladie, as the is now: She will but disease our berter mirth.

Valoria. In eroth I thinke the would : Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie. Prythee Virgilia turne thy folemnesse out a doors, And go along with vs.

Porch No At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,

I wish you much mirth. Val. Well, then farewell.

Exern Ladies

Enter Alartin, Titru Larres, with Drumme and Colours, with Capicones and Souldiers, as before the Cary Corielia: 10 them a Mellenger.

Mariku. Yonder comes Newes: A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horfe to yours, no.

Mar. Tisdone. Lert. Agreed.

Ma

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy? Meff. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet. Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart. Ile buy him of you. Lar. No, Ile not fel, nor give him: Lead you him I will For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armics?

Moss. Within this mile and halfe. Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours. Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke, That we with smoaking swords may march from hence To belpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corsalus.

Tullus Auffichous, is he within your Walles? I Senat. No, nor a man that feares you leffe then he, That's leffer then a little : Drum a farre off.

Hearke, our Drummes Are bringing forth our youth : Weel breake our Walles Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates, Which yet feeme thut, we have but pin'd with Ruthes, They'le open of themselues. Hatke you, farre off

Alarum farroof.

There is Auffidious. Lift what worke he makes Among'ft your clouen Army. Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders has.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They ferre ve not, but iffue for h their Citie. Naw put your Shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proofe then Shields. Aduance brane Titus,

They do disdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts, which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows He that retires, He take him for a Volce, And he shall seele mine edge.

Alarum the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter Martius Curfing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you, You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd Farther then seene, and one infect another Against the Windea mile : you soules of Geele, That beare the shapes of men, how have you run From Slaves, that Apes would beare; Plute and Hell, All hurs behinde, backes red, and faces pale With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home, Or by the fires of heaven, He leave the Foe, And make my Wattes on you : Looke too't: Come on, If you'l fland fast, wee'l beate them to their Wives, As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is fout in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds, Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them, Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Cati. 1.Sol. Poole-hardinesse, not I.

3. Sol Nor 1.

1. Sol. See they have thut him in. Alarum continues All. To th'pot I warrant him. Enter Tous Lerious Tis. What is become of Marias? All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleffe.

s. Sal. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters a who vpenthe fordaine Claps to their Gates, he is himselfe alone, To answer all the City.

Ler. Oh Noble Fellow! Who fenfibly out-dares his fenceleffe Sword, And when it bowes, frand ft vp : Thou art left Afarius, A Carbuncle intire : as big as thouart Weare not fo rich a lewell. Thou was't a Souldier Even to Calves wish, not herce and terrible

Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and The Thunder-like percussion of thy founds Thou mad'ft thing enemies shake, as if the World Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Ensor Martine bleeding reflected by the Enemy. 1 Sal. Looke Sir.

Ler. O'tis Marsins,

Ler's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter she City.

Enter certains Romanes with froiles. 1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3 Rom A Murrain on't, I cooke this for Silver. exercit. Alarums continues fill a-farre off.

Enter Martins and Titus with a Trumpis Mar. See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones, Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would Bury with those that wore them. These base flaves. Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them. And harke, what noyfe the Generall soakes: To him There is the man of my loules hate, Auffidious Piercing our Romanes : Then Valiant Titus take Commenient Numbers to make good the City, Whil'st I with those that have the spirit, wil haste To helpe Cominisu

Lar. Worthy Sirathou bleed'ft, Thy exercise hath bin too violent, For a lecond course of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :

My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well: The blood I drop, is rather Physicall

Then dangerous to me: To Aufidican thus, I will appear Lar. Now the faire Goddeffe Fortune, (and fight. Fall deepe in love with thee, and her great charmes Milguide thy Oppolers (words, Bold Gentleman: Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friendno leffe.

Then those the placeth highest: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthielt Mastins, Go found thy Trumpet in the Market place, Call thither all the Officers 2'th' Towne

Where they shall know our minde. Away. Enter Commun as it were in revire, with foldlers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come Like Romans, neither foolish in our flands, (off, Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs, We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have strooks By Interims and conveying gusts, we have heard The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods, Leade their successes, as we wish our owne, That both our powers, with Imiling Fronts encountring, May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes? Enter a Messenger.

Mell. The Cittizens of Coricles have yfued, And given to Larrius and to Marthu Battaile:

Ifaw

I fave our party to their Trenchet dituen, And then came away.

Com. Though thou fpeakeft truth,

Merhinkes thou speak it not well. How long is't since?

Mes. About an houre, my Lord.

Com. Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.

Com. It is not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes. How could'lt thou in a mile confound an boure,

And bring thy Newes to late?

2006. Sples of the Volces

Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheele Three or foore miles about, else had I fit Halfe an houre lines brought my report.

Enter Mariou.

Com. Whose yonder.
That doe's appeare as he were Flead ?O Gods,
He has the sampe of Martina, and I have
Before time seene him thus.

Mar. Come I toolate?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fro a Taber,
More then I know the found of Marina Tongue
From every meaner man.

Marium. Come I too late?

Com. 1, if you come not in the blood of others,

But mantled in your owne.

In Armes as found, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nupriall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Controver of Warriors, how ist with Tine Lavine?

Mor. As with a man buffed about Decrees:

Condemning fome to death, and fome to exile,

Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other; Holding Corisles in the name of Rome, Eurn like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leasth,

To let him flip at will.

Com, Where is that Slave Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches? Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file. (a plague Tribunes for them)
The Moule ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how preusil'd you?

Ms. Will the time ferue to tell, I do not thinke: Where is the enemy? Are you Lords ath Field?

If not, why ceale you till you are fo?

Com. Martius, we have at difaduantage fought,

And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on & Ede

They have plac'd their men of truft?

Com. As I guelle Marsins, Their Bandsi'th Vaward are the Antients Of their best trust: O're them Auffdiau,

Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do befeech you,

By all the Battailes wherein we have fought,

By th'Blood we have fined together,

By th'Vower we have made

To endure Friends, that you directly fet me

Against Affidious, and his Ametais,

And that you not delay the present (but Filling the aire with Swords aduane'd) and Darrs, We proper this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath, And Balmes applyed to you, yet date I never Deny your asking, take your choice of those That best can sy de your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willings if any such be herre,
(Ash were sinne to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me sinear d, if any seare
Lessen his person, then an ill report.
If any thinke, brane death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Wave thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow Maritus,

They all foot and names bein footd, take him up in then
Armes, and caft up their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a fword of me:
If these showes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is
Able to be are against the great Auffaism
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall be are the businesses in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please your o March,
And soure shall quickly draw our my Command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this often:ation, and you shall
Divide in all, with vs.

Extract

Titus Lattius, baking fet a guard upon Carioles, going wab Drum and Trumpet toward Cominsus, and Cains Mertins, Enters with a Lieutenane, other Souldiours, and a Scout

Let. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I have fet them downe. If I do fend, diffrateh
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serve
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lim. Feste not our care Sir.

Latt. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:

Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. Ext.

Alaram, as in Bastale.

Enter Mertisu and Auffidius at feveral doores.
Mar. He fight with none but therefor I do hate thee
Worle then a Promise-breaker.

Aufid. We hate alike: Not Affricke owner a Serpent I abhorre More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slave, And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye Marious, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within these three houses Tulius
Alone I fought in your Corioles walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seeft me masks, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to thinghess.

Auf. Wer't thou the Heller, That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny, Thou should'st not seepe me heere.

Herre they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Aufs. Marthus fights tulthey be drunen as breathles. Officious and not valuant, you have sham'd me In your condemned Seconds.

Flouris

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enser at one Doore Commisse, with the Romanes: As another Doore Martins, with his Arme in a Scarfs.

Com. If I should tell there o're this thy dayes Worke, Thou't not believe thy deeds: but He report it, Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug, Tth'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the suffic Plebeans, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier.

Yet cam'st thou to a Morfell of this Feast, Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Tiens with bu Power, from the Parfait.

Tites Larties. Oh Generall: Here is the Steed, wee the Capacifon: Hadft thou beheld-

Martius. Pray now, no more ?
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When the do's pray feme, grieues me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have beenc, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath overta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your descruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worse then a Thest,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which so the spire, and rop of prayses vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseach you,
In signs of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Armie heare me.
Marting. I have some Wounds vpon me, and they strarts

To heate themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not:

Well might they sester 'gainst Ingrattude,
And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieved, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,

At your onely choyle,

Martins. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart confent to rake
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand you my common part with those,
That have beheld the doing.

A long flowrift. They all cry, Martine, Martine, cast up their Caps and Launces: Commissions and Lartine standbare,

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophene, Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of salle-fac'd foothing: When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke, Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres: No more I say, for that I have not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foy!'d some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many else have done, You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall, As if I lou'd my little should be dieted In prayses, sawe'st with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs. that give you truly: by your parience,
If gainst your felse you be incens'd, weele put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs., to all the World, That Caire Marine
Westes this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowner to the Campe. I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Carioles, call him,
With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
CMarcus Caira Cariolanas, Beare th'addition Nobly events
Floury, Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes, Marcus Caim Coriolanus.

Martins. 1 will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all timea
To vnder-crest your good Addition,
To th'sairenesse of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repole vs, we will write
To Rome of our fuccesse: you Time Larrius
Must to Cornoles backe, send vs to Rome
The best, 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,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, its yours: what is't?

Mattins. I formetime lay here in Corioles,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then Aussidius was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To give my poore Host freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd: Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should Be free, as is the Winde: deliver him, Time.

Lartine. Martine, his Name.

Martine. By Implier forgot:

I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:

Have we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, tis time
It should be lookt too: come.

Exercise.

A flourish. Cornett. Enter Tulus Auffdrus bloudie, wubt wo cribree Sculdiors.

Aufi. The Towne is ta'ne.

Sould. 'Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.

Aufid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,

Being a Valce, be that I am. Condition?

What good Condition can a Treatic finde

I'th'part that is at mercy! five times, Martius,

I have fought with thee; to often halt thou beat me;

And would'it due (o, I thinke, should we encounter

As

As often as we cate. 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 : He potche at him fome way, Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sel. He's the dwell.

Auf. Bolder, though not lo fubtle: my valors poilon'd, With onely fuff ring staine by him: for him Shall flyeout of it felfe, nor fleepe, nor fanctuary, Being naked, ficke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll, The Prayers of Priells, nor times of Sacrifices Embarquements all of Futy, shall lift vp Their rotten Priviledge, and Custome gainst My hate to Martin. Where I finde him, were it At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, even there Against the hospitable Canon, would I Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie, Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must Be Hoftages for Rome.

Sent. Will not you go?
Auf. 1 am attended at the Cyprus grove. 1 pray you (Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thather How the world goes : that to the pace of it I may spurre on my iourney.

Soul. I shall fir.

Attus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people Sicinus & Bruus

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall have Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not secording to the prayer of the people, for they love not Martins,

Sicin. Nature teaches Beafts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love > Siein. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Martins.

Brw. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare. Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that lives like a Lambe, You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske you.

Both. Well fir.

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in that you ewo have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall. Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Brn. And topping all others in boaffing.

Offen. This is strange now : Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right band File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pridenow, will you not

Both. Well, well fir, well.

Men. Why tis no great matter; for a very little theefe of Occasion, will cob you of a great deale of Patience:

Gluc your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your oleafures (at the leaft) if you take it as a pleafure to you in being for you blame Martin for being preud.

Bru. Wedo it not alone, hr.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elfe your actions would growe wondrous fingle: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your necket, and make but an Interiour furney of your good selues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then fir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vamenting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicia Meneraus, you are knowne well enough too. Men. I am knowne to be a bumorous Parrition, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alay-Ing Tiber in't : Said, to be fomething imperfect in fauouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vppon, to triviall motion: One, that converles more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning, What I think, I ytter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two fuch Weales men as you are (I cannot call you Licerguffer,) if the drinke you give me, touch my Palat aduerly, I make a crooked face at it, I can fay, your Worshippes have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Assein compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that fay you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you fee this in the Map of my Microcolme, follower it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beefome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne wellenough too.

Brw. Come fir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholefome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forsetfeller, and then reiourue the Controverfie of three-pence to a fecond day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee; pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mommers, let vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in toating for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controvershe 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 voderstood to bee a persecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you speake best vito the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a graue, as to fluffe a Botchers Cufhion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee faying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, fince Deucalion, though peraduenture some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conversation would insect my Braine, being the Heardimen of the Beaftly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leane of

Bru. end Scie.

Afide.

Ezter

Emer Volumina Virgilia and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were thee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes fo fast ?

Volum. Honorable Memerica, my Boy Marten appro-

ches: for the love of Juno let's goe

Menen. Ha? Martius comming home?

Volum. I, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe Supiter, and I thanke thee 1 hoo, Martin comming home?

2. Ladirs. Nay, tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Men . I will make my very house recle to night:

A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certzine, there's a Letter for you, I faw't. Menen. A Letter for me ? it gives me an Effate of feuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phylician: The most foueraigne Prescription in Galon, is but Emperick queique; and to this Preservative, of no bettet 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. Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much : brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: Menenue, hee comes the third

time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen, Ha's he disciplin'd Aussidia soundly?
Volum. Tuns Larius writes, they sought together, but

Auffulius got off.

Menso. And twas time for him too, Ile warrant him ther: and he had flay'd by him, I would not have been fo fiddlous'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Watre: he hath in this

action out-done his former deeds doubly. Valer, In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him. Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vogil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw. Mene. True? Ile be sworne they are true : where is hee wounded, God faue your good Worthips? Martius is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be prowd: where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith Shoulder, and ith left Arme 1 there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand for his place: he received in the repulse of Tarqua seuen

hurts ith Body.

Mese. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie hue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gaso was at. Eneroies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpers.

A (bowt, and flourist). Volum. Thele are the Vilhers of Marius : Before him, hee carryes Noyse; And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's peruie Arme doth lye. Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

Transpers found. A Sennet. Enter Cominises the Generall, and Titus Latins : betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herould.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone Marries did fight Within Cotioles Gates 1 where he hath woone, With Fame, a Name to Martine Cains: Thefe in honor followes Marine Caire Carisianes. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound.

All Welcome to Rome, renowned Corlolanus. Corul. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mochet.

Corrol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp: My gentle Martins, worthy Coins And by deed-archieuing Honor newly nam'd, What is it (Coriolanses) must I call thee?

But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious filence, hayle: Would'it thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were, And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mone. Now the Gods Crowne thee. Com. And live you yet? Oh my fweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne. Oh welcome home; and welcome Generall, And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes: I could weepe, and I could laugh, I am light, and heavie; welcome: A Curle begin at very root on's heart, That is not glad to fee thee, You are three, that Rome should dote on a Yet by the faith of men, we have Some old Crab-trees here at home, That will not be grafted to your Rallifb.
Yet welcome Warriors: Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle:

And the faults of fooles, but folly. Com. Euer right,

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer. Herauld. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours? Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head, The good Patricians must be visited, From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings, But with them, change of Honors,

Volum, I have lived, To see inherited my very Wishes, And the Buildings of my Fancie :

Onely there's one thing wanting, Which (I doubt not) but out Rome Will cast vpon thee

Cor. Know, good Mother, I had rather be their fervant in my way, Then Iway with them in theirs.

Com On, to the Capitall. Flourish. Corners. Execut in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brians and Sciences.

Brs. All congues speake of blm, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him. Your practing Nurse Into a rapture less her Baby crie, While the chats him: the Kitchin Malem pinnes Her richest Lockram bout her reechie necke, Clambring the Walls to eye him: Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp. Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd With variable Complexions; all agreeing In earnefineffe to fee him: feld-showne Flamius Doc presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe To winne a vulgar station: our vey!'d Dames Commisthe Warre of Whire and Damaske In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle Of Phabus burning Killes : fuch a poocher, As if that whatfocuer God, who leades him, Were flyly crept into his humane powers, And gave him gracefull posture. Scient On the Suddaine, I warrant him Consult

Seicin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,

Bratus, Then our Office may, during his power, goe

From where he should begin, and end, but will Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutes In that there's comfort. Scies. Doubt not The Commoners, for whom we fland, but they Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget With the least cause, these his new Honors, Which that he will give them, make I as little question,

As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard hiro Sweare, Were he to stand for Consult, never would he Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put The Naples Vesture of Humilitie, Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds Toth People, begge their flinking Breaths

Scien. Tis right. Bruine. It was his word : Oh he would mille it, eather then carry it, But by the futte of the Gentry to him, And the defire of the Nobles.

Seem. I wish no better, then have him hold that purpole, and to put it in execution.

Braces. Tis most like he will.

Sercin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a lure deftraction.

Bruche. So it muft fall out To him, or our Authorities, for an end We must suggest the People, in what harred He still bath held them: that to's power he would Haue made them Mules, filenc'd their Pleaders, And disproperried their Freedomes; holding them, In humane Action, and Capacitie, Of no more Soule, nor fitneffe for the World, I ben Cammels in their Warre, who have their Proused Onely for bearing Burshens, and fore blowes For finking vnder them

Sciein. This (as you lay) luggefted, At fome time, when his foaring Infolence Shall reach the People, which time shall not went, If he be put vpon's, and that's as easie, As to fet Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Scubble: and their Eliza Shall darken him for ever.

Emer a Mellenger .

Bridia. What i the matter? Mef. You are sept for to the Capitoil; Tis thought, that Mount Inall be Confull. I have seene the dumbe men throng to see him, And the blind to heare him speak. Matroni flong Gloves, Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handketchers, Vpoo him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended As to low Statue, and the Commons made A Shower, 211d Thunder, with their Caps, and Showes: I never law the like.

Bruw. Let's to the Capitoll, And carry with vs Esses and Eyes for the time, But Hearts for the event.

School Have with you.

Limi

Enter 100 Officers, to las Cufbions es e mere, us the Capitol.

1. Of Come.come, they are almost here, how many Rand for Contulfhips?

2. Off. Three, they fay: but tis thought of every one, Coriolania will carry it.

1. Off. That's a brave fellow: but hee's vengeance

prowd, and lours not the common people

2. Off. Faith, there haih beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne're loved them; and there be many that they have loved sthey know not wherefore To that if they love they know not why, they have vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for Corrolanne neyther to eare whether they loue, or have him, inanifelts the true knowledge he has in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelefnesse less them plainely fee's,

1. Off. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, hee waved indifferently, twist doing their neyther good nor harme : but hee feckes their hare with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing vndone, that may fully discour him their opposite. Now to sceme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diflikes, to flatter them for

their loue,

2. Off. Hee hath deserved worthily of his Countrey, and his affent is not by fuch easie degrees as chose, who having beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their estimation, and report. but bee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be fileat, and not confesse fo much, were a kinde of ingratefull Injurier to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving it felfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

t. Off No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Senner. Emeribe Pairierans, and the Tribunos of the People, Litters before them: Corrolanus, Menc. aims, Commune the Conful: Secretus and Brians take their places by themselves Corus Lanna Rands

Menes. Having determin'd of the Volces, And to lend to: Titus Latins it remaines, As the maine Point of this our after-meeting, To gratifie his Noble feruice, that hath
Thus flood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to defire
The present Consult, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By Marsins Cains Coviolanse: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselse.

2. Sen. Speake, good Commiss:
Leave nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our flates defective for requitall,
Then we to firetch it out. Mafters a'ch' People,
We doe request your kindest eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Seism. We are convented vpon a pleafing Treatie, and have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame

of our Assembly.

Briting. Which the rather wee shall be bless to doe, if he temestiber a kinder value of the People, then be bath hereto prized them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been filent; Please you to heare Commiss speake?

Brains Most willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you give it.

Minen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie Commune speake.

Coriolanus refer, and offers to goe away. Nay, keepe yout place.

Sonat. Six Coriolanus: neuer shame to heare What you have Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon: I had rather have my Wounds to heale againe,

Then heare fay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Corrol. No Sir: yet oft, When blowes have made me stay, I fled from words. You footh'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,

House them as they weigh-

Monen. Pray now fit downe.

Corio. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were strucke, then idly fit
To heate my Nothings monster d.

Exit Coriolanus

Menen. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can be slatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,

Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Comminus. Com. Ishall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolansas Should not be vecer'd feebly: it is held, That Valour is the chiefest Vertue, And most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speake of, cannot in the World Be fingly counter-poys'd. At fixteene yeeres, When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator, Whom with all prayle I point at, faw him fight, When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Consuls view Slew three Opposers: Tarquini selse he met, And ftrucke him on his Knee : in that dayes feates, When he might act the Woman in the Scene, He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea, And in the brunt of feuenteene Battailes fince, He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last, Before, and in Corioles, let me fay I cannot speake him home : he stopt the flyers, And by his rare example made the Coward Turne terror into sport ; as Weeds before A Vessell under sayle, so men obey'd. And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe, Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot. He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted With shunlesse deftinie : aydelesse came off, And with a fudden re-inforcement strucke Carioles like a Planet: now all's his, When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce His readic sence: then firaight his doubled spirit Requiekned what in flesh was fatigate. And to the Battaile came he, where he did Runne recking o're the lives of men, as if 'twere A perpetuall spoyle; and till we call'd Both Field and Citie ours, he never flood To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen Worthy man.

Seast He cannot but with measure fit the Honors which we desire him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he courts lesse
Then Miscrie it selse would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee stight Noble, let him be call'd for. Senat. Call Corrolanus.

Off He doth appeare.

Enter Corsolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Corsolamu, are well pleas'd to make thee Confull

Corso. I doe owe them fall my Life, and Services.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People.

Corio. I doe befeech you, Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat thero Fot my Wounds sake, to give their sufferage: Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scien. Sir, the People must have their Voyces, Neyther will they bate one jot of Ceremonic.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting, And might well be taken from the People.

Brutsu, Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I should hide, As If I had received them for the hyre Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not stand upon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to out Noble Consult
Wish we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senas. To

Schat. To Coriolanus come all 104 and Honor. Flourish Cornell.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinew and Britis. Bru. You fee how be intends to vie the people. Sciein. May they percelus's intent: he wil require them As If he did contemne what harequefted, Should be in them to give.

Bru, Come, wee'l informe them Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place, I know they do strend vs.

Enter feuen or oight Chines.

T.Cit. Once if he do require our voyeer, wee ou ghe not to deny him.

2. Cit. We may Sirif we will.

3.Cit. We have power in our felues to do it, but lt is a power that we have no power to do t For, if hee thew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he rel vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monfrous, and for the multitude to beingratefull, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring out selves to be monstrous members.

1.Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will setue: for once we stood vp about the Corne, he himselfe flucke not to call vs the many-headed Multi-

tude.

3. Cir. We have beene call'd fo of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are fo diverfly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iffue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaft, West, North, South, and their confent of one direct way, should be at once so all the points a'th Compaffe.

2. Cu. Thinke you fo? Which way do you judge my

wit would flye.

3.Cit. Nay your wit will not & foone out as another mans will, 'iis ftrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke head : but ifit were at liberty, 't would fure Southward.

2 Cut. Why that way?

3 Cir. To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience lake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 Cit. You are neuer without your trickes, you may,

you may.

3 Cir. Are you all resolu'd to give your voyces? But that's no marter, the greater part carries it, I fay. If hee would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Ceriolanus in a gowne of Humilay, wish Menening.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaulour: we are not to flay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein everie one of vs ha's a fingle Honor, in gluing him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore followine, and lie direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: have you not knowne The worthieft men have done't?

Corio. What must 1 (ay, I pray Sir? Plague vpon't, I cannot bring My toughe to fuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countries Seruice, when Some certaine of your Brethren roat'd, and ranne

From th'noise of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, You must delice them to thinke your you.

Corrol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,

I would they would forget me, like the Vertues

Which our Divines lofe by em.

Men. You'l marre all, lle leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you In wholfome manner.

Emersbree of the Citizans.

Corlo. Bld them wash their Faces, And keepe their teeth cleane . So, heere comes a brace, You know the coafe (Sir) of my standing heere.

3 Cir. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Carro, Mine owne defert. 2 Cit. Your owne defert.

Corso. 1, but mine owne defire

3 Ca. How not your owne defire?

Corw. No Sir, twas never my define yet to trouble the poore with begging

3 Cit. You must thinke if we give you any thing, we

hope to gaine by you.

Cons. Well then I pray, your price a th' Confulling a Cat. The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corso. Kindly fir, I przy let me ha'r : I haue wounds to thew you, which first bee yours in private your good voice Sit, what lay you?

2 Ch. You hall ha's worthy Sir.

Come A match Sir, there's in all two worthis voyces begg'd : I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 Car. But this is something odde.

3 Cu. And twere to give againe i but 'tis no matter Exmuns. Enter two octor Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may frand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Confull, I have heere the Customarie Gowne.

t. You have deferued Nobly of your Country, and you have not deferved Nobly.

Corrol. Your Ænigma.

s You have bin a leourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to ber Friends, you have not indeede loved the

Common people.

Cornel You should account mee the more Vertuous that I have not bin common in my Loue, I will fie flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, tis a condition they account gentle: & fince the wisedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the infinusting nod, and be off to them most counterfeely, that is fir, I will counterfer the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifull to the defirers. Therefore befeech you, I may be Confull.

2. Wee hope to finde you out friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. You have receyved many wounds for your Coun-

Cornel. I wil not Scale your knowledge with thewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and to trouble you no farther.

Bob. The Gods give you toy Sie heartily.

Corial. Molliweer Voyces: Better it is to dye, better to fletue, Then craue the higher, which first we do deferue. Why in this Wooluish coague should I fland heere, To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Than

Their needleffe Vouches : Custome calls me too't What Cuftome wills in all things, should we doo't? The Dust on antique Time would lye valwept, And meuntainous Error be too highly heapt, For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it fo, Let the high Office and the Honor go To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through, The one part fuffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens mare,

Here come moe Voyces. Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought, Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare Of Wounds, two dozen odde : Battailes thrice fix I have feene, and heard of: for your Voyces, Have done many things, some leffe, some more : Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Confull.

z.Cir. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without

any honest mans Voyce.

2.Ci. Therefore let him be Confull : the Gods give him toy, and make him good friend to the People. All. Amen, Amen. God faue thee, Noble Confull-Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Meneuitus, wit's Brown and Scientists.

Mins. You have flood your Limitation: And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce, Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes innefted, You anon doe meet the Senate.

Cario. Isthis done !

Scient. The Cultome of Requelt you have discharg'd: The People doe admit you and are fummon'd

To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house? Scient. There, Covidantes

Corto. May I change thele Garments?

Stiein. You may, Sir.

Con. That He straight do: and knowing my felfe again, Repayre toth Senate-house.

Mine. He keepe you company, Will you along?

Brut. We fray here for the People. Scicin. Fare you well. Exeunt Coriol, and Mens. He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,

'Tis warme at's heart

Brus. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds i Will you dismiffe the People?

Enter the Plebeimes.

Seici How now, my Masters, have you chose this man? r.Cir. He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deferue your loues.

2.Cir. Amen, Sinto my poore viworthy notice,

He niock'd ve, when he begg'd our Voyces.
3. Cit. Certainely, he flowted vs downe-right. I.Cis. No, tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2.Cu. Not one amongst vs, save your selfe, but sayes He vs'd vs (cornefully: he should have shew'd vs

His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Scicis. Why To he did I em fure. All. No,no: no man faw 'em.

Cis. Hee faid hee had Wounds, Which he could fnew in priuzte: And with his Hat, thus waning it in fcome, I would be Confull, sayes he : aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so petrait me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you Your most (weet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces, I have no further with you. Was northis macketie?

Sciein. Why eyther were you ignorant to fee't? Or feeing it, of fuch Childish friendlinelle,

To yeeld your Voyces?

Brss. Could you not have told him, As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power. But was a pettie feruant to the State, He was your Enemie, euer fpake againft Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare. I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriving A place of Potencie, and Iway o'th' State, If he should still malignantly remaine Fast Foe toth' Pleben, your Voyces might Be Curses to your selves. You should have said, That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leffe Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces, And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue, Standing your friendly Lord.

Scien. Thus to have faid, As you were fore-aduis'd, had couche his Spirit, And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might As cause had call'd you vp, have held him to; Or elfe it would have gall'd his furly nature, Which easily endures not Article, Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage, You should have ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,

And pals'd him vnelected. Brut. Did you perceine, He did follicite you in free Contempt,

When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke, ' That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you, When he hath power to crush Why, had your Bodyes No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry Against the Rectorship of Judgement?

Sciem. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker: And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,

Beftow your fu'd-for Tongues?

3.Car. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yez. 2.Cir. And will deny him :

Ile have five hundred Voyces of that found. z.Cir. I twice fine hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em. Brut. Get you hence inffently, and tell those friends, They have chose a Confull, that will from them take Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,

As therefore kept to doe fo.

Sowi. Let them affemblesand on a fafer Indgement, All renoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride, And his old Hate vnto you: belides, forger noc With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed, How in his Suit he fcorn'd you: but your Loues, Thinking vpon his Services, tooke from you Th'apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, vograuely, he did fashion After the inucterate Hate he beares you.

Bret. Lay a fault on ve your Tribunes, That we labour'd (no impediment betweene) But that you must cast your Election on him. Scieri. Say you chose him, more after our commandment, Then as guided by your owne true effections, and that Yout Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rether must do, Then what you should, made you against the grains

To Voyce him Confull, Lay the fault on vs. bb

Brut. I.

Bruk I, Spare va not : Say, we read Lectures to you, How youngly he began to ferue his Countrey, How long continued, and what flock he fprings of, The Noble House o'th' Olerstans: from whence came That Ancus Martine, Numaes Daughters Sonne. Who after great Hoff die here was King, Of the fame House Publiss and Quimes were, That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither, And Nobly nam'd, fo twice being Cenfor, Washis great Ancestor.

Selein. One thus descended, That hath beside well in his person wrought, To be fet high in place, we did commend To your remembrances: but you have found, Skaling his present bearing with his past, That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke Your suddaine approbation.

Brus. Say you ne'te bad don't, (Harpe on that Rill) but by our putting on: And presently, when you have drawne your number, Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election. Exeunt Pleberans.

Brut. Let them goeon: This Mutinie were better put in hazard, Then flay past doubt, for greater: If, as his nature is, he fall in rage With their refulall, both obsetue and answer The vantage of his anger.

Sciein. Toth' Capitall, come:

We will be there before the streame o'th' People: And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne, Which we have goaded on-ward.

Adus Tertius.

Cornet: Enter Corsolonous, Menenous, all the Centry, Commus, Tim Larius, and other Senators. Coris. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.

Lessus. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd Our swifter Composition.

Corse. So then the Volces fland but as at fiff, Readie when time shall prompt them, to make toade Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Confull) fo. That we shall hardly in our ages fee Their Banners wave againe.

Corw. Saw you Auffdins?
Latius. On lalegard he came to me, and did curle Against the Volces, for they had so vildly Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me? Lasas. Hedid, my Lord. Corro. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: That of all things upon the Earth, he hated

Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes

To hopeleffe restitution, so he might Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corro. At Antium lives he? Laims. At Antium.

Corso. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there, To oppose his hatted fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scienius and Brutus. Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despile them: For they doe pranke them in Authoritie, Against all Noble sufferance.

Scient. Palle no further. Cor. Hah? what is that?

Arms. It will be dangerous to goe on- No further.

Corso. What makes this change? Mine. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Commiss,00

Corso. Have I had Childrens Voyces?

Senar. Tribunes give way , he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him. Sciena. Stop, ot all will fall in broyle.

Corno. Are these your Heard?

Must these have Voyces, that can yeeld them now, And straight disclaim their toungs what are your Offices? You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth? Haue you not fet them on?

Mone. Be calme, be calme.

Cario. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot, To curbe the will of the Nobilitie: Suffer's, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't Dot a Plot:

The People cry you mocks them : and of late, When Corne was given them grais, you sepin'd, Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes ro Noblenesse.

Corn. Why this was knowne before.

Brus. Not to them all

Corio. Haue you inform'd them fithence?

Bruz. How? I informe them ?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not valike each way to better yours. Corn. Why then should I be Confull? by youd Clouds

Let me deferoe fo ill as you, and make me Your fellow Tribune.

Screw. You show too much of that, For which the People stirre: if you will passe To where you are bound, you must enquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler fpirit, Or neuer be lo Noble as a Confull, Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mens. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: fer on this paltring Becomes not Rome: nor ba's Corrolams Deferu'd this fo dishonor'd Rub, layd fallely I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corro. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,

And I will speak't againe.

Mew. Not now, bot now Senar. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cerro. Now as I live, I will. My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons: For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie, Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter, And therein behold themselves: I say againe, In foothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senzee The Cockle of Rebellion, Infolence, Sedition, Which we our selves have plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd,

By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number, Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that Which they have given to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beleech you. Corie. How? no more:

As for my Country, I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force : So shall my Lungs Coine words till their decay, against those Meszels Which wedisdaine should Tetter vs, yet sought

The very way to catch them

Brik You speaks a thip people, as if you were a God,

To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't Mene. What, what? His Choller

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight fleep.

By love, 'twould be my minde

Sacre. It is a minde that shall remain a poilon Where it is: not poylon any further.

Corro. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Triton of the Munnowes ? Marke you His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but most enwise Patricians. why You grave, but wreaklesse Senators, have you thus Gwen Hidra heere to choose an Officer, That with his peremptory Shall, being but The botne, and noile o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit To fay, heel turne your Current in a dirch, And make your Channell his ? If he have power, Then vale your Ignorance : If none, awake Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd, Benot as common Fooles; if you are noc, Let them have Cushions by you. You are Pleberans, If they be Senators, and they are no leffe, When both your voices blended, the great it rafte Most pallaces theirs. They choosetheir Magistrace, And such a one as he, who puts his Shall, His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench Then ever frown'd in Greece. By love himfelfe, It makes the Confuls bafe; and my Soule akes To know, when two Authorities are vp Neuher Supreame : How soone Confusion May enter twist the gap of Both, and take The one by th'other.

Com Well, on to'th'Market place.

Corn. Who ever gave that Counfell, to give forth The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Car. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre I say they norish t disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Bru, Why shall the people give One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corno. He give my Resions, More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne Was not our recompence refting well affor'd They ne're did feruice for't, being prest to'th'Warre, Even when the Navell of the State was touch'd, They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th Warre, There Mucinies and Revolts, wherein they show'd Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusetion Which they have ofcen made against the Senote, All cause vnborne, could never be the Natlue Of our fo franke Donation Well, what then? How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest The Seaster Courtelie? Let deeds expresse What's like to be their words, We did request it, We are the greater pole, and in true feare They gave vs our demands. Thus we debale The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time Breakoope the Lockes a'th Senare, and bring in The Crowes to pecke the Esgles.

Mene. Come enough

Bra. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Divine and Humane, Seale what I end withall. This double worship, Whereon part do's dildaine with caule, the other Infult without all reason - where Gentry , Title, wisedom Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no Of generall Ignorance, it must omit Real Necessities, and give way the while To unstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes, Nothing is done to purpole. Therefore befeech you, You that will be leffe featefull, then discreet. That love the Fundamentall part of State More then you doubt the change on'r. That preferte A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish, To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Phylicke. That's fore of death without it . at once plucke out The Mulittudinous Tongoe, let them ootlicke The sweet which is their poylon. Your dishonor Mangles true judgement, and beceaues the State Of that Integrity which should becom't : Not having the power to do the good it would For th'ill which doth controul't.

Bru. Has laid enough.

Siein. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answet As Traitors do.

Corn. Thou wretch, despight ore whelme thee: What should the people do with these bald Tribunes? On whom depending, their obedience failes To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion. When what's not meer, but what mult be, was Law, Then were they chosen : in a better houre. Les what is meet, be saide it must be meet, And throw their power i'th'dull.

Brw. Manifelt Tresion. Sum. This & Confull? No.

Ener an Adele.

Bra. The Ediles hoe : Let him be apprehended Siein. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator: A Foe to'th publike Weale. Obey I charge thee, And follow to thine answer

Corno. Hence old Goar

All Wee'l Surety him

Com. Ag'd fir, hands off.

Cores. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones Out of thy Garments.

Sicsa. Helpeye Cicizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebesans with the Adiles.

Mere. On both sides more respect.

Siene. Heere's hee, that would cake from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him Adles.

All. Downe with him, downe with him

a Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all buffle about Corrolanus. Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens what ho:

Sicinim, Brusus, Corcolonius, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, ftay, hold, peace.

More What is about to be? I am out of Breath, Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes To'th'people: Coriolanus, patience. Speak good Sichrins.

Bb 2 Sacin.

Selei. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune : peace, focake, speake, (peake

Scies. You are at point to lose your Liberties : Marine would have all from you; Marine, Whom late you have nam'd for Confell,

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to ouench.

Sena. To vobuild the Citic, and to Lay all flat Solet. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie

Brut. By the confent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

AL You so remaine.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat, To bring the Roofe to the Foundation, And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Seics. This deferues Death.

Brut. Or let va frand to our Authoritie, O: let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce, Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power We were elected theirs, Martins is worthy Of prefent Death.

Schei. Therefore lay hold of him:

Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Brus. Rediles leize him. All Ple. Yeeld Martin, yeeld.

Afene. Heare me one word, beleech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you feeme, truly your Countries ferend, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redreffe.

Brur. Sir, those cold wayes, That feeme like prudent helpes, are very poyfonous, Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands voon him. And beare him to the Rock. Corso. drawes bu Sward.

Corio. No, lle die here: There's some among you have beheld me fighting,

Come trie vpon your selves, what you have seene me. Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw

a while. Brut. Lay hands upon him.

Mene. Helpe Martins, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old

All. Downe with him, downe with him. Exeast. In this Misturie, the Tribunes, the Edder, and the People are beat m.

Mene. Goe, get you to out Houset be gone, away, All will be naught elfe.

2. Sena. Ger 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 House,

Leaue vs to eure this Caule.

Mene. For tisa Sore vpon vs, You cannot Tent your felfe: be gone, befeech you.

Corie. Come Sir, along with vs. Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are, Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,

Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll : Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue, One time will owe another.

Coris. On faire ground, I could best forcie of them. Mere. I could my felfe take up a Erace o'th' best of

them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com, But now 'tis addes beyond Arithmetick, And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands Agamst a falling Fabrick. Will you hence, Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beate What they are void to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone: The trie whether my old Wit be in request With those that have but little: this must be petche With Cloth of any Colour.

Como. Nay, come away.

Exernet Coriotopo es

Patri. This man ha's mart'd his fortune, Mene. His nature is too noble for the World: He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident, Or low, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth: What his Breft forges, that his Tongue must vent, And being angry, does forget that ever He heard the Name of Death. A Noise michael Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed. More. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em frice ! Enter Bruten and Securis with the tabble againe.

Siem. Where is this Viper,

That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Siem. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands : he hath telifted Law And therefore Law shall scorne him surther Triall Then the fenerity of the publike Power, Which he so fees at naught.

I Cir. He shall wellknow the Noble Tribures me The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall fure ont.

Mene. Sir,fir. SKID. Peace.

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunz Withmodest warrant.

Suin. Sir, how com'ft that you have holpe To make this rescue ?

Men. Heere me speake? As I do know

The Confuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Some Confull? what Confull? Mene, The Confull Corplanes.

Brw. He Confull.

Ad. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If hy the Tribunes leave,

And yours good people, I may be heard, I would craus a word or evo, The which shall turne you to no further harme,

Then fo much loffe of time. Sic. Speake breefely then For we are peremptory to dispatch This Viporous Traitor: to electhim hence Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,

He dyes to night. Menen. Now the good Gods forbid, That our renowned Rome, whole gratitude

Towards her defermed Children, is enroll'd In Joues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam Should now eate up her owne.

Sicon

siem. He's a Difeafe that mult be cut away Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that he's but a Difeafe Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, exfic. What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death? Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loft (Which I dare youch, is more then that he hath By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country: And what is left, to loofe it by his Countrey, Were to vs all that doo't, and fuffer it A beand to th'end a'th World. Sicia. This is cleane kamme.
Brat. Meetely awry:

When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him. Menen, The feruice of the foote

Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was.

Bru. Wee'l begre no more:

Perfue him to his house, and plucke him thence, Leasthis infection being of carching nature,

Spred further.

Menen. One word more, one word: This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find The harme of vnskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late) Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe, Least parties (as he is below'd) breake out, And facke great Rome with Romanes.

Bria. If it were fo? Sicin. What do yetalke!

Haue we not had a tafte of his Obedience? Out Ediles smot: our selves resisted : come.

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill school'd In boulted Language: Mesle and Bran together He throwes without distinction. Give meleaue, He go to him, and andertake to bring him in peace, Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme (In peace) to his vemost perill.

1 Sow. Noble Tribunes, It is the humane way : the other course Will prove to bloody : and the end of it, Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sis. Noble Mensum, be you then as the peoples officer: Mafters, lay downe your Weapons.

Brus Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: weel attend you there: Where if you bring not Martim, wee'l proceede In our first way.

Mener. He bring him to you. Let me defire your company : he must come, Or what is worst will follow.

Exempt Owner. Sena. Pray you let's to bim. Enter Coriclenne with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horles heeles, Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke, That the precipitation might downe fretch Below the beame of fight; yet will I full Bethus to them.

Enter Voluminia.

Noble. You do the Nobler. Corio. I mule my Mother Do's not approue me further, who was wont To call them Wollen Vallailes, things created To buy and fell with Groats, to thew bare heads In Congregations, to yawne, be fill, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance flood vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you, Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me Palfe to my Nature ? Rather fay, I play The man I am.

Volum. Oh fir, fir, fir,

I would have had you put your power well on Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.

Fol. Yournight have beene enough the man you are, With Briding leffe to be fo: Leffer had bin The things of your dispositions, if You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corso, Let them hang. Value. I, and burne too.

Enter Mevenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, famithing too rough : you must returne, and mend it.

There's no temedy Valeffe by not fo doing, our good Citie

Cleave in the midd'ft, and perifh. Valum. Pray be countail'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a braine, that leades my vie of Anger To better vantage

Mone. Well faid, Noble woman : Before he should thus stoope to the heart, but that The violent fit a'th'time craues it as Phyficke For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on, Which I can scarsely beare.

Corio. What must I do? Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then? Meue. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods, Must I then doo't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute, Though therein you can never be too Noble, But when extremities speake. I have heard you say, Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends, I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th'other loole,

That they combine not there? Corio. Tush, tush.

Mere. A good demand.

Volume. If it be Honor in your Warres, to feetne The fame you are not, which for your best ends You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse That it shall hold Companionship in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; fince that to both It stands in like request.

Corlo. Why force you this?

Volum. Because, that Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people: Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter Which your heart prompts you, but with fuch words That are but roated in your Tongue; Though but Baffards, and Syllables Of no allowance, to your bolomes truth. Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words, Which elfe would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood. I would diffemble with my Nature, where My Fortunes and my Friends at flake, requir'd

Ishould do so in Honor, I am in this

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobies, And you, will eather shew our generall Lowis, How you can frowne, then spend, a fawne upon "em, For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady.

Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so, Not what is dange fous present, but the losse

Of what is paft.

Oolum. I pry the now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnes in thy hand,
And thus farre having fleetche it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buffing the flones for in fisch bufineffe
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of this phorant
More learned then the eares, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy flout 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,
Hast not the fost way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vie, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so fatre,
As thou hast power and person.

Menta This but done, Euen as the speakes, why their hearts were yours: For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,

As words to little purpole.

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadd rather
Follow thine Enemie to a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower.

Here is Cominius.

Com I have beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit You make strong partie, or desend your selfe By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke twill serve, if he can thereto frame his

Spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:

Prythee now (sy you will, and goe about it.

Corro. Must I goe shew them my vnbath'd Sconee?

Must I withmy base Tongue give to my Noble Heatt
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't.
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of Marina, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. 1 prythee now (weet Son, as thou hast faid
My praifes made thee first a Souldier; so
To have my praife for this, performe a part

Thou haft not done before

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesses
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies Iull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tentin my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teates take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hathregein'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least surcease to honor mine owne stuch,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde A most inherent Balenesse.

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 fesre

Thy dangetous Stoutneffe: for I mocke at death

With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou lift,

Thy Valiantneffe was mine, thou fack if it from mer

But owe thy Pride thy felfe.

Corres. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place
Chide meno more. He Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Heatts from them, and come home beloud
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, He returne Confull,
Or neuer trush to what my Tongue can do

I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you arm your felf
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are upon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let us go,

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go, Let them accuse me by invention -1 Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildely.

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. Exeunt

Enser Sicmum and Brunm.

Brn. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he evade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Annats
Was ne're distributed What, will he come?

Edile. Hee's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old Menenium, and those Senators

That alwayes fauour'd him.

Siein. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, fet downe by th
Edile. I have: 'iss teady. (Pole?
Seein. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I have.

Sicin. Affemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for sine, or Banishment, then let them
I'll say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Institute on the olde prerogative
And power i'th Trush a'th Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry, Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd Inforce the present Execution Of what we chance to Sentence

Edi. Very well.

Siein. Make them be strong, and ready for this hine. When we shall hap to giu't them.

Bru. Go about it,

Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Cortolanus, Menenius, and Cominim, with others.

Sicin. Well, beere he comes. Mene. Calmely, I do befeech you.

Corio. I, as an Hoffler, that fourth poorest peece Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume :

Th'honor'd Goddes

Keepe Rome in lafety, and the Chaites of Justice Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs Through our large Temples with & thewes of peace And not our ftreets with Watte.

I Sen. Amen, Amen Mone. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebesans.

Siein. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I fay.

Corio. First heare me speake. Both Tri. Well, fay : Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this prefent?

Must all determine heere?

Sicin. 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 vpon you

Corre. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content. The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue

Laughter onely.
Mene. Consider further:

That when he speakes not like a Citizen, You finde him like a Soldier : do not take His rougher A tions for malicious founds: But as I lay, such as become a Soldier,

Rather then enuy you,

Com. Well, well, no more Corso. What is the matter, That being past for Confull with full voyce 1 I am fo dihonour'd, that the very house

You take it off againc. Sicin. Answer to vs.

Corso. Say then: 'tis true, I ought fo

Sicin. We charge you, that you have contriu'd to take From Rome all feafon'd Office, and to winde Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,

For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traytor? Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corso. 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 clutcht: as many Millions in Thy lying rongue, both numbers. I would fay Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,

As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to th'Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge: What you have seene him do, and heard him speake :

Beating your Officers, curling your felues, Oppoling Lawes with stroakes, and heere delying Those whose great power must try him. Even this fo criminall, and in such capitall kinde Deserues th'extreamest death.

Bru, But since he hath seru'd well for Rome,

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Brus. I talke of that, that know it

Corio. You?

Mone, Is this the promise that you made your mother, Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. He know no further :

Let them pronounce the Reepe Tarpeian death, Vagabond exile, Fleaing, 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 give, To haue't with faying, Good morrow.

Sicin. For that he ha's (As much as in him lies) from time to time Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes To plucke away their power: as now at last, Given Hostile frokes, and that not in the presence Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people, And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee (Eu'n from this inftant) banish him our Citie In perill of precipitation

From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name, I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: lethim away: Hec's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

Sicin. He's fentenc'd: No more hearing. Com. Let me speake :

I have bene Confull, and can shew from Rome Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue My Countries good, with a respect more tender, More holy, and profound, then mine owne life, My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrease, And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would Speake that.

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what? Bru. There's no more to be faid, but he is banish'd As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.

It shall bee so,

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You commoncry of Curs, whose breath I hate, As recke a'th rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize, As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men, That do corrupt my Ayre : I banish you, And heere remaine with your vacettaintie. Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts: Your Enemies with nodding of their Plumes Fan you into dispaire: Have the power still To banish your Defenders, till at length Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles, Making but referuation of your felues, Still your owne Foes) deliver you As most abated Captines, to some Nation That wonne you without blowes, despising For you the City. Thus I turne my backe; There is a world elsewhere.

Exeuns Corsolanus, Comminus, with Cumalys. They all shour, and throw up their Caps.

Edile

Edik. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone. All. Our enemy to banish'd, he is gone: Hoo,00. Sirin. Go fee him out at Gates, and follow him As he bath follow'd you, with all despight Giuehim deseru'd vexation. Let a guard Attend vs through the City.

All Come, come, lets fee him out at gates, comes The Gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. Exerni.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus Volumnia, Virgilia, Merenius, Cominius, with the jong Nobility of Rome.

Corto. Come leaue your ceares: a brieffarwel: the beaft With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother, Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd To fay, Extreamities was the trier of spirits, That common chances. Common men could beare, That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes, When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me With Precepts that would make inuincible The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens! Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,

And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what : I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, Refume that Spirit, when you were wont to fay, If you had beene the Wife of Hercules, Six of his Labours youl'd have done, and fau'd Your Husband formuch fwer. Coministe, Droopenot, Adieu: Fatewell my Wife, my Mother, lle do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius, Thy teares are falter then a yonger mans, And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall, I have seene the Sterne, and thou halt oft beheld Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women, Tis fond to waile incutable strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em My Mother, you wot well My hazards still have beene your solace, and Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then frene : your Sonne Will or exceed the Common, or be caught With cautelous batts and practice.

Volum. My firA fonne, Whether will thou go? Take good Committee With thee awhile: Determine on some course More then a wilde exposture, to each chance

That flart's i'th' way before thec.

Corio. Othe Gods! Com. He follow thee a Moneth, deuile with thee Where thou Inalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs. And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send O're the vast world, to seeke a single man, And loofe advantage, which corh ever cools Ith'absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well :

Thou hast yeares upon thee, and thou are too full

Of the warres furfets, to go roue with one That's yet vabruis'd : bring me but out at gate. Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother and My Friends of Noble touch : when I am forth, Bidme facewell, and smile. I pray you come : While I remaine about the ground, you shall Heare from me flill, and never of me ought But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe, If I could shake off but one seven yeeres From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods I'ld with thee, eucry foot.

Corso. Give me thy hand, come. Enter the 1000 Trouver, Secrims and Brusns,

wub ibe Edde.

Sum, Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we have thewne our power, Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,

Then when it was a dooing.

Siein Bid them home: fay their great enemy is gone

And they, stand in their ancient strength,

Brut. Dismisse them home. Here comes his Mother

Enter Volmansa Vergilia and Menemica Sicin. Let's not meet ber. Brut Why?

SEM. They say she's mad.

Brut. They have tane note of vs:keepe on your way

Volum. Oh y'are well met :

Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your love. Menen. Peace, peace be not foloud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Vng. You shall stay too . I would I had the power

To lay foromy Husband.

Siern. Are you mankinde? Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foode, Was not a man my Father? Had'ft thou Foxship To banish him that Brooke more blowes for Rome Then thou half spoken words,

Sicm. Oh bleffed Heavens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then ener & wife words. And for Romes good, He tell thee what : yet goe: Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him, His good Sword in his hand

Sum. What then?

Virg. What then? Heeld make an end of thy posterity Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome !

Menen. Come, come, peace. Sicia. I would he had continued to his Country

As he began, and not voknit himfelfe The Noble knot he made.

Bra. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? Twas you incensit the rable. Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth, As I can of those Myfreries which heauen Will not have earth to know.

Brus. Praylet's go.

Volum. Now pray fit get you gone. You have done a brave deede : Ere you go, heare this : As farre as doth the Capicoll exceede The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband beere; this (do you fee) Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brs. Well, well, wee'l leave you. Sison. Why flay we to be baited

Exit Triberies. With one that wants her Wits.

Volum. Take my Prayers with you. I would the Gods had nothing elfe to do, But to confirme my Curffes. Could I meete 'cm But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart Of what lyes heavy too't.

Mene. You have told them home.

And by my troth you have cause : you'l Sup with me. Volum. Angers my Meate : I suppe vpon my selfe, And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come,let's go, Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do, In Anger, Juno-like : Come, come, come.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie. Exu.

Enser a Roman, and a Volco. Rom. I know you well fir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is Adrean.

Volce. It is fo fir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are, against'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. Nicenor: no.

Rem. The fame fir.

Voke. You had more Beard when I last faw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome : I have a Note from the Volcean state to finde you out there. You have well faued met a dayes iourney.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrechions: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and

Nobles.

Val. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not fo, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com

vpon them, in the heate of their division

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a finall thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue fo to heart, the Bapishment of that worthy Coriolania, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I contell you, and is almost mature for che violent breaking out.

Vol. Corrolanus Banisht?

Rm. Banish'd fit.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence NL

Ram. The day ferues well for them now. I have heard it faide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when thee's falme out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullus Auffeding well appeare well in these Warres, his great Oppoler Correlation being now in no request of his coon-

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Bufineffe, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most frange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduerlaries. Haue you an Army ready fay you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rem l'amioyfull to heare of their readineffe.and am the man I thinke, that firall for them in prefent Action. So Gr, beartly well met, and most glad of your Company.

Valce. You take my part from me fis, I have the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go togethet. Enser Corrobanus in mocione Apparrell, Duf-

gussdand muffed.

Corus. A goodly City is this Antium. Citty, Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres Haue I heard grozne, and drop: Then know me not. Least that thy Wives with Spits, and Boyes with stones In puny Battell flay me. Saue you fir.

Enter & Cisizen.

Cit. And you.

Corno. Direct me, if it be your will, where great andfidim lies : Is he in Answord

Cir. He is, and Feafts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, befreeh you?

Cu. This heere before you.

Corw. Thanke you fir, farewell. Exu Citizen Oh World, thy flippery turnes! Frlends now fall fworn, Whole double bolomes feemes to weate one heart, Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise Are fill together: who Twin (35 'twere) in Loue, Vnseparable, shall within this house.

On a diffention of a Doit, breake out To bittereff Enmity: So felleft Foes.

Whole Pallions, and whole Plots have broke their Beep Totake the one the other, by some chance, Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends

And inter-toynetheir yffues. So with me, My Birth-place have 1, and my loues vpon This Enemie Towne: He enter, if he flay me

He does faire luftice: if he give me way, Ile do his Country Service.

Musiche playes. Enter a Servingman.
1 Ser. Wine, Wine: What service is beere? 1

thinke our Fellowes are afleepe. Enter another Serubigman.

3 Ser. Where's Consumy M.cols for him: Colus. Extr Enter Corsolanses,

Corro. A goodly House:

The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Goeth

Enter the first Serumgman. I Ser. What would you have Priend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore?

Corro. I have deseru's no better entertainment, in be-Enter second servant. ing Coridonis.

2 Ser. Whence are you fir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such Companions? Pray get you ou.

Corio. Away.

a Ser. Away? Get you away. Corro. Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave: He have you talk: with anen Enter 3 Serwingman, the 1 mests bisn.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as ever I look'd only I cannot get him out o'th'house : Prythee call my Master to him.

What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid che house.

Corio. Let me but Aand, I will not hurt your Harth. What are you?

Corw. A Gentleman.

3 A maru'llous poors one.

Corio. True, so I son.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up some other fla-

Earl.

tion: Heere's no place for you, pray you awoid: Come Carie. Follow your Function, go, and barren on colde

Pulver bim away from bim. 3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maitter what

a strange Guest he ba's heere. 2 And I fball.

Exti (econd Serving main.

Where dwel'A thon?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Cor10. 1.

3 Where's that?

Corso. I'th City of Kites and Crowes,

3 Ith City of Kites and Crowes? What an Affe it it, then thou dwei'ft with Dawes too?

Corw. No, I serve not thy Master.

How fir? Do you meddle with my Mafter?

Corso. I, tis an honester feruice, then to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou pratist, and pratist, serue with thy trencher : Hence. Beats him away

Emer Auffedim with the Serningman.

And. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here fir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but fot dilturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'A thou? What woldA Y? Thy name? Why speak st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corlo. If Tullm not yet thou know'A me, and feeing me, dost nor thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my felfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corro. , A name vnmulicall to the Volcians eares, And hatfh in found to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name? Thou halt a Grim appaiance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't : Thoughthy Tackles tome, Thou thew'fta Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowl? § me yet?

Anf. I know thee not ? Thy Name? Corio My name is Caise Marine, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Milchiefe: thereto witnesse may My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Service, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, ste requitted: But with that Surname, a good memorie And witacife of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'it beare me, only that name remains. The Cruelty and Enuy of the people, Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who Haue all forlooke me, hath devour'd the reft : And luffer'd me by th'vnyce of Slaves to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity. Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to faue my life : for if I had tear'd death, of all the Men i th' World I would have voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before ther heere: Then if thou haft A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt revenge Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes Of thanie feene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my mifery ferue thy turner So vieit, That my reuengefull Services may prove As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene Of all the ruder Fiends. But if so be,

Thou dar'st not thus, and that to prove more Fortunes

Th'act tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to live moft wearie : and prefent My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice : Which not to cut, would thew thee but a Foole, Since I have ever followed thee with hate. Drawne Tunner of Blood out of thy Countries breft, And cannot live but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee feruice

Auf. On Marine, Marine; Each word thou hast spoke, liath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Finty, If Iupiter. Should from yond clowd speake druine things, And fay 'tis true; I'denot beleeue them more Then thee all-Noble Marine. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke, And fearr'd the Moone with Splinters : heere I cleep The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue, As ever in Ambitious firength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lou'd the Maid I married neuer man Sigh'd truer breath Butthat I feethee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart. Then when I first my wedded Mistris law Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I cell chee, We have a Power on foote, and I had purpole Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne, Or loofe mine Arme for't : Thou hast beate mee out Twelve scueraltimes, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters twist thy selfe and me: We have beene downe ogether in my fleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, filling each others Throat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Marine, Had we no other quarrell elfe to Rome, bur that Thou are thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelve, to fenentic: and powning Ware Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome, Like a buld Flood o're-beare. Oh como go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands Who now are heere, taking their leaves of mee, Who am prepar'd against your Territories, Though not for Rome it felfe.

Corro. You bleffe me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, is thou will have The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take Th'one halfe of my Commission, and see downe As bell thou art experienc'd, fince thou know It Thy Countries firength and weaknesse, thine own waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Orrudely wifit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere deflroy, But come in, Lerme commend thee first, to those that Chall Say yea to thy defires. A thousand velcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemic, Yet Martin that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Enter two of the Serumanuen.

Heere's a ftrange alteration? 2 By my hand, I had thoght to have stroken him with

a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his closthes made a falle report of him.

t What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would fet vp a Top.

3 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had fir, a kinde of tace me thought, I cannot

cen vonto testine it

I He had fo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, He be fworne: He is simply the rarest man Sth'world.

I thinke he is : but a greater foldier then he, You wot one.

2 Whomy Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth fix on him.

Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to fay that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an affault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as live be a condemn'd man,

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, Cains Martins.

1 Why do you fay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not lay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him fay so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to fay the Troth on't before Corioles, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a

2 And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.

But more of thy Newes.

Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, let at vpper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they sland beld before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistels of him, Sanctifies himfelfe with's hand, and turnes up the white o'th'eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he layes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'cares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leave his passage poul'd.

And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

Doo't? he will doo't: for look you fir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends fir as It were, durst not (looke you fir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilest he's in Directitude.

t Directitude? What's that ?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will our of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward:

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strooke up 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 stirring World againe : This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

t Let me haue Warre fay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do s night t It's fprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children, then warres a destroyer of men.

'Tis fo, and as warres in some fort may be saide to be a Rauisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hare one another.

Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to fee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rifing they are rifing.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus. Siem. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well : who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Diffencious numbers peffring streets, then fee Our Tradesmen inging in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this Menonius? Sicin. 'Tis he, tis he: Ohe is grown most kind of late: Haile Sir. Mene. Haile to you both.

Siem. Your Corielanse is not much mift, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have bene much better, ifhe could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you? Mene. Nay I heare nothing:

His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens. All. The Gods preserve you both.

Siem. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all. 1 Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Siem. Live, and thrive.

Brw. Farewell kinde Neighhours :

We wish t Consolanse had lou'd you as we did. All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Trs. Farewell, farewell. Exerci Citizens

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Brw. Cains Martins Was

A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Insolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one fole Throne, without affifface Mene. I thinke not fo.

Siein. We should by this, to all our Lamention, If he had gone forth Confull, found it fo.

Brw. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits fafe and still, without him.

Enter an Adile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we have put in prison, Reports the Voices with two fenerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis Auffidiza,

Who hearing of our Marsku Banishment, Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-fhell'd, when Marreu Rood for Rome,

And durst not once peepe out.

Skin. Come, what talke you of Murin. Bru Go see this Rumorer whipe, it cannot be,

The Volces dare breake with vs.

Mene. Cannot be?

We have Record, that very well it can, And three examples of the like, bath beene Within my Age. But resson with the fellow Before you punish him, where he heard this, Leaft you shall chance to whip your Information, And beate the Mellenger, who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded.

Siein. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bru. No: pollible.

Exter a Messenger.

Alef. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going All to the Senate-house : some newes is comming That turnes their Countenances.

Sicin, 'Tis this Slave :

Go whip him for the peoples eyes : His railing,

Nothing but his report
Adef. Yes worthy Sir,

The Slaves report is seconded, and more More fearfull is deliuer'd.

Siein. What more searefull?

Mel. It is spoke freely out of many mouths, How probable I do not know, that Merrius Ioyn'd with Auffidim, leads a power gainfi Rome, And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene The yong'st and oldest thing. Sicro. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker fort may wish Good Martin home agains.

Siem The very tricke on't.

More. This is volikely,

He, and Auffidim can no more attone

Then violent'A Contrasticty.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. You are lent for to the Senate; A featefull Army, led by Caise Marties, Affociated with Auffidim, Rages Vpon our Territories, and have already O're-borne their way, confum'd with fire, and tooke What lay before them.

Fater Communica Com. Oh you have made good worke

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You have holp to rawish your owne daughters, & To mele the Citty Leades vpon your pates,

To fee your Wives dishonour'd to your Noles.

More. What's the newes? What's the newes? Com. Your Temples butned in their Ciment, and

Your Franchises, whereon you Rood, confin'd Into an Augors boare.

Mena Przy now, your Newes:

You have made faire worke I feare me : pray your newes, If Mortius should be joyn'd with Volceans.

Com If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing Made by some other Deity then Nature, That shapes man Better: and they follow him Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence, Then Boy es pursuing Summer Butter-flies, Or Butchers killing Flyes.

Mene. You have made good works,

You and your Apron men , you, that frood formuch Vpon the royer of occupation, and

The breach of Garlicke-extern

Com. Heel shake your Rome about your eares. Mone. As Hercules did Trake downe Mellow Fruite

You have made faite worke.

Brut. But is this true fu? Com. 1, and you'llooke pale

Before you finde it other All the Regions Do fmilingly Revolt, and who refifts Are mock'd for valuant I gnorance,

And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him? Your Enemies and his, finde fomething in him,

Mene. We are all vindone, vilelle

The Noble man have mercy. Com. Who shall aske is?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for fhame; the people Deferve fuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe Doe's of the Shepheards : For his best Friends, if they Should fay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even As those should do that had deserved his hate,

And therein shew'd like Enemies. Me. Its true, the were putting to my house, the brand That should consume it, I have not the face

To lay, befeech you ceale. You have made faire hands, You and your Crafts, you have crafted fatte.

Com. You have brought

A Trembling upon Rome, fueb 23 was never Sincapeable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it. Mone. How? Was't we? We lou'd him, But like Beafts, and Cowardiy Nobles. Gaue way vnto your Clusters, who did hocte

Him out o'th'Citty. Com. But I feare

They I roace him in againe. Tullus Auffulius, The second name of men, obeyes his points As if he were his Officer: Desperation, Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Treope of CHIZERI Mone Heere come the Clusters. And is Auffidia with him! You are they That made the Ayre vnwholfome, when you caft Your stinking, giessie Caps, is hooting At Corolland Exile. Now he's comming, And not a haire 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 voyees. Trs no matter, If he could burne vs all into one coale,

We have deseru'dit. Owner. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes. Cir. For mine owne part.

When I faid banish him, I faid 'twas perty.

a And fo did I.

And lo did I : and to fay the truth, lo did very many of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though week willingly consented to his Banishmens yes it was against our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyers. Mens. You have made good worke You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what elfe? Siein. Go Matters ger gou home be not dismaid,

These are a Side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seeme to seate. Go horse, And thew no figne of Feare

2 Cit.

I Cit. The Gods bee good to vs : Come Masters let's home, I ever faid we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd

2 (it. So did we all. But come, let's home. Exit Cit. Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Brn. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Exeuns Tribunes. Sicin. Pray let's go.

Enter Auffidies with his Lieutenans. Auf. Do they fill flye to'th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witcheraft's in him : but Your Soldiers vie him as the Grace fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Euen by your owne.
Auf. I cannot helpe it now,

Valeffe by ving meanes I lame the foote
Of our deligne. He beares himselfe more proudlier, Euen to my person, then I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature Inthat's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lien. Yet I wish Sir,

(I meane for your particular) you had not Joyn'd in Commission with him abut either have borne The action of your felfe, or elle to him, had left it foly.

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure When he shall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vrge against him, although it seemes And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely t And Thewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does archeeue as foone As draw his Sword : yet he hath left vindone That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Liev. Sir, I befeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he firs downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians love him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome As is the Afpray to the Fish, who takes it By Soueraigory of Nature, First, he was A Noble feruanc to them, but he could not Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'was Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints The happy man; whether detect of judgement, To faile in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of : or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not mooning From th'Caske to th'Culhion : but commanding pence Even with the same austerity and garbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of these (As he hath (pices of them all) not all, For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit To chooke it in the vit'rance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power vnto it felfe most commendable, Hath not a Tombe so evident as a Chaire Textoll what it hath done, One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;

Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when Caisu Rome is thine, Thou are poor'st of all, then shortly are thou mine exeun

Actus Quintus.

Enter Meneraus, Cominius, Sicinius, Pratus, the two Tribunes, with others

Momen. No, lle not go: you heare what be hath faid Which was fornetime his Generall: who loved him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that I Go you that banish'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare Comission speake, lie keepe at home.

Com. He would not feeme to know me. Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd out 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, Titleleffe, Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you have made good worke: patre of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall twas to pardon When it was leffe expected. He replyed It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could be lay leffe. Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends. His answer to me was He could not flay to picke them, in a pile Ofnoylome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leave vaburns And fill to note th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt Abouethe Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Siein. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this fo neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our diffreffe. But fure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the inftant Armie we can make Might stop our Countryman.

Ollens. No: He not meddle. Siew. Pray you go to him. Mene, What should I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Love can do, For Rome cowards Martins.

Mone. Well, and fay that Martius returne mee, As Constitute is recurn'd, unheards what then? But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot With his vokindnesse. Say t be so?

Sicin. Yes your good will Must have that thankes from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Mene. He vndertak't : I thinke hee'l beare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good Commission much unbearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd. The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then We powt vpouthe Morning, are vnapt To give or to forgive; but when we have flufft Thele Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood With Wine and Feeding, we have suppler Soules Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore He watch him Fill he be dieted to my requell, And then He fee vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,

And cannot lofe your way.

Mene. Good faith lle proue him, Speed how it will. I shall etclong, have knowledge Of my successe. Exit.

Com. Hee'l neuer lieste him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's fit in Gold, his eye Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Insury The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him, Twas very faintly he faid Rife: dismist me Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do He fent in writing after me : what he would not, Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions: So that all hope is vaine, unlesse his Noble Mother, And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to folicite him For mercy to his Countrey: therefore les's hence, And with our faire intreaties hast them on Excunt

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. War. Stay: whence are you. 2. Was. Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave, I am an Officer of State, & come to Speak with Corwlanus

Mene. From Rome. I From whence? You may not passe, you must returne : our Generall

will no more heare from thence. 2 You'l fee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before

You'l speake with Coriolanus.

Mene. Good my Friends, If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome, And ofhis Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes, My name hath touch't your eares : it is Menenius.

Beit fo, go back: the vertue of yout name,

Is not heere passable.

Mone. I tell thee Fellow. Thy Generall is my Louer : I have beene The booke of his good Acts, whence men have read His Fame unparalell'd, happely amplified: For I have ever verified my Friends, Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the fize that verity Would wishout lapling luffer . Nay, sometimes, Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground I have sumbled past the throw : and in his praise Haue (almost) stampt the Leasing. Therefore Fellow, I must haue leave to passe.

I Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe, as you have vetered words in your owne, you should not passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to

live chastly. Therefore go backe. Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Meneniu,

alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall. 2 Howsoeuer you baue bin his Lier, as you say you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell For I would not

speake with him, till afrer dinner,

You stea Roman, are you?

Mone. I am as thy Generallis.

3 Then you should have Rome, as he do's. Canyou, when you have pusht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, thinke to front his revenger with the easie greaties of old women, the Virginal Palms of your daughters, or with the palfied interceffion of fuch a decay'd Dotant as you feeme to he? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to Bame in, with fuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution you are condemn'd, our Generall has fworne you out of represue and pardon.

2 mc. Sitra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,

He would vie me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mone. I meane thy Generall.

s My Generall cares not for you. Back I fay, go: leaft I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the #t. most of your hauing, backe.
Atenc. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Corsolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter ?

Mene. Now you Companion: He lay an arrant for your you shall know now that I am in chimation. you shall perceive, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my Son Coriolarie, gueffe but my entertainment with him: if thou frand it not i'th frate of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectator ship, and crueller in suffering, behold now prelently, and I wound for what's to come vpon thee. The glotious Gods fit in housely Synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse then thy old Father Menentus do's. O my Son, my Son! thou are preparing fire for vs : looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but beeing affured none but my felfe could move thee, I have bene blowne out of your Gates with fighes : and confure thee to pardon Rume, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods allwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, "pon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my accesse to thee.

Corio. Away. Mene. How? Away?

Corro. Wife, Mother, Child I knownot My affaires Are Servanted to others: Though I owe My Reuenge properly, my remillion lies In Volcean brests. That we have beene familiar, Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall posson rather Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine eares against your fuites, are stronger then Yout gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy fake, And would have fent it. Another word Menenius, I will not heare thee Speake. This man Auffedius Was my belou'd in Rome : yet thou behold'A. Execut

Aufid. You keepe a constant temper. Mares the Guard and Menensue.

1 Now fir, is your name Menenius?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:

You know the way home againe.

I Do you heare how wee are thent for keeping your greatnelle backe?

2 What cause do you thinke I have to swoond? Meneu. I neither care for th'world, nor your General:

for fuch things as you, I can scarle thinke ther's any, y'are fo flight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it

not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For you, bee that you are, long; and your mifery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was feld to, Away Ext A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General He's the Rock.

The Oake not to be winde-shaken. Enter Ceriolanus and Auffidous.

Corso. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hoalt. My partner in this Action, You must report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly I have borne this Bufineffe.

Auf. Onely their endayou haue respected, Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome : Neuer admitted a privat whilper, no not with fuch frends

That thought them fure of you. Corio. This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have fent to Rome, Lou'd me, aboue the measure of a Father. Nay godded me indeed. Their latelt refuge Was ro fend him: for whose old Loue I have (Though I shew'd sowrely 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 have yeelded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? Shout within Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martins with Assendants

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection. All bond and priviledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous ro be Obstinate. What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes, Which can make Gods for sworne? I melt, and arn not Offronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should In Supplication Nod: and my yong Boy Hathan Aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, He never Be fuch a Golling to obey inflined; but fland As if a man were Author of bimfelf,& knew no other kin Virgil. My Lord and Husband.
Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vag. The forrow that delivers vs thus chang'd,

Makes you thinke fo.

Corio Like a dull Actor now, I have forgo: my part, And I amout, even to a full Difgrace. Best of my Flesh, Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not Gy For that forgive our Romanes. Oa kisse Long as my Exile, (weet as my Reuenge! Now by the lealous Queene of Heaven, that kiffe I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere fince. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leave vnfalured: Sinke my knee t'th'earth, Kneeles Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew Then that of common Sonnes.

Volume. Oh stand up bleft! Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vaproperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Betweene the Childe, and Parent. Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Sonne ? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutitious windes Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impossibility, to make What cannot be, flight worke.

Volum. Thou are my Warriour, I hope to frame thee

Do you know this Lady

Corio. The Noble Sifter of Publicola; The Moone of Rome: Chafte as the Ificle That's curdied by the Froft, from pureft Snow, And hangs on Dians Temple: Deere Valeria.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time,

May thew like all your felfe. Corio. The God of Souldiers:

With the consent of supreame I ue, informe Thy thoughts with Nobleneffe, that thou may ? proue To shame vnvulnerable, and slicke ich Warres Like a great Sea-marke standing enery flaw, And fauing those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah. Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wise, this Ladie, and my selfe,

Are Sucore to you.

Corio. I befeech you peace: Or if you'ld aske, remember this before; The thing I have for fworne to graunt, may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not Wherein I feeme vnnaturall :Defire not t'allay My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You have faid you will not grant vs any thing: For we have nothing elfe to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our request, the blame

May hang upon your hardnelle, therefore heare vs.
Corro. Auffidum, and you Voices marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Volum. Should we be filent & not speak, our Raiment And flate of Bodies would bewray what life We have led fince thy Exile. Thinke with thy felfe, How more unfortunate then all living women Are we come hither; fince that thy fight, which should Make our eies flow with joy, harrs dance with coreforts, Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to fee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father teating His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmittes most capitall: 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? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory : Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loofe The Countrie our deere Nurle, or elle thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must finde An euident Calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Muft as a Forraine Recrean: be led With Manacles through our streets, or elfo Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

CC 2

And

And beare the Paime, for having bravely shed
Thy Wise and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: Is I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sonner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wembe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,

To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me : lle run away. Till I am bigger, but then lle fight.

Corio. Diot of a womans tendernesse to be, Requires nor Childe, nor womans sace to see:

I have fate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus: Ifit were fo, that our request did tend To faue the Romanes, thereby to deftroy The Volces whom you ferue, you might condemne vs As poylonous of your Honnur. No, our fuite Is that you reconcile them : While the Volces May fay, this mercy we have shew'd ; the Romanes, This we received, and each in either lide Gine the All-haile to thee, and ery be Bleft For making up this peace. Thou know ((great Sonne) The end of Wartes uncertaine; but this certaine, That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name Whole repetition will be dogg'd with Curles: Whole Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble, But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out: Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines To th'infuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son: Thou halt affected the five ftraines of Honor, To imitate the graces of the Gods. To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre, And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult That should but rive an Oake. Why do'ft not speake? Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, (peake you . He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy, Perhaps thy childiffnetfe will moue him more Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world Mere bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life, Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtefie, When the (poore Hen) fond of no second brood, Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home Loden with Honor. Say my Request's uniust, And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee That thon restrain's from me the Duty, which To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away: Down Ladies: let vs thame him with him with our knees To his fur-name Coriolarus longs more pride Then pitty to our Prayers. Do eme : an end, This is the last. So, we will home to Rome, And dye among our Neighbours : Nay, behold's, This Boy that cannot tell what he would have, But kneeles, and holds up hands for fellowship, Doe's reason our Petition with more strength Then thou half to deny't. Come,let vs go : This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother: His Wife is in Cariales, and his Childe Like him by chance : yet give vs our dispatch :

Holds her by the band filent.

Corre. O Mother, Mother!

What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do opt. The Gods looke downe, and this vinaturall Scene They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh! You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.

But for your Sonne, believe it: Oh believe it, Most dangerously you have with him pressil'd. If not most mortall to him. But let it come:

Ansidum, though I cannot make true Warres, like frame consumint peace. Now good Ansidum, Were you in my steed, would you have heard A Mother lesse? or granted lesse Ansidum?

I am hushe yntill our City be afre, & then He speak a little

Anf. I was mou'd withall.

Corse. I date be (worne you were:
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to (weat compation, But (good fir)
What peace you'l make, aduice me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wift!

Auf. I am gled thou half fer thy mercy, & thy Henor At difference in thee: Out of that He worke

My selse a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Consederate Armes

Could not have made this peace.

Exter Menerum and Sicinim. ftone?

Mene. See you you'd Coin a'th Capitol, you'd corner

Sicin. Why what of thet?

More. If it be possible for you to displace it wish your little singer, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may precalle with him. But I say, there is no hope in t, our throats are sentenced, and say uppon execution.

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the

condition of a man.

Mess. There is differency between a Grub & a Buzterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub; this Marites, be growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Siein. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mone So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tertas see of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pietce a Corflet with his eye: Taikes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He fits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done, is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternizy, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Siem. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mme. I paint him in the Character. Mark what more cy 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.

Swin. The Gods be good vato vs.

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we banish d him, we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

Emer a Missinger.

Met

Mef. Sir, if you'ld faue your life, flye to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home, They I give him death by Inches.

Enter another Meffenger. Sicin. What's the Newes? (prevayld, Meff. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies have The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Martine gone : A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome, No, not th'expulsion of the Tarquins

Sicin. Friend, att thou certaine this is true?

Is't most certaine.

Mef. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire : Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it: Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide, As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you :

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether. The Trumpers, Sack-buts, Platteries, and Files, Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans A Bout within Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.

Mene. This is good Newes : I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia, Is worth of Confuls, Senators, Patricians, A City full : Of Tribunes fuch as you, A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day: This Morning, for tenthousand of your throates, I'de not have given a doit. Harke, how they loy Sound Still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods bleffe you for your tydings : Next, accept my thankefulneffe.

Meff. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks. Siein. They are neere the City. Maf. Almost at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the loy. Exercit.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena, Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome: Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods, And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them: Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd Martins; Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother: Cry welcome Ladies, welcome

All. Welcome Ladies, vielcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

EnterTulus Auffidius, with Attendents. Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere: Deliver them this Paper: having read it, Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares 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 himselse with words. Dispatch.
Ewter 3 or 4 Conspirator of Aussidius Fallion.

Most Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen lo, as with a man by his owne Almes impoy fon'd, and with his Charity flaine.

2. Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent Wherein you wishe vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you Olyour great danger.

Auf Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do finde the People.

3.Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whit's Twixt you there's difference : but the fall of either Makes the Sururuor heyre of all.

Auf. Iknowit:

And my pretext to strike at him, admits A good conftruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd Mine Honor for his truth : who being fo heighten'd, He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery, Seducing formy Friends : and to this end, He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before, But to be rough, vnswayable, and free. 3. Confp. Sir, his stoutnesse

When he did stand for Consull, which he lost

By lacke of Rooping.

Auf. That I would have spoke of. Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth, Presented to my knife his Throat : I tooke him, Made him joynt-feruant with me: Gaue him way In all his owne defires: Nay, let him choose Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements In mine owne person : holpe to reape the Fame Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride. To do my felfe this wrong : Till at the last I scem'd his Follower, nor Partner; and He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if I had bin Mercenary.

.Con. So he did my Lord: The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laft, When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd For no leffe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:

For which my finewes shall be stretcht voon him, At a few drops of Womens thewme, which are As cheape as Lies; he fold the Blood and Labour Of our great Action; therefore shall he dyc, And Herenew me in his fall. But hearke

Drummes and Trumpets founds, with great Thowas of the people.

1. Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poffe. And had no welcomes home, but he returnes Splitting the Ayre with noyle.

2. Con. And patient Fooles,

Whose children he hath staine, their base throats teare

With giving him glory.
3. Con. Therefore at your vactage, Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people With what he would fay, let him feele your Swords Which we will fecond, when he lies along After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury His Reasons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords, Enser the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home. Auf. I haue not desetu'dit.

Due worthy Lords, have you with beede perufed What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1. Lord. And greeve to heare't: What faults he made before the last, I thinke Might have found easie Fines: But there to end Where he was to begin, and give away The benefit of our Leures, answering vs With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

PMF.

Mif. He approaches, you shall heare him Enter Corrolanus marching with Denemine, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier: No more infeded with my Countries love Then when I parted hence : but fill subfifting Vnder your great Command. You are to know, That prosperously I have attempted, and With bloody passage led your Warres, euen co The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home Doth more then counterpoize a full third part The charges of the Action. We have made peace With no leffe Honor to the Antiates Then Chame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer Subscrib'd by'th'Consuls, and Patricians, Together with the Scale ath Senat, what We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords, But tell the Traitor in the highest degree He hath abus'd your Powers

Corro Traitor? How now? Auf. 1 Traitor, Martins.

Corio. Martina?

Auf. I Martin, Caine Martine : Do'ft thou thinke He grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name

Corrolanses in Corroles ? You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidioully He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given vp For sertaine drops of Salt, your City Rome: I fay your City to his Wife and Mother, Breaking his Oath and Refolution, like A twift of rotten Silke, never admitting Counsaile a'th'warre : But at his Nurses teares He whin'd and roat'd away your Victory, That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue, Pardon me Lords, 'ris the first time that ever I was forc'd to fcoul'd. Your judgments my grave Lords Must give this Curre the Lye : and his owne Notion, Who weares my ftripes imprest wpon him, that Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyne To thrust the Lye voto him.

2 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Strine off your edges on me. Boy, salse Hound: If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there, That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your Volcians in Consules. Alone I did it, Boy.

Juf. Why Noble Lords, Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune. Which was your shame, by this vnholy Besggart's Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Conft. Let him dye fort.
All Prople. Teare him to peeces, do it presently: He kill'd my Some, my daughter, be kill'd my Cofine Marcu, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord Peace hoe : no outrage, peace : The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in This Orbe o'th'earth: His last officees to vs Shall have Indicious hearing. Stand Aufidens, And trouble not the peace,

Corio. O that I had him, with fix Aufidiuffer, or more

His Tribe, to vie my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Infolent Villaine. All Confp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conferencers, and hils Offartius, who falles, Auffidies flands on bim.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1 Lord. O Tullus

2. Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat Valour will weepe.

3. Lord. Tread not vpon him Mafters, all be quiet, Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reloyce That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours To call me to your Senate, Le deliuer My selfe your loyall Servant, or endure Your heaniest Censure.

1. Lord. Beare from hence his body, And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald Did follow to his Vrne.

2. Lord. His owne impatience, Takes from Auffidue a great part of blame: Lec's make the Best of it.

Anf. My Rage is gone, And I am firucke with forrow. Take him vp: Helpe three a'th'chrefest Souldiers, Ile be one. Bezte thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully: Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee Harh widdowed and vnchilded many a one, Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury, Yethe shall have a Noble Memory.

Excuss bearing the Body of Morieu. A held March



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Adus Primus. Scana Prima.

Flowersb. Enter the Tribunes and Senators alost. And then enter Saturninus and hu Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and hu Followers at the other, with Drown of Colours.

Saturninus,

Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the juffice of my Caufe with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successive Title with your Swords.

I was the fift borne Sonne, that was the last That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome. Then let my Fathers Honours live in me, Nor wrong nine Age with this indignitie.

Basicanu. Romaines, Friends, Followers, Fauourers of my Right.

If ever Basicanus, Casara Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll.
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Sente to Vertue: consecrate
To Justice, Continente, and Nobility.
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends, Ambitioufly for Rule and Empery : Know, that the people of Rome for whom we fland A speciall Party, have by Common voyce In Election for the Romane Emperie. Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pions, For many good and great deferts to Rome. A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour, Lives not this day within the City Walles. He by the Senate is accited home From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes, That with his Sonnes (a tetrot to our Foes) Hathyoak'd a Nation flrong, train'd vp in Armes. Ten yeares are spent, fince first he vodertooke This Caule of Rome, and chafficed with Armes Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes In Coffins from the Field. And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles, Returnes the good Andronsess to Rome. Renowned Time, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismifle your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Defects in Peace and Humblende.

Saturnone. How fayre the Tribune speakes, To calme my thoughts.

Rafiia. Marcu Andronicca, so I do affice
In thy sprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother Tum, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Laumu, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will here dissuffice my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh d.

Exit Souldisms.

Saturains. Friends, that have beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismisse you all,
And to the Loue and Favour of my Coontrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause.
Rome, be as just and gracious vinto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Basius. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flowrish. They go up mis the Senat house

Enter a Captame.

Cq. Romanes make way: the good Andromesso, Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion, Successfell in the Battailes that he fights, With Honour and with Fortune is return'd, From whence he circumferibed with his Sword, And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome

Sound Drummes and Trumpers. And then enter two of Trius Sonaes; After them., two men bearing a Coffin coursed with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them. Titue Andronce, and then Tamora the Queene of Goibes, Orber two Sonnes: Chiron and Demetries, with Maron the Moore, and others, as many us can bee. They fee downe the Coffin and Titus freakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome: Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

oe as the Back e that hath discharg'd his fraught, Returnes with precious lading to the Bay From whence at firl the wegih'd her Aochorage : Commeth Andronicas bound with Lawrell bowes, To relatute his Country with his teares, Teares of true toy for his teturne to Rome, Thou great defender of this Capitoll, Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend. Romaines, of fine and twenty Valiant Sonnes, Halfe of the number that King Praem had. Behold the poore remaines alive and dead! These that Suruine, let Rome reward with Loue: Thefe that I bring vnto their latest home, With buriall among ft their Aunceftors Heere Gothes have given me leave to theath my Sword: Trim vakinde, and carelelle of thine owne, Why Suffer'th thou thy Sonnes unburied yet, To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix? Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.
There greete in filence as the dead are wont.
And fleepe in peace, flaine in yout Countries warres:
O facred receptacle of my toyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in flore,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more!

Luc. Give vs the proadest prosoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Admanus frarrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd.
Nor we disturb'd with produgies on earth.
Tis. I give him you, the Noblest that Survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

10m. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conquetor, Victorious Titm, rue the teares I fhed, A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne : And if thy Sonnes were ever deere to thee, Oh thinke my sonnes to be 23 deere to mee Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returns Captine to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake, But mult my Sonnes be flaughtred in the Areetes, For Veliant doings in their Countries cause? Ollf to fight for King and Common-weale, Were piety in thine, it is in thefe: Androness, fraine not thy Tombe with blood. Will thou draw neete the nature of the Gods? Draw neere them then in being mercifull, Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge, Thrice Noble Titm, spare my first bome sonne.

Tit. Patient your felle Madam, and pardon me. These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld Alive and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine, Religiously they aske a sacrifice: To this your sonne is markt, and die he must, Tappease their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight, And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood, Let's new his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Soones with Alarbine.
Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chi. Was ever Scythia halfe to barbarous e
Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rosse,

Alarbia goes to reft, andwe furuise,
To tremble vider Trius threating looker,
Then Madam frind refold dibut hope withall,
The felte fame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of tharpe reuenge
Vion the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauous Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Temora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vion her foes.

Enter the Sounes of Andronecus og aine.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we have performed Our Romaine rightes, Alabas lumbs are lopt, And intrals feede the fathifting fire, Whose smoke like incense dorth persume the akie. Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren, And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tir. Let it be so, and let Audroneus Make shis his letest farewell to their soules. Flourish.

Then Sound Trampers, and lay the Coffias in the Tombo.
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonoca,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you herre in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no I reason, heere no enuse swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall steepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sounces.

Emer Leuinia.

Lan In peace and Honour, live Lord Tixm long,
My Noble Lord and Father, line in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributant teares,
I tender for my Bretherens Obfequies.
And at thy feete Lkneele, with teares of loy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleffe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whole Fortune Romes best Citizens appland.

Ti Kind Rome,
That naft thus louingly referred
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hare,
Languia live, out-live thy Fathers dayes t
And Fames eternall date for vertues praife.

Afor. Long live Lord Tire, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tn. Thankes GendeTribune, Noble brother Marcus.

Ms. And welcome Nephews from foecessul wes, You that survive and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service drewyour Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to Salam Happines,
And Triumphs over chaunca in honours bed.
Titus Averniess , the people of Rome,
Whole striend in instruction hast ever bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse thue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Soones:
Be Candidatus then and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Some.
The Author has done all offer Rome.

Tu. A better head her Glorious body fits, Then his that thakes for age and feebleneffe:

Whi:

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you, Be chosen with proclamations to day To morrow yeeld up rule, refigne my life, And let abroad new businesse for you all. Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty yeares, And led my Countries drength successfully, And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes, Knighted in Field, Gaine manfully In Armes, In right and Service of their Noble Countrie Cive me a staffe of Honour for mineage. But not a Scepter to controu le the world, Vpright he held it Lordr, that held it lost,

Mar. Tuur, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie Sec. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell? Titus. Patience Prince Saturnmens.

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and fheath there not Till Securinus be Romes Emperour: Androneus would thou wert shipt to hell, Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee. Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee The peoples harts, and weane them from themselves.

Bafs. Andronens, I do not flatter thee But Honour thee, and will doe till I die: My Faction if thou ftrengthen with thy Friend? I will most thenkefull be, and thankes to men Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere, I aske your yoyces and your Suffrages, Will you bellow them friendly on Andronleus?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus, And Gratulate his lafe returne to Rome, The people will accept whom he admits

Tir. Tribunes I thanke you, and this fore I make, That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne, Lord Saturnine, whose Vertues will Ihope, Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth And ripen Iustice in this Common-wesle: Then if you will elect by my aduite, Crownehim, and fay: Long live our Emperour.

Mar. As. With Voyces and applaule of enery fort, Patricians and Picheans we Create

Lord Saturemes Romes Great Emperour. And say, Long like our Enperour Saturmee.

A long Florrish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,

To vs in our Election this day, I give thee thankes in part of thy Deferts, And will with Deeds require thy gentleneffe s And for an Onfet Tiens to advance Thy Name, and Honorable Familie, Launia will I make my Empresse, Rome s Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hare And in the Sucred Pathan her espouse: Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee?

Tu. It doch my worthy Lord, and in this match, Ihold me Highly Honoured of your Grace, And heere in light of Rome, to Saturnine, King and Commander of our Common-weale, The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Confecrate, My Sword,my Charlot, and my Prisonerss, Presents well Worthy Romes Imperial Lords Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe, Mine Honours Enlignes humbled at my feete.

Satu. Thankes Noble Tizer, Father of my life, How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts Rome shall record, and when I do forget The least of these vnspeakable Deserts, Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your prisoner to an Emperous,

To him that for you Honour and your State, Will vie you Hobly and your followers.

Saen. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue That I would choose, were I to thoose a new: Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance, Though chance of warre Hath wrought this change of cheere, Thou com'Anot to be made a scome in Rome: Princely shall be thy vlage cuery way. Rest on my word, and let not discontent Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you, Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?

Laviola you ere not displeased with this? Lou. Not I my Lord, fith true Nobilitie, Warrants these words in Princely curtefie.

Sat . Thankes sweete Laninia Romans let va goe: Ransomlesse heere we fet our Prisoners free, Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Bafs. Lord Titus by your leave, this Maid is mine. Tit. How fir ? Are you in earnest then my Lord? Bafs. I Noble Titm, and resolu'd withall, To doe my felfe this reason, and this right.

Mare. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Juffice, This Prince in Iuflice ceazeth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Luciss live. Tit. Trayrocs auant, where is the Emperous Guarde? Treason my Lord, Lauinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surprif'd, by whom? Bafr. By him that iustly may

Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away. Musi. Brothers helpe to convey her hence away, And with my Sword He keepe this doore lafe.

Tn . Follow my Lord, and lle soone bring bor backe. Mat. My Lord you passe not heere.
Tie. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe Lucius helpe. He kils bies

Luc. My Lord you are vniul, and more then fo, In wrongfull quarrell, you have flaine your fon. Tir. Nor thou, nor he are any fonnes of mine, My fonnes would never fo dishonour me. Traytor restore Louisia to the Emperour.

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife, That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.

Enter alofe the Emperous with Tamora and ber two Sounds, and Acron the Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not, Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke: He trust by Leisure him that mocks me once. Thee neuer: nor thy Trayrerous haughty fonnes, Confederates all, thus to dishonour me. Was none in Rome to make a stale But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine, That faid'ft, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these? Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe give that changing peece, To him that flourisht for her with his Sword :

A Valliant foune In-law thou shalt enjoy : One, fit to bandy with thy lawleffe Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-weelth of Rome.

Tir. These words are Razors to my wounded hare. Sas. And therefore lovely Tamora Queene of Gother, That like the stately 7 bebe mong ft her Nimphs Doft over-thine the Gallant'A Dames of Rome, If thou be pleaf'd with this my fodaine choyle, Behold I choose thee Tamera for my Bride, And will Create thee Emprelle of Rome. Speake Queene of Goths doft thou applau'd my choyle? And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods, Sith Prieft and Holy-water are fo neere, And Tapers burne fo bright, and every thing In readines for Hymeness Cand, I will not refalute the streets of Rome, Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place, I leade espoul a my Bride along with me, Tame. And heere in fight of heaven to Rome I freeze, If Saturnine aduance the Queen of Gothes,

If Seturnine advance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his defires,
Alouing Nurse, a Mother tohis youth.
Satur. Ascend Fatte Queene,

Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Brid, e
Sent by the heavens for Prince Sationine,
Whose wisedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousaltries.

Exenutoranes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vponthis Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Tisus Sommer.

Mar O Titus fee! O fee what thou hast done!
In a bad quartell, flaine a Vertuous sonne.
Tit. No soolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,

Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs gruethim buriall as becomes:

Giue Mutsas buriall with our Bretheren.

Tri. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument sue hundresh yeares hash stood,
Which I have Sumptuously re-edified:
Secre none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repose in Face: None basely staine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mor. My Lord this is impiety in you, My Nephew Alarias deeds do plead for him, He must be buried with his bretheren.

Tirus ewo Sonnes Speaker.
And Chall, or him we will accompany.

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus some speakes.

He that would rouch dit in any place but heere.

Tu. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No Noble Tum, but intreat of thee,

To pardon Mains, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, Euenthou hast stroke voon my Crest, And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded, My soes I doe repure you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

**Scarc. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

**Scarc. Not I tell Manui bones be buried.

The Brother and the sennes knecke.

Mer. Brother, for in that name doth usture plea'd.

2. Some. Father, and in that name doth nazure freakc. Tit. Speake thou no more if all the refimill speede. Mar. Renowned Tirus more then halfe my foules. Luc. Deare Father, foule and fubftance of vs all. Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcau to interre His Noble Nephew heere in vertoes neft. That died in Honour and Lasener's cause. Thou are a Romaine, be not barbarous: The Greekes upon aduite did bury Aiex That New himselfe : And Larres some, Did graciously plead for his Funerala: Let not young Murius then that was thy joy, Be bar'd his entrance heere. 74 Rife Mercu, rife, The dismall'ft day is this that ere I faw, To be dishonored by my Somes in Rome: Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones (weet Matin: with thy
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe. (friends
They all threele and fay.

No man thed reares for Noble Murinu, He lives in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

He lives in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sodden dumps,

How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,

Is of a sodaine thus advanc'd in Rome?

71. I knownot Marcus: but I knowitis, (Whether by device or no) the heavens can tell, Is the not then beholding to the man, That brought her for this high good turne to farre? Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flownso.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two feet, with the Moore at one doore, Enter at the other doore Basisans and Lanina with others.

Sat. So Bassianns, you have plaid your prize,
God give you toy for of your Gallant Bride.
Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,

Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leave.
Sai. Traytor, if Rome have law, or we have power,

Thou and thy Fuction shall repent this Rape.

Basi. Repecall you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife &
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possess of that is mine

Sa. Tis good fir: you are very short with vs, But if we live, weele be as sharpe with you.

Basi. My Lord, what I have done as best I may, Answere I must, and shall do with my life, Onely thus much I give your Grace to know, By all the duties that I owe to Rome, This Noble Gentleman Lord Time heere, Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd, That in the rescue of Lawresa, With his owne hand did shay his youngest Son, In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath. To be controul'd in that he frankly gave: Recieve him then to favour Savarnese, That hath express thimselfe in all his deeds,

A Father and a friend to thee, and Romeo

Tit. Prince Bafisanus leave to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonoused me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my sudge,
How I have lou'd and Honous'd Saturnine.

Tan. My worthy Lord if ever Tamora,

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine, Then heare me speake indifferently for all: And at my fite (fweet) pardon what is paft. Sain. What Madain, be dishonoured openly,

And basely put it vp without revenge? Tam. Not somy Lord. The Gods of Rome for-fend, I should be Authour to dishonouryou. But on mine honout dare, I vndertake For good Lord Titte innocence in all: Whose sury not dissembled speakes his griefes : Then at my tute looke graciouste on him, Loofe not fo noble a friend on vaine suppose, Not with fowre lookes afflich his gentle heart. My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laft, Diffemble all your griefes and discontents, You are but newly planted in your Throne, Least then the people, and Patricians too, Ypona just furuey take Titus part, And fo supplant vs for ingratitude, Which Rome reputes to be a hainous fin ne. Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone: He finde a day to massacre them all, And race their faction, and their familie. The cruell Father, and his trayt rous fonnes, To whom I fued for my deare sonnes life. And make thein know what tis to let a Queene, Kneele in the Areetes, and beg for grace in vaine.

Come, come, [weet Emperout, (come Androniers)

Take up this good old man, and cheere the heart, That dies in tempelt of thy angry fromne.

Kong. Rife Taxa, rife, My Emprelle hach prevail'd. Titus. I thanke your Maieslie, And her my Lord. Thefe words, thefe lookes, Infale new life in me.

Tamo. Time, I am incorparate in Roine, A Roman now adopted happily. And must adule the Emperour for his good, This day all quartels die Andronicus. And let it bemine honour good my Lord, That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. For you Prince Bassianus, I have past My word and promise to the Emperour, That you will be more milde and tradable. And feare not Lords: And you Laumis. By my adulfe all humbled on your knees,

You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie. Son. We doe.

And vow to heaven, and to his Highnes, That what we did, was mildly, as we might, Tendring our fifters honour and our owne.

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not trouble vs no more. Tamora. Nay, nay,

Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends, The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace, I will not be denied, fweet hart looke back.

King. Marcus, For thy (ake and thy brothers beere, And at my louely Tamora's intreats, I doe remit these young mens haynous faults. Stand vp: Laura, though you left me like a churle, I found a friend, and fure as death I fware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieft. Come, if the Emperours Court can feaft two Brides, You are my guest Lauria, and your friends: This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora.

Tu. To morrow and it please your Maiestie, To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me, With horne and Hound, Weele give your Grace Bon war.

Saint. Beit fo Tital, and Gramercy to.

Execut

Artus Secunda.

Enter Aaren alone.

Aron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus coppe, Safe out of Fortunes that, and fits aloft, Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash, Advanc'd about pale envies threatning reach: As when the golden Sunne falutes the morne, And having gilt the Ocean with his beames, Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliftering Coach, And over-lookes the highest piering hills :

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite, And vertue Roopes and trembles at her frowne. Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts, To mount aloft with thy Emperiali Mistris, And mouat her pitch, whom thou in triumph long Hast prisoner held, settred in amorous chaines, And tafter bound to Aarons charming eyes, Then is Promesbens ti de to Cantafius. Away with flausth weedes, and idle thoughts. I will be bright and fine in Pearle and Gold, To waite vpon this new made Empreffe To waite faid I? To wanton with this Queene, This Goddelle, this Semerimin, this Queenc. This Syren.that will charme Romes Saturnine, And fee his ship wracke, and his Common weales. Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius brawing. Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge And manners to introid where I am gracid, And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chi. Demerus, thou doo'st over-weene in all, And so in this, to beare me downe with braues, Tis not the difference of a veere or two Makes me leffe gracious, or thee more fortunate: l am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To ferue, and to deferue my Mistris grace, Andthat my fword upon thee shall approve, And plead my passions for Lauma's loue.

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these loners will not keep the peace. Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vneduiled) Gaue you a daunting Rapier by your fide, Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends? Goe too : have your Lath gloed within your heart, Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meane while fir, with the little skill I have, Full well shall thou perceive how much I dare. Deme. I Boy grow ye lo braue?

Aron. Why how now Lords? So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And maintaine such a quartell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most conceines.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome;
For shame put vp.

Dems. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,

Foule spoken Coward,

That thundrest with thy tongoe, And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A way I (ay.

Now by the Gods that wathke Gother adore,
This pretty brabble will vadoo viall:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to fet vpon a Princes right?
What is Leasure then become folioofe,
Or Bassianum so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controvelement, Justice, or revenge?

Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know.
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.
Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world.

I loue Leninia more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling, Learne thou to make forme meaner choile, Lannus is thine elder brothers hope.

Arm. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome, How furious and impatient they be, And cannot brooke Competitors in love? I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,

By this devile.

Chi. Acres, a thousand deaths would I propose,

To archieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To archeiue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak's thoust so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is Lamina therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loase to steale a shue we know:
Though Basianus be the Emperours brother,
Better then he have worne Valcans badge.

Aron, I, and as good as Sasurnius may.

Deme. Then why should be disparte that knowes to With words, faire lookes, and liberality: (court it What hast not thou full often struck a Doe, And have her cleanly by the Keepers nose of

And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so

Would serve your turnes.
Chi. I so the turne were served.

Deme. Asron thou half hit it.
Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such sooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Nor me, so I were one.

Aren. For shame be friends, & loype for that you iss:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would atcheve. You must perforce accomplish as you may Take this of me, Lucreer was not more chaft Then this Lamons, Basilones love, A speedier course this linguing languishment Must we purfue, and I have found the path : My Lords, a folemne hunting is in hand. There will the louely Roman Ladies troopes The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious, And many unfrequented plots there are, Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie: Single you thither then this dainty Doe. And finke ber home by force, if not by words: This way or not at all, fland you in hope. Come, come, our Emprelle with het facted wit To villainie and vengance confectate, Will we acquaint with all that we intend, And the shall file our engines with aduite, That will not fuffer you to square your sclues, But to your wishes height advance you both. The Emperours Court is like the boule of Fame, The pullace full of tongues, of eyes, of exect: The Woods are ruthleffe, dreadfull, deafe, and dull : There speake, and flrike brave Boyes, & take your turnes There ferue your lufts, shadow'd from heavens eye, And revell in Laumia's Treasurie.

Chr. Thy counfell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Deme. Sy far and nefar, till I finde the fireames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their firs,
Per Stigia per mane: Vibor.

Execute

Enter Titus Andronecus and bis three formet, making a nogfe with bounds and bornes, and Astrone.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are traggant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyle.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I have bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspirid.

Worde Hornes.

Heere a cry of boundes, and worde bornes in a peale, then Enter Sasurmons, Tamera, Bassanus, Leuinia, Chiren, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maieftie,)
Madam to you as many and as good.

I promifed your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Saur. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. Laninia, how say you? Lani. I say no:

I have bene awake two houres and more.

Sater. Come on then, horse and Charlots letvs have, And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see, Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I have dogger my Lord, Will rouze the proudeft Panther in the Chafe, And clime the highest Pomontary top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Dense. Chron.

Deme. Chiron we have not we, with Horse nor Hound But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. Enter Auron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none, Tobury fo much Gold vnder a Tree, And never after to inherit it. Let him that thinks of me fo abiealy, Know that this Gold must comes stratageme, Which cunoingly effected, will beget A very excellent peece of villany And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest, That have their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.

Enser Tamora so she Moore. Tamo, My louely Aaron, Wherefore look it thou fad, When every thing doth make a Gleefull boaft? The Birds chaum melody on euery bush, The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne, The greene leaves quiver, with the cooling winde, And make a cheker'd fhadow on the ground : Voder their sweete Chade, Aaron let vs fit, And whil's the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds, Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes, As if a double hunt were heard at once. Let vs fit downe, and marke their yelping noyfe: And after conflict, fuch as was suppos'd The wandring Prince and Dido once enloy'd, When with a happy florme they were surpris'd, And Currain'd with a Counfaile-keeping Caue, We may each wreathed in the others armes, (Our passimes done) possesse a Golden sumber, Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and fweet Melodious Bleds Be vnto vs, as is a Nurles Song Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe afleepe.

Aron. Madame, Though Venus gouerne your defires, Saturne is Dominator over mine: What fignifies my deadly standing eye, My filence, and my Cloudy Melancholie, My fleece of Woolly haire, that now undutles, Euen as an Adder when the doth vorowle To do some farall execution? No Madam, thefe are no Veneriall fignes, Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand, Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head. Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule, Which never hopes more heaven, then telts in thee, This is the day of Doome for Bassiamus; His Philomel must loose her tongue to day, Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity, And wash their hands in Bassian blood. Seeft shou this Letter, take it vp 1 pray thee, And give the King this fatall plotted Scrowle, New question me no more, we are espied, Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty, Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Laxinia.

Tomo. Ahmy Sweet Aloore: Sweeter to me then life. Aron. No more great Empresse, Bossianus comes, Be crosse with him, and He goe fetch thy Sonnes To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be. Baffi. Whom have we heere?

Romes Royall Empresse.

Vofurnishe afour well befeeming troope? Or is it Dim babited like her, Who hash abandoned her holy Groucs, To fee the generall Hunting in this Forreft?

Tamo. Saweie controuler of our private fleps: Had I the power, that some say Dian had, Thy Temples should be planted presently. With Hornes, as was Alleons, and the Hounds Should drive upon his new transformed limbes, Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Laui. Voder your patience gentle Empresse, 'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning, And to be doubted, that your Moore and you Are fingled forth to try experiments: Ione sheeld your husband from his Hounds to day,

Tis pirty they should take him for a Stag.

Baffe Beleeue me Queene, your swarth Cymerion, Dorh make your Honour of his bodies Hue, Spotted, deteffed, and abhominable. Why are you lequesteed from all your traine? Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed, And wandred hither to an obfcure plot, Accompanied with a barbarous Moore, If foule defire had not conducted you?

Lari. And being intercepted in your sport, Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence, And let her loy her Rauen coloured loue, This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Baffi. The King my Brother shall have notice of this. Less. I, for these flips have made him noted long, Good King, to be fo mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I have patience to endure all this? Enter Chiron and Demerriate

Dem. How now decre Soueraigne And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Tame. Have I not reason thinke you to looke pale. Thefe two have tie'd me hither to this place, A barren, decefted vale you fee it is. The Trees though Sommer, yet fortone and leane, Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto. Heere never thines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds, Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen: And when they (hew'd me this abhorred pit, They told me heere at dead time of the night, A thousand Fiends, a thousand hilling Snakes, Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins, Would make fuch fearefull and confused cries, As any mortall body hearing it, Should ftraite fall mad, or elle die fuddenly. No fooner had they told this hellish tale, But that they told me they would binde me heere, Vnto the body of a dismall yew, And leaue me to this miserable death. And then they call'd me foule Adulterelle, Lascinious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes That ever eare did heare to such effect. And had you not by wondrons fortune come, This vengeance on me had they executed: Revenge ir, as you loue your Mothers life,

Or be ye not benceforth cal'd my Children. Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne. feb kim. Chi. And this for me,

Strook home to thew my ftrength LANI I come Semeramu, nay Barbarous Temora.

For

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy poyntard, you shal know my boyes Your Mothers hand shall tight your Mothers wrong.

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her, First thrash the Corne, then after burne the strew : This Minion flood upon her chaffity,

Vpon her Nupriall vow, her loyaltie.

And with that painted hope, braues your Mightineffe, And (ball the carry this ento her grave?

Che. And if the doe,

I would I were an Eunuch,

Drag hence her husband to some secret bole, fand make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luft,

Tamo But when ye have the hony we defire, Let not this Waspe out-live ws both to fling

Chr. I warrant you Madam we will make that fure:

Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy, That nice-prescrued honesty of yours.

Lawi. Oh Tamora, thou bear it a woman face. Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her. Laus. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word Demer. Liften faire Madam, let it be your glory

To see her teares, but be your hart to them, As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Laws. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam? O doe not learne her wrath, the taught it thee, The milke thou fuck it from her did turne to Marble, Even at thy Teat thou had'll thy Tyranny, Yet every Mother breeds not Sonnes alike, Do thou intreat her flew a woman pitty.

Chiro. What,

Would'st thou have me prove my selfe a bastard?

Law. Tis true, The Rauen doth not batch a Larke, Yet have I heard, Oh could I finde it now, The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure To have his Princely pawes par'd all away. Some fay, that Rauens fofter forlorne children, The whil'st their owne birds famish in their neits : Oh be to me though thy hard hart fay no,

Nothing so kind but something pittifull. Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her. Louis. Ohlet me teach thee for my Fathers lake, That gave thee life when well he might have flame thee:

Be not obdutate, open thy deafe eares.

The worfe to her, the better lou'd of me.

Tame. Had'it thou in person nere offended me. Euen for bis lake am I pittiletle: Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine, To faue your brother from the factifice, But flerce Andronicus would not relent, Therefore away with her, and vie her as you will,

Laxi. Oh Tanzora,

Be call'd a genile Queene, And with thine owne hands kill me in this place, For 'cis not life that I have beg'd fo long, Poore I was flame, when Baffumes dy'd.

Tam. What beg'ft thou then? fond woman let me go? Laur. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: Oh keepe me from their worle then killing luft, And tumble me into some losthsome pit, Where never mans eye may hehold my body, Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my iweet Sonnes of their fee,

No let them fatisfie their lust on thee.

Dome. Away, For thou halt flaid vs heere too long. Lanina No Garace, No womanhood? Ah beaftly creature, The blot and enemy to our general! home, Confusion fall

Chr. Nay then He stop your mouth Bring thou her husband,

This is the Hole where Auron bid vs hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make het fare, Nete let my heart know merry cheere indeed, Till all the Andronici berusdesway: Now will I hence to feeke my lourly Meere And let my fpleeneful! Sonnes this Trull defloure.

Enter Auron with two of Titue Sonnes. Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before. Straight will I bring you to the lothforce pit, Where I espied the Pauther fast afteepe.

Quin. My fight is very dull what ere it bodes. Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for forme, Well could I leave our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtile Hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers, Vpon whole leaves are drops of new-fhed-blood, As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,

A very facall place it feemes to me

Speake Brother halt thou hurt thee with the fall? Marin Oh Brother,

With the dismal'st obied

That ever eye with light made heart lament. Arone Now will I ferch the King to finde them heers,

That he thereby may have a likely geffe, How these were they that made away his Brother.

EXU ATOT Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out, From this vnhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintin. lam surprised with an vocouth feare, A chilling fweat ore-runs my trembling leynts, My heart suspects more theo mine ese can fee.

Marti. To proue thou helt a true diwning heert, Aaron and thou looke downe into this den.

And fee a fearefull fight of blood and death. Quintim. Aaron is gone, And my compassionate heart Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by furmile: Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now Was I a child, to feare I know not whes.

Marti. Lord Bessianus liesembrewed heere, All on a heape like to the flaughtred Lambe, In this deteffed, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be darke, how doon thou know 'tis be? Mart. Vpon his bloodyfinger he doth weare A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole: Which like a Taper in Some Monument, Doth thine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes, And thewes the ragged intrailes of the pit: So pale did thine the Moone on Promus, When he by night lay bath'd m Maiden b lood: O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.

If feare hath made thee faint as mee it hath, Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As natefull as Ociese milite mouth Quart. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,

Or wanting ftrength to doe thee fo much good, I may be plucke into the swallowing wombe, Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus grave: I have no firength to plucke thee to the brinke.

Mortius. Nor I no frength to clime without thy help. Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loofe againe, Till thou art heere aloft, or I below, Thou can'il not come to me, I come to thee. Bethe fall in.

Enter the Ensperour , Acron the Moore.

Sater. Along with me, Ile fee what hole is he And what he is that now is leapt into it. Say, who are thou that lately did'if descend,

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappie fonne of old Andronicus, Brought hither in a most valuekie houre,

To finde thy brother Bafrianus dead. Saur. My brother dead ? I know thou doft but ieft, He and his Lady both are at the Lodge Vpon the North-fide of this pleasant Chase, Tis not an houre fince I left him there.

Marti. We know not where you left kim all alive. But our alas, heere have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King? King . Heere Tamora, though gricu'd with killing griefe. Tans. Where is thy brother Bassianus? Kmg. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound, Poore Bafriansu heere lies murchered. Tam. . Then all too lare I bring this fatall writ,

The complox of this timelelle Tragedie, And wonder greatly that mans face can fold, In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She grueth Sasurnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter. And if we miffer o meete bim bar force 'y, Sweet hunt from , Baffianus tis we means, Doe thou formuch as dig the grane for bins, Thousehood it our meaning looks for thy reward Among the Nettles at the Elder tree: Which over- baces the mouth of that fame pis : W bere we decresd to bary Baffianuss Dos shis and parchafe us thy lasting friends.

King. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and this the Elder tree, Looke firs, if you can finde the huntiman out, That should have murthered Basisamo heere.

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold. King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind Haue heere bereft my brother of bis life: Sirs drag them from the pie vnto the prison, There let them bide vntill we have deuls'd Some neuer heard-of cortering paine for them.

Tamo. What are they in this pit, Oh wondrous thing!

How eafily murder is discouered? Tir. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee, Ibeg this bonne, with teares, not lightly thed, That this fell fault of my accurled Sonnes, Accueled, if the faults be prou'd in them. King. If it be prou'd? you fee it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, Tamara was it you? Tamora. Andronicus bimfelle did cake it vp. Ta. I did my Lord, Yet let me be their baile, For by my Fathers reverent Tombe I vow

They shall be ready at yout Highnes will . To answere their suspicion with their lives.

Kurg. Thou thate not baile them, fee thou follow me. Some bring the murthered bedy fome the murtheress, Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine, For by my soule, were there worse end then death, That end vpon them should be executed. Tamo. Androvicus I will entreat the King,

Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tis. Come Lucius come, Stay not to talke with them,

Execus.

Enter the Emprosse Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and ber tengne cut ous, and raussits.

Deme. So now goe rell and if thy conque can speake, Who c'was that cut thy tongue and rauthr thee.

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning fo, And if thy flumpes will let thee play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with fignes and tokens the can frow io. Chi. Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to walh. And so let's leave her to her frient walkes.

Chi. And c'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe. Dem. If thou had'ft hands to helpe thee knit the cord. Excunz.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from bunting to Laminia. Who is this, my Neece that flies away to fall? Colen a word, where is your husband? If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, fome Planet firike me downe, That I may flumber in eternall fleepe. Speake gentle Neece, what flerne vingentle hands Hath lope, and hew'd, and made thy body bare Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments Whole circkling shadowes, Kings have sought to seep in And might not gaine fo great a happines As halfe thy Loue : Why dooft not speake to met Alas, a Crimfon river of warme blood, Like to a bubling fountsine flir'd with winde. Doth rife and fall betweene thy Rosed lips, Comming and going with thy hony breath. But fure fome Teres hath defloured thee, And least thou should'it detect them, cut thy tongue. Ah, now thou turn'ft away thy face for fhame: And notwithstanding all this tosse of blood, As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts, Yet doethy cheekes looke red as Titani face, Blushing to be encountred 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 ease my mind. Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen flopt, Doth Lune the hart to Cinders where is is. Faire Philomela the but loft her congue, And in a tedious Sampler fowed her minde. But lovely Neece, that meane is cut from thes, A craftiet Teress haft thou met withall, And he hath cut those pretty fingers off, dd 2

That

That could have better fowed then Philomel.

Oh had the monfler feene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the liken strings delight to kiffe them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.

Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would have dropt his kinse and fell asseepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets seete.
Come, let va goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres frome 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 ease thy misery.

Excus

Adus Tertius.

Enter the ludges and Senatours with Titm two fornes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titms going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes Ray,
For pitty of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wattes, whilst you securely stept:
For all my blood in Romes great quartell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my checkes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes.
Whose soulces is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonies I never wept.
Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicial lyeth downe, and the Indges passe by him.

For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blosh:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient raines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: lie drop youn thee still,
In Winter with warme reares I le melt the show,
And keepe eremall spring time on thy face,
So thou resulted of the land was a standard of the land.

Emer Lucius, with his weapon drawee.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gencle aged men, inhinde my fonnes, reuerfe the doome of death, And let me fay(that neuer wept before)

No recares are now preualing Oratours.

1. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your forrowes to a frome.

Tr. Ah Lucuu for thy brothers let me plead, Grave Tribunes, once more I intrest of you.

Ln. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake.
Ti. Why its no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke metch if they did heare
They would not pitty me.

Therefore I tell my forrowes bootles to the finnes.

Who though they cannot answere my diffreste, Yet in some fort they are better then the Tribunes, For that they will not intercept my tale; When I doe weepe, they humbly at my secte. Receive my teates, and seeme to weepe with me, And were they but attited in grave weedes, Rome could afford no Tribune like to these. A stone is as soft waxe, Tribunes more hard then stones: Assone is silent and offendeth not, And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death. But wherefore stand silent how with thy weapon drawise?

Lu. To referemy two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have promounc'th

My everlasting doome of banishment,

The Ohappy man, they have befriended thee to Why foolish Lucius, do it thou not perceive. That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers?

Trigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey. But me and and mine: how happy are thou then, from these devoucers to be banished?

But who comes with our brother. Marcus beered.

Enter Marcus and Lawma.

Mar. Tum, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe, Or if not loathy noble heart to breake: 1 bring confuming forrow to thine age.

Ti. Will it confume me I Let me fee it then.

Mar This was thy daughten.

Ti. Why March to the is.

Luc. Ayemethis object kilsme.

Ti. Faint-harred boy, arife and looke vpon her, Speake Laumia, what accurfed hand Hath made thee handleffe in thy Fathers fight? What foole hath added water to the Sea? Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy? My griefe was at the height before thou cam'it, And now like Nylm it didaineth bounds: Giueme a fword, Ile chop off my hands too, Fot they have fought for Rome, and all in vaine: And they have nur'ff this woe,

In feeding life:
In booteleffe prayer have they bene held vp,
And they have feru'd me to effectleffe vfe.
Now all the feruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well Lauma, that thou haft no hands,
For hands to do Rome feruice, is but vaine.

Luci. Speake gentle lister, who hash martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,

Sweet varied notes inchanting enery care.

Luci. Oh swithous for her.

Luci. Oh say thou for her, Who hath done this deed?

More. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke, Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare That hath receiude some variousing wound.

Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I frand as one vpon a Rocke,
Imuson'd with a wildermeffe of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow watchy wase,

Expeding

Expecting ever when force envious forge, Will in his brinish bowels swallow him. This way to deathrny wretched formes are gone: Heere standsmy other sonne, a banishs wan, And heere my brother weeping at my woes. But that which gives my foule the greatest frume, Is deere Laurnia, deerer theo my foule. Had I but feene thy picture in this plight, It would have madded me. What shall I doe? Now I behold thy lively body fo? Thou haft no hands to wipe away thy teares, Not tongue to tell me who hath martyt'd thee: Thy husband be is dead, and for his death Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this. Looke Mareu, ah sonne Lucius looke on her; When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hong deve, Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered.,

Mar. Perchance the weepes because they kil'd her

hosband.

Pirchance because the knowes him innocent Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull Because the law hath tane rounge on them. No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede, Witnes the forrow that their fifter makes. Gentle Lexants let me kille thy lips, Or make fome figues how I may do thee eafe : Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother Lacino, And thou and I he round about fome Fountaine, Looking all downcwards to behold our cheekes How they are flain'd in meadowes, yet not dry With micry flime left on them by a flood : And in the Fountaine shall we gaze folong, Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes, And made a brine pit with our bitter teares ? Or shall we cut away our hands like thine? Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes Paffe the remainder of out hatefull dayes? What shall we doe? Let vs thet have our tongues Plot some devise of further miseries To make vs wondred ar in time to come.

La. Sweet Father cease your teares, fur as your griefe See how my wretched lifter lobs and weeps,

Bie. Patience deere Neece, good Tim drie thine

Ti. Ah Merem, Marcus, Brother well I wo:, Thy napkin cannot drinke a teste of mine, For thou poore man halt drown'd it with thine owne,

Lu. Abing Lanina I will wipe thy checker. Ti Marke Marcus marke, I voderstand her fignes, Had the a tongue to speake, now would the lay That to her brother which I faid to thee. His Napkin with hertrue teares all bewere Can do no service on her sorrowfull cheekes. Oh what a simpathy of woe is this! As farre from helpe as Limbo is frombliffe,

Enter Arouthe Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Androsiom, thy Lord the Emperous, Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy lunnes, Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy felfe old Tum, Or any one of you, chop off your hand, And fend it to the King the for the fame, Will fend thee hither both thy fonnes alive, And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron. Did euer Rauen fing fo like a Larke, That glues (weet tydings of the Sunnes prife? With all my heart, He fend the Emperour my hend, Good Aren wile thou help to chop 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 ferue the turne. My youth can better spare my blood then you, And therfore mine shall faue my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome And rear'd atoft the bloody Battleaze, Writing deftraction on the enemies Caffle? Oh none of both but are of high defert: My hand hath bin but idle,let it ferue To ransome my two nephewes from their death, Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along For feare they die before their parden come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Tr. Sirs frive no more, such withered hearbs as these Are meere for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne, Let me redeeme my brothers both from death. Mar. And for our fathers fake, and mothers care. Now let me thew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe ferch an Axe.

Mar. But I will vie the Axe. Ti. Come hither Aaron, 11e dective them both,

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine, Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeft, And never whil'fillive deceive men for But Ile deceive you in another fort, And that you'l fay ere halfe an houre peffe.

He cars of True band

Enter Lucius and March sagains.

Ti. Now stay you strife, what shall be, is dispatche? Good Arm gluehis Maiestie 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 have As for for my fonnes, fag I account of them, As icwels purchaft at an easie price, And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne.

Arm. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand, Looke by and by to have thy sonnes with thee: Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it. Let fooles doc good, and faire men call for grace, Aron will have his foule blacke like his face.

Ti. O heere I life this one hand 7p to besuen, And bow this feeble ruine to the earth, If any power pitties wretched teares, To the .. call : what wilt thou kneele with me ? Doe then deare beart, for beauen shall heare our prayers, Or with our fighs weele breath the welkin dimme, And fraine the Son with fogge as foundme cloudes, When they do hug him in their melting bolomes.

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,

And do not breake into thefe deepe extresmes.

Ti. Is not my forrow deepe, having no bottome?

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Then

Ems.

Then be my pashous borcomlesse with them. Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament Tiem. If there were reason for these miseries. They into limits could I binde my woes : When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow t If the winder rage, doth not the Sea wax mad. Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face! And will thou have a resson for this code ? I am the Sea. Harke how her fighes doe flow : Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth: Then rouft my Ses be moved with her fighes, Then must my earth with her continuall teares, Become a deluge : ouerflow'd and drown'd : For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes, But like a drunkard must I vomit them: Then give me leave, for loofers will have leave, To eale their flomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two beads and a band.

Meff. Worthy Andrenicus, ill art thou repaid, For that good hand thou lentit the Emperour : Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes. And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee fent backe : Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mocke, That woe is me to thinke you thy woes, More then remembrance of my fathers death.

More. Now let hot Atna coole in Cicilie. And be my heart an euer-burning hell : These miseries are more then may be borne To weepe with them that weepe, doth eafe some deale, But forrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound, And yet detested life not shrinke thereat : That ever death should let life beare his name, Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kille is comfortleffe,

As frozen water to a starved inake.

Tirm. When will this fearefull flumber have an end ? Mar. Now farwell Asmerie, die Andronicui, Thou doft not flumber, feethy two fors heads, Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here : Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere fight Strucke pale and bloodleffe, and thy brother I, Even like a stony Image, cold and numme. Ah now no more will I controule my griefes, Rent off thy filuer haire, thy other hand Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this difmall fight The cloting vp of our most wretched eyes: Now is a time to florme, why art thou ftill?

Tuns. Ha,ha,ha, Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre.

Tr. Why I have not another teare to fied: Befides, this forrow is an enemy, And would viurpe vpon my watry eyes, And make them blinde with tributarie teares. Then which way shall I finde Revenges Caue? For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me, And threat me, I shall neuer come to bliffe, Till all these mischiefes be returned againe, Even in their throats that have committed them. Come let me see what taske I have to doe, You heave people, circle me about, That I may turne me to each one of you, And Iwezre vnto my fouleto right your wrongs. The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare. And Lauria thou shalt be employed in these things: Beare thou my hand fweet wench betweene thy teeth: As for thee boy, goe get thee from my fight. Thou are an Exile, and thou must not flay, Hie to the Gother, and raile an army there, And if you love me, as I thinke you doe, Let's kiffe and part, for we have much to doe.

Mames Luciw.

Luci. Ferenell Andronicus my noble Father The woful'st man that ever hu'd in Rome: Farewell proud Rome, til Lucius come againe, Heloues his pledges descer then his life: Farewell Laumia my noble fifter, O would thou wert as thou to fore haft beene, But now, not Lucius not Laumia lives But in obligion and hateful griefes: If Lucius live, he will requit your wrongs, And make proud Saturame and his Empresse Beg at the gates likes Tarquin and his Queene. Now will I to the Gothes and raile a power, To be reueng'd on Rome and Saurane. Exp Lucas

A Brabes. Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lanonic, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now siz, and looke you exce no more Then will preferue just to much strength in vs As will revenge thefe bitter woes of ours . Marcus vnknit that forrow_wreathen knot : Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our bands And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe, With foulded Armes, This poore right band of mine, Is left to tirranize uppon my breaft. Who when my hart all mad with mifery, Bears in this hollow prison of my Beth, Then thus I thumpe it downe. Thou Map of woe, that thus doft talk in fignes, When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating, Thou canft not ftrike it thus to make in fill? Wound it with fighing girle, kil it with grones: Or get fome little knife betweene thy teeth, And just against thy hart make thou a hole, That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall May run into that finke, and fosking in, Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea falt tezres. Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to by

Such violent hands uppon her tender life,

An. How now! Has forrow made thee doate already?

Why Marcus, no man should be mad bet I: Wharviolent hands can the lay on ber life: Ah wherefore dost thou vige the name of hands, To pid Eneas tell the tale twice ore How Troy was burnt, and he made milerable? O handle not the theame, to talke of hands, Leaft we remember still that we have none. Fie, fie, how Frantiquely 1 (quare my talke As if we should forget we had no hands: If Marcus did not name the word of hands. Come, less fall too, and gentle girle eare this, Heere is no drinke? Harke Mareus what the faires, I can interpret all her marcir'd fignes, She faies. The drinkes no other drinke but reeses Breu'd with her forrow: meth'd uppon her cheekes, Speech. Speechlesse complayne, I will learne thy thought a In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect As begging Hermits in their holy prayers. Thou thalt not fighe not hold thy flumps to heaven, Nor winke, not nod, nor kneele, not make a figue, But I (of thefe) will wreft an Alphabet, And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leaue these bitter deepe laments, Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alasthe tender boy in possion mou'd, Doth weepe to see his grandires heavinesse. An. Peacetender Sapling, thou are made of teares, And teares will quickly melt thy life away

Marcus frikes the delb with a knife. What doeft thou firike at Marrus with knife. Mar. At that that I have kil'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour : thou kil'ft my hart, Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie: A deed of death done on the Innocent Becoms not Tum broher : get thee gone, I fee thou art not for my company

Mar. Alas(my Lord) I haue but kild a flie. An. But? How : if that Flie had a father and mother? How would he hang bis flender gilded wings And buz lamenting doings in the ayer, Poore harmeleffe Fly That with his pretty buzing melody, Came heere to make vs merry, And thou hall kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sit, It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly, Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. 0,0,0, Then pardon me for reprehending thee, For thou hast done a Charitable deed: Giuc me chy knife, I will infult on him, Flattering my felfes, as if it were the Moore, Come hither purposely to poyson me. Ther'es for thy felfe, and that's for Tamera : Ah firra, Yet I thinke we are not brought follow, But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly, That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's fo wrought on him, Hetakes falle shadowes, for true substances And . Come, take away : Lauinia, goe with me, He to thy cloffet, and goe read with thee Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. Come boy, and goe with me, thy fight is young, And thou Inale read, when mine begin to dazell. Exercis

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Laninia running after bim, and the Boy fles from ber wish his bookes under his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfier helpe, my Aunt Lauiste, Followes me enery where I know not why. Good Vncle Marcus fee how swife the comes, Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane, Mar. Stand by me Lucius, doe not feare thy Aure, Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome the did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece Louinia by these General 7). Feare not Lucius, some what doth she meane: See Lucius fee, how much the makes of thee s Some whether would the have thee goe with her. Ah boy, Cornella never with more care Read to her sonnes, then the hath read to thee, Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour: Canst thou not gesse wherefore the plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geffe, Valeffe tome fit or frenzie do possesse her: For I have heard my Grandher fay full oft, Extremitie of griefes would make men mad. And I have read that Herwha of Troy, Ran mad through forrow, that made me to feare, Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt, Loues me as deare as ere my mother did, And would not but in fury fright my youth, Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie Causses perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt, And Madam, if my Vncle Marcus goe, I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.
Mar. Lucius I will.

Ti. How now Laninia, Marcus what memesthis? Some booke there is that the defires to fee, Which is it girle of thefe? Open them boy, But thou art deeper read and better skild, Come and take choyfe of all my Library, And so beguile thy forrow, till the heavens Reveale the damn'd contriver of this deed. What booke?

Why lifts the up her armes in sequence thus? Mar. I thinke the meanes that ther was more then one Confederate in the fact, I more there was : Or elfe to heaven the heaves them to revenge.

Ti, Lucius what booke is that she tossech so? Boy. Grandfier 'tis Ouids Metamorphofis, My mother gaue it me.

Mer. For love of her that's gooe, Pethahs the culd it from among the reft.

Ti. Soft, so bufily the turnes the leaves, Helpe her, what would the finde? Lauinia thall I read? This is the tragicke tale of Philomel? And treates of Terens treason and his rape, And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother fee, note how the quotes the leaves Ti. Lauinen, wert thou thus furpriz'd fweet girle, Rauisht and wrong'd as Philomela was! Fore'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods? See, fee, I fuch a place there is where we did bunt, (O had we never never hunted there) Pacern'd by that the Poet heere describes, By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den, Vnleffe the Gods delight in tragedies e Tr. Che fignes sweet girle, for heere are none but friend. What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed? Or flunke not Satureine, 23 Tarquin etfle, That left the Campe to finne in Lucrece bed. Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me, Appollo, Palla, Ince, or Mercury, Inspire me thar I may this treason finde. My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lannia.

He writes bu Name with his Staffe, and guides it wub frese and mouths. This landie plot is plaine, guide if shou canft

Ties

This after me, I have writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at ail.
Curst be that hart that fore stretchet shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will have discovered for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She take the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hash writs? Seuprum, Chiron, Demetrius

Mar. What, what, the luftfull formes of Tamora, Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Marni Dominator poli,

Tam lens us andis stelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know There is enough written vpon this earth, To flitte a mutinie in the mildest thoughts, And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes. My Lord kneele downe with me: Lanmin kneele, And kneele fweet boy, the Romaine Helleri hope. And sweare with me, as with the wofull feete And father of that chast dishonoured Dame, Lord Ianus Brisius Sweare for Larreez cape, That we will profecute (by good aduste) Mortall revenge vpon these traytorous Gothes, And see their blood, or die with this teptoach

The Tis furce enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-wiselpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and it she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And ulls him whilst she palyeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman Michiel to a wat she list.
You are a young huntsman Michiel to a land come, I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like sides leaves abroad,
And where a your session then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I fay my Lord, that if I were a man, Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe, For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft, For his ungratefull country done the like

Boy. And Vicle fo will I, and if I live.

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Atmorie,

Lucius Ile fit thee, and with all, my boy

Shall carry from me to the Empresse fonnes,

Presents that I intend to send them both,

Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsite:
Ti. No boy not so, lie teach thee another course,
Laminia come, Marcus looke to my house,

Lucius and He goe braue it at the Court,

I marry will we fir, and weele be waited on.

Execution

Mar. O heavens! Can you heare a good man grone

And not relent, or not compation him?

Marcus attend him in his extafie,

That hath more fears of fortow in his heart,

Then foe-mens markes upon his batter'd shield,

But yet so inst, that he will not reuenge,

Reuenge the heatens for old Andranecus.

Ensex. Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore; and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verfes writ upon them.

He hath some message to deliver vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandsather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the foune of Lucius,

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneffe I may, I greete your honours from Androniens.
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely Lucius, what a the newes? For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you, My Grandsir e well adust d hath sent by me, The goodliest weapons of his Armorie, To gratise your honourable youth, The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say: And so I do and with his gifts present Your Lordships, when ever you have need,

And so I leave you both: like bloody villaines. Exn Deme, What's heere? a serole, & written round about e Let's see.

Integer vita sectorisque pursu, non egit moury iaculis acc ar-

Chi. O'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well.

You may be armed and appointed well,

I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore, I iust a verse in Horace : right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no found iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapont wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) so the quick i
But were our writy Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud Andronesse conceit:
But let her rest, in her wriest a while.
And now young Lords, wa's thot a happy starre
Led vs. to Romesstrangers, and more then so;
Captines, to be advanced to this lieight?
It did me good before the Pallace gate.
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord Basely intinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore, Had he not reason Lord Demetrine?
Did you not wie his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chr. A charitable wish, and full of loue,

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for 10 sy, Amen.

Chr. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods

For our beloued mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods have given vi ouer.

Flewrift.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trompets flourish thas? Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere? Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Ner. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you fee Aaron the Moore?

Aron, Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere Acron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. Oh gentle Auron, we are all vadone, Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.

Aren. Why, what a catterwalking doft thou keepe? What doft thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Norse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye.
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes difgrace,
She ja deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Atm To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed? Aron. Wel God give her good rest,

What

Wast bath he fent her ?

Nafe. A deuill.
Arm. Why then the islthe Deuils Dam: a joyfoll iffue. Nurfe. A loyleffe, difmall, blacke &, for, swfull iffue, Heere is the babe as loathfome as a toad, Among It the fattell breeders of our clime The Empresse lends it thee, thy stampe, thy feale, And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is black to bale a hue? Sweet blowle, you are a bequerous blofforme lute.

Deme. Villaine what hall thou done?

Aran. That which thou can'll not vindoe. Chr. Thou haft undone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou haft vindone. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce, Accur'A the off-forms of fo foule a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live. Aron. It shall not die.

Nurft. Aaron it must, the mother wils it fo.

Aron. Whoe, must it Nurse? Then lee no man but I Doe execution on my flesh and blood

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point: Nurse give it me, my sword shall soone disparch it

Aron. Sooner this (word shall plough thy bowels vp. Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother & Now by the burning Tapers of the skie, That sh' one so brightly when this Boy was got, He dies vpon my Semitars Tharpe point, That touches this my first borne sonne and heire. I tell you young-lings, not Enceladus With all his threatning band of Tiphons broode, Not great Aleides, nor the God of warre, Shall cezzethis prey out of his fathers hands: What, what, ye languine shallow harted Boyes, Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted fignes, Cole-blacke is better then another hue, In that it fcotnes to beare another bue : For all the water in the Ocean. Can never turne the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although the lane them housely in the flood: Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age To keepe mine owne, excuse it how the can. Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mifteis is my mifteis: this my felfe, The vigour, and the picture of my youth: This, before all the world do I preferre, This mauger all the world will I keepe fafe,

Or some of you shall smooke for it in Rome. Deme By this our mother is for ever fham'd, Chs. Rome will despise her for this soule escape. Nor. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death. Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominate.

Aran. Why ther's the priviledge your bearing beares: Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blufhing The close enacts and counsels of the hart: Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere, Looke how the blacke flaue smiles vpon the father. As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne, He is your brother Lords, tenfibly fed Of that leife blond that first gaue life to you, And from that wombe where you imprisoned were He is infranchifed and come to light: Nay he is your brother by the furer fide.

Although my feale be fromped in his face. Nurse. Acran what shall say unto the Empresse! Dem. Adule thee Arm, what is to be done,

And we will all subsende to thy aduste: Same thou the child, so we may all be fafe.

Arm. Then fit we do was and let viall confult. My fonne and I will have the winde of you i Keepetbere, now talke at pleafuce of your lafety. Deroe. How many women faw this childe of his?

Arm. Why so braue Lords, when we soyne in league I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,

The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonelle, The Ocean (wells not fo at Aaron flormes: But fay againe, how many faw the childe &

Nurse. Cornelus, the midwife, and my feife, And none elfe but the delivered Empresse.

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your felfe. Two may keepe counsell, when the the third's away Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I faid, Ho kuls ber Weeke, weeke, fo cries a Pigge prepared to th' fpit

Deme. What mean'A thou Amon? Wherefore did'ft thou this?

Arom O Lord fir, 'tis a deed of pollicie? Shall the live to betray this guilt of our's: A long tongu'd babling Goffip i No Lords no a And now be it knowne to you my full intent. Not farre, one Mulueue my Country-man His wife but yesternight was brought to bed. Hischilde is like to her, faire as you are: Goe packe with bim, and give the mother gold, And tell them both the circumitance of all. And how by this their Childe shall be adnaune d, And be received for the Emperours heyre, And substituted in the place of mine, To calme this tempest whirling in the Court, And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne. Harke ye Lords, ye fee I have given her phyficke, And you must needs bestow her funerall The fields are neere, and you are gallage Groomes: This done, fee that you take no longer dates But fend the Midwise pretently to me. The Midwife and the Nurse well made away, Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.

Chi. Acron I fee thou will not truft the ayre with fe Deme. For this care of Tamora, Het felfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Arm. Now to the Gothes, as I wife as Swallow Bies, There to dispose this treasure in mine arnies, And fecretly to greeze the Empresse biends : Come on you thick-lipt-flaue, He beare you hence, For it Is you that puts vs to our thifts . He make you feed on berries, and on rootes, And feed on curds and whay, and fucke the Goate, And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Enter 7 tm, old Marcu, young Lucine andother gentlemen with bower and Titue beares thearrowes with Lesters on the end of them.

Ta. Come Marcus, come, kinfmen this is the way. Sir Boy let me fee your Archerie, Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there fraight t Terras Aftrea religios, be you remembred Marcous. She's gone, the's fled, firs take you to your cooles, You Colens shall goe found the Ocean: And cast your ners, haply you may had her in the Sea, Yet ther's as little justice as at Land No Public and Semprenou, you must doe it,

Tis

Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade, And pierce the inmost Center of the earth : Then when you come to Placer Region, I pray you deliver him this petition, Tell him it is for luftice, and for aide, And that it comes from old Andronicas, Shaken with forrowes in ungrateful Rome. Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miferable, What time I threw the peoples fuffrages On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me. Gee get you gone, and pray be carefull all, And leave you not a man of warre vnfearcht, This wicked Emperous may have thips her hence, And kinfmen then we may goe pipe for inflice. Marc. O Publim is not this a heavie case

To fee thy Noble Vnchle thus diffract? Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes, By day and night t'attend him carefully : And feede his humour kindely as we may, Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Mare. Kinfmen, his forrowes are past remedie. Toyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre, Take wreake on Rome for this ingraticude, And vengeance on the Traytor Saurning.

Tir. Publims how now? how now my Maisters?

What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but Plate fends you word If you will have revenge from hell you shall, Marrie for justice the is fo imploy'd, He thinkes with fow in heaven, or some where elfe : So that perforce you must needs flay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes, Ile dive into the burning Lake below, And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles. Marciu we are but thrubs, no Cedars we, No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops fize, Bot mettall Marcin feele to the very backe, Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beate: And fith there's no iustice in earth nor hell, We will follicite heaven, and move the Gods To fend downe lustice for to wreake our wongs : Come to this geare, you are a good Archer Marche. Hogmes them the Arrowes.

Ad lonem, that's for you: here ad Appellonem, Le Martem, that's for my felfe, Heere Boy to Palles, heere to Mercery, To Saturaine, to Casse, not to Saturnine, You were as good to shoote against the winde. Too it Boy, Marcus loofe when I hid: Of my word, I have written to effect, Ther's not a God left vnfollicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court, We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tir, Now Maisters draw, Oli well said Lucius:

Good Boy in Virgoes lap, give it Pallas.

Marc. My Lord, I sime a Mile beyond the Moone, Your letter is with Inpiter by this.

Tit. Ha,hz, Publica, Publica, what hast thou done?

See, fee, thou hall fhot off one of Tauras hornes.

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when Publia, shot, The Bull being gal'd, gave Aries such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court, And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine: Shelaught, and told the Moore he should not choose But give them to his Maifter for a prefent.

Tu. Why there is goes, God give your Lordship ioy.

Emerthe Clowne wab a barbet and two Pigeons in H. Tiem. Newer newes, from besuen, Marcus the post is come. Sirrah, what rydings I have you any letters !

Shall I have luftice, what sayes Implier?

Clome. Ho the libbermaker, he fayes that he hathea ken them downe againe, for the man mest not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tu. But what fayes Impuer I aske thee? Clowne. Alas fir I know not Inpact i I necer dranke with him in all my life. Til. Why villaine are not thou the Carrier?

Cloure. I of my Pigious fit, nothing else.
Th. Why, did it thou not come from beaven?

Clowne. From heaven? Also fir, I never carse there, God forbid I should be so bold, so prefe to besom in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, berwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why fir, that is as he as can be to ferue for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigions to the Emperoca

from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely fir, I could neuer fay grace in all

Tie. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe, But give your Pigeons to the Emperour, By me thou thale have luftice at his hands. Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges. Giue me pen and inke-

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication? Clowne. 1fir.

Titza, Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneels, then kille his foote, then deliver vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your teward. He be at hand fir, see you do it brauely.

Cloxene. I warrant you fir, let me alone. Tir. Sirrha halt thou a knife ! Come let me fee le Heere Moreus, fold it in the Oration, For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant: And when thou half gioen it the Emperous, Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he fayes. Clowne. God be with you fit, I will. Tit. Come Maren let vs goe, Publim follow me.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and ber two somes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his band that Titue foot at birs.

Saur. Why Lords, What wrongs are these? was ever scene An Emperour in Rome thus oper borne, Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent Of eg all iustice, vid in such contempt? My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods, (How ever these diffurbers of our peace But enen with law sgainft the willfull Senne: Of old Andronicas. And what and if His forrowes have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus affliched in his wreakes, His fire, his frenzie, and his bitternelle ? And now he writes to heaven for his redreffe. Ser, bourse to Inse, and this to Admeny,

This to Apollo, this to the God of warre: Sweet scrowles to flie about the freets of Rome: What's this but Libelling against the Senate, And blazoning our Iniustice every where? A goodly humour, is it not my Lords? As who would lay, in Rome no Iustice were. But if I live, his fained extafies Shall be no shelter to these outrages: Buche and his shall know, that Justice lives In Saturninus health; whom if he fleepe, Hee'l to awake, as he in fury thall

Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives.

Tame. My gracious Lord, my louely Saturume,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts, Calme thee, and beare the faults of Time age, Th'effects of forrow for his valiant Sonnes, Whose losse hach pier It him deepe, and scar'd his heart; And rather comfort his diffrested plight, Then profecure the meanest or the best For these contempts. Why thus it shall become High witted Tamora to glose with all: Asida. But Tirm, I have touch'd thee to the quicke, Thy life blood out : If Airm now be wife, Then is all fafe, the Anchor's in the Port.

How now good fellow, would'it thou fpeake with vs? Claw Yea forfooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall. Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder fits the Emperour. Clo. Tis he; God & Saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigions heere. He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently. Clowne. How much money must I have? Tem. Come firrah you must be hang'd. Clow. Hang'd ? ber Lady, then I have brought vp a neck to a faire end.

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs. Shall I endure this monstrous villany? I know from whence this same deurse proceedes: May this be borne? As if his trayerous Sonnes, That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother, Have by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully? Goe dragge the villame hither by the baire Not Age, nor Honour, shall shape priviledge t For this proud mocke, lle be thy flaughter man: Sly franticke wretch, that holp'ft to make me great, In hope thy felfe should governe Rome and me.
Enter Nuntim Emillim.

Satur. What newes with thee Emilia ? Emil. Armemy Lords, Rome neuer had more caule, The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power Of high refolued men, bent to the spoyle They hither march amaine, under conduct Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus: Who threats in course of this teuenge to do As much as ever Corrolanse did.

King. Is warlike Lucina Generall of the Gothes? These tydings nip me, and I hang the head As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes: I, now begins our forrowes to approach, Tis he the common people love fo much, My selfe hath often heard them say, (When I have walked like a private man) That Lucisa banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish that Lucius were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you seare? Is not out City strong?

King, 1, but the Cittizens fauour Luciu, And will revolt from me, to fuccour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name. Isthe Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it? The Eagle suffers little Birds to ling, And is not earefull what they meane thereby, Knowing that with the shadow of his wings, He can at pleasure flint their melodie. Euen so mayest thou, the glddy men of Rome, Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour, I will enchaunt the old Andronicus, With words more fweer, and yet more dangerous Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe, When as the one is wounded with the baite, The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs. Tam. If Tamera entreat him, then he will, For I can smooth and fill his aged eare, With golden promises, that were his heart Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe, Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue. Goe thou before to our Embassadour, Say, that the Emperour requests a parly Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

King. Emiliu do this message Honourably. And if he fland in Hostage for his safety, Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best Frit.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus, And temper bim with all the Art I have, To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes. And now (weet Emperous be blithe againe, And bury all thy feare in my deuifes.

Sain. Then goe successantly and plead for him. Exit.

Adus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucisa with an Army of Gothers with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithfull Friends. I have received Letters from great Rome, Which fignifies what hate they beare their Emperour, And how defirout of our fight they are. Therefore great Lords, be as your Ticles wirnelle, Imperious and impatient of your wrongs, And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe, Let him make treble fatisfaction,

Goth. Brave flip, sprung from the Great Andronicus, Whole name was once our terrour, now our comfort, Whof : high exploits, and honourable Deeds, Ingralefull Rome requires with foule contempr: Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'ft, Like Ainging Bees in hottest Sommers day, Led by their Maister to the flowred fields, And be aveng'd on cutfed Tamera: And as he faith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all. But who comes heere, led by a lufty Goth? Emer a Gost leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Geth. Renowned Lucies, from our troups I ftraid, To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,

And as I earneftly did fixe mine eye Vpon the wasted building, suddainely I heard a childe cry vndernearh a wall a I made vnto the noyfe, when foone I heard, The crying babe control'd with this discourse: Peace Tawny flaue, halfe n.e, and halfe thy Dam. Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art? Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke. Villaine thou might'ff have bene an Emperour. But where the Ball and Cow are both milk-white, They never do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe : Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe, For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth, Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe, Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers fake. With this, my weapon drawne I rusht wpon him, Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither To vie, 25 you thinke neecdefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill, That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand: This is the Pearle that pleaf'd your Empresse eye. And heere's the Bale Fruit of his burning luft. Say wall-ey'd flaue, whether would'ft thou conuay This growing Image of thy fiend-like face? Why doft not speake ? what deafe? Not a word? A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree, And by his fide his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aran. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good. First hang the Child that he may see it sprall, A fight to vexe the Fathers foule withall.

Aron. Get me a Ladder Luciu, faue the Childe, And beare it from me to the Empresse: If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things, That highly may aduantage thee to heare; If thou wilt not, befall what may befall, Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak's,

Thy child shall live, and I will fee it Nourisht. Arm. And if it please thee? why affure thee Lucius, Twill yeare thy foule to heare what I shall speake: For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres, Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds, Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously preform'd, And this shall all be buried by my death, Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall line.

Luci. Tell on thy minde, I fay thy Childe shall live

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin. Luci. Who should I sweare by,

Thou beleeveft no God.

That graunted, how can'st thou beleeve an oath? Arm. Whatifl do not, as indeed I do not.

Yet for I know thou are Religious, And half a thing within thee, called Conscience. With twenty Popilh trickes and Ceremonies, Which I have feene thee carefull to obserue : Therefore I vegethy oath, for that I know An Ideor holds bis Bauble for a God, And keeper the oath which by that God he fweares, To that lie vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow By that same God, what God so ere it be That thou adorest, and hast in reverence, To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp, Ore elfe I will discouer nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I (wesse to to thee I will. Aron. First know thou, I be got him on the Empresse. Luci. Oh most Insatiste luxurious woman! Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charitie, To that which thou shalt heare of me anon, Twas her two Sonnes that murdered Baffianus, They cut thy Sifters tongue, and raught her, And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou faw'it Lucius. Oh detestable villaine! Call'ft thou that Trimming ?

Aren. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd, And twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it. Luci. Oh barbarous beaftly villames like thy felfe! Arm. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them, That Codding spirit had they from their Mother, As fure a Card as euer wonne the Set: That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me, As true a Dog as ever fought at head. Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth: I rrayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole, Where the dead Corps of Baffian to 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 Sonnes, And what not done, that thou half cause to rue, Wherein I had no Aroke of Mischeife in it. I play dehe Chester for thy Fathers hand. And when I had it, drew my felfe apart, Andalmost broke my heart with extreame laughter. I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall, When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads, Beheld his teares, and laught to hartily, That both mine eyes were rainie like to his; And when I told the Empresse of this sport, She founded almost at my pleasing cale, And for my tydings, gave me twenty killes.

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and never blush? Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the faying is. Luci. Art thou not forry for thele hainous deedes? Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more: Earn now I curse the day, and yet I thinke Few come within few compaffe of my curle, Wherein I did not some Notorious ill, As kill a man, or else devise his death, Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it, Accuse some Innocent, and fortweave my selfe, Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends, Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes, Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night, And bid the Owners quench them with the teares: Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves, And fet them vpright at their deere Friends doote, Euen when their forrowes almost was forgot, And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees, Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters, Leenot your forrow die, though I am dead. Tut, I have done a thouland dreadfull things As willingly, as one would kill a Fly, And nothing greeves me harrily indeede, But that I cannot doe ten thouland more.

Luci. Bring downe the diaell, for he must not die So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aren. If there be diuels, would I were a devill, To live and burne in everlasting fire, So Imight have your company in hell,

But

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Lucio Sirs flop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Gotb. My Lord, there is a McGenger from Rome Defires to be admitted to your prefence.

Luc. Let him come neete.

Welcome Emillius, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lacius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he understands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house
Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliucred.

Coth. What fales our Generall?

Luc. Emilian, let the Emperour give his pledges

Vinto my Father, and my Vincle Marcia, Flourifb.

Andwe will come: march away.

Excurs.

Enter Tantora, and ber two Sonnes difquifed.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament, I will encounter with Andronicus, And say, I am Resenge fent from below, Yosoyne with him and fight his halnous wrongs: Knocke at his study where they say he keepes, To runninate strange plots of dire Resenge, Tell him Resenge; some to joyne with him, And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his fludy dore.

The Who doth molleft my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That foiny fad decrees may flic away,
And all my fludic be to no effect?
You are deceived, for what I meane to do,
See beere in bloody lines I have fet downe:
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Thus, I am come to talke with thee, Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke, Wanting a hand to give it action, Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'fl know me,

Thou would'st talke with me.

Tin. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnesse these crimson lines,
Witnesse these crimson lines,
Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witnesse these tyring day, andheause night,
Witnesse all forrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:

Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou fad man, I am not Tamora,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge fent from th'infernall Kingdorne,
To eafe the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Came downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Canfetre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vaft obfective, or Mifty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteffed Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eates tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake

Tab. Art thou Reuengerend art thou fent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tu. Doeme fome fervice ere I come to thee:
Loe bythy fide where Rape and Murder stands,
Now glue some furance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariet wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Provide thee two proper Palfries, 2s blacke as Iet.
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,
And sinde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Servile footeman all day long,
Euen from Epron rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heavy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. There are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tir. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called fo,
Canfe they take venerance of such kind of men.

Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tin. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are.
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee: I to by and by.

I will imbrace thee i. it by and by.

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ficke fits,
Do you vphold, and mainfaine in your speeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
lle make him send for Lucium his Sonne,
And whil' fit at a Banquet hold him sure,
lle find some cunning practise our of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddle Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I mass play my theame.

Tit. Long have I bene for lorne, and all for thee, Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house. Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too, How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are. Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore, Could not all hell afford you such a deuil!? For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags; But in her company there is a Moore, And would you represent our Queene aright It were convenient you had such a deuil!: But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'R thou have vs doe Andronicus?

Dom. Shew me a Murtherer, lle deale with him.

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,

And I am fent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And He be revenged on them all.

Tis, Looke round about the wicked firects of Rome, And then thou find if a man that's like thy felfe, Good Murder flash him, hee's a Murtherer. Goe thou with him, and when it istiy hap To finde another that is like to thee, Good Rapine flash him, he is a Rauisher. Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court, There is a Queene attended by a Moore, Well mailt thou know her by thy owne proportion, For vp and downe she doth resemble thee. I pray thee doe on them some violent death, They have bene violent to me and mine.

Tom Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies Androneus to this deuse?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my Brother, 'tis fad Titus calls, Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius, Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes, Bid him repaire to me. and bring with him Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes, Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are, Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse 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.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,

And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam, What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour.

How I have govern'd our determined iest?
Yeeld to his Humour, (mooth and speake him faire,
And carry with him till I turne agains.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad, And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,

A payre of curied hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave va heere.

Tam. Facewell Andronicus, reuengenow goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.

Tit. I know thou doo'A, and I weet reuenge farewell.

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tis. Tut. I have worke enough for you to doc, Publish come hither, Cases, and Valentine.

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you thefe two?
Pub. The Empresse Sonnes
I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Time. Fix Publice, fie, thou are too much deceau'd. The one is Murder, Rape is the others name, And therefore bind them gentle Publice, Caim, and Valentine, lay hands on them, Oft have you heard me with for fuch an houre, And now I find it, therefore binde them fure.

(hi. Villaines forbeare, we are the Empresse Sonnes.

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,

Is he ture bound, looke that you binde them fast. Execuse.

Enter Titus Androvicus with a knife, and Laninia with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come Lauria, looke, thy Foes are bound, Sirs Rop their mouthes, let them not speake to me, But let them heare what searefull words I vrter.

Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrine, Here frands the spring whom you have flain'd with mud, This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt, You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault, Two ofher Brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off, and made a merry ieft, Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastisy, Iuhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for it. What would you say, if I should let you speake? Villaines for frame you could not beg for grace. Harke Wretches, how I meane to mattyr you, This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats, Whil'ft that Laninia tweene her flumps doth hold: The Bason that receives your guilty blood. You know your Mother meanes to feast with me, And calls herselfe Revenge, and chinkes me mad. Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to duff. And with your blood and it, lie make a Paffe, And of the Pafte a Coffen I will reare, And make two Passies of your shamefull Heads, And bid that ftrumper your vnhallowed Dam, Like to the earth [wallow her increase. This is the Feafl, that I have bid ber to. And this the Banquet the Chall furfet on, For worle then Philamel you vid any Daughter, And worse then Progre, I will be reveng'd, And now prepare your throats: Laumia come. Receive the blood, and when that they are dead, Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder fmall, And with this harefull Liquor temperit, And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte. Come, come, be every one officious, To make this Banker, which I wish might prove. More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

So now bring them in, for He play the Cooke,
And feethern ready, gainft their Mother comes. Executs.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gorber.

Luc. Vnckle Moreu, fince 'tis my Fathers minde That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckletake you in this barbarous Meste,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accurfed deuall,
Let him receive no fultenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnio the Emperous face,
For testimony other foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperous meanes no good to vs.

Aron. Some deuill whifper curles in my eare, And prompt me that my tongue may viter for th, The Venemous Mallice of my (welling hears.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slave, Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to convey him in, The Trumpets them the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpers. Enter Emperous and Empress, with Tributes and others.

Sat. What hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy felfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle

These quarrels must be quietly debated,

The Feast is ready which the careful Trem,

Harh

Harh ordained to an Honourable end, For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome: Please you therfore drawnie and take your places. Sasur. Marcus we will.

A Table broughs in. Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Laminia with a vale oner ber face.

Tirm. Welcome my gracious Lord, Welcome Dread Queene, Welcome ye Warlike Cothes, welcome Lucius, And welcome all:although the cheere be poore, 'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it. Sat. Why are thou thus attir'd Andronicus? Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse. Ton. We are beholding to you good Andronicau?

My Lord the Emperour resolue me this, Was it well done of rath Virginius, To flay his daughter with his owne right hand, Because she was enfor'ft, flain'd, and deflowr'd?

Satur. It was Andronism.
Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girle, should not survine her frame,

Tir. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:

And by her presence still renew his forrowes. Tis. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall, A patterne, president, and lively warrant, Por me(most wretched) to performe the likes Die, die, Lauinia, and thy shame with thee, And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kils ber. Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde? Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares have made me blind.

I am as wofull as Virginius was, And have a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was the rauistic stell who did the deed, Tis. Wilt please you cat,

Wilt please your Hignesse feed?

Tam. Why halt thou flaine thing onely Daughter?

They rauish ther, and out away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
San. Go fetch them hither to vs presently. Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie, Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed, Eating the flesh that she herselse hath bred. Tistrue, 'tis true, witnesse my kniues sharpe point.

He flabs the Empresse. Sarn. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed. Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed? There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed

Mar. You fad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome, By vprores feuer'd like a flight of Fowle, Scattred by windes and high temperaous gufts a Ohlet me teach you how, to knit againe This scattred Corne, into one mutuall sheafe, These broken limbs againe into one body

Goth. Let Rome herfelfe be bane vnto herfelfe. And thee whom mightie kingdomes curfic too, Like a forlome and desperate castaway, Doe shamefull execution on her felfe. But if my froftie figues and chaps of age, Grave witnelles of true experience. Cannot induce you to attend my words, Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erft our Aunceftor,

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse To love-ficke Didees fad attending care, The flory of that balefull burning night, When subtil Greekes furpriz'd King Priams Troy: Tell vs what Smon hath bewicht our cares, Or who hath brought the fatall engine in. That glues our Troy, our Rome the civill wound, My heart is not compact of flint nor fleele. Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe, But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie. And breake my very verrance, even in the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind hand Commiferation. Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale. Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake,

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you, That curfed Chiron and Demetrius Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother, And they it were that rauished out Sifter, For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded. Our Fathers teares despil d, and basely cousen'd. Of that true hand that fought Romes quartell out, And fent her enemies vnto the grave. Laftly, my felfe vnkindly banifbed. The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out, To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies, Who drown'd their enmity in my true ceares, And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend: And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you, That have preferred her welfare in my blood, And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point, Sheathing the secle in my adventrous body. Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I, My fears can witnesse, dumbe although they are, That my report is just and full of truth: But foft, me thinkes I do digreffe too much, Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me, For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves,

Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child, Of this was Tamora delivered, The issue of an Irreligious Moore, Chiefe Architect and plotter of these wees, The Villaine is aliue in Titus house, And as he is, to witnesse this is true. Now judge what course had Titus to revenge Thele wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience. Or more therrany living man could beare. Now you have heard the truth, what fay you Romaines? Haue we done ought amisse? show ys wherein, And from the place where you behold vs now, The poore remainder of Andronici, Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs do sine, And or the ragged stones beat forth our braines. And n ake a mucuali closure of our house : Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall, Loe hand in hand, Luciss and I will fall.

Emili. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome, And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand, Lecius our Emperour for well I know, The common voyce do cry it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all haile Romes Royall Emperour, Goe, goe into old Time forrowfell house, And hither hale that misbelieving Moore, To be adjudg'd fome direfull flaughtering desile As punishment for his most wicked life. Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I governe fo, To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her wee. But gentle people, give me ayme a-wifile, For Nature puts me to a heavy taske: Stand all aloofe, but Vnokle draw you neere. To fined observations teares upon this Trunke: Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips, These forrowfull drops upon thy bloud-staine face, The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kiffe for kiffe, Thy Brother Marcin teoders on thy Lipe: O were the fumme of thefe that I should pay Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Lur. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of va
To melt in showres: thy Grandstre lou'd thee well:
Many a time he dane'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
1 Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie.
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greese and WoBid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: even with all my heart Would I were Dead, so you did Llue againe, O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping, My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You fad Andronics, have done with woes, Give sentence on this exertable Wretch, That hath beene breeder of these direcevents Luc. Sethim brest deepe in earth, and samish hum: There lethim stand, and rave, and ery for soode: If any one relecues, or pirites him, For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome: Some stay, to see him fast ned in the earth.

Area. O why should wrath be mure, & Fury dumber I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers I should repent the Eurla I have done. Ten thousand worse, 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 convey the Emp. hence,
And give him buriall in his Fathers grave.
My Father, and Laumia, thall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rice, not man in moverfull Weeds:)
No moverfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her soorth to Beasts and Birds of piey:
Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty,
And being so, shall have like want of pitty.
See Justice done on Aaron that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heavy happes had their beginning to
Then asterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events, may no reit Ruinate. Executionness.

FINIS.





THE TRAGEDIE ROMEO and IVLIET.

Alus Primus. Scana Prima.

Erset Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the Honfe of Capuler.

Sampfon.

Regary: A my word wee'l not carry coales. Greg. No, for then we should be Colliars. Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw. Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out

o'th Collar.

Sang. I firike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But they art not quickly mou'd to firike. Sarsy. A dog of the house of Mountague, moves me. Greg. To move, is to fiir: and to be valiant, is to fland:

Therefore, if thou arr mou'd, thou runft away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall move me to fland. I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mountagnes. Greg. That showes thee a weake slave, for the wea-

kest goes to the wall.

Sump. True, and therefore women being the weaker Vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Mountaguer men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to tite wall. cheir men.

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Mafters, and vs Samp. Tis all one, I will thew my felfe a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will bee citill with the Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Sam. 1, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what sence thou wilt.

Greg. They mult take it fence, that feele it.
Samp. Me they shall feele while I amable to fland: And tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not Fish : If thou had'st, thou had it beene poore John. Drawthy Toole, bere comes of the House of the Abuntagues.

Enter two other Servingswen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I willback thee

Gre. How? Turnethy backe, and ruc.

Sami. Feare me not.

Gre. No marry : I feare thee.

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our fides:let them begin. Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the take it as they list Som. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,

which is a difgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs fir?

Samp. I do bice my Thumbe, fir.

Abia. Do you bice your Thomb at vs, fir?

Sam. Is the Law of our fide, if I fay 1? Gra. No.

Sam. No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but I bite my Thumbe fir.

Oreg. Doyou quarrell fir?

Abra. Querrell fu? no fir.

(33 you Sam. If you do fir, I am for you, I ferue as good a man Abra. No better? Samp. Welifir.

Enter Bennolie.

Gr.Say bettershere comes one of my masters kinf nen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Drawifyou be men. Gregory, temember thy washing blow. They Fight.

Ben. Part Fooles, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tys. What are thou drawne, among these heartlesse Hindes? Turne thee Benuolso, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put up thy Sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word As Thate hell, all Mountagees, and thee: Have at thee Coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partifons, firike, beat them down Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter uld Capulet in bis Gowne, and bis wife. Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword ho. Wife. A crucch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword? Cap. My Sword I fay: Old Manntague is come,

And flourishes his Blade in spighe of me.

Enter old Mountagne, & his wife. & Wife. Thou shalt not fir a foote to feeke a Foe,

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine. Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Eneraies to peace, Prophapers of this Neighbor-stained Sceele, Will ty y not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beafts, That quench the fire of your permitious Rage, With purple Fountaines isluing from your Veines a On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground And heare the Sentence of your mooned Prince. Three chill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old Capaler and Mountague, Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our ferrets, And made Verma's ancient Citizens Cast by their Grave beseming Oroaments, To wield old Partizens, in heads as old,

Cankred

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate, If euer you disturbe our streets againe, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time all the rest depart away . You Capules thall goe along with me, And Manntague come you this afternoone, To know our Fathers pleasure in this case: To old Free-towns, our common judgement place: Once more on paine of death, all men deport. Moun. Who fet this auncient quarrell new abroach?

Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began t Ben. Heere were the fernants of your adversarie, And yours close fighting ere I did approach, I drew to part them, in the instant came The fiery Tibals, with his Sword prepar'd, Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares, He fwong about his head, and cut the windes, Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne. While we were enterchanging shrults and blowes, Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

Till the Prince came, who parted either part. Wife. O where is Romeo, law you him to day? Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ber Madam, an houre before the worfhipt Son Peer'd forth the golden window of the Ealt, A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad. Where underneath the groue of Sycamour. That West-ward rooseth from this City side i So earely walking did I fee your Sonne Towardshim I made, but he was ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood, I measuring his affections by my owne, Which then most sought, wher most might not be found: Being one too many by my weary felfe, Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene seene, With testes augmenting the fresh mornings deaw, Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe lighes, But all fo foone as the all-cheering Sunne, Should in the farthest East begin to draw The shadie Curtaines from Auroras bed, Away from light fleales home my heavy Sonne, And private in his Chamber pennes himselfe, Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light our, And makes himfelfe an artificiall night: Blacke and portendous must this humour proue, Vnleffe good counfell may the cause remove. Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him. Ren. Have you importun'd him by any meanes? Moun. Both by my felfe and many others Friends, But he his owne affections counseller, Is to hunfelfe (I will not fay how true) But to himselfe so secret and so close, So fatte from founding and discovery, As is the bud bit with an envious worme, Ere he can spread his sweete leaves to the ayre, Or dedicate his beauty to the same. Could we bus learne from whence his forrowes grow, We would as willingly gue cure, as know.

Enter Ramco. Be " See where he comes, so please you step alide, Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Mogn. I would thou wert to happy by thy ftay, To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. Execut.

Ben. Good morrow Coufin Rom. Is the day fo young? Ben. But new Arocke nine. Rem. Ayeme, fad houres feeme long. Was that my Father that went hence Tofaft? Ben. It was : what fadnes lengthers Romes shoures? Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them fnot:

Ben. In louc.

Romes. Out. Ben. Oflowe.

Rom, Out of her fauout where I am in loue. Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view, Should be foryrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is mussed full, Should without eyes, fee path-wayes to his will Where shall we dine? O me : what fray was heere? Yet tell me not, for I have heard it alle Heere's much to do wirli hate, but more with love: Why then, O brawling love, O louing hate; O any thing, of nothing first created : O heavie lightnesse, serious vanity, Mishapen Chaos of welleeing formes, Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold hre, sicke health, Still waking fleepe, that is not what it is . This love feele lathat feele no love in this. Doeft thou not laugh?

Bew. No Coze, I rather weepe. Rom. Good heart, at what i Ben. At thy good hearts oppression. Rom. Why fach is loves transg ression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heavie in my breaft, Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast With more of thine, this love that thou half fowne, Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne. Loue is a smoake made with the same of sighes, Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes, Being vest, a Sea nourisht with louing teares, What is it elle? a madnesse, most distreet,

A choking gall, and a preferring fweet : Farewell my Coze. Ben. Soft I will got along.

And if you leave me lo, you do me wrong. Rom. Tut I have lost my selfe, lam not bere, This is not Romes, hee's fome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ladnesse, who is that you love? Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee? Ben. Grone, why no : but fadly tell me who. Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will a

A word ill vrg'd to one that is fo ill : In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I zym'd fo neare, when I support you lou'd. Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I love

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit, Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit

With Cupids arrow, the hath Diens wit: And in frong proofe of chaftiry well arm'd. From loues weake childish Bow, the lives vocharm'd. Shee will not flay the fiege of louing tearmes, Nor bid th'incounter of affailing eyes. Nor open her lap to Sain &- leducing Gold: O the is rich in beautie, onely poore, That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Een. Then the hath (worne, that the will fill live chaft? Rees. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast? For besury steru'd with her fenerity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She

She is too faire, too wifewi: fely too faire. To meriebliffe by making me dispaire : She hath for fworne to love, and in that vow Do I liue dead, that live to tell it now

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke ofher. Rom. O teach me how I shoold forget to thinke.

Ben. By gruing liberty voto thine eyes,

Examine other beauties,

Ro. Tis the way to calhers (exquifit) in question more, These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes, Being blacke, puts win mind they hide the faire: He that is ftrooken blind, cannot forget The precious treasure of his eye-fight lost : Shew me a Mistrelle that is passing faire, What doth her beauty ferue but as a note. Where I may read who past that passing faire. Farewell thou can'it not teach me to forget,

Ben. He pay that doctrine, or elle die in debt. Exeunt Enter Capulet Countie Paris and the Clowne.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as 1, Inpenalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke, Formen fo old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both, And pittie tis you liu'd at ods fo long : But now my Lord, what fay you to my fute?

Capu. But faying ore what I have faid before, My Child is yet a stranger in the world, Shee hath not feene the change of fourteene yeares, Let two more Summers wither in their pride Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pars. Younger then the are happy mothers made.
Caps And too foone mat'd are those so early made: Farth hath swallowed all my hopes but the, Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth: But wooe her gentle Paris get her heart, My will to her confent, is but a part. And thee agree, within her scope of choise,

Lyes my confent, and faire according voice : This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast, Whereto I have inuited many a Guelt, Such as I love, and you among the store, One more most welcome makes my number more

At my poore house, looke to behold this night, Earth Areading Rarres, that make darke heaven light, Such comfort as do lufty young men feele, When well appartel'd Aprill on the heele Of limping Winter treads, even such delight Among fresh Feunell buds shall you this night

Inherit atmy house: heare all all see And like her most, whose ment most shall be: Which one more verw, of many, mine being one, May fland in number, though in reckning none.

Come, goe with ine: goe fireah trudge about, Through faire Verona, find those persons out, Whole names are written there, and to them fay, My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Ser. Find them out whole names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his Yard, and the Taylor with his Last, the Fisher with his Pentill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am fent to find those persons whose names are writ, & can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must 10 the learned) in good time,

Enter Bennolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes our anothers burning, One paine is lefned by anothers anguish:

Turne giddle and be holpe by backward turning : One desparate greefe, cures with anothers lauguish : Take thou fome new infection to the eye. And the rank poyfon of the old wil die.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that

Ben. For what I pray thee? Rom. For your broken (hin.

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rem. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is: Shut up in prison, kept without my foode, Whipt and tormented : and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray fir can you read? Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without booke :

But I pray can you read any thing you (se

Roms. I, if I know the Letters and the Language. Ser. Ye say bonestly, rest you merry.

Rom, Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Signeur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County An-filme and his beautions sisters: the Lady widdow of Utru-uio Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neeces Mercusio and his brother Valentine: mine vicle Capules his wiscond daugh. ters; my faire Neece Rofaline Linia Seigneur Valentio, This Cofen Tybalt: Lucio and the linely Helena. A faire affembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.
Rom. Whither? ro supper?

Ser. To our house. Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Mailters.

Rom. Indeed I should have asks you that before.

Ser Now le tell you without asking. Mymaister is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest Exit.

Ben. At this same anneient Feast of Capulets Sups the fatte Rosaline, whom thou so loues : With all the admired Beauties of Verona, Go thither and with vnattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintaines such falshood, then turne teates to fice: And these who often drown'd could never die, Transparent Heretiques be burnt for hers. One fairer then my loue the all-feeing Sun Nere faw her march, fince first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by, Herselse poyl'd with herselse in either eye: But in that Christall Tcales, let there be waid, Your Ladies love against some other Maid That I vill show you, shining at this Feast, And the thew feant thell, well, that now thewes best.

Rom. He goe along, no fuch fight to be showne, But to relayce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurfe. Wife Nurle wher's my daughter? call her forth to me. Nurle. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb; what Ladi-bird, God forbid, Where's this Cirle? what Inlies?

Enter Iuliet.

Inlue. How now, who calls? Nur. Your Mother.

Inter. Madam I am heere, what is your will ?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse gine leave swhile, we

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe agains, I have remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age voto anhouse.

Dif. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. He lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I have but foure, shee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to Lamma tide?
Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurfe. Even or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she he fourteene. Sufan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan Is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on La. mar Eue ut night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis fince the Earth-quake now eleven yeares, and the was wean'd I never thall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day : for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug fitting In the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. Butas! said, when it did taft the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to fee it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Done-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge; and fince that timeit is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bith' roode the could have runne & wadled all about : for even the day before the broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his foule, a was a merrie man, tooke up the Child, yea quoth hee, doeft thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haft more wit, wilt thou not Jule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying, & faid I: to fee now how a lest shall come about. I warrant, & I shall live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it : wilt thou not lules quoth be? and pretty foole it ftinted, and faid I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leave crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had you it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perilous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yes quoth my husband, sall'stypon thy face, thou wilt sall backward when thou commest to age: wilt thou not sale? It stituted and said I.

Iule. And flint thou too. I pray thee Nurse, say I.
Nur. Peace I have done: God marke thee too his grace
thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might
live to see thee married once; I have my wish.

Old La. Matry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of stell me daughter lulies, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreamenot of.

Nur. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurle, I would
fay thou had'd fuckt wifedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of matriage now, yonger then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much voon these yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:

That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe: The valiant Paris feekes 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. Verous Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith 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 Parw lace,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine every leverall liniament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precsous Booke of Love, this vibound Lover,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Cover,
The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide.
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold classes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possess.
By naving him, making your selfe no lesse.
Numse. No lesse, any bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paru love?

Inli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,

Then your confent gives strength to make flye.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp. you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur's in the Partery, and every thing in extremitie: I must be ce to wait, I be seech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, Inlint, the Countie staies,
Nurse. Goe Gytle, seeke happy enights to happy daies.

Execute.

Enter Romeo, Mercuio, Eemulo, with fine or fixe other Markers, Torch bearers.

Rom. What shall this speed be spoke for our excuse Ot shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of fuch prolixitie,
Weele have no Cupid, hood winks with a skarfe,
Beating a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling, Being but heavy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Remeo, we must have you dance, Rom. Not I believe me, you have dencing shooes With nimble soles, I have a soale of Lead So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Capids wings, And foare with them aboue a common bound. Rom. I am too fore enpeared with his shafe,

To foare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heavy burthen doe I finke.

Hora. And to finke in it should you burthen love, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boy flerous, and it pricks like thome.

Mer. If love be rough with you be rough with love, Pricke love for pricking, and you beat love downe, Give me a Cafe to put my viluge in.

A Vifor for a Vifor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities.

Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no fooner in,

But every men berake bim to his lega.

Rom. A Torch for me, les wantons light of heart
Tickle the sencelesse russes with their heeles:
For I am properb'd with a Grandser Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so saire, and I am done.

Mer. Tet.

Mer. Tut, durs the Mouse, the Coastables owne word, If thou set dun, weele draw thes from the mise. Or lave your reverence love, wherein thou flickest Vp to the cares, come we burne day light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not fo. Mor. I meane fit I delay,

We wost our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day; Take our good meaning, for our Judgement fits Fine times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rem. And we meane well in going to this Maske,

Eut'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske? Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night

Mer, And so did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?

Aler. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a fleepe while they do dreame things true. Mer. O then I fee Queene Mab bath beene with you i She is the Fairies Midwife, & the comes in thape no bigger then Agat-Rone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, over mens notes as they be alleepe; her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs : the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonthines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, asmall gray-coated Gnat, not halfe fo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Halelnut, made by the loyner Squittel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers : & in this state the gallops night by night, through Louers braines : and then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curfies ftrait : ore Lawyers fingers, who ftrait dreamt on Fres, ore Ladies lips, who first on killes dreame, which of the angry Mab with blifters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime the gallops ore a Courtiers note, & then dreames he of smelling out afaze. & formitime comes the with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies afterpe, then he dreames of apother Benefice. Sometime fbe driueth ore a Souldiers neche, & then dreames he of cutting Fortaine throats, of Brenches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades : Of Healths five Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, fweeres a prayer or two & Ocepes againerthis is that very Mab that plats the mames of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elklocks in foule flutrish haites, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs, That preffes them, and learnes them first to beare, Making them women of good carriage:

This is the.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercuis peace,

Thoutalk'ft of nothing.

Mir. True,I talke of dreames : Which are the children of an idle braine, Begot of nothing, but vaine phantalie, Which is as thin of lub stance as the ayre, And more incontlant then the wind, who wood Even now the frozen bosome of the North: And being anger'd, puffes away from thence, Turning his fide to the dew drapping South. Bes. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felocs,

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Row. I feare too early, for my mind milgiues, Some consequence yet hanging in the Starres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date With this nights renels and expire the rearme By some vile forteit of vnamely death But he that bath the stirrage of my course, Direct my fute : on lustie Gentlemen. Ben, Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth wub cheir napkins.

Enter Sermont.

Ser. Where's Parpar, that he helpes not to take away? He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, thall lie in one or two mens

hands, and they vnwashe too, 'tls a foulething.

Ser. Away with the Joynstooles, remove the Courtcubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, faue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in Sufan Grindstone and Not, Anthons and Pospers.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are looks for, and cal'd for, asks for, & fought for in the great Chamber.

We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes, Be brisk swhile, and the longer liner take all.

Enter all the Greeft and Conslewemen to the Mashers.

1. Capa. Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes Vnplagu'd with Comes, will walke about with you: Ah my Mistresses, which of you all Will now deny to dance! She that makes dainty, She He (weare hath Comes :am I come neare ye now? Welcome Gentlemen, I have frene the day That I have worne a Visor, and could tell A whilpering tale in a faire Ladies ware: Such as would please; 'tia gone, 'tia gone, 'tia gone, 'You are welcome Gentlemen, come Mustians play; Musicke places: and the dance.

A Holl, Hall, give roome, and fooce it Girles, More light you knaves, and turne the Tables vp . And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot. Ah sirrah, this valookt for sport comes well : Nay fit, nay fit, good Cozin Capuler, For you and I are past our dauncing dates a How long 'ift now fince last your felfe and 1 Were in a Maske?

2. Capit. Berlady thirty yeares.

1. Caps. What man: 'tis not fo much, 'tis not fo much, Tis fince the Nuptiall of Lacentie, Come Pentycost as quickely as it will, Some five and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap. 'Tis more,' its more, his Sonne is elder fir:

His So me is thirty

3. Cap. Will you cell medies ? His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Ross. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir .

Rom. Ofhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright: It feemes the hangs upon the cheeke of night, As a rich lewel in an Acthiops eare: Beauty too rich for vie, for earth too desre: So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes, As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes; The measure done, He watch her place of fland, And touching hers, make bleffed my sude hand.

Did my heart loue till now, for lweare it light, For I neuer law true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Mountagus. Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the saue Come hither couer'd with an antique face, To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie? Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kiniman, Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a Mountagne, our foe: A Villaine that is hither come in fpight,
To scorne at our Solemnicie this night.

Cap. Young Romeo isit?
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine Romeo.

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone, A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to fay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
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 beseeming semblance for a Feast,

Tib It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,

Ile not endure him.

Cap. He shall beendu'rd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will fer cocke a hoope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ift so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet. What, cheately my hearts.

Tib. Parience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting, Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting: I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall

Now feeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. 1f I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,

This holy thrine, the gentle fin is this, My lips to bluthing Pilgrims did ready fland, To fmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiffe.

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly denotion shewes in this;
For Saints have hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse,

Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Int. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vie in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Ind. Saints do not moue, Though grant for prayers fake.

Rom. Then move not while my preyers effect I take: Thus from my lips, by thine my fin is purg'd.

Int. Then have my lips the fin that they have tooke.

Rom. Sin from my lips? Ottespasse sweetly vrg'd:

Give me my fin againe.

Ind. You kille by th'booke.

Nav. Madamyout Mother craues a word with you.

Rom. What is het Mother!

Nurs. Matrie Batcheler,

Her Mother is the Lady of the house,

And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,

I Nurst her Daughter that you talk t withall:

I tell you, he that can lay hold ofher,

Shall have the chincks,

Rom. Is the a Capulet ?

O deare account! My life is my foes debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my votest.

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling soolish Banquet towards:

It is teine for the state of th

Isli, Come hither Nurse, What is youd Gentleman:

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tyberio.

Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Perruchio.

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Int. Go aske his name; if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedded bed.
Nor. His name ia Romeo, and a Mountague,

The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.

Iul. My onely Loue (prung from my onely hate,
Too early feene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,

Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue aleathed Enemie.

Nur. What's this? whats this?
Iul. A rime, I learne even now

Of one I dan'st withall.

One call within, luler.

Nue. Anon, anon: Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Excust.

Chorue.

Now old defire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender Iulier matcht, is now not faire.
Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And the steale Loues sweet bait from seareful hookes:
Being held 2 soe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vie rosweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.

Exter Romeo alens.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Bensolio, with Mercetio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo. More. He is wife,

And on my life hath flolne him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Occhard wall.

Call good Mercusio: Nay Ile conjure soo.

Mer. Romes, Homours, Madmon, Paloco, Louer, Appeare thou in the likeneffe of a figh Speake but one rime, and I am latisfied: Cryme but sy me, Prousne, but Loue and day, Speake to my goship Venus one faire word One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her, Young Abraham Cupid he that shot so true, When King Copberna lou'd the begger Maid, He heareth not he filrreth not he mouethn ot, The Ape is dead, I must conture him, I consure thee by Rosalmes bright eyes, By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip, By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quinering thigh, And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie, That in thy likenesse thou appeare to va. Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him.

To taile a spirit in his Mistresse circle.

Of some strange nature, letting is stand.

Till she had laid it, and conjured it downe,

That were some spight.

My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name, I comure onely but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid him felfe among these Trees
To be conforted with the Humerous night:

This Field bed is to cold for me to fleepe,

Blind is his Loue, and best bests the darke.

Mer. If Loue be blind, Love cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit under a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse when they laugh alone,
O Remothat the were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Rouce goodnight, lie to my Truckle bed,

Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for his in vaine to seeke him here

That meanes not to be found. Rom. He ieafts at Scarres that never felt a wound, But foft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the East, and ladies is the Sunne. Atife faire Sun and kill the envious Moone, Who is already ficke and pale with griefe, That thou her Maid art far more faire then the : Be not her Mald fince the 1s envious, Her Vestal livery is but sicke and greene, And none but fooles do weare it, caft it off: It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that the knew the were, She speakes, yer the fayes nothing, what of that ? Her eye discoorses, I will answere it : I am too bold 'tis not to me the fpeakes: Two of the fairest starres in all the Heaven, Hauing some businesse do entreat het eyes, To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne. What if her eyes were there, they in her head, The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres, As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,

Would through the syrie Region streams so bright, That Birds would sing, and chinks it were not night:

That I might touch that cheeke,
Inc. Ayme,
Rom. She speakes,
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou are
As glorrout to this night being are my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven

See how the leanes her ebeeke vpon her hand.

O that I were a Glove vpon that hand,

Vinto the white opturned woodling eyes
Ofmortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beltrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And failes opon the bolome of the agre.

Iul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou: Romeo?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Love,
And sle no longer be a Capuler.

Rom. Shall I beare more, or shall I speake at this?

In. 'Its but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,
What's Manuague? it is not hand nor soote,
Nor arme, 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 smell as sweete,
So Romeo would, were he not Romes call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title Romes, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,

Rom. I take thee at thy word: Call me but Loue, and lie be new bapthe'd, Hence foorth I neuer will be Romeo.

Take all my felfe.

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beforeen'd in night So flumblest on my counfell?

Rom. By a name, "
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my felfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Isli. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words Of thy tongues vetering, yet I know the found. Art thou not Romes, and a Montague!

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee diflike.

Id. How cam's thou hither.
Tell me and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe, And the place death, confidering who thou are, If any of my kinimen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings

Did I ore perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt 1
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Int. If they do see thee, they will murther thee, Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye, Then twenty of their Swords Jooke thou but fweete, And I am proofe against their entity.

Iw. I would not for the world they faw thee here.

Rom. I have night a cloake to hide me from their eyes.

And but thou love me, let them finde mehere,

My life were better ended by their hate,

Then death proroged wanting of thy Love.

Int. By whose direction found it than out this place?
Rom. By Love that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I tent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the sarthest Sea,

I should aduenture for such Marchandise.

Ind. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,

Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,

For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,

Fainc would I dwell on forme, salne, saine, denis

What I have spoke, but farewell Complement,

Doest thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet it thou fweet'ft, Thou maielt prouefalle: at Louen persuries They lay love laught, oh gentle Komes If thou doft Lout, pronounce it faithfully i Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly woone, He fromne and be pernerfe, and fay thee nay, So thou wilt wooe : But else not for the world. Lo truth faire Mountague I am too fond: And therefore thou matef thinke my behaulour light, Bur trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true, Then those that have coying to be strange, I should have beene more strange, I must confelle, But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware My true Loues paffion, therefore pardon me, And not impute this yeelding to light Loue, Which the darke night hath so discourred. Rom. Lady, by yonder Moonel vow.

That tips with filuer all thefe Fruite tree tops. Int. O Sweare not by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone.

That monethly changes in her circled Orbe, Leaft that thy Loue proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by? Ind. Do not sweare at all: Orif thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe, Which is the God of my Idolatry, And Ile beleeue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue. Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I joy in theen I have no loy of this contract to night, It is too talh, too vnaduild too fudden, Too like the lightning which doth ceale to be Ere, one can fay, it lightens, Sweete good night: This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath, May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete: Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repote and rest, Come to thy heart, as that within my breft.

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me fo vnfattifhed? Iuli. What latisfaction can'il thou have to night? Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine. Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'il request us

And yet I would it were to give againe. Rom. Would'Athou withdrawit,

For what purpole Loue?

Int. But to be franke and give it thee agains. And yet I wish but for the thing I baue, My bounty is as boundleffe as the Sea, My Laue as deepe, the more I give to thee The more I have, for both are Infinite: I beare some noyse within deare Loue adve :

Calinaba.

Anon good Nurle, sweet Mountague be true :

Stay but alittle, I will come againe. Rom. O bleffed bleffed night, I am afear'd Being in night, all this is but a dreame, Too flattering (weet to be subflantial).

Int. Three words deare Romero, And goodnight indeed, If that thy bent of Love be Honourable. Thy purpole marriage, fend me word to morrow, By one that Ile procore to come to thee, Where and what time thou wilt performe the right, And all my Fortunes at thy foote Belay, And follow thee my Lord throughout the world. Wehn: Madero.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well, waste Madam I do befeech theee

(By and by I come) To cesse thy finfe, and leave me to my gricle, To morrow will I fend.

Ram. So thrive my (sule

IL A thouland times goodnight Rome. A thousand times the worle to want thy light. Love goes toward Love as school-boyes fel thier books BarLoue fro Loue, towards schoole with beaute lookes.

Enter Inlust og autos.

Int. Hist Romes hist: O for a Falkners voice, To lure this Taffell georde backe againe, Boodsge is hoarfe, and may not speake aloud, Elfe would I teare the Caue where Eecho lier, And make her agric tongue wore hoarfe, then With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my foule that calls upon my name, How filter fweet, found Louers tongues by night,

Like fofteft Mulicke to attending eares.

Inl. Romer. Rom. My Neece. Inl. What a clock to morrow Shall I fend to theef

Rom. By the house of nine. Int. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares til then, I have forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me fland here till thou temember it. Int. I shall forger, to have thee fill fland there, Remembring how I Love thy company.

Rom And He fill ftay, to have thee full forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

Tis almost morning, I would have thee gooe, And yer no further thena wantons Bard, That let's it hop a little from his hand, Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues, And with a filken thred plucks it backe sgame,

So louing lealous of his liberry. Rom. I would I were thy Bird. Inl, Sweet fo would 1, Yet I should kill thee with much cherishings

Good night, good night. Rom. Parting is such sweete forrow,

That I shall say goodnightstill it be morrow. Int. Sleepe dwell vpoathine eyes peace in thy breft. Rom. Would I were Reepe and peace to sweet to tell, The gray ey'd morne failes on the frowning night. Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes oflight, And darknelle fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles, From forth dayes pathway, made by Tital wheele Hence will I to my ghoftly Frieschofe Cell, Hisbelpe to craue, and my deare hap to cell

Ester Frier close with a besta.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne faules on the frowning night Checkring the Eafterne Cloudes with Areaks of light. And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles, From forth dates path, and Treas borning wheeles ! Now ere the San adamce his burning eye, The day to cheere, and nights danke dew odry, I must vpfill this Ofer Cage of ours, With balefull weedes, and precious Juiced Bowers, The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe, What is her burying grave that is her wombe: And from her wombe children of divers kind

We lucking on her natural bolome find:
Meny for many vertues excellent:
None but for fome, and yet all different.
Omickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought fo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth fome special good doth give.
Nor ought so good, but firain'd from that fairevse,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignished.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant tin'd of this weake flower,
Poyfon hath refidence, and medicine power:
For this being finels, with that part cheares each part,
Being tafted flayes all fences with the heart.
Two fuch opposed Kings encampe them ftill,
In man as well as Hearbes grace and sude will:
And where the worfer is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates up that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedeeite.
What early tongue fo fweer faluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a diftempered head,
So foone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Cate keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, fleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrufed youth with vnfluft braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden fleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineffe doth me affure,
Thou are vprous'd with fome diftemprature;
Ot if not fo, then here I hit it right.
Our Rowen hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fro. God pardon sin: was thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghossly Father? No,

I have forgot that name, and that names wee.

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Row, He tell thee ere shou aske it me agen. I have beene feasling with mine enemie, Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, That's by me wounded:both our remedies Within thy helpe and holy phisickelies: I beare no harred, blessed man:for loe My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift, Ridling consession, finder but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is fer, On the faire daughter of rich Capules; As mine on hers, to hers is fet on mine; And all combin'd, faue what thou must combine By holy martiage: when and where, and how, We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow: He tell thee as we passe, but this I pray, That thou consent to marrie vas to day.

Fri. Holy S. Francis, what a change is heere? It Rofaline that shou didft Loue to deare So foone for faken? young mens Loue then lies Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes. Icfu Maria, what a deale of brine Hath walls thy fallow cheekes for Rofaline? How much falt water throwne away in wast, To feason Loue that of it doth not tall. The Sunnot yet thy fighes, from heaves cleares, Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares to here upon thy cheeke the staine doth fit,

Of an old teare that is not washt off yer.

If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Refaline,
And art thou chang'd?pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing Roseline.
Frr. For doing, not for louing pupill mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a grave,

Tolay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me nor, her I Loue now Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow: The other did not fo.

Fri, O she knew well,

Thy Love did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waverer, come goe with me,
In one respect, she thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turne your houshould rancer to pure Loue.

Rom. Oles va hence, I stand on Sudden hast.

Fri. Wifely and flow, they stumble that run fast.

Excunt

Enter Benudio and Mercuilo.

Mer. Where the deule flould this Romeo be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that Ro faline torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibali, the kinfman to old Capulet, hath fent a Letter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how be

dares, being dared.

Mer Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the care with a Loue song, the very pinne of his heatt, elest with the blind Bowe-boyes but- shaft, and is be a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tibele !

Mer. More then Peince of Cais. Oh hee's the Couraglous Captaine of Complements: be fights as you fing pricklong, keeps time, diffance, 2nd proportion, he refts his minum, one, two, and the third in your bofom: the very butcher of a filk button a Dualift, a Dualift; a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortal Passado the Punto reverso, the Hay.

Ren. The what?

Mer. The Po. of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lammatable thing Grandstre, that we should be thus affiched with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these pardon mee's, who shand so tiluch on the new form, that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Withouthis Roe, like a dryed Hering. O flesh, slesh, how are thou fishined? Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen wench, martie she had a better Loue to be sime her: Dide a dowdie, Cleopatra a Cipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings and Harlots: This is a gray cie or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, Boniour, there's a French salutation to your

French flop : you gave vs the the counterfait fairely lait

Romes. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit

did I giac you?

Mer. The flip fir, the flip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon Mercutso, my bofinelle was great, and in fuch a case as mine, a man may straine currefie,

Mr. That's as much as to lay, fuch a cafe as yours con-Arains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curlie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it. Rom. Amoft curteous expolition.

Mo. Nay, Iam the very pinck of curtefie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mar. Sure wit, follow me this least, now till thou hall worne out thy Pump, that when the fingle sole of it is worne, the least may remaine after the wearing, soleungular.

Rom. Ofingle fol'd iealt, Soly fingular for the linglenelle.

Mer. Come betweene vs good Benselio, my wits faints.

Rom Swits and Spurs,

Swits and spurs, or He crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goofe chale, I am donc : For thou haft more of the Wild-Goofe in one of thy wits, then I am fure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Goofe?

Rom. Thou wast never with mee for any thing, when

thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iell.

Rem. Nay, good Goofe bite not.

Caler. Thy wit is a very Butter-Iweeting,

It is a most sharpe sawce.

Rom. And is it not well feru'd into a Sweet-Goofe? Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that Aretches from

an yach narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ftretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goofe, proves thee farre and wide, abroad Goofe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Love, now are thou fociable, now are thou Romes: now are thou what thou art by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, flop there.

Mar. Thou defir'st me to stop in my tale against the Ben. Thou would'A elle have made thy tale large. (haire. Mer. Othou art deceiu'd, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and means indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and ber mes.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.

A sayle, a sayle.

Mar. 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 che fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer Godyegooden laire Gentlewomen.

Ner. Isit gooden !

Mer. Tis no leffe I rell you : for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now spon the pricke of Noone.

Ther. Out vpos you: what a man are you?

Rom. Ota Getalewoman,

That God hath made, himfelfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is faid, for himselfe to, mar quath a Gentlemen : can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romes. I can tel! you: but young Romes will be older when you have found him, then he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fallt of a worle.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yez is the worst wrell,

Very well tooke: Ifsith, wifely, wifely,

Nar. If you be he fir,

I defire forne confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper. Mar. A baud, a baud, a baod. Soba

. Rom. What haft thou found?

Mer. No Hare fir, voleffe a Hare fir in a Lenten ple, that is something stale and hoare ere it bespent.

An old Hare house, and an old Hare house is very good meat in Lent.

But a Here that is house is too much for a score, when It hoares ere it be fpent,

Romes will you come to your Fathers? Weele to direct

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exn. Mercutio, Bernotio. Nur. I pray you fir, what fawcie Merchant was this that was fo full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loves 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, Iletake him downe, & a were luftier then he is, and twentie fuch lacks: and if I cannot, He finde those that shall : scuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skannes mates, and thou must stand by too and suffer every knaue to vie me at his pleasure.

Per. I faw no man vie you at his pleasure : if I had, my weapon should quickly have beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw alloone as another man, if I fee occasion in a

good quarrell, and the law on my fide.

Ner. Now afore God, I am fo vext, that every part about me quivers, skuruy knaue: pray you fir a word : and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me fay, I will keepe to my selse ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a sooles paradise, as they fay, it were avery groffe kind of behaniour, as they fay : for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake desling.

Nic. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I

protest vato thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord the will be a joyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse i chou doest not

marke me ?

Nor. I will tell her fir, that you do proteft, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. Rom. Bid her deuile some meanes to come to thrift this

And there fne fhall at Frier Laurence Cell Beshriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Ner. Notruly fir not a penny. Rom, Go 100, I say you shall.

Zimrfe

Now. This afternoone fir? well the shall be there.

Re. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled state.
Which to the high top gallant of my toy,
Must be my commony in the secret night.
Farewell, be truste and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistrelle.

Ner. Now God in heauen bleffe thee:harke you fir,

Kom. What faift thou my deare Nurle?

Nurfe. Is your man fecret, did you nere heare fay two

may keepe counfell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as fleele.

Nor. Well fir,my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when swas a little prating thing. Othere is a Noble man in Towne one Park, that would faine lay knife aboard: but she good soulchad as seene a see Toade, a very Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell het that Park is the properer man, but sle wattant you, when I say so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the vertall world. Dothnot Rosemarie and Romes begin both with a letter?

Rom. 1 Nurle, what of that ? Both with an R

Nor. A mocker that's the dog sname. R. is for theno, I know it begins with fome other letter, and the hath the prettieft fententious of it, of you and Rolemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?

Per. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. Exis Nurse and Peter.

Enter Iuliet.

Int. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse, In halfe an house the promised to returne, Perchance the cannot meete him: that's not fo: Oh the is lame, Loues Herauld thould be thoughts, Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames, Driving backe shadowes over lowering hils Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue, And therefore hath the wind-fwift Capid wings : Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill Of this daies journey, and from nine till twelve, I threelong houres, yet the is not come. Had the affections and warme youthfull blood, She would be as swift in motion as a ball, My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue, And his to me, but old folkes, Many faine as they were dead, Vnwieldie, flow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Exter Nurse.

OGod the comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? lend thy man away.

Nw. Peter stay at the gate.

Inl. Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord, why lookest thousad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a sace.

Nar. I am a weary, give me leave awhile, Fiehow my bones ake, what a jount have I had?

Izd. I would thou had'ft my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.
Nur. Ielu what hasteen you not stay a while?

Do you not fee that I am out of breath?

/u/ How are thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To fay to me, that thou are out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad?answere to that,
Say either, and He stay the circustance;
Letme be satisfied, ift good or bad?

Now. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man. Romeo, no not he chough his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand, and a soote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are pass compare the is not the slower of currefie, but lie warrant him as gentle a Lambe go thy wases wench, serve God. What have you don'd at home?

Int. No no but all this this did I know before What fales he of our marriage what of that?

Nar. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue]?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother fide to my backe, my backe:
Bethrew your heart for fending me about
To catch my death with faulting yp and downe.

Int. If aith: I am fortie that that thou art fo well.

Sweet (weet, sweet Nurse, tell me what fases my Loue?

Nur. Your Love (ares like an honeft Gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handlome, And I warrant a vertuous; where is your Mother?

Int. Where is my Mother?
Why the is within, where thould the be?
How odly thou replift:
Your Love fales like an honest Gentleman;
Where is your Mother?

Nor. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you to hot? instrict come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your felfe.

Int. Heere's such a coile, come what saies Romeo?
Nor. Have you got leave to go to shriftto day?
Int. I have.

Nar. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell, There flaies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes, Theile be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I mult an other way.
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muff climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night,
Golle to dinner hie you to the Cell.

Im Hie to high Fortune, honost Nurse, farewell. Exercise

Enter Frier and Rouses.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy at, That after hour is, with forrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what fortow can, It cannot countervaile the exchange of soy That one short minute gives me in her sight: Do thou but close our hands with holy words. Then Love-devouring death do what he date, It is mough. I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent endes, and in their triumphidie like fire and powder; Which as they kille consume. The sweetest honey Is loathsome in his owned delicions offer, and in the taste consoundes the appesite. Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so, Too swift arrives as tardic as too slow.

Enter Inliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot Will nece weare out the cuerlasting flint,

The Tragedie of Romeo and Fuliet.

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours, That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre, And yet not fall, to light is vanitie.

Int. Good even to my ghoftly Confessor. Int. As much to him, elfe in his thanks too much.

Fro. Ah Iulies, if the measure of thy toy Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more Tublaton it, then I weeten with thy breath This neighbour syre, and let rich mulickes congue, Vnfold the imagin'd happineffe that both Receiue in either, by this deere encounter,

Iul. Concert more rich in matter then in words, Brags of his substance, not of Ornament : They are but beggers that can count their worth, But my true Loue is growne wu fuch fuch exceffe,

I cannot fum vp fome of halfe my wealth. Fre Come, come with me, & we will make thost worke, For by your leaves, you shall not flay alone,

Till holy Church incorporate two in one. Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercuio lets retire,

The day is hot, the Capuleis abtoad: And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these

hot dayes, is the mad blood firring

Mer. Thou are like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and fayes, God fend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the fecond cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am Ilike fuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou are as hot a Tacke in thy mood, as any in lealie: and affoone moved to be moodie, and afsoone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what 100?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a hatte more, or a hatte leffe in his beard, then thou hast thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell ? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: chou haft quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the ffreet, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine affeepe in the Sun Did'A thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou will Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man (hould buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a

quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Bh. By my head here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them. Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs?couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will give me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without

giuing? Tib: Mercutio thou confort's with Romes.

Mer. Confortiwhat doft thou make va Minfireis' & thou make Minstels of vs, looke to hesteroit ng but of cords heere's my fiddleflicke, heere's that first mase you daunce. Come confort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of even Either withdraw vnto forne private place, Or reason coldly of your greenances: Or elle depart, here all eres gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made so looke, and let them gaze I will not budge for no mans pleafure I.

Enter Rames.

Tib. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man Mr. But lie be hang'd fir if he weare your Livery. Marry go before to held heele be your follower, Your worthip in that fenfe, may call him man.

Tib. Romee, the love I beare thee, can affoord No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rem. Tibalt, the season that I have to love thee, Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To fuch a greeting: Villaine am I none; Therefore farewell, I fee thou know's me not. Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the insures

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do procest I neuer injur'd thee, But lou'd thee better then thou can'it deuife: Till thou shalt know the reason of my love, And so good Capules, which name I cender As dearely as my owne, be facished.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:

Alla Stucatho cattles it away.

Tybelr, you Rat catcher, will you walke? What woulds thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall vie me hereafter dry beate the teft of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eates ? Make haff,leaft mine be about your eares ere it be out

Tib. 1 am for you.
Rom. Gentle Mercuito, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come sir, your Passado.

Rons. Draw Benuelso, beat downe their weapons: Gentlemen, for shame forbeare this outrage, Tibalt Mercurio, the Prince expresly hath Forbidden bandying in Verona Ricetes. Hold Tybalt, good Mercuso.

Exit Tyball.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped: Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, l, a scratch, a scratch, marry tis inough, Where is my Page go Villaine fetch a Surgeon. Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No : 'tis not so deepe as a well, not so wide as a Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill ferue : aske for me to morrow, and you shall find me a grade man. I am pepper'd I warrant, for this world : a plague a both your houles. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death : a Braggarr, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rem. I thought all for the best. Mer. Helpe me inco some house Benuelio, Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.

They have made wormes meat of me,

The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet ENIL.

I have it, and foundly to your Houses.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie, My very Friend hath got his mortall hure In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd With Tibalis flaunder, Tibalis that an houre Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Iulies, Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate, And in my temper foftned Valours fteele.

Enser Bennolio.

Ben. O Romes, Romes, braue Mercutio's is dead, That Gallant Spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes, Which too votimely here did fcome the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,

This but begins, the wo others must end. Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybals backe againe. Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercusio flaine? Away to heauen respective Lenitie, And fire and Fury, be my conduct now. Now Tybale take the Villaine backe againe That lace thou gau'ft me, for Mercutios fouls Is but a little way about our neads, Staying for thine to keepe him companie t Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didft confort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybals falles.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone: The Citizens are vp, and Tybale flaine, Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death If thou are taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. Ot Ism Fortunes foole. Bos. Why doft thou flay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way tan he that kild Mercutio? Tibale that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybals. Ceti. Vp fir go with me:

Icharge thee in the Princes names obey. Enter Proce, old Montague, Capulet, their Wines and all.

Frim. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray ? Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all The voluckie Mannage of this fatall brall: There lies the man flaine by young Rameo, That flew thy kinfman brave Mercutio.

Cap. Wi. Tybals, my Cozin ? O my Brothers Child, O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild Of my deare kinfman. Prince as thou art true, For bloud of ours, shed bloud of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin,
Prin. Benuolio, who began this Fray? Ben. Tybali 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 displeasure: all this vecered, With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd Could not take truce with the vntuly spleene Of Tybalis desfe to peace, but that he Tilts With Peireing Reele at bold Mercuio's breaft, Who all as hor, turne s deadly point to point, And with a Martiall feorne, with one hand beates Cold death aside, and with the other lends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, Hold Priends, Friends part, and (wifter then his tongue, His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points, And twixt them rushes, underneath whose arme, An enuious thrust from Tybals, his the life Of fout Mercusio, and then Tybals fled. But by and by comes backe to Romeo, Who had but newly entertained Revenge, And too't they goe like lightning, for ere] Could draw to part them, was fout Tybale flaine: And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie: This is the truth, or let Benuolio die.

Cap. Wi. He is a kinfinan to the Mountague, Affection makes him falle, he speakes not true Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must gives Romeo flew Tybale, Romes must not live.

Prim. Romeo flew him, he flew Mercutio, Who now the price of his deare blood dorh owe.

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutos Friend, His fault concludes, but what the law should end, The life of Tybale.

Prin. And for that offence. Immediately we doe exile him hence : I have an interest in your hearts proceeding: My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding. But Ile Amerce you with fo ftrong a fine, That you shall all repent the losse of mine. It will be deafe to pleading and excuses, Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses. Therefore vie none, let Romes hence in halt, Elfe when he is found, that houre is his laft. Beare hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Excunt

Enter Iuliet alone. Int. Gallop apace, you fiery footed fleedes, Towards Phebiu lodging, fuch a Wagoner As Phaeron would whip you to the west, And bring in Cloudie night immediately. Spred thy close Curtaine Love-performing night, That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnscene, Louers can fee to doe their Amorous rights, And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind, It best agrees (ich night: come civill night, Thou fober fuced Matron all in blacke, And learne me how to loofe a winning match, Plaid for a paire of flainlesse Maidenhoods, Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes, With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold, Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie : Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night, For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backes Coole gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night. Give me my Romeo, and when I shall die, Take him and cut him out in little starres And he will make the Face of heaven fo fine, That all the world will be in Love with night, And pay no worthip to the Garish Sun. O I have bought the Mansion of a Loue, Butnot pollett it, and though I am fold, Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day, As is the night before some Festivall,

To an Impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse.

Enter Nurse with cords.

And the brings newes and every tongue that fpeaks
But Rossess, name, speakes heavenly eloquences:
Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that Rosses bid thee setch?

New. 1.1, the Cords.

Inls. Ay me, what newes?

Thu do 0 the market the hand

Why doft thou wring thy hands.

Nor. A welady, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Ind. Can heaven be lo equious?

Nur. Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo.
Who ever would have thought it Romeo.

Iuli. What divell art thou,
That dost torment methus:
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
Hath Rome slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that base vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockattice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answere I:

If he be flaine fay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, founds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nor. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, God saue the marke, here on his manly brest, A pitteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse: Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood, All in gore blood, I sounded at the fight-

Vil. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to carth refigne, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo presse on heave beere.

Nor. O Tybali, Tybali, the best Friend I had:
O curreous Tybali honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thre dead.

In! What storme is this that blowes so contrarie? Is Romeo sughtred? and is Tybali dead? My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord: Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the general doome, For who is living, if those two aregone;

Nur. Tybelt is gone, and Romeo banished, Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Iul. O God'

Did Rem'es hand shed Tybalss blood It did it did, alas the day, it did,

Nur. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowing face.
Iul. Did ever Dragon keepe fo faire a Cave?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluish-rauening Lambe,

Dispiled subflance of Diumest show;

Interposite to what thou sustly seem'st,

A dimoe Saint, an Honourable Villaine.

O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bower thespirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet stesh?

Was ever booke containing fuch vile matter So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell In such a gorgeous Pallace.

Nw. There's no truft, no faith, no honestie in men, All periur'd, all for (worne, all naught, all diffemblers, Ah where's my man? give me force Aque-vitz?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romes.

Iul. Bliffer'd be thy tongue
For fuch a wish, he was not borne to shame:
Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerfall 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 thy three houres wife have mangled it. But wherefore Villaine did'ft thou kill my Cozin? That Villaine Cozin would have kil'd my husband : Packe foolish teares, backe to your nature spring, Your tributarie drops belong to woe, Which you mistaking offer vo to ioy : My husband lines that Tibali would have flaine, And Tibals dead that would have flaine my husband ; All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then? Some words there was worler then Tybalis death That murdered me, I would forget it feine, But oh, it presses to my memory, Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds, Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished: That banished, that one word ban shed, Hath flaine ten thousand Tibalis: Tibalis death Was woe inough if it had ended there: Or if lower woe delights in fellowship, And needly will be rankt with other griefes, Why followed not when the faid Tibalis dead, Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both, Which moderne lamentation might have mou'd. But which a rere-ward following Tybalts death Romes is banished to speake that word, Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet, All flaine, all dead. Romeo is banished, There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, In that words death, no words can that woe found. Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse ?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer Tybalis Coarfe, Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

In. Wash they his wounds with tears:mine shal be spect. When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment. Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd, Both you and I for Romeo's exild:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nutfe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, lle find Romes
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your Romes will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Laurence Cell.

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romes.

Fri. Remee come forth,
Come forth thou feerfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy petts:
And thou are wedded to calamite,
Rem. Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doome !
What forrow croues acquaintance at my b and,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with fuch fowre Company & bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What leffe then Doomefday,

Is the Prioces Doome?

Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips, Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death: For exile hath more terror in his looke, Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished: Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verons walles,
But Purgatorie, Tortute, hell it felse:
Hence banished, is banishe from the world,
And worlds exite is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly fin, O rude vnthankefulneffe!
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rufht afide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seeff it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heaven is here Where Isliet lives, and every Cat and Dog, And little Moufe, every vnworthy thing Live here in Heaven and may looke on her, But Romeo may not. More Validitie, More Honourable flate, more Courtship lives In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may feaze On the white wonder of deare Islati hand, And Reale immortall bleffing from her lips, Who even in pure and veltall modestie Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses fin. This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie, And faift thou yet, that exile is not death? But Romeo may not, hee is banished. Had'st thou no poylon mixt, no sharpe ground knife, No fudden meane of death though nere fo meane, But banished to kill me? Banished? O Frier, the damped vie that word in hell : Howlings attends it, how hast theu the hart Being a Divine, a Ghoftly Confessor, A Sin-Absolver, and my Friend profest To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rgm. O thou wilt speake againe of banishmens.

Fri. Ile give thee Armour to keepe off that word,

Advertities (weete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished/hang vp Philosophies
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Julin,
Displant a Towne, reverse a Princes Doome,

lt helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. Othen I fee, that Mad men have no cares.

Rom. How should they, When wisenen have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,
Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that y dost not feele,
Were thou as young as Indiet my Loue:
An houre but married, Tybelt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mighted thou speake,
Then mighted thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade grane.

Enter Nurse, and knockes,

Frier. Atile one knockes, Good Romeo hide thy felfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Hattlicke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the leatch of eyes

Kuocke

Pri. Harke how they knocke: (Who's there) Romeo arife, Thou wilt be saken, flay a while, Aand vp:

Knoch.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will What simplenesse is this. I come, I come.

Kuoch

Who knocks to hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Natife.

Nur. Let me come in, And you shall know my errand: I come from Lady Inlut.

Fre. Welcome then.

Nur O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier, Where s my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo &

Fre. There on the ground, With his owne testes made drunke.

Nur. Ohe is even in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pittious predicament, even so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
Por Iuster sake, for her sake rise and stand i
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Ram Nurle.

Nur. Ah fir, ah fir, deaths the end of all.

Row. Speak'st thou of Inderthow is it with her?

Doth not the thinke me an old Murtherer,

Now I have sain'd the Childhood of our ioy,

With blood removed, but little from her owne?

Where is the? and how doth the? and what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

Nor. Oh the layes nothing fir, but weeps and weeps.
And now lay on her bed, and then flatts up,
And Tybuli alls, and then on Roome cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Re.As if that name that from the dead levell of a Gun, Did myrder her, as that names curfed hand Murdred her kinfman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me, In what vile part of this Anatomie Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may facke The hatefull Manfion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy ceares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vireasonable Euric of a beast.
Vnscemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast armaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou sain to Tybast? witt thou say thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy sole?
Why ray of thou on thy buth? the beauen and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete In thee at once, which thou at once would'it loofe. Fie fie thou from'it thy frape, thy loue, thy wit, Which like a Vlurer abound'ft in all : And vielt none in that true vie indeed, Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit: Thy Noble thepe, is but a forme of waxe, Digressing from the Valour of a man, Thy deare Loue (worne but hollow perturie, Killing that Lone which thou half vow'd to cherish. Thy wit, that Ornzment, to shape and Loue, Mishapen in the conduct of them both Like powder in a skilleffe Souldiers flaske, le fet a fire by thine owne ignorance, And thou dismembred with thine owne defence. What, rowfe thee man, thy Inliet is alive, Por whose desre sake thou wast but lately deed. There are thou happy. Tybale would kill thee, Butthou flew'st Tybali, there art thou happie. The law that threatued death became thy Friend. And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy. A packe or bleffing light vpon thy backe, Happinelle Courts thee in her best array, But like a mishaped and sullen wench, Thou puttest up thy Fortune and thy Loue: Take heed, zake heed, for such die miserable. Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed, Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her: But looke thou flay not till the watch be fet, For then thou can't not passe to Mantua, 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 hundred thouland times more toy Then thou went'st forth in lamentation. Goe before Nurle, commend me to thy Lady, And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy forrow makes them apt voto. Rausce is comming.

Nor. O Lord, I could have staid here all night, To heare good counsell: oh what learning is; My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.

Roms. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nor. Heere sit, a Ring she bid me gue you sit.:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late.

Rens. How well my comfort is reuse'd by this.

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in Mantas, lie find out your man,
And he shall signife from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.

Rom. But that a loy past loy, calls out on me, It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee: Farewell.

Exercise

Enter old Capulet , bis Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things have false out fit for valuckily,
That we have had no time to move our Daughter:
Looke you, the Lou'd her kinfman Tybet dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
This very late, the 'l not come downe to night:
I promise you, but sor your company,

I would have bin a bed an houreago.

Par. These times of wo, associat no times to wook
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.
Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow.

To night, the is mewed up to her heavineffe.

Cop. Sir Parm, I will make a despetate tender
Of my Childes love: I thinke she will be evild
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not
Wise, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Parm Love,
And bid her, marke you me, on V'endiday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha has well Wendlday is too foone.

A Thursday let it besa Thursday tell ber,
She shall be matried to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hass?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybals being flaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesty,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paru. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thut day, be it then a
Go you to Inliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, a gainft this wedding day.
Fatewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is fo late, that we may call it early by and by
Goodnight,

Exemple

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Int. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day 1
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier if the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly the fings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larkethe Herauld of the Morner
No Nightingale:looke Loue what enurous streakes
Do lace the seuring Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and locond day
Stands tipto on the missie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Ind. Youd light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is fome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-beater,
And light thee on thy way to Idantua.
Therefore flay yet, thou need fl not to be gone,

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death, I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

Ile say you gray is not the mornings eye,

'Tis but the pale reflexe of Conthan brow.

Northat is not Larke whose noates do beare. The valley heaven so high aboue our heads, I have more care to stay, then will to go:

Come death and welcome, salest wills it so.

How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day.

Ind. Icis, it is, he hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that lings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and unpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Drustion;
This dorth not so for she disadeth us. "
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray, Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day, O now be gone, more light and ith ght grower.

Rom More light & light, more darke & darke our woes. Enter Madam and Nur fe.

Nur. Madam

Iul. Nutic.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,

The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

[w]. Then window let day in, and let life out. Rem. Farewell, farewell, one kiffe and He descend.

Iul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend, I must heare from thee every day in thehoure,

For in a minute there are many dayes, O by this count I shall be much in yeares, Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Fareviell:

I will omit no oportunitie,

That may convey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Ist. O thinkest thou we shall ever meet againe? Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serus

For sweet discourses in our time to come. Iuilet. O God! I have an ill Divining foule, Me thinkes I see thee now, thou att so lowe, As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe, Either my eye-fight failes, or thou look it pale.

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you : Drie forrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue. Fxi. Iul O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle, If thou art fickle, what doft 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.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Int: Who ift that calls? Is it my Lady Mother-Is the not downe to late, or vp to early What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Led Why how now Inlet? lul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death? What wile thou wash him from his grave with teares ? And if thou could'ft, thou could'ft not make him live : Therefore have done, some gricse showes much of Loue, But much of gricle, shewes still some want of wit.

Inl. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse. Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend

Which you weepe for.

Int. Feeling to the lotte,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend. La. Well Girle, thou weep'ft not so much for his death. As that the Villaine lives which flaughter'd him.

Int. What Villaine, Madam? That fame Villaine Romes

Int. Villaine and he, be many Miles assunder: God pardon, I doe with all my hearts

And yet no man like he, doth grieve my heart. Lad. That is because the Traitor lives.

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands a Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.

Lad. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not. Then weepe no more, lle send to oce in Mantue, Where that same banisht Run-agare doth live, Shall give him such an vnaccustom'd dram, That he shall soone keepe Ty bale company: And then I hope thou will be facisfied.

Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be latisfied With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead Is my poore beart fo for a kinfman vent: Madam if you could find out but a man To beare a poylon, I would temper it; That Remee should vpon receiv thereof, Soone Reepe in quict. O how my heart abhors To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him, To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin, Vpon his body that hath flaughter'd him.

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and He find fuch a man. But now He tell thee toyfull tidings Gyrle.

Iul. And toy comes well, in such a needy time, What are they, befeech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou haft a carefull Father Child? One who to put thee from thy hearinesse, Hath forted out a fudden day of ioy, That thou expects not nor I lookt not for. Isl. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,

The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman, The Countie Para at Saint Peters Church, Shall happily make thee a joyfull Bride.

Iul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joy full Bride. I wonder at this haft, that I must wed Ere he that should be Husband comes to wee: I pray you cell my Lord and Father Madam, I will not marrie yer, and when I doe, I fweare It shallbe Romeo, whom you know I hate Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed.

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him to your felfe, And see bow he will take it at your hands.

Emer Capulat and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun fets, the earth doth dringle daevo But for the Sunfer of my Brothers Sonne, leraines downright. How now ? A Conduit Gyrle, what fill in teares? Euermore showring in one little body? Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind: For fill thy eyes, which I may call the Sea, Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is Sayling in this falt floud, the windes thy fighes, Who raging with the teares and they with them, Without a sudden calme will ouer set Thy tempelt tolled body. How now wife? Haue you delivered to her our decree?

Lady. I ht; But the will none, the gives you chankes, I would the foole were matried to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wie, How, will the none?doth the not give vs thanke? Is the not proud? doth the not count her bleft, Vnworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegrooms

Inl. Not proud you have, But thankfull that you have : Proud can I neuer be of what I have, But thankfull even for hate, that is meant Love.

Cap. How now? How now & Chopt Logicke ? what is this? Proud, and I thanke you; and I thanke you not. Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paru to Saint Peters Church: Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither. Out you greene fickneile certion, out you baggage, Yourallowface.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iul. Good Father, I beleech you on my knecs Heate me with patience, but to speake a word.

F4. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch, I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday, Or neuer after looke me in the face. Speake not reply not, do not solwere me. My fingers itch, wife : we fearce thought vs bleft, That God had lent vs but this enely Child, But now I fee this one is one too much. And that we have a curle in having her : Out on her Hilding.

Nur. Godin heauen bleffe her,

You are too blame my Lord to ratcher fo, Fa. And why my Lady wisedome? hold your tongue, Good Prindence. Smatter with your goffip, zo.

Nur. I speake no tresson, Father, O Godigoden,

May not one speake? Fa. Peace you mumbling foole, Veter your grauitie ore a Gossips bowles For here we need it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad: Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play, Alone in companie, still my care hath bin To haucher marche, and hauing now provided A Gendeman of Noble Patentage, Offaire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied, Stuft as they fay with Honourable parts, Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man, And then to have a wretched puling foole, A whining mammer, in her Fortunes tender, To answer, He not wed, I cannot Loue: I am too young, I pray you pardon me. But, and you will not wed, le pardon you. Graze where you will you shall not house with me ! Looke too't, thinke ou't, I do not vic to ieft. Thursday is neete, lay hand on heart, aduise, And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend: And you be not, hang, beg, ftraue, die in the ftreets, For by my foule, Henere acknowledge thee, Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: Trust too't, bethinke you, lle not be for sworne Exis.

Iuli. Is there no pittie fitting in the Cloudes, That fees into the bottome of my griefe? O lweet my Mother cast menot away, Delay this marriage, for amonth, a weeke, Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed In that dun Monument where Tybale lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for He not speake a word, Exit. Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

Iul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented? My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven, How shall that faith returne againe to earth, Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heaten, By leaving earth ? Comfort me, counsaile me: Hlacke, alacke, that heaven should practise stratagems Vpon lo loft a subject as my selfe. What faift thoughtf thou not a word of toy? Some comfore Nurie.

Nov. Faith here it is, Romeo is banished, and all the world so nothing, That he dares note come backe to challenge your Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth. Then fince the case so ftands as now it doth, I thinke It best you married with the Counte, Ohie's a Lowly Gentleman: Remess a dish-clout to him; on Eagle Madam Hath not lo greene, lo quicke, lo faire an eye As Pau hath, beshow my very beart, I thinke you are happy in this second match, For it excels your fustion If it did not, Your first is dead, or twere as good he were,

As living here and you no vie of him. Int. Speakest thou from thy bears? Ner. And from my feele 200, Or elle beshrewthen both.

Iul. Amen.

Nar. What? Lul. Well thou half comfetted me marvelous mudy, Goin, and tell my Lady I am gone, Having displeased my Father, to Lawrence Cell, To make confession, and to be absolu'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wifely done. Int. Auncient damnarion, O most wicked fiend! It is more fin so wish me thus for sworne, Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue Which she hath praised him with above compare, So many thousand times? Go Countellor, Thou and my bosome henchforth thall be twaine, He to the Frier to know his remedic, If all else faile, my selfe hauepower to die. Excent

Euter Frier and Countie Paris.

FrL On Thursday sirithe time is very short. Par My Father Capulet will have it fo, And I am nothing flow to flack his haft.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind? Vncuen is the course, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately the weepes for Tybalis death, And therfore have I little talke of Love, For Venus finites not in a house of teares. Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous That the doth give her forrow to much fway: And in his wisedome, hasts our marriage, To stop the inundation of her teares, Which too much minded by her felfe alone, May be put from her by focietie. Now doe you know the reaton of this has?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be flow'd Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell. Enter Inless.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife. Ist. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Per. That may be must be Lone, on Thursday next. Jul. What muft be Chall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Fathar? Isl. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Far. Do not denic to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Love him. Par. So will ye, I am fure that you Loue me. Inl. If I do lo, it will be of more price,

Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face. Par. Poor: foule, thy face is much abufd with teares.

ful. The tearer have got small victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their spight.

Pa. Thou wrong 'ft it more then teares with that report.
Id., That Is no flaunder fir, which is a truth,

And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou half flaundred it.
Id. It may be fo, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leifure, Holy Father now, Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?

Fri. My lessure serves me pensive daughter now.
My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godfheild: I should disturbe Deuotion, Ialies, on Thursday early will I rowse yee, Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. Exist Para.

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fr. O Iuliet, I alreadie know thy griefe,
It ftreames me paff the compaffe of my with a
I heare thou must and nothing may protogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie,

Int. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this, Valeffe thou tell me how I may prevent it: If in thy wifedome, thou can't give no helpe, Do thou but eall my resolution wife, And with his knife, He helpe it prefently. God toyn'd my heart, and Romeos, thou our hands, And ere this hand bythee to Romeo feal'd 1 Shall be the Labell to another Deede, Or my true heart with trecherous revolt, Tume to another, this shall slay them both a Therefore out of thy long experien'th time, Giue me some present counsell, or behold Twixe my extreames and me, this bloody knife Shall play the empeere, arbitrating that, Which the commission of thy yeares and art, Could to no iffue of true honour bring : Be not so long to speak, I long to die, If what thou speak it speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope, Which craues as desperate an execution, As that is desperate which we would preuent. If rather then to marrie Countie Para Thou hast the strength of will to flay thy selse, Then is It likely thou wile vidertake A thinglike death to chide away this shame, That coap it with death himselse, to scape so it and if thou dar's, le give thee remedic.

I'd. Oh bid me leape, tather then martie Paris,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in the buff hairs of any Tower,
Or walke in the buff hairs of any Tower,
Or walke in the buff hairs of any Tower,
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Or coorded quite with dead mens rating bones,
With reckie shankes and yellow chappels stulls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, have made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt.
To live an vinitained wife to my sweet Love,
Fire Holdshare, so home he were the any accordant

Fri. Hold then: goe home be merrie, give consent,
To matrie Parie I wenfday is to morrow.
To morrow night looke that thou he alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour : for no pulse Shall keepe his native progresse, but surcease: No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou livelt. The Roses in thy lips and checkes shall fade To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall Like death when he shut up the day of life: Each part depriu'd of supple government, Shall fliffe and flarke, and cold appeare like death, And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death Thou shalt continue two and forty houres, And then awake, as from a pleafant fleepe. Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes, To rowle thee from thy bed, there art thou dead : Then as the manner of our country is, In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere. Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave: Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault, Where all the kindred of the Capulers lie. In the meane time against thou shalt awake, Shall Romes by my Letters know our drife, And hither shall be come, and that very night Shall Romro beare thee hence to Maniua And this shall free thee from this present shame, If no inconfiant toy nor womanish feare. Abate thy valour in the acting it. Iul. Giue me, giue me.O tell not me ofcare.

Int. Give me, give me. O tell not me of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be frong and profperouse.
In this refolue, He fend a Frier with speed.
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord.

In. Love give me strength, And strength shall helpe afford a Farewell deare father.

Exic

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Serning men swo or three.

Cap So many guests invite as here are weit.

Strah, go hare me twenty cunning Cookes.

Ser. You shall have none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can licke their singers

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie fir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much unsurnishe for this time what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?

Nur Iforfooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do fome good on her,
A pecuifh felfe-wild harlotty it is.

Exter fullet.

Nur See where the comes from thrife With merrie lonke.

Cap. How now my headstrong, Where have you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I have learnt me to repent the fin C difobedient opposition.

To you and your behefts, and am enjoyn'd By holy Lawrence, to fall profirate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon! befeech you.

Henceforward I ameuer rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this.

Ile haue this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell.
And gove him what becomed Love I might.
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cop. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,

This

This is as't should be let me fee the County : I marrie go I fay, and feech him hither. Now afore God, this reveren'd holy Frier, All our whole Cittie is much bound to lum,

Int. Nutle will you goe with me into my Closet, To helpe me fore fuch needfull ornaments, As you thinke he to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time inough.

Fa. Go Nurle, go with her, Weele to Church to motrow.

Execut Islies and Neerfe.

Mo. We shall be short in our proussion,

Tis now neere night.

Fa Tush I will Airre about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wifes Go thou to Inlier, helpe to deckerp her, The not to bed to night, let me alone : He play the hulwife for this once. What ho? They are all forth, well I will walke my felfe To Countie Paris, to prepare him *p Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light, Since this same way-ward Gyrle is foreclaim'd.

Excust Father and Masher

Exercit.

Enter Inliet and Nurse.

Iul. I thoseattires are best, but gentle Nurse I pray thee leave me to my felfe to night t For I have need of many Oryfons, To move the heavens to smile vpon my flate, Which well thou know'ft, is croffe and full of fin-Emer Ottocher.

Mo. What are you bufic horneed you my help? Iul. No Madam, we have cul'd fuch necellaries As are behoovefull for our flateto morrow ; Soplease you, let me now be left alone; And let the Nurse this night sit up with you, For I am fete, you have your hands full all, In this fo fudden bufineffe. Mo. Goodnight.

Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Int Farewell: God knowes when we shall meete againe. I have a faint cold feare thrills through my velnes, That almost freezes vp the heate of fire s He call them backe againe to comfort me. Nurse, what should she do here? My dismall Sceane, I needs must all alone: Come Viall what if this mixture do not worke at all? Shall I be married then to morrow morning? No, no, this shall forbidit. Lie thou there, What if it be a poylon which the Frier Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead, Least in this marriage he should be dishonourd, Because he married me before to Romeo? Ifeareit is, and yet methinkes it should not, For he hath fill beene tried a holy man. How, if when I am laid into the Tombe, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point: Shall I not then be ftiffed in the Vault ? To whose soule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in, And there die strangled ere my Romes comes Or if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place, As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,

Where for thele many hundred yeares the bones Of all my buried Aunceftors are packs, Where bloody Tybals, yet but greene in earth, Lies fellring in his throw'd, where as they fay, At fome houses in the night, Spirits refort. Alacke, alacke, is it not like that i So early waking, what with loathforme frels, And firikes like Mandrakes torne our of the earth, That living mortalls hearing them, run mad. Oil walke, shall I not be diffraught, Inuironed with all these hidrous feares, And madly play with my forefathers 10 ynts? And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his fhrows? And in this rage, with fome great kinfmans bone, As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines Olooke, me thinks I fee my Cozins Choft, Seeking our Romeo that did fpic his body Vpon my Rapiers point : flay Tybali, flay; Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke : I drinke to thee

Enter Lady of the bonfe and Nio fo.

Lady. Hold,

Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse. Ner. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pafrie Enter old Capula.

Cap. Come, flir, flir, flir, The second Cocke hath Crow'd, The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica. Spare not for coft.

Ner. Go you Cot-queane, go, Get you to bed, faith youle be licke to morrow

For this nights watching.

Cap. No not a white what? I have watcht ere now All night for leffe cause, and note beene licke.

La. I you have bin a Mouse-hunt in your time, But I will watch you from such watching now. Exit Lady and Narfe.

Cap. A lealous hood, a lealous hood, Now fellow, what there?

Enter three or foure with fitts, and logs, and bashas. Fel. Things for the Cooke fir, but I know not what Cap. Make haft, make halt, firrah, fetch drier Logs Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Fel, I have a head fir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. Cap. Masse and well faid a merrie horson, ha, Thou shalt be loggethead; good Father, tis day.

Plan Casaficke The Countie will be here with Mulieke Itraight,

For so he said he would, I heare him neere, Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say? Enter Nurfe.

Go waken Inliet, go and trim het vp. Ile go and that with Parushie, make haft, Make halt, the Budegroome, he is come already. Make hall I say.

Nur. Miftris, what Miftris? Inliete Fast I warrant her she. Why Lambe, why Lady, he you fluggabed, Why Loue I fay? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride? What not a word? You take your peniworths now Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant The Countie Paris hath fee up his rest, That you shall rell but little, God forgiue me : Martie and Amen: how found is the a fleepe?

I must needs wake her i Madam, Madam, Madam, I, let the Councie take you in your bed, Heele fright you vp ytaith. Will it not be? What drest, and in your clothes, and downe agains & I must needs wake you : Lady, Ledy, Lady ? Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead, Oh weladay, that ever I was borne, Some Aqua-vitz ho, my Lord, my Lady & Mo. What noise is heere? Enter Mitthe. Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What Is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heavie day. Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life : Revine, looke vp, or I will die with thee : Helpe, belpe, call helpe.

Exter Falber.

Fa. For shame bring luliet forth, her Lord is come. Ner. Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead:alacke the day. M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead. F4. Ha? Let me fee her:out alas fhee's cold.

Her blood is feeled and her soynes are friffe : Life and these lips have long bene sep erateda Death lies on her like an vnumely froft Vpon the swetest flower of all the field.

Nar. O Lamentable day! Mo. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Frier and the Counsin. 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, deflowed by him. Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire, My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all life living, all is deaths. Pa. Have I thought long to feethis mornings face, And doth it give me fuch a fight as this?

Mo. Accur'ft, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day, Most miserable houre, that ere time faw In lafting labour of his Pilgrimage. But one, poore one, one poore and loving Child, But one thing to reloyce and folece in,

And cruell dearh hath catcht it from my fight. Nir. O wo,O wofull, wofull, wofull day, Most lamentable day, must wofull day, That ever, ever, I did yez behold. O day, O day, O dey, O hatefull day, Neuer was feene fo blacke a day as this: O wofull day, O wofull day.

Pa. Beguild, dinorced, wronged, spighted, flaime, Mon detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne: Oloue, Olifemot life, but loue in death.

Fat. Defpis'd, diftreffed, hated, martir'd, kil'd, Vncomfortable time, why cam'ft thou now To murther, murther our folemnitte? O Child, O Child; my foule, and not my Child, Dead are shou, alacke my Child is dead And with my Child, my loyes are buried

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions : Care lines nos In thele confusions, heaven and your felfe Had part in this faire Maid, now heaven hath all, And all the better is it for the Maid: Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heaven keepes his part in eternall life : The most you fought was her promotion, For twas your heaven, the shouldft be advant, And weepe ye now, feeing the is adman'it About the Cloudes, s: high as Heaven it felfer . O In this love, you love your Child fo ill, That you run mad, feeing that the is well, Shee's not well married, that lives married long, But fhee's best married, that dies married yong. Drie vp your teares, and flicke your Rosematie On this faire Coarle, and as the custome is, And in her best stray beare her to Church a For though some Nature bids all vs lament. Yet Natures reares are Reasons mertiment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Festivall, Turne from their office to blacke Funerall: Our instruments to melancholy Bells, Our wedding cheare, to a fad burnall Feaft : Our folemne Hymnes, to fullen Dyrges change: Our Bridall flowers ferue for aburied Coarle: And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fet. Sit go you in ; and Madam, go with him, And go fit Paris, every one prepare To follow this faire Coarfe unto her grave : The heavens do lowre vpon you, for some ill: More them no more, by croffing their high will. Exercise

Ms. Faith we may put vp out Pipes and be gone, Nar. Honest goodsellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,

For well you know, this is a pirifull cafe.

Ma 1 by my troth, the case may be amended. Enter Pair.

Pet. Musicions, oh Musicions, Hearts eafe, hearts eafe, O, and you will have me live, plsy hearts cafe. Mn. Why hearts eale; Per O Musicions,

Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Per. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Per. I will then give it you foundly.

Ms What will you give vs?

Per. No money on my faith, but the gleeke. I will give you the Minitrell.

Mik Then will I give you the Serving creature. Peter. Then will I lay the feruing Creatures Dagger

on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, lle Re you, lle Fa you, do you note me ? Mu. And you Re vs, and Pa vs, you Nore vs.

M. Pray you put vp your Dagger, And put out your wit.

Then have at you with my wit.

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yoon wit, And put vp my yron Dagger.

Answere me like men :

When griping griefes the heart doth would, then Mifickewith her filuer found.

Why filuer found? why Mulicke with her filuer found? what lay you Simon Cailing?

Mu. Mary fir, because filter hath a sweet found.

Per. Praieft, what say you Hugh Rebicke?

M. I say filter found, because Must sons found for fil-Pet. Pratefito, what lay you lames Sound-Post? [ver 3. Mu. Faith I know not what to fay.

Per.O I ery you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it is Musicke with ber suver found,

Because Musicions have no gold for soundings.
Then Musicke with her silver sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

Ext.

Mu. What a puffilent knaue is this some ?
M.a. Hang him lacke, come weele inhere, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exis.

Enter Romes.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some toyfull newes at band i
My bosomes L. fits lightly in his throne;
And all this and ay an vecustom'd spirit,
Lifts me about the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dream my Lady came and sound me dead,
(Strange dreame that gives a dead man leave to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuris'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe posses,
When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Remee's man.
Newes from Verena, how now Balthazer?
Doft thou not bring me Letters from the Frier of
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Inher? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, if the be well.

Man. Then the is well, and nothing can be ill. Her body fleepes in Capels Monument, And her immortall part with Angels liue, I faw her laid low in her kindreds Vault, And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:

O pardon me for bringing these ill newes, Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

Rem. Is it even so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get the inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night.

Max. I do beleech you fir, have patience; Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import Some miladuenture.

Rom. Tufh, thou art deceiu'd.
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haft thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
21an. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. Mo matter : Get thee gone, And hyre those Horses, He be with thee straight. Well Inlier, I will be with thee to night : Lets see for meanes: O mischiese thou art swift, To enter in the thoughts of desperate men: I do remember an Appothecarie, And here abouts dwells, which late I noted In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes, Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes, Sharpe miserie had worne him to thebones : And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung. An Allegater fluft, and other skins Of ill thap'd fifthes, and about his thelues, A beggerly account of emptie boxes, Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes, Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roles Were thinly scattered to make up a shew. Noting this penury, to my felfe I faid, An if a man did need a poylon now, Whose sale is persent death in Mantue, Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would fell it him. O this same thought did but fore-run my need, And this fame needie man must fell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house, Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut. What ho? Appothecarie?

App. Who call is lowed?

Rom. Come hither man, I fee that thou art poors, Hold, there is forthe Duckets, let me have
A dram of poylon, such foons speeding gears,
As will disperse it selfethrough all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastic powder fier d
Doth hurty from the latall Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I have, but Afanta law

Is death to any he, that viters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse, And sear it to die? Famine is in thy checkes, Need and opression starueth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggery hangs upon thy backel. The world is not thy striend, nor the worlds laws. The world affords no law to make thee rich. Then be not poore, but breaks it, and take this.

App. My pourty, but not my will confents.

Rom. I pray thy pourty, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will.

And drinke it off, and if you had the strength

Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this losthsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou has sold me none,
Farewell, buy sood, and get thy selfe in sess.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To Instruct grave, for there must I vie thee.

Exerci

Enter Frier lobn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier Iron.
Welcome from Maneua, what sayes Romes?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brothel out,
One of our order to affociate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the fick.
And finding him, the Seerchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pessilence did raigne,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Manusa there was said.

Law, Who bare my Letter then to Respect to him. I could not fend in there it is agains, Nor get a messenger to bring is thee, So fearefull were they of infection.

Law. Vahappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the negleding it
May do much danger: Frier loba go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it firsight
Vnto my Cell.

Ishn. Brother He go and bring it thee.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire Iuliet wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that Rosses
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write agains to Manue,

Entir

And

And keepe her at my Cell till Roman come, Poore lining Coarfe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Exis.

Exter Paris ond bis Page

Par. Give me thy Torch Boy, hence and fland aloft, Yet put it out, for I would not be feene: Vnder young young Trees lay thee all along, Holding thy care close to the hollow ground, So shall no foot you the Churchyard tread, Being loase, vnhirme with digging vp of Graues, But thou shalt heare it: whisle then tome, As signall that thou heatest some thing approach, Give me those showers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.

PaSweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed Iftrevi:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares destild by moness
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grane, and weepe.

Whister Boy.

The Bny gives warning, something doth approach,
What curfed foot wanders this vayes to night,
To croffe my obsequies, and true loves right!
What with a Torch? Mussle me night a while

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron, Hold take this Letter, early in the morning See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father, Give me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee, What ere thou hear'st or feeth, stand all aloofe, And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend 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 ieslous doft returne to prie In what I further shall intend to do. By hexuen I will teare thee toynt by ioynt, And frew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs a The time, and my intents are fausge wilde: More herce and more inexorable tarre, Then emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Per. I will be gone fir, and not trouble you

Re. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, He hide me here about, His lookes I scare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death, Gorg'd with the deatest morfell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten I awes to open,
And in despight, lie cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banifut haughtic Mountague,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursued surther then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I befeech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to surie. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereaster say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away,
Par. I do defie thy commisseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me of Then have at thee Boy.

Per. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.

Pa. O I am flaine, if thon be mercifull,

Pa. Of am flatne, it toon be mercitall,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Inlier.
Rom. In faith I will, let me perule this face:
Mercania kinfman, Noble Countie Para,
What faid my man, when my betoffed foulo
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Para floudd have married Inlier.

He told me Paris should have married Inline.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Inline,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre missortunes booke.
He burse thee in a triumphant grave.
A Grave; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:

For here lies Inlet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feafing presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may 1
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet you thy Beautie.
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,

And Deaths pale flags s not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly it thou there in thy bloudy sheet?

O what more favout can I do to thee,

Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,

To funder his that was thy enemie?

Forgiue me Cozen. / h deste Inlet:
Why art thou yet foliate? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve, that volubilizatial death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorsed Monster keepes

The chere in darke to be his Paramour?

For feare of that, I fill will fray with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart agains: come lie thou in my armes,

Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumbiert in.
O true Appothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I die. Depart againe; here,here will I remaine, With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here

Will I fet up my enerlafting reft:
And finake they oke of inaufpicious starres
From this world-wearied slesh: Eyes looke your last?
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, scale with a sighteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:

Come bitter conduct, come vníauoury guide, Thou desperate Pilot, now at once ruo on The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-ficke wearie Barke: Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

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Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiffe I dic. Enter Frier with Lantborne, Crow, and Spade. Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night Have my old fert flumbled at graves ? Who's there? Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Bliffe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is youd that vainely lends his light

To grobs, and eyeleffe Sculles? As I difcerne, It burneth in the Capels Monument Man. It doth so holy fir.

And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who isit?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there? Man. Full halfe an houre. Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir: My Master knowes not but I am gone hence, And fearefully did menace me with death,

If I did flay to looke on his entents. Frs. Stay, then] le go alone, seares comes vpon me.

O much I feare some ill valuckie thing. Man. As I did fleepe under this young tree here, I dreamt my maister and another fought,

And that my Maitler flew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which flames The stony entrance of this Sepulcher? What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? Romeo, on pale : who cife? what Paris too? And steept in blood? Ah what an vn knd houre Is guiltie of this lamentable chance? The Lady Stirs.

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord? I do remember well where I should be: And there I am, where is my Romes?

Fri. I heare some noyle Lady, come from that nest Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall fleepe, A greater power then we can contradict Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away, Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead: And Paris too: come le dispose of thee, Among a Sifterhood of holy Nunnes: Stay not to question, for the watch is comming. Come, go good Iulier, I dare no longer ft ay.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will notuzway, What's here? A cup clos'd in my true lo:es hand? Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end O churle, drinke all and left no friendly drop, To helpe me after, I will kille thy lips, Happlie some po ylon yet doth hang on them. To make me die wth a restorative.

Thy lips are warme.

Enter Bo; and Wutch.

maich. Lead Boy, which svay ? Iul. Yea noise?

Then ile be briefe. Ohappy Dagger. 'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die Kils berfeife.

Boy. This is the place, There where the Torch doth burne Watch. The ground is bloody, Scarch about the Churchyard Go force of you, who ere you find attach. Pittifull fight, here lies the Countie flaine, And latiers bleeding, warme and newly dead Who here hath laine thefe two dayes buried, Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets, Raile vp the Mountagues, force others fearch, We fee the ground whereon thefe woes do lye, But the true ground of all thele pitcous vices, We cannot without circumftane descry.

Enter Romes Imas.

Watch. Here's Komeo'r man, We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in fafety, till the Prince come hither. Enter Frier and another Wetchman.

3. War. Here is a Frier that trembles, fighes, and weepes We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him, As he was comming from this Church-yard fide.

Con. A great suspition, Ray the Frie too. Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so earely vp. That calls our person from our mornings reft?

Enter Capulet and bis Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad? Wife. O the people in the streete cric Romeo. Some Julies, and some Paris, and all runne With open outery toward out Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which starties in your eares? Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie Paris Daine,

And Romeo dead, and luiet dead before, Warnie and new kill'd.

Prin. Scarch.

Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes. War. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romess man, With Instruments upon them fit to open

These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heaven!

O wife looke how our Danghter bleedes! This Dagger hath miltaine, for loe his houle Is empty on the backe of Mountaque, And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome. Wife. Ome, this fight of death, is as a Bell

That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher. Enter Mountaque.

Pri. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp To feethy Sonne and Herre, now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night, Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath flopt her breathe What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin Looke: and thou shalt see.

Mour. Othou vnrought, what manners in is this, To presse before thy Father to a grave?

Prin. Seale up the mouth of outra ge for a while, Till we can cleare thele ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent, And then will I be generall of your woes, And lead you even to death? meane time forbeate, And let mischance be flaue to patience,

Bring forth the parties of fuspition. Frs. I am the greatest, able to doe least, Yet most suspealed as the time and place Doth make against me of this direfull murther: And heere I stand both to impeach and purge

My felfe condemned, and my felfe excus'd. Prin. Then say at once, what thou doft know in this? Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath

Is not fo long as is a tedious tale. Romeo there dead, was husband to that hair, And the there dead, that's Remecs faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne matriage day Was Tybalts Doomesday: whose vnrimely death Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie: For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pinde. You, to remoue that fiege of Greefe from her, Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce To Countie Pars Then comes fhe to me, And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes To rid her from this fecond Marriage, Or in my Cell there would the kill her felfe Then gaile I her (fo Tutor'd by my Art) A fleeping Potion, which to rooke effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The forme of death. Means time, I writ to Romeo, That he should hirher come, as this dyre night, To helpe to take her from her botrowed grave, Being the time the Potions force should cease. But he which bore my Letter, Frier lobn, Was flay'd by accident; and yesternight Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone, At the prefixed houre of her waking, Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault, Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell, Till I conveniently could fend to Romen. But when I came (some Minute ere the sime Ofher awaking) heere vntimely lay The Noble Paru, and true Romeo dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth, And beare this worke of Heaven, with patience: But then, a noyle did scarre me from the Tombe, And the (too desperate) would not go with me, But (as it feemes) did violence on her felfe. All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurle is privy: And if ought in this miscarried by my fault, Let my old life be facrific'd, some house before the time, Vnto the rigour of severeft Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man. Where's Romeo's man? What can he fay to this? Boy. I brought my Master news of Inlies death,

And then in poste he came from Muntue To this same place, to this same 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.

Proi. Giuc me the Letter, I will look on it Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch? Sirra, what made your Mafter in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to frew his Ladies grave, And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did: Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe, And by and by my Mailter drew on him, And then I ran away to call the Warch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words, Their course of Love, the tydings of her death : And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyfon Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Iulier. Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Mountague, See what a scourge is laide upon your hate. That Heaven finds meanes to kill your loyes with Loue: And I, for winking at your discords too, Have loft a brace of Kinfmen : All are punish'd.

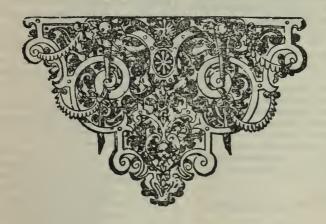
Cap. O Brother Mountague, give me thy hand, This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more Can I demand.

Moun But I can give thee more . For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold, That whiles Verona by that name is knownes There shall no figure at that Rate be set. As that of True and Faithfull Juliet.

Cap As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly. Poore facrifices of our enimity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings, The Sunne for forrow will not thew his head ; Go hence, to have more talke of these sad things, Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished. For neuer was a Storte of more Wo, Then this of Julies, and her Romeo. Exernt omnes

FINIS.





THE LIFE OF TYMO OF ATHENS

Adus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter Poet , Painter , leweller , Merchant , and Mercer , as feveral doores.

Poct.

Octobro Ood day Sir.

Pais. I am glad y'are well.
Port. I have not seene you long, how goes

the World? Pars. It weares fir, as it growes.

Poer. I that's well knowne : But what particular Rarity? What Grange, Which manifold record not matches: fee Magicke of Bounty, all thesespirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend.

I know the Merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th'others a leweller.

Mr. O ilia worthy Lord. Irw. Nay that's most fixt.

Mar. Amost incomparable man, breath'd as it were, To an vntyreable and continuate goodneffe: He paffes.

Iew. I haut a lewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's lee's. For the Lord Timon, fir? level. If he will touch the estimate. But for that-Peet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,

It staines the glory in that happy Verse, Which aprly hags the good.

Mar. Tisa good forme.

Icuel. And tich: heere is a Waterlooke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke, some Dedica-

tion to the great Lord.

Poer. Athing flipt idlely from me. Our Poelie is as a Gowne, which vies From whence 'tis noutifut: the fire i'th Flin: Shewes not, till it be frooke : our gentle flame Prouokes it felfe, and like the curtain flyes Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Peir. A Picture fir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment fir. Let's lee your peece.

Pam. 'Tis 2 good Peece.

Peer. So 'sis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain Indifferent.

Pees. Admirable: How this grace Speakes his owne flanding : what a mentall power This eye (hootes forth? How biggeimagins 100 Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbrielle of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain It is a pretty mocking of the lifes

Heere is a touch : Is't good? Poer. I will fay of ic.

It Tutors Nature, Artificiall firife

Lives in these tout ches, livelier then life.

Enter certaine Semanors.

Pais. How this Lord is followed

Poet. The Senziors of Athens, hoppy men.

Pam. Looke moe.

Po. You fee this confivence, this great flood of vilitees, I have in this rough worke, shap'd out a man Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge Withamplest entertainment . My free deift Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe In a wide Sea of wax, no levell'd malice Infects one comma in the course I hold. But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Peer. I will vaboult to you.

You fee how all Conditions, how all Mindes, As well of glib and flipp'ry Creatures, 25 Of Grave and austere qualitie, tender downe Their feruices to Lord Timon : his large Poitune, Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All forts of hearts; yea, from the glaffe-fac'd Flatterer To Apemanius, that few things loves better Then to abhorre himselfe; euch hee drops downe The knee before him, and returnes in peace Most rich in Timons nod.

Pais. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I have vpon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Forcane to be thron d.

The Bale o'th' Mount

Is rank'd with all defects, all kinde of Natures That labour on the bosome of this Sphere, To propagate their states; among'ft them all, Whole eyes are on this Sourraigne Lady fixt, One do I personate of Lord Timens frame, Whom Fortune with her luory hand wafes to her,

Whose present grace, to present flaves and servants Translater his Rivals.

Fair 'Tis conceye'd, to scope

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

Wich

Exit.

With one man becken'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy Mount To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest In our Condition

Poer. Nay Sir, but heare me on: All those which were his Fellowes but of late, Some better then his valew; on the moment Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance, Raine Sacrificiall whilperings in his eare, Make Sacred even his flyrrop, and through him Drinke the free Ayre.

Pain. I marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood Spumes downe her late beloved; all his Dependants Which labour dafter him to the Mountaines top, Euen on their knees and hand, let him fit downes Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. Tis common: A thousand morall Paintings I can shew, That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes, More pregnantly then words. Yet you do wall, To thew Lord Timen, that meane eyes have feene The foot about the head,

Trumpets found. Enter Lord Timon, addressing bimselfe curteensly convery Sweet.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? Mef. Imy good Lord, five Talents is his debt, His meanes most short, his Creditors most straite: Your Honourable Letter he defires To those have shut him vp, which failing, Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Vensiding 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 deferues a helpe, Which he shall have. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship euer bindes him. Tim. Commend me to him, I will fend his ransome, And being enfranchized bid him come to me; Tis noc enough to helpe the Feeble vp. But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mef. All happinesse to your Honor.

Enter on old Arbonian. Oldm. Lord Tomon, heare me speake. Tim. Freely good Father. Oldm. Thou haft a Servant pam'd Lucilisa. Tim. I have fo: What of him? Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee. Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucillans. Luc Heere at your Lordships service. Older. This Fellow heere, L. Times, this thy Creature, By night frequents my house. I am a man That from my first have beene inclin'd to thrift, And my estate deserves an Heyre more mis'd, Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further? Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kinelle, On whom I may conferre what I have got: The Maid is faire, a th'youngest for a Bride, And I have bred her at my deerest cost In Qualities of the best. This man of thine Attempts her love : I prythee (Noble Lord)

Ioyne with me to forbid him her refort, My selfe haue spoke in vaine. Tom. The man is honest. Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon. His honesty rewards him in it felfe. It must not beare my Daughter. Tim. Does the love him Oldm. She is yong and apt: Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs What leuities in youth.

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and the accepts of it. Oldro. If in her Marriage my consent be milling, I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world, And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed, If the be mated with an equal! Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present ; in future, all. Tim. This Gendeman of mine

Hath feru'd me long :

To build his Fortune, I will Araine a little, For tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter, What you bellow, in him He counterpoize. And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Moft Noble Lord, Payme me to this your Honour, the is his.

Tim My hand to thee, Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I chanke your Lordship, neuer may That state or Fortune fall into my keeping, Which is not owed to you Exit

Poet. Vouchlafe my Labour, And long live your Lordship

Tim. I thanke you you thall heare from me anon: Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do befeech Your Lordship to accept.

Time Painting is welcome. The Painting is almost the Naturall man: For fince Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature, He is but out-fide : Thefe Penfil'd Figures nte Euen such as they ive out. I like your worke, And you shall find a I like n; Waite attendance Till you heare further from me.

Pair. The Gods preserve ye. Tim. Well fare you Gentleman : giue me your band. We must needs dine together: sir your lewell

Hath suffered under praise, Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise? Tim. A mecre faciety of Commendations, If I (hould pay you for't as 'tis extold,

It would vnclew me quite.

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated As those which sell would give : but you well know, Things of like valew differing in the Owners, Are prized by their Mafters. Beleeu't deere Lord, You mend the Iswell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. Enter Apermanius. Mer. No my good Lord he speakes y common toong Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid? Invel. Wee'l beare with your Lording.

Mer. Hee'l space none, Tim. Good morrow to thee, Gentle Apermanua.

Aper. 88 2

Ape, Till I be gentle, flay thou for thy good morrow. When show are Timons dogge, and thefe Kosoes honeft.

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know's them not.

Apr. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apr. Then I repent nor.

Iew. You know me, Apermantus?

Age. Thou know'ft I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud Apenentus?

Apr. Of nothing fo much, as that I am not like Timen

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Time That's a deed thou't dye for.

espe. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik Athou this picture Apemant me?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted le,

Ape. He wrought bettet that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'area Dogge.

Ape, Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I

be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me Apemantsu?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st shoud'st anger Ladier.

Ape. Othey eate Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'ft it,

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this lewell, Apemantas? Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast

a man a Doit,

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth? Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Post. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyeft.

Posts Attnotone?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Attnota Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast fegin'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is fo.

Ape. Yeshe 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 do then Apemantue?

Ape. E'neas Apementes does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy felfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I Apemantus.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke dost, the Gods doit,

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee. Trumpes sonnds. Enser a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that &

Mef. Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, glos them guide to va-You must needs dine with me : go not you have

Till I have thankt you I when dinners done

Shew me this peece, I am loyfull of your fights. Enter Alerbrades with the ref.

Mod welcome Sir.

Apr. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your supple loynes that there should bee frait love amongest these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtefie. The ftraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Ale. Sir, you have fou'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your light.
7im. Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depatt, weel share a bounteous time

In different pleasures.

Pray you let vs in.

Enter two Lords. 1. Lord What time a day is't Apenonius?

Eximit.

Apr. Time to be honest.

1 That time ferues fill.

Ape. The most accurred thou that still omits it.

2 Thou are going to Lord Tomons Fraft.

Apr. I, to fee meate fill Knaues, and Wine hert fooles. Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why Apeniania ?

Ape. Should'A have kept one to thy felfe, for I meene to give thee none

I Hangthy selfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding: Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpesceable Dogge,

Or He spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the beeles ath'Affe.

I Hee's opposite to humanity.

Comes shall we in;

And tafte Lord Timous bountie : he out-goes

The verie heart of kindnesse.

2 Hepowies it out : Plurus the God of Gold Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes Senen-fold aboue it felfe : No guift to him, But breeds the giver a returne : exceeding All vie of quittance.

I The Noble minde he carries.

That ever govern'd men.

a Long may he live in Fortunes. Shall we in? He keepe you Company. Exeunt.

Hoboges Playing load Mufiche.

A great Banquet for a'd on : and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes dropping ofice all Ape. mantus discontentedly like bimselfe.

Ventig. Most honoured Timon, It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Pathers age, And call him to long peace: He is gone happy, and has left merich: Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound To your free heart, I do returne those Talents Doubled with thankes and ferrice, from whose helps I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes, Honest Vernigius: You mistake my love,

I gaue

Igane it freely ever, and ther's none Can truely fay he glues, if he receives: If our betters play at that game, we must not dare To imitate them; feults that are rich are faire.

Von. ANoble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first To fet a gloffe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes, Recanting goodnesse, forry ere 'cis showne: But where there istrue friendship, there needs none. Pray fit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes, Then my Fortunes to me.

1. Lord. My Lord, we alwaies have confest it. Aper. Ho ho, confest it! Handg dit? Have you not? Time. O Apermantus, you are welcome. Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye have got a humour there Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame ! They say my Lords, Irafuror bresis oft, But youd man is verie angrie. Go, let him have a Table by himfelfe: For he does weither affect companie,

Nor is he fit for't indeed. Apor. Let me flayat thine apperill Times,

I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee : Th'art an Athenian, therefore welcome: I my felfe would have no power,

Aper. I scome thy meate, 'twould chooke me : for I

prythee let my meate make thee filent.

should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats Timon, and he fees 'em not ? It greeues me to fee fo many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the madneffe is, he cheeres them vp too. I wonder men dare trust themselves with men. Me thinks they should ennite them without knives, Good for there meate, and safer for their lives. There's much example for't, the fellow that fits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a diulded, draught : is the readiest man to kill him, Tas beene proved, if I were a huge man Ishould feare to drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men thould drinke with harnelle on their throases.

Tim. My Lord in heart : and let the health go round-2. Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper . Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keepes his tides well, those healths will make thee and thy Rate looke ill , Timon

Heere's that which is too weake to be a singer, Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mire : This and my food are equals, there's no ods, Peafts are to proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apermantin Grace. Immortali Gods, I crave no pelfe, I pray for no man but my selfe, Graunt I may never prove fo fond, To trust man on his Oath or Bond. Or a Harlot for her weeping, Or a Dogge that feemer afleeping, Or a keeper with my freedome, Or my friends if I freeld need em. Amen. Sofallioo'e: Richmen fin, and I car root.
Much good dich thy good heart, Apermantus Tim. Captaine.

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your feruice, my Lord. Tim. You had rather beat a breakefast of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Ale. So they were bleeding new my Lord there's no meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast. Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies

then, that then thou might'ft kill 'em : & bid me to 'em. 8. Lord. Might we but have that happinelle my Lord, that you would once vie our hearts, whereby we might expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our

selves for ever perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elfe. Why have you that chatitable title from thousands ? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my felfe, then you can with modestic 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 nere have need of ein? They were the most needlesse Crestures liuing; should we nete haue vie for 'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung vp in Cafes, that keepes there founds to themfelues. Why I have often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you : we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort'tis, to have fo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh loyes, e'nemade away er't can be borne : mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

ofper. Thou weep'A to make them drinke, Timon. 2. Lord. Toy had the like conception in out eles.

And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baftard 3. Lord. I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much. Aper. Much.

Sound Tucker. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Luses in their bands , danneting and playing .

7im. What my anes that Trumpe? How now ?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to fignifie their pleasures. Im. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cap. Haile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of his Bountles tafte: the five best Sencesa cknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.

There taft, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rife:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eiesTime. They'r wecome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muficke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way. They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selves Fooles, to disport our selves,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who lives, that's not deprayed, or deprayes;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graves
Of their Friends guist:
I should seare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day sumpe vpon me; Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rife from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to from their loues, each fingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftic straine or two to the Heboyes, and ccase.

Tim. You have done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You have added worth vntoo't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne device.
I am to thanke you for't.

a Lord. My Lord you take vs even at the best.

Aper Faith for the worst is fifthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.

Please you to dispose your selues.

All La. Most chankfully, my Lord. Exe

Tim. Flauisa. Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.
Fiz. Yes, my Lord. More lewels yet?
There is no croffing him in a humor,

Elfe I should tell him well, yfaith I should; When all's spent, hee'ld be cross then, and he could.

Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde, That man might ne're be wretched for his minde, Exn.

1 Lord. Where be out men? Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse. 2 Lord. Out Horses.

2 Lord. Our Horses. Tim. Omy Friends:

I have one word to fay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to advance this sewell, accept it, and weare it,

Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guists.

All. So are weall.

Enter a Setuant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flanisus.

Fls. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe mea word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time He heare thee. I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment,

Fla. I scatse know how.

Enter ans: ber Serwant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius (Out of his free loue) hath presented to you Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairely : let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd. Enter a third Servant.

Hownow? What newes !

3. Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord Lucullus, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. He hont with him,

And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands we to provide, and give great guifts, and all out of an empty Coffer t

Nor will be know his Purfe, or yeeld me this, To thew blm what a Begger his heart is, Being of no power to make his withes good.

His promises flye so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word: He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;

His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were Gently put out of Office, before I were for dout:

Happier is he that has no friend to feede, Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your felues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.

Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

a Lord. With more then common thankes

I will receyve it.
3. Lord. Ohe's the very foule of Bounty

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Til yours because you lik'd it.

1. L. Oh, I befeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that. Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know oo man can iustly prasse, but what he does affect. I weight my Friends affection with mine owne: lle tell you true, lle call to you.

All Lor. Onone so welcome.

Tim I take all, and your feuerall vifitations. So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to give. Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends, And nere be wearie. Alcibiades, Thou are a Soldiour, therefore fildome rich, It comes in Charttieto thee: for all thy living Ismong'st the dead rand all the Lands thou hast Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. Lord. We are so versuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you. 2. Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, 1 Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes

Kcepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exercise Lords

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and inting our of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the summes that are given for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,

Me thinkes falle hearts, should never have found legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curties.

Tim. Now Aperment in (if thou wert not fullen)

I would be good to thee.

Appr. No. Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none lest to raile vponthee, and then thou wouldst since the faster. Thou giu'st so long Timon (I feare me) thou will give away thy selfe in paper shortly. What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

T:33.

Frit

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rails on Societie once, I am fworne not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Musicke.

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heate mee now, thou shalt not then. He locke thy heaven from thee: Oh that mens eares should be

To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Enter a Senctor.

Sen, And late five thousand : to Varre and to Isidore He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe, Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion Of raging wastes It cannot hold, it will not. If I want Gold, Reale but a beggers Dogge, And give it Tomon, why the Dogge coines Gold If I would fell my Horse, and buy twenty moe Better then he; why give my Horse to Timon. Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me ftraight And able Horses : No Porter at his gate, But rather one that smiles, and full invites All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason Can found his state in safety. Caphia hoa, Caphullay. Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere fir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord Timen, Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceeft With flight deniall; nor then filene'd, when Commend me to your Master, and the Cap Playes in the right hand, thus : but tell him, My Vies cry to me ; I must ferue my turne Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are pall, And my reliances on his fracted dates Haue fmit my credit. I loue, and honour him, But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my releefe Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words, But finde supply immediate. Get you gone, Put on a most importunate aspect, A vilage of demand : for I do feare When every Feather stickes in his owne wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked guli, Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

CA. I go lir. Sen. I go fir? Take the Bonds along with you, And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeuns

Enter Secward, wish wany billes in bu hand. Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence, That he will neither know how to maintaine it, Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt How things go from him, nor refume no care Of what is to continue: neuer minde, Was to be lo vnwile, to be lo kinde. What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting, Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Capbia, Isidore, and Varro. Cap. Good even Varro: what, you come for money? Var. Is't not your bufineffe too

Cap. It is, and yours too, I fidore?

Ifid. It is fo.

Cap. Would we were all discharged,

Var. I feate it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enser Timon, and bis Traine.

Tims. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of cettaine ducs.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord. Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cup. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off To the succession of new dayes this moneth: My Master is awak'd by great Occasion, To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you, That with your other Noble parts, you'l fuite, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,

I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend. Var. One Varrous servant, my good Lord.

Ifid From Ifidore, he humbly prayes your speedy pay-

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. Twas due on forfeytute my Lord, fixe weekes,

If Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I

Am lent expressely to your Lordship. Tim. Giue me breath:

I do befeech you good my Lords keepe on, He waite vpon you instantly. Come hither . pray you How goes the world, that I am thus encountred With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds, And the detention of long fince due debts Against my Honor?

Stem. Please you Gentlemen, The time is vnagreeable to this bufineffe: Your importunacie cease, till after dinner, That I may make his Lordship understand: Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd. Stew. Pray (raw neere.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apemantas, let's ha fome fport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs.

Isid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doft Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Apr. No 'tis to thy felfe. Come away.

16. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already. Ape. No thou fand'it fingle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now ?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and Viurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we Apemantin ?

Apr. Asses.

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your selues. Speake to 'em Foole,

Foole. How do you Gentlemen? All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole

Pools. She's c'ne feeling on water to scal'd such Chickens as you are. Would we could fee you at Counth. Apr. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Mafters Page. page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wife Company.

How doft thou Apermantal

Ape. Would I had a Rod In my mouth, that I might

answer thee profitably

Boy. Prychee Apomania reade me the superscriptiop of thefe Letters, I know not which is which.

Apr. Canft not read?

Poge No.

Aps There will little Learning dye then that day thou are hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades, Go thou was't borne a Ballard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was's whelpt a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answernot, I am gone.

Ape. Ene fo thou out-runft Grace, Foole I will go with you to Lord Timens.

Fools. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If Timon stay at home.

You three ferue three V furers?

Al. I would they fetu'd vs. Apr. So would I:

As good a tricke as ever Hangman feru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Viuters men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Viurer, but ha's a Foole to his Serwant. My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole ; when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away metry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away fadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremafter, and a Knaue, which not withflanding thou fhalt be no leffe efteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis s spirit, sometime t'appeares like a Lord, somtime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is vegie often like a Knight; and generally, In all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walker In.

Var. Thou att not altogether a Foole:

Foole. Northou altogether a Wife man, As much foolerie as I have, so much witchou lack'A.

Apr. That answer might have become Apenantus, All. Alide, slide, heere comes Lord Tomon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Mor. Come with me (Foole) come. Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher,

Stew. Pray you walken cere,

Exemi, He speake with you anon. Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time

Had you not folly laide my state before me, That I might so have rated my expence As I had leave of meanes.

Siew. You would not heare me:

At many ley fures I propote.

Tim. Gotoot

Perchance forne fingle vantages you tooke, When my indisposition put you backe, And that vnaptnesse made your minister Thus to excuse your selfe.

Siew. O my good Lord, At many times I brought in my accompts, Laid them before you, you would throw them off, And say you found them in mine hone frie, When for some trifling present you have bid me Returne so much, I have shooke my head, and wept a Yes 'gainfi th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did indure Not fildome, nor no flight checkes, when I have Prompted you in the ebbe of your effete, And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord, Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The greatest of your having, lackes a halfe, To pay your present debes.

Tim Let all my Land be fold.

Stew. Tis all engaged, some forfeyted and gone, And what remainer will hardly stop the mouth Ofpresent dues; the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim, and at length. How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stere. Omy 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.

Siew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood, Call me before th'exacteft Auditors, And let me on the proofe. So the Gods bleffe me. When all our Offices have beene opprest With riotous Feeders, when our Vaules have wept With drunken spilth of Wine; when every roome Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minitrellie, I have retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke, And fet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I faid, the bounty of this Lord: How many prodigall bits have Slaves and Pezants This night engluited : who is not Timens, What heart, head, fword, force, meanes, but is L. Timen: Great Timen, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon: Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise, The breach is gone, whereof this praise is made: Feath won, fall loft; one cloud of Winter showres, Thefe flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come fermon me no further. No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart; Vnwisely, not ignobly have I given. Why doft thou weepe, canft thou the conscience lacke, To thinke I shall lacke friends : secure thy heart, If I would broach the vessels of my love, And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing, Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vie As I can bid thee speake,

Su. Affurance bleffe your thoughts. Tim And in some fort these wants of mine are crowned, That I account them bleffings. For by these Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceive How you mistake my Forcunes: I am wealthie in my Friends. Within there, Floring, Serviling?

Enter

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Trm. I will dispatch you severally.

You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted with his Honos to day; you to Sempronius; commend me to their loues; and I amproud fay, that my occasions have found time to vie 'em toward a jupply of mony: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flom. As you have faid, my Lord.
See. Lord Lucus and Luculus? Humh.

Tim. Go you fit to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health; I have Deferu'd this Hearing; bid'em feod o'th'instant A thousand Talents to me.

Ste, I haue beene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to vie your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tan. Is't true? Can't be?

They answer in a joyne and corporate voice, That now they are at full, want Treature cannot Do what they would, are forrice; you are Honourable, But yet they could have wishe, they know not, Something bath beene amisse; a Noble Nature May catch a wrench; would all were well; its pitty, And so intending other serious matters, After distasseful lookes; and these hard Fractions With certaine balfe-caps, and cold moving nods, They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them: Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes Haue their ingratitude in them Heredisary : Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it fildome flowes, Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde; And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth, Is falbion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventiddius (prythee be not fad, Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake, No blame belongs to thee :) Ventiddius lately Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd Into a great estate: When he was poore, Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends, I cleer'd him with fine Talents : Greet him from me, Bid him suppose, some good necessity Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred With those five Talents; that had, glue't these Fellowes To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke, That Timons fortunes 'mong his Friends can finke.

Step. I would I could not thinke it: That thought is Bouoties Foe; Being free it felfe, it thinkes all others fo.

E

Elaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a servant to hom.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Luculius.

Ser. Heere's my Loid.

Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Silver Bason & Ewre to pight. Flamining, honest Flamining, you are verie respectively welcome fir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Complease, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and May-

Flom, His heelth is well fir.

Lue. I em right glad that his health is well fir : and what haft thou there under thy Cloake, pretty Flammins.

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who having great and instant occasion to vie fistice Talents, bath sent to your Lordship to surish him: nothing doubting your piesent affishance therein.

Lee. La, la, la, la, la: Nothing doubting fayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gendenian tis, if he would not keep to good a house. Many a time and often 1 ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to have him spend lesse, and yet he wold embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, every man has his sault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could here get him from't.

Enter Servans with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc: Flammun, I have noted threalwayes wise.

Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I have obscrued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, give theethy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and vanst viethe time wel, if the time-vie thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sitrah. Drawneerer honest Flammius. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendshippe without securitie. Here's three Solidares for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Face thee well.

Flam. Is t possible the world should so much differ, And we aliue that lived? Fly damned balenesse To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thouart a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Flam May these adde to the number y may scald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation.
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in less then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele ony Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thrine, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

To expell ficknelle, but prolong his hower.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

I We know him for no leffe, thogh we are but firengese to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and
which I heare from common rumours, now Lord Timous
happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes
from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it : hee cannot want

for money.

2. But beleeve you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord Lordilus, to botrow to many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly fot's, and shewed

what receffing helong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luw. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a firange case was that? Now before the Gods I am a firand on't. Desired that honourable man? There was verte luttle Honourable wid in't. For my owne part, I must needes confesse, I have receyoed some small kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and such like Trisles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke him, and sent to me, I should no rehave denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Soral. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I have free to fee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Local. Serution? You are kindely met fir: Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my ver ty exquince Friend.

Servid May it please your Honour, my Lord hath

Lossi. Ha' what ha's he fent? I am so much endeered to that Lord; hee's ever sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Served. Has onely lent his prefent Occasion now my Lord requesting your Lordship to supply his instant wie with so many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordfhip is but merry with me,

He cannot want lifty five hundred Talenta.

Serud. But in the mean true he wants leffe my Lord.

If his occasion were not vertuous,

I should not verge it halfe so faithfully.

Lue. Doft thou speake serrously Servilund

Seruil Vpon my foule tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaft was I to disfurnish my felf against such a good time, when I might has she win my felfe Honourable? How valuckily it hapned, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vindo a great deale of Honour? Sermilus, now before the Goda I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vie Lord Times my selfe, these Gentlemen can witnesse but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceive the fairest of mee, because I have no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Sandsway, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vie mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes fir, I shall.

Lucil. He looke you out a good turne Servilius.

True as you said, Timon is shrunke indeede,

And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Ext.

1 Doyou observe this Hoftilian?

& I, to well.

Why this is the worlds foule,

And suft of the same peece
Is every Flatterers sport; who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For m my knowing
Timos has bin this Lords Pather,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay Timose money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But Timose Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrouseesse of man,
When he lookes out in an ungratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)

What cherizable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones stat.

Por mine owne part, I never taked Famou in my life
Nor came any of his bouncies oner me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteft,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his decethiy made vie of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart i But I perceive,
Med nous learne now with pitty to dispense,
For Policy sits above Conscience.

Enter athird feruant with Somprovius and ber of Tumon Friends.

Some Must be needs trouble me in't? Hum.

Boue all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucidis,
And now Venidgius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates ynto him.

Ser. My Lord.

They have all bin touch'd, and found Bale Mettle, For they have all denied him.

Samp. How? Have they deny'de him? Has Venselyins and Luculus deny'de him, And does he fend to me? Three? Humh? It shewes but little love, or sudgement in him. Must I be his last Resuge? Hit Friends (like Physicians) Thriue, give him over (Maft I take th'Cure vpon me ? Has much difgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him, That might have knowne my place. I fee no fenfe fort, But his Occasions might have wood me fir !! For in my conscience, I was the first man That ere received guift from him. And does he thinke so backwardly of me now. That He require it laft? No: So it may prove an Argument of Laughter To th'rest, and 'mong'ft Lords be thought a Foole: I'decather then the worth of thrice the furnine, Had fent to me first, but for my mindes fake : I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne, And with their faint reply, this answer toyne;

Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. Exil Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he crossed himselse by the and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will fet him cleere. How fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertubus Copies to be wicked: like those, that under hotte azdent zeale, would set whole Realmes on sire, of such a nature is his politike lone.

This was my Lords both hope, now all are fled Sape onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead, Doores that were ne're ac quainted with their Wagds Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd Now to guard fure their Master: And this is all a liberall course allowes, Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house. Exc.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timens Creditors to wass for his comment out. Then enter Lucius and Horcenfius.

Var. mon. Well mer, good morrow Time & Horemfas

THE

Tit. The like to you kinde Farro.

Hore. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one bufineffe do's command vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And he Philosustoo.

Phil. Good day as once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you thinke the house?

Pbil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Plal. Is not my Lord leene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to thine at feaven. Luci. I, but the dayes are wart fhorter with him :

You must consider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his reconerable, I feare: Tis deepelt Winter in Lord Timous purfe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. He thew you how c'observe a strange event :

Your Lord lends now for Money?

Horr. Mott true, he doe's.

Ta. And he weares lewels now of Timons guile,

For which I wante for money.

Horr. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how Arange it showes,

Timen in this, should pay more then he owes: And e'ne as if your Lord should weate rich Iewels,

And fend for money for 'em.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witnesse:

I know my Lord hath spent of Timens wealth,

And now Ingratitude, makes it worfe then fealth.

Varo. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes: What's yours?

Luci. Fine thousand mine,

Verro. "Tis much deepe, and it should feem by th' fum Your Maiters confidence was about mine,

Elle futely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius,

Tir. One of Lord Timons men.

Luc. Flamming? Sir, 2 word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth e

Flam. No indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flow. Inced not tell hurthar, he knowes you are too Enter Steward on a Clooke, muffed (diligeut.

Luci. Ha : 15 not that his Steward muffled lo? He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, fir?

2 Varo. By your leaue, fir.

Siew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tir. We waite for certaine Money heere, fir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting, Twere fure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your fummes and Billes

When your falle Mafters eate of my Lords meat? Then they could fmile, and fawne vpon his debts.

And take downe th' Intrest into their glutt nous Mawes. You do your selves but wrong, to stiere me vp,

Let me palle quierly:

Belceue't, my Lord and I have made an end, I baue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, but this answer will not ferue.

Stew. Ift 'twill not ferue, 'tis not fo bafe as you, For you ferue Knaues.

1. Varro. How? What does his casheer'd Worship

2. Varro. No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

Enter Serulling.

Ta. Oh heere's Servilim: now wee shall know some antwere.

Serw. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre fome other houre, I should derive much from't. Fortak : of my foule, my Lord leanes wondroufly to discontent: His comforcable temper has fortooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not fich ::

And if it be so fatre beyond his health,

Me thinkes he fould the fooner pay his debes, And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Serud. Good Gods.

Tiens We cannot take this for answer, fir.

Flammers wahin. Sernelius helpe, my Lord. my Lord.

Enter Timon in arage.

Tom What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage? Haue I bin eucr free, and must my house Berny recentiue Enemy > My Gaole?

The place which I have Featted, does it now (Like all Mankinde) Thew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now Tum.

Tis. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1 Var. And mine, my Lord.

2. Var. And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleane mee to the Girdle.

LAG. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in fummes.

Tir. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Five the aland drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

1 Va. My Lord.

2. Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teace me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you. Exit Timon.

Hore. Faith I perceive our Masters may throwe their caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd despetate ones, for a madmen owes 'em.

Exter Timon.

Timon. They have e'ene put my breath from mee the Naves. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. He haue it fo. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fiely? Go, bid all my Friends againe Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Varxa: Ali,

He once more feast the Rascals.

See. O my Lord, you onely speake from your diffra-ched soule; there's not so much left to, furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care: Go I charge thee, muite them all, let in the tide Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and He provide. Exeunt

Enter three Senators at one dware, Alcibiades meeting them, wab Attendants.

1 Sen. My Lord, you have my voyce, too't, The faults Bloody :

Tis necellary he should dye i

Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy.

& Most true; the Law shall bruise em. Ale Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1 Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sucor to your Vertues;

For pitty is the vertue of the Law And none but Tyrants vie it cruelly. It pleases time and Fortune to lye heavie Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hor blood Hath Hept into the Law which is past depth To those that (without heede) do plundge intoo't. He is a Man (fetting his Face 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 Reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his Foe: And with such soberand vinoted passion He did behoove his angerere twas spent, As if he had but prou'd an Argument

1 Sen. You undergo too Arica Paradox, Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire: Your words have tooke fuch paines, as if they labour'd To bring Man-flaughter into forme, and fet Quartelling Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede Is Valour mif-begot, and came into the world, When Sects, and Factions were newly borne. Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breath, And make his Wrongs, his Out-fides, To weare them like his Rayment, careleffely, And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger. If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,

What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill. Alci. My Lord.

Weigh but the Crime with this.

1. Sen. You cannot make groffe finnes looke cleare,

To revenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me, If I speake like a Captaine. Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell. And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't, And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats Without repugnancy ? If there be Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant That stay at home, if Bearing carry it: And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon? The fellow loaden with Irons, wifer then the Indge? If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords, As you are great, be pittifully Good, Who canno: condemne rashnesse in cold blood? To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust, But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust. To be in Anger, is impletie:
But who is Man, that is not Angries. Sen. You breath in vaine.

Ale. To vaine !

His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium, Were a sufficient briber for his life.

s What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire service, And flaine in fight many of your encmies: How full of valour did he beare himfelfe In the laft Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

3 He has made too much plenty with him i He's a sworne Riotor, he has a finne That ofeen drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner. If there were no Fors, that were enough To ouercome him. In that Beaftly furie, He has bin knowne to commit outrages, And cherrish Factions. Tis inferr'd tovs. His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1 He dyes.

Alei, Hard face : he might baue 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 i yet more to moue you, Take my deferes to his, and loyne em both And for I know, your reverend Ages love Security, lle pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you Vpon his good returnes. If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life, Why let the Warre receive't in valiant gore, For Law is Arich, and Warre is nothing more.

We are for Law he dyes, vrge it no more On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother, Héforfeits his owne blood, that spilles another.

Ale. Must it be so! It must not bee: My Lords, I do befeech you know mee.

1 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 What

Ale I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me, It could not else be, I should prove so bace, To sue and be deny de such common Grace. My wounds ake at you.

1 Do you dare our anger? 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect: We banish thee for euer.

Ale. Banish me? Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,

That makes the Senace vgly. 1 If after two dayes thine, Athens containe thee,

Attend our waightier ludgement. And not to (well our Spirit, He shall be executed presently. Excurs.

Ale. Now the Gods keepe you old enough, That you may live Onely in bone, that none may looke on you. I'm worle then mad : I have kept backe their Foes While they have told their Money, and let out Their Coine vponlarge intereft. I my selfe, Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this? Is this the Balfome, that the viuring Senat Powres into Captaines wounds! Banishment, It comes not ill . I have not to be banishe, It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie, That I may Anke at Athens. He cheere vp My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts; .Tis Honour with moft Lands to beat ods, Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods. Exit.

Enter

Emer divers Friends at feverall doores.

2 The good time of day to you, fr.

2 Ialfo wish it to you : I thinke this Honorable Lord

did but try vs this other day.

J Vponthat were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred. I hope it is not fo low with him as he made it feeme in the trial of his feuerall Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Fea-

thing.

I I hould thinke fo. He hath fent mee an earnest inuiting, which many my neere occasions did vige mee to put off: but he hath comur'd mee beyond them, and 1 must needs appeare.

a In like manner was ! in debt to my importunat bufineffe, but he would not heare my excuse. I am forme, when he fent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was

1 1 am ficke of that greefe too, as I vnderthand how all things go.

2 Every man heares fo: what would hee have borro-

wed cfyou?

1 A shouland Peeces.

2 A thousand Peeces? I What of you?

2 He fent to me fir - Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Assendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,

then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, fuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long flay: Feaft your eares with the Mufickeawhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th Trompets found: we shall too Eprelently.

1 Thope it remaines not vokindely with your Lord-

fhip, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. Ofir, let it not trouble you.

3 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banker brought in.

2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was fo vnforrunace a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, fir.

a If you had fent but two hourer before.

Time Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

3 All cover'd Diffies.

r Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the feafon can yeild it

I How do you? What's the newes?

Alcibiades is banish'd : heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banifh'd?

3 Tis fo, be fure of it.

I How? How?

I pray you spon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 He reli you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

This is the old map fill.

Wilthold? Wilthold?

2 It do's : but time will and fo.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Miffris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feaft of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, fit.

The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefattors, fromkle our Society with Thankefulmess. For your owne guists, make your selves pray d: But reserve, silt to give, least your Desties be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would for fake the Gods. make the Meate be belowed, more then the Manthat gives st. Les no Afferbly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there fit swelne Women at she Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiffe in them, you Gods, make Inteable for destruction. For these my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse shere, and so nothing are they welcome.

Vincouer Dogges, and lap
Some freake. What do's his Lord thip meane?

Some other. I know not. Timon. May you a better Feaft never behold You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smake, & lukevizrm water Is your perfection. This is Timens last, Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries, Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces Your recking villany. Live loath'd, and long Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites, Curreous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares: You Fooles of Forcune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes, Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes. Of Man and Beaff, the infinite Maladie Crust you quite o're. What do'ft thou go? Soft, take thy Phyficke first sthouton, and thou: Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none. What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Fraft, Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueft. Burne house, finke Athens, henceforth bated be Of Times Man, and all Humanity. Exit

Enser the Senators, wuh other Lords.

1 How now ony Lords?

2 Know you he quality of Lord Timons fury?

Push, did you see my Cap?

I have loft my Gowne.

He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors fivaies him. He gave me a lewell th'other day, and now hee has beare it our of my hat. Did you fee my lewell?

2 Did you fee my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no flay.

2 Lord Timons mad.

2 I feel's vpon my bones.

+ One day he gives vs Diamonds, next day flones. Exeunt she Senators.

Enter Tamon.

Tim. Let me looke backe upon thee. Othon Wall That girdles in those Wolves, dive in the earth. And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent, Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

6 6

Plucke

Plucke the grave wrinkled Separe from the Bench, And minister in their Reeds, to generall Filthes. Convert oth Inflant greene Virginity, Door in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faft Rather then render backe; out with your Knives, And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Servants, Acale, Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are, And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Mafters bed, Thy Mistria is o'th Brothell, Some of fixteen, Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire, With it, beate out his Braines Piery, and Feare, Religion to the Gods, Peace, luftice, Truth, Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood, Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades, Degrees, Observances, Customes, and Lawes, Decline to your confounding contraries. And yet Confusion live : Plagues incident to men, Your porent and infectious Feauers, heape On Athens ripe for Aroke. Thou cold Sciatica, Cripple our Schators, that their limbes may halt Aslamely as their Manners Luft, and Libertie Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth, That gainst the streame of Vertue they may strine, And drowne themselves in Riot, Itches, Blaines, Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop Be generall Leprofie: Breath, infect breath, That their Society (as their Friendship) may Be meerely poylon. Nothing He beare from thee But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne, Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes: Tomon will to the Woods, where he shall finde Th'vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde. The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all) Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall: And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low. Amen. Exn.

Zmer Steward with two or three Servents.

1 Heate you M. Steward, where's our Mafter?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the rightcous Gods,

I am as poore as you.

8 Such a House broke? So Noble a Master salne, all gone, and not One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme, And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leave their falle vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selse
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayte,
With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house, 3 Yet do out hearts weare Timens Livery, That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes Rill, Serving alike in forrow: Leak'd is our Barke, And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke, Hearing the Surges threat: we must all pars Into this Sea of Ayre.

Siew. Good Fellowes all,

Where ever we thall meete, for Timenilake, Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's finke our heads, and fry As 'twere & Knell vinto out Mafters Fartunes, We haue feene berter dayer Let each take fome. Nay put out all your hands Not one word more, Thus part we rich in forrow, parting poore Embraci and part feneral wages. Oh the fleree wretchedneffe that Glory brings ve! Who would not wish so be from wealth exempt, Since Riches point to Milery and Contempt > Who would be so mock d with Clary, or to live Buting Dreame of Friendship, To have his pompe, and all what state compounds, But onely painted like his varnisht Friends : Poore honeft Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart, Vindone by Goodnelle Strange virviual blood,

The latest of my wealth He share among fi you

Poor to hely painted like his varnisht Friends:

Poor to honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,

Vindone by Goodnelle. Strange vinvivaliblood.

When mans worst sinners, He do a too much Good.

Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?

For Bounty that makes Gods, do still matre Men.

My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,

Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes

Are made thy cheese Assistances has singratefull Seate

Of monstrous Friends:

Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,

Or that which can command it:

He follow and enquire him our.
He ever ferue his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I have Gold, He be his Steward still.

Enter Timos in the woods.

Exu

Tim. Obleffed breeding Sun, draw from the earth Rotten humidity: below thy Sifters Orbe Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe, Whose procreation, residence, and birth, Scarfe is dividanc : touch them with feverall fortunes, The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature (To whom all fores lay fiege) can beare great Fortune But by contempt of Nature. Raise methis Begger, and deny't that Lord, The Senators shall bears contempt Hereditary, The Begger Native Honor. It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides, The want that makes him leave: who dates? who dates In putitie of Manhood fland vpright And fay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be, So are they all : for everie grize of Fortune Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie: There 'snothing levell in our curled Natures But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd, All Feafts, Societies, and Throngs of men. His semblable, yea himselse Tomen dildaines, Destruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes, Who leekes for better of thee, fawce his pallate With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere? Gold? Yellow, glistering, precious Gold? No Gods, I am no idle Vesatift, Roots you cleere Heavens. Thus much of this will make Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right; Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant. Ha you Gods I why this? exhat this, you Gods? why this Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your fides: Plucke flour mens pillowes from below their heads

This yellow Slave, Will knit and breake Religions, bleffe th'accurft, Make the hoare Leptone ador'd, place Theeues, And give them Title, knee, and approbation With Senstors on the Bench: This is it That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe; Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vicerous fores, Would canthe gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices Toth Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth, Thou common whose of Mankinde, that puttes oddes Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee Do thy right Nature. March afarre off. He? A Drumme ? Th'art quicke, But yet Ile bury thee : Thou't go (strong Theefe) When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand :

Enter Alcobiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phryu a and Timandre.

Ale. What art thou there? speake.

7im. A Beaft as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Ale. What is thy name! Is man fo hatefull to thee,

That art thy felfe a Man e

Nay Ray thou out for earneft.

Tim. I am Mifantropos, and have Mankinde. For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge, That I might love thee fomething.

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fortunes am valearn'd, and ftrange,

Tan.I know thee too, and more then that I know thee I not defire to know. Follow thy Dramme, With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules: Religious Cannons, civill Lawes are eruell, Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine, Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword, For all her Cherubia looke.

Phrin. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kille thee, then the rot reutnes

To thine owne lippes againe,

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change? Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to give: But then renew I could not like the Moone, There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it Timout

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none. If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man : if thou do'it performe, confound thee, for

Alc. I have heard in some fore of thy Miserles. Tim. Thou saw's them when I had prosperitle. Ale, I see them now, then was a blessed time. Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots. Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world oic'd fo regardfully ?

Tim. Att thou Timandra? Timan. Yes. Tim Be a whore fill, they love thee not that vie thee, ue them diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. e of thy falt houres, feafon the flaues for Tubbes and thes, bring downe Role-cheekt youth to the Fubfaft, d the Diet.

Timen Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardonhim (wert Timandra, for his wits e drowo'd and loft in his Calamiries.

I have but little Gold offate, brave Timon, The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt In my penurious Band. I have heard and greeu'd How curfed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour flates But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I psythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone. Ale. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere Timon. Tim. How doest thou pitty him whom I doll troble, I bad rather be alone.

Ale. Why fare thee well: Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim, Keepe it, Icannot eate it.

Ale. 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 Conquest, And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Ale. Why me, Timon?

Tion. That by killing of Villaines Thou was't borne to conquer my Country. Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on; Be as a Plannetary plague, when Loue Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson In the ficke ayre iletnot thy fword skip oner Pitty not honoor'd Age for his white Beard, He is an Vfurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron, It is her habite onely, that is honest, Her selfe's a Bawd. Les northe Virgins cheeke Make fost thy trenchant Sword : for those Milke pappes That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes, Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ, But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy; Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut, And mince it lans remorle. Sweare against Obiects, Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes, Whose proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes, Nor light of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding, Shall pierce a lot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers, Make large confusior: and thy futy spent,
Consounded be thy elfe. Speake not, be gone.

Ale. Hast thou Gold yet, He take the Gold thou gi-

uest me, not all thy Counsell.

Tim. Doft thou or doft thou not, Heavens cutle vpon thee.

Buth. Give vs some Gold good Timm, hast \$ more? Tim. Enough to make a Whore for sweare her Trade, And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts Your Aprons mountant; you are not Orhable, Although I know you'l (weare, tertibly fweare Into frong shudders, and to heavenly Agues Th'immortall Gods that beare you. Spare your Oathes: He trust to your Conditions, be whores still. And he whose pious breath seekes to convert you, Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp, Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines fix months Be quite contrary, And Thatch Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead, (Some that were hang'd) no matter: Weare them, betray with them; Whore ftill, Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face : A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

hh z

Beleeuer

Beleeve't that wee'l do any thing for Gold. Tim. Consumptions source In hollow bones of man, Arike their fharpe shinnes. And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce, That he may never more falle Title pleade, Nor found his Quillets shrilly: Hoace the Flamen, That scold'st against the quality of flesh, And not beleeves himselfe. Downe with the Nose, Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away Of him, that his particular to forefee Smels from the generall weale. Make curld pate Ruffians And let the unscarr'd Braggetts of the Watte Dettue some paine from you. Plague all, That your Activity may defeate and quell The soutle of all Ete Aion. There's more Gold. Do you damne others, and let this damne you, And ditches grave you all. Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous

Tim. More whore, more Mischeese first, I have giuen you earnest

Alc. Strike up the Drum towardes Athens, farewell Timon: if I thrine well, lle visit thee agains.

7 im. Ist hope well, le neuer see thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme

Tim. Yes, thou spok it well of me.

Alc. Call'ff thou that harme?

Tim. Mendayly finde it. Get thee away, And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him firike. Excur! Tim. That Nature being licke of mans unkindnelle Should yet be hungry : Common Mother, thou Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest Teemes and feeds all . whose selfesame Mettle Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft, Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew, The gilded News, and eyeleffe venom'd Worme, With all th'abhorred Births below Crifpe Heaven, Whereon Hyperions quickning fire doch thine: Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate, From foorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote . Enfeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe, Let it no more bring out ingratefull man. Goe great with Tygets, Dragons, Wolues, and Beates, Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face Hath to the Marbled Mansion all above Neuer presented. O,a Root, deare thankes. Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas, Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts And Morfels Vnctious, greafes his pure minde, That from it all Confideration flippes .

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report, Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vice them.

Tim. Tis then, because thou do not keepe a dogge Whom! would imitate. Consumption earth thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected, A poore vinmanly Melancholly sprung From change of future. Why this Spade? this place? This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care? Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft, Hugge their diseased Persumes, and have forgot That ever Timor was. Shame not these Woods, By putting on the cunning of a Carper. Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vindone thee, hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'it observe
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most victors straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine cares (like Tapsters, that had welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: Tis most sust
That thou turne Rascall, had st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should have's. Do not assume my likenesse.

Tim. Wete llike thee, I'de throw away my felfe.

Ape. I nou haft cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe.

Ape. I nou haft cast away thy selfe, being like thy self.

A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think's I hat the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst I rees, That have out-lived the Eagle, page thy heeles And skip when thou point's out? Will the cold brooke Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste. To cure thy o're-oights surfer? Call the Greatures, Whose naked Natures live in all the spight Of wrekefull Heaven, whose bare vinhoused Trunkes. To the conflicting Elements exposed.

Answer meete Nature: bid them flatter thee.

O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worfe.

Apr. Why?

Tm. Thou flatter'f mifery.

Ape. I flatter not, but lay thou art a Cayriffe.

Tim. Why do'ft thou feeke me out?

Ape Tovex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles. Dost please thy selfe in't ?

Ape. 1.

7im. What, a Knaue 100?

Ape. It thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on To calligate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou Dost it enforcedly: Thou dst Courtier be againe Wert thou oot Beggar: willing misery Out-lives: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before it The one is filling still, neuer compleat: The other, at high wish: best state Contentiesse, Hatha distracted and most wretched heing, Worse then the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desite to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable. Thou are a Slave, whom Foreunes tender arme With favour never claspt: but bred a Dogge. Had'it thou like vs from our first swarn proceeded, The (weet degrees that this breefe world affords, To fuch as may the palliue drugges of it Freely command'A : thou would'It have plung'd thy fell In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth In different beds of Luft, and never learn'd The Icie precepts of respect, but followed The Sugred game before thee. But my felfe, Who had the world as my Confectionarie, The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and beates of men At duty more then I could frame employment; That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaves Do on the Oake, have with one Winters brush Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare, For every florme that blowes. I to beare this, That never knew but better, is some burthen Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time Hach made thee hard in t. Why should's 5 hate Men? They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?

If thou wile curfe ; thy Father (that pooreragge) Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuffe To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone, If thou hadft not bene borne the worft of men, Thou hadst bene 2 Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Are thou proud yet! Tim. I, that I am not thee. Apr. I, that I was no ProdigalL Tim. I, that I am one now. Were all the wealth I have thut vp in thee, I'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone t That the whole life of Athens were in this,

Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast. Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe. Ape, So I shall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended fo, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou have to Athens? Tun. Thee thither in a whirlewind : if thou wilt,

Tell them there I have Gold , looke, fo I have. Ape. Heere is no vie for Gold.

Tim. The beft, and trueft :

For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred barme.

Ape. Where lyeft a night 1 Timon ? Tim, Vnder that's aboue me.

Where feed'st thou 2-dayes Apemantus?

Ape, Where my stomacke sindes meate, or rather where I cate it.

Tim. Would poylon were obedient & knew my mind

Apr. Where would'A thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest, but the extremitle of both ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curiolitie: in thy Ragges thou know's none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apr. Do'A hate a Medleri

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadft hated Medlers fooner, & should'st haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou ever know vnthrift, that was beloved after his meanes? Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst

thou ever know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee : thou had'it some meanes to

keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou neerest

ompare to thy Flatterera?

Tim. Women neerest, but men : men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world A-Ape. Giueit the Bealts, to be rid of the men.

Ton Would'A thou have thy felfe fall in the confuion of men, and remaine a Beaft with the Beafts,

Ape. I Timon.

Tim. Abeafly Amortion, which the Goddes graunt hee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would eguile thee : If thou were the Lambe, the Foxe would ate thee : if thou wert the Pox, the Lion would saspect nee, when peraduenture thou were acrus'd by the Affe: fthou wert the Affe, thy dulneffe would torment thee; nd fill thou liu'dit but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If iou were the Wolfe, thy greedineffe would afflich thee,

& oft thou should'ft hazard thy life for thy dinner. West thoughe Voicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne felfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'it be kill'd by the Horfe: were thou a Horse, thou would'st be seaz'd by the Leapard : wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the sportes of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy life. All thy fafety were remotion, and thy defence ab fence. What Beaft could'st thou bee, that were not fubiect to a Beaft : and what a Beaft art thou already, that feeft not thy loffe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'it please me With speaking to me, thou might'ft Haue hie vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become A Forrest of Beafis.

7 m. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter: The plague of Company light vpon thee : will feare to eatch it, and give way. When I know not what elfe to do, He fee thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggets Dogge,

Then Apemania.

Ape. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles alive.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough

To spit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curfe.

Tim. All Villaines

That do fland by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprolie,

But what thou speak'ft.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;

But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my congue

Could for them off.

Tim. Away thou iffue of a mangie dogge,

Choller does kill me

That thou are alive, I fwoond to fee thee,

Ape. Would thou would'st butft. Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am forry I shall

lose a stone by thee.

Ape. Beaft. Tim. Slaue. Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue. I am ficke of this falle world, and will love nought But even the meere necessities vpon't:

Then Timen presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate

Thy grave stone dayly, make thine Epitaph, That death in me, at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killer, and deare divorce Twixt natural! Sunne and fire : thou bright defiler of Himens purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou ever, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer, Whole blush doth thawe the confectated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap. Thou visible God,

That fouldrest close Impossibilities,

And mak'ft them kille; that speak'st with everie Tongue

hb 3

To cueric purpofe 1 O thou touch of hearts, Thinke thy flaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue Set them into confounding odder, that Bealts May have the world in Empire.

Apr. Would'twere to,

Bot not till I am dead. He fay thhoft Gold : Thou wilt be throng'd too fhortly.

Tim. Throng'd 100?

Ape. 1.
Tim. Thy backel prythee. Age. Live, and love thy mifery.

Tim. Long liuc lo, and lo dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,

Ears Tunon, and abhorre then.

Exil Apendan.

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should be have this Gold? It is some poore Fragment, some flender Ort of his remainder : the me ere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.

2 Itis nois'd

He hath a masse of Treasure.

3 Let vs make the affay vpon him, if he care not fort, he will supply vs casily: if he concrously referre it, how Chall's get it?

3 True : for he beares it not about him:

'Tis kid.

I Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis bis description.

3 He? I know him.

All. Save thee Turion.

Tun. Now Thecues. All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes. All. We are not Theeues, but men

That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat: Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes: Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs: The Oakes beare Mall, the Briars Scarlet Heps, The bountcous Hulwife Nature, on each bush, Layes her full Meffe before you. Want? why Want?

We cannot liue on Graffe, on Berries, Water,

As Beafts, and Birds, and Fishes

Ti. Noron the Beafts themselves, the Birds & Fishes, You must eate men. Yet thankes I must you con, That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not In holser shapes: For there is boundlesse Thest In limited Professions. Rascall Theeves Hecre's Gold Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th'Grape, Till the high Feauor feeth your blood to froth, And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physician, His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes Moethen you Rob: Take wealth, and lines together, Do Villame do, fince you protest to doo't. Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery: The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe. And her pale fire, the fnatches from the Sunne. The Seas a Theele, whose liquid Surge, resolues The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theele, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolar From gen'tall excrement : each thing's a Theese. The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power

Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Love not your feluci, away, Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut threates, All that you meete are Theenes : to Athens go, Breake open hoppes, nothing can you Reale But Theeues do loofe it . Reale leffe, for this I give you, And Gold confound you howforte i Amen.

3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per

(wading me to it.

t Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus adules vanot to have va thrive in our mystery.

2 He beleeue him as an Enemy,

And give over my Trade.

Let vs full fee peace in Athens, there is no time fo miserable, but a man may be true. Exil Thanis.

Emeribe Steward to Timon.

Stow. Oh you Gods ! Is you'd despis'd and rumous man my Lord? Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument And wonder of good deeds, eailly beflow'd! What an alteration of Honor has despirate want made? What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends, Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends. How rarely does it meete with this times guife, When man was wishe to love his Enemies: Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo Those that would mischeese me, then those that doo. Has caught me in his eye, I will prefent my hone Il griefe vnto him; and as my Lord, fill ferue him with my life. My deerest Master.

Tim. Away : what art thou?

Siew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why doft aske that ? I have forgot all men. Then, if thou grunt'ft, thiart a man.

I have forgot thee.

Siev. An honest poore scruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not : I neuer had honeft man about me, I all I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines.

Sie. The Gods are witnesse,

Neu'r did poore Steward weare a trutr greefe For his vindone Lord, then mine eyes for you,

Tum. What, dost thon weepe? Come neerer, then I lone thee Because thou are a woman, and disclaim's Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer give, But thorow Luft and Laughter : pittle's Oceping:

Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping, Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord, T'accept my greefe, and whil's this poore wealth lasts,

To entertaine me as your Steward full. Tim. Had I a Steward So true, fo iuft, and now fo comfortable?

It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde. Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man

Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptleffe rathoesse You perpetuall sober Gods. I doproclaime One honest man : Mistake me not, but one : No more I pray, and hee's a Steward How faine would I have hated all mankinde, And thou redeem'it thy felfe. But all Gue thee, I fell with Curfes.

Me thinkes thou are more boneft now, then wife: For, by oppreffing and betraying mee,

Trou

Thou might's have somer got another Service 1
For many so arrive at second diasters,
Vpon their first Lords neetice. But tell me tree,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindnesse subtle, covetous,
If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Gulfts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest

Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You should have sear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I show, Heaven knowes, is meetely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your varnatched minde.

Care of your Food and Living, and belease it.
My most Honour'd Lord,

For any benefit that points to mee,

Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To require me, by making rich your selfe,
Tim. Looke thee, 'tisso: thou singly honest man,

Heere take: the Gods out of my miferie
Ha's fent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht slesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou relecue the Begger. Give to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons (wallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases licke up their false bloods,

And so farewell, and thriue.

Stew. O let me flay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curies

tay not: flye, whil'st thou art blest and free: Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre there he abides.

Port. What's to be thought of him?
oes the Rumor hold for true,
hat hee's fo full of Gold?

Paenter. Certaine.

**Leibades reports it: Phrinice and Timondylo
ad Gold of him. He likewife enrich'd
note stragling Souldiers, with great quantity
is saide, he gaue vnto his Steward

mighty fumme.

Poet. Then this breaking of his, is beene but a Try for his Priends?

Painter Nothing else: us thall see him a Palme in Athens agains, d flourish with the highest:

refore, 'tis not amille, we tender our lones him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:

vill thew honeftly in vs.
I is very likely, to loads our purpoles
th what they groundle for

th what they trausile for, be a just and true report, that goes its having,

wee. What have you now I refer t voto him?

ny Visitation: onely I will promise him keellent Peece.

et. I muft ferue him fo too;

I im of an intent that's comming toward him.

Promiting, is the weste Ayreo'th'Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his acte.
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vie.

To Promife, is most Coursely and fashionable; Performance, is a kinds of Will or Testament Which argues a great sicknesse in his sudgement That makes it.

Enter Town from his Case.

Times. Excellent Workeman, Thou cenft not paint a man so baside As is thy selfe.

Painter. Good as the both.

Post. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softmesse of Prosperity,
With a Discoverie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and onlence

That follow youth and opulencie.

Timora. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's feeke him.
Then do we finne againft our owns aftere.
When we may profit meete, and come too late.

Painter. True: When the day ferues before blacke-corner'd night; Finde what thou want'ft, by free and offer'd light.

Tim. He meete you at the tume:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worfhipe
In a bafer Temple, then where Swine feede?
Tis thou that rigg fi the Bark, and plow fi the Fome,
Setleft admired reservence in a Slaue,
To thee be worfhipt, and thy Saints for sye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Pass. Haile worthy Timon.
Pain. Our late Nobl Mafter.
Timon. Haue I once lin'd
To see two honestmen?

Poet, Sit:

Hauing often of your open Bounty tafted, Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off, Whole thankeleffe Natures (O abhorred Spirits) Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough. What, to you,

Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gave life and influence To their whole being? I am 13pt, and cannot cover The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude With any fize of words.

Timen. Let it go,
Naked men may fee't the better 1
You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best secne, and knowne.

Pain. He, and my selfe
Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guists,
And sweetly felt it.

Timen. I, you are boneft man.
Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our feruice
Timen. Most honest men:

Why

Why how shall I require you? Can you eate Routs, and drinke cold water, not Both. What we can do. Wee'l do to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men, Y have heard that I have Gold,

I am fure you have, speake truth, y'are horest men. Pun. Soit is said my Noble Lord, but therefore

Came not my Friend, nor 1.

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best, Thou counterfer's most lively.

Pan, So, lo, my Lord.
Tim. Ene lo lit as I lay. And for thy fiction. Why thy Verse swels with Ruffe so fine and smooth, That thou art even Naturall in thine Att. But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends) I must needs say you have a little fault, Marry tis not monftrous in you, neither wifh I

You take much paines to mend. Borb. Befrech your Honour

To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'l take it ill. Both. Most thankefully, my Lord.

Timon. Will you indeed? Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trulls a Knade,

That mightily deceives you. Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge, See him dissemble,

Know his groffe patchery, loue him, feedehim, Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine affur'd That he's a made-vp-Villaine

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor 1.

Tunon. Looke you, I loue you well, He give you Gold Rid me these Villaines from your companies; Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught Confound them by some course, and come to me, Ile grue you Gold enough.

Bosh. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this: But two in Company: Eacli man a part, all fingle, and alone, Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company: If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be, Come not neere him. If thou would'it hat recide But where one Villaine is, then him abandon. Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flaves. You have worke for me; there's payment, thence,

You are an Alcumift, make Gold of that: Out Raicall dogges.

Enier Steward, and two Senators

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Times: For he is let lo onely to himselfe, That nothing but himfelfe, which lookes like man, Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring vs to his Caue. It is our part and promise to th'Athenians To Speake with Timon.

2. Sen. At all times alike Men are not full the same : 'twas Time and Greesee

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer band, Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes, The furiner man may make him: bring vi to him And chanc'd it as it may. Siew. Heere is his Cave: Peace and content be heere. Lord Timen, Trasm,

Looke out, and Speake to Friends. Th'Atheriens By two of their most reverend Senate greet dec: Speake to them Noble Timen.

Enter Timon out of hu Case.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts butne. Speake and be hang'd : For each true word, a bliffer, and each falfe Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th' Tongue, Consuming it with speaking,

1 Worthy Trmon Tim. Of none but fuch as you, And you of Tonos.

The Senators of Athens, greet thee Tomas. Tim. I thanke them, And would fend them backe the plague,

Could I but catch it for them, 1 Oforget

What we are forry for our felves in thee: The Senators, with one confent of loue, Intreate thee backe to Athens, who have thought On speciall Dignities, which vacantlye For thy best vie and wearing.

2 They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulneffe too general! große t Which now the publike Body, which doch Adome Play the re-canter, feeling in it felfe A lacke of Timons ayde, hath fince withall Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to Timeon, And lend forth vs, to make their fortowed render, Together, with a recompence more fruitfull Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme, I even such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth, As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs, And write in thee the figures of their love, Euer to read them thine,

Tim. You witch me in it; Surprize me to the very brinke of teares; Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes, And He beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

I Therefore so please thee to returne with vs. And of our Athens, thine and ours to take The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankes, Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name Live with Authoritie: fo soone we shall drive backe Of Alcibiades thispproaches wild, Who like a Bore too Guage, doth toot vp His Countries peace.

& And Shakes his threatning Sword Against the walles of Aibens.

1 Therefore Times

Exercise

Tim. Well fir, I will : therefore I will fir thus If Alcobiades kill my Countrymen, Let Alcibiades know this of Times, That Troom cares not. But ifhe facke faire Athens, And take our goodly aged men by th' Beards, Giuing our holy Virgini to the Staine Of contumelious, beaftly, mad-brain'd warre: Then lethim know, and cell him Timor speakes it, In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I connot choose but tell him that I care not, And let him tak't at worft ; For their Knines care not. While you have throats to answer. Por my selfe, There's not a whitele, in th'unruly Campe, But I do prize it at my loue, before The reperends Throatin Athens. So I icaue you To the protection of the prosperous Gods, As Theeues to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.
Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph, It will be scene to morrow. My long sicknesse Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend, And nothing brings me all things. Go, live fill, Be Alcibiades your plague; you his, And laft fo long enough.

We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet Houe my Country, and am not One that reloy ces in the common wracke, As common bruite doth put it.

t That's well spake,

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen. 1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow them.

2 And enter in our cares, like great Triumphers

In their applieding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them, And tell them, that to eafethem of their greefes, Their feares of Hostile Strokes, their Aches losses, Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will fome kindnes do them, He teach them to preuent wilde Aicibiades wrath.

1 like this well, he will returne againe. Tim. I have a Tree which growes heere in my Close, That mine owne vic inuites me to cut downe, And thortly must I fellic. Tell my Friends, Tell Athens, in the lequeuce of degree. From high to low throughout, that who so please To ftop Affiiction, let him take his hafte; Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe, And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting,

Stow. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall

Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but fay to Athens, Timm hath made his everlasting Mansion Vpon the Beached Verge of the falt Flood, Who once a day with his emboffed Froth-The tutbulent Surge 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. Graves onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine; Sunne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne. Exit Timon.

His discontents are voremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 Out hope in him is dead: let vs returne, And firsine what other meanes is left vnto vs In our deere perill.

A It requires swift foot.

Eavens.

Enter two other Senators with a Messenger.

! Thou hast painfully discouet'd rare his Files As full as thy report?

Mef. I have spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach. 2 We fland much hazard, if they bring not Timm. Mef. I met & Corrier, one mine pacient Priend, Whom though in generall pare we were oppos'd, Yes our old love made a particular force, And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding From Alcibiades to Timons Cauc, With Letters of intreaty, which imported His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City, In part for his fake mon'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.

3 No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect, The Enemies Drumme is the dust: In, and prepare,
Doth chooke the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Excused The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull feouring

Enter a Souldier in the Woods ficking Timm. Sol. By all description this should be the place. Whose heere? Speake hoz. No answer? What is this? Tymon is dead, who hath out-freight his fpan, Some Beaft reade this; There do's not live a Man. Dead fure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb, I cannot read : the Charracter lle take with wax. Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill; An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes: Before proud Athens hee's fet downe by this, Whole fall the marke of his Ambition is, Exit,

Trumpers found. Enter Alcibiades with bis Powers before Athens.

Ale. Sound to this Coward, and lesciulous Towne, Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare upon the wals. Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time With all Licentrous measure, making your willes The scope of lustice. Till now, my selfe and such As fleps within the finadow of your power Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd Our sufferance vain'y : Now the time is flush, When crouching (farrow in the bearer frong Cries (of it felfe) no more: Now breathleffe wrong. Shall fit and pant in your great Chaires of eafe, And purse Insolence shall breake his winde With feate and horrid flight

1. Sen, Noble, and young; When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit, Ere thou had'lt power, or we had cause of seare, We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme, To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues Aboue their quantitie.

2 So did we wooe Transformed Timen, to our Cittles love By humble Mellsge, and by promist meanes s We were not all vikinde, nor all deferue The common stroke of warre.

1 These walles of ours, Were not erected by their hands, from whom You have receyu'd your greefe: Not are they such, That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools shold fall For private faults in them.

2 Not are they living

Who

Who were the motives that you fift went out, (Shame that they wanted, cunning in excelle) Hach broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord, Into our City with thy Banners spred, By decimation and a tythed death; If thy Revenges bunger for that Food Which Nature losthes, take thou the destin'd tenth, And by the bazard of the spotted dye, Let dye the spotted.

I All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deete Countryman.
Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy tage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull thinsected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou will, Thou rather shall inforce it with thy smile, Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

a Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall opt:
So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.
2 Throw thy Glove,

2 Throw thy Glove,
Or any Token of thine Honour elfe,
That thou wilt yfe the warres as thy redreffe,
And not as our Coofusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Have feel'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove, Defend and open your vncharged Ports, Those Enemies of Timons, and mine owns
Whom you your selves thall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to actone your searce
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the steame
Of Regular Justice in your Citries bounds,
But thas be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heaviest answer.

Both. Tis most Nobly spoken. Ale Descend, and keepe your words. Enter a Messeger.

Mef. My Noble Generall, Times is dead, Entomb'd vpoo the very hemme o'th'Sea, And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which With was I brought away: whose soft impression interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibrades rendes the Epitaph. Heere lies a wretched Coarfe, of wrotched Soule bereft. Sork not my name A Plague confumo you mucked Cairifs left. Herrelyel Timon, who alive, all living men ded bate, Pafe by and curfe thy fill, but pafe and flag non bere thy gase. These well expresse in thee thy latter spirite: Though shou abhorrd in vs our humane griefes, Scornd'fl our Braines flow, and those our droplers, which From niggard Nature fall ; yet Rich Conceis Taught thee to make vall Neptune weepe for aye On thy low Grave, on faults forginen. Dead In Noble Trom, of whose Memorie Heereafter mote. Bring me into your Citie, And I will vie the Olive, with my Sword: Make wat breed peace; make peace fimt war, make each Prescribe to other, as each others Leach. Let our Drummes ftrike. Exeunt.

FINIS.





THE ACTORS

NAMES.



YMON of Athens. T Lucius, Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher. Sempronisus another flattering Lord. Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Feweller. Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants. Seruilius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Senerall Servants to V Jurers. Titus.

Lucius.

Hortenfis

Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends. Cupid.

Sempronius.

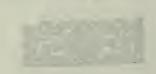
With divers other Servants,

And Attendants.



ACTORS







THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Alus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter Flanies, Murelin, and certaine Conscioners cour the Stage.

Flavins.

Ence : home you idle Crestures, get you home; Is this a Holiday ? What, know you not (Being Mechanicall) you ought nor walke Vpon a labouring day, without the figne Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou? Co. Why Sir, a Carpenter,

Mer. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Kule? What doft thou with thy best Apparrell on?

You fir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am

but as you would fay, a Cobler.

Mar. But what Trade are thou? Answer me directly. Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a fate Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I befeech you Sir, be not out with mer yet if you be our Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean it thou by that? Mend mee, thou fawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why fur, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Coblet, art thou?
Cob. Truly fir, all that I live by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradelmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shoces: when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neata Leather, have gone vpon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?

Why do'ft shou leade these men about the ffrees?

Cob. Truly lir, to weare out their shooes, taget my selfe into more worke. But indeede fir, we make Holyday to fee Cefer, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?

What Conquest brings he home ! What Triburaries follow him to Rome, To grace in Captine bonds his Chariot Wheeles? You Blockes, you francs, you worfe then fenfleffe things: O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walles and Battlements, To Towres and Windowes? Yes, to Chimney tops, Your Infants in your Armes, and there have face The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To fee great Pempey passe the streets of Rome : And when you faw his Charior but appeare, Haue you not made an Vniverfall shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her bankes To heare the replication of your founds, Made in her Conceue Shores? And do you now put on your best attyre? And do you now cull one a Holyday And do you now strew Flowers in his way, That comes in Triumph over Pompeyes blood?

Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees, Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Ela. Go.go, good Countrymen, and for this fault Assemble all the poore men of your fort; Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your terres Into the Chamell, till the lowest streams Do kille the most exalted Shores of all.

Exerni all the Commoners.

See where their baselt mettle be not mou'd, They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse: Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll, This way will I : Disrobe the Images. If you do fing e them deckt with Ceremonies.

War. X sy we do fo?
You know it is the Feest of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images Be hung with Cofar Trophees : He about, And drive away the Vulgar from the fireets; So do you too, where you perceive them thicke. These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cefers wing, Will make him flye an ordinary pitch, Who elfe would foare about the view of men, And keepe vs all in scruile fearefulnesse.

Enter Cafar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portla, Decino, Cicero, Brusso, Cassion, Caska, a Soorb ageraster them Mureline and Flans

Caf Calphornia.

Cark. Peace ho, Cofor speakes.

Caf. Calpharnia.

Cap. Heere my Lord.
Caf. Stand you directly in Antonia's way, When he doch run his course. Automb,

Ans. Cafer, my Lord.

Cas. Forget not in your speed Assonia, To touch Capharma: for our Elders say,

The

The Barren couched in this holy chace, Shake off their sterrile curse.

Ant. I shall remember,

When Cafar fayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

Caf Set on, and leave no Ceremony oue.

Sooth. Cafar.

Caf. Ha? Who calles !

(ak Bid every noyle be failt: peace yet agained Caf. Who wit in the preffe, that calles on me? I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke

Cry, Cafar: Speake. Cafar is turn'd to heare. South. Bewere the Ides of March.

Caf. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-fayer bids you beware the Ides of March Cef. Set him before me, let me fee his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon Caser.
Cass. What layst thou to me now? Speak once againe.
South. Beware the ldes of March.

Caf. He is a Drezmer, let ve leave him: Paste.

Source. Exeunt. Manet Brut & Cass.

Caffi. Will you go fee the order of the course?

Brut. Not I. Cassi. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some pare.
Of that quicke Spirit that is in Autony:

Let me not hinder Coffin your delires; Ile leaue you.

Cafi. Brutus, 1 do observe you now of late:I have not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Love, 28 I was wont to have:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Over your Friend, that loves you.

Bru. Cuffius.

Be not deceru'd: If I have veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely vpon my felfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my felfe,
Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number Cassim be you one)
Not construct any further my neglect,
Then that poore Brains with himselse at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Love to other men

Cass. Then Brune, I have much mistook your passion, By meaner whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good Brune, Can you see your face?

Bruw. No Cassins:

For the eye fees not it felfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

Cassum. 'Tis iust,
And it is very much lamented Brutus,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turne
Yout hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome, (Except immortall Cefer) speaking of Brians, And groaning underneath this Ages youke, Haue wish'd, that Noble Brians had his eyes.

Brs. Into what dangers, would you Leade me Caffille ! That you would have me feeke into my felfe,

For that which is not in me?

Caf. Therefore good Bruins, be prepar'd to heare.

And fince you know, you cannot fee your felie So well as by Reflection; I your Glaffe, Will modefuly discouer to your felse. That of your felse, which you yet know not of. And be not lealous on me, gentle Bruew: Were I a common Laughter, or did vie To false with ordinary Oatlier my love To every new Protester: if you know, That I do sawre on then, and laugge them heed, And after scandall them: Or if you know, That I professemy selfe in Banquetting To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shows.

Bre. What meaner this Showting ? I do feare, the People choose Cofer? Forther King

Celli. 1, do you feareit?

Then must I thinke you would not base it so.

Bru. I would not Cassim, yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me herre so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one we, and Death ith other

If it be ought toward the generall good, Set Honor in onceye, and Death ith other, And I will looke on both indifferently: For let the Gods fo speed mee, as I love

The name of Honor, more then I feare death. Caffe. I know that vertug to be in you Brum. As well as I do know your outward fauour. Well, Honor is the subject of my Story : I cannot rell, what you and other men Thinke of this life . Bu: for my lingle felfe, I had as liefe not be, as live to be In awe of fuch a Thing, as I my felfe. I was borne free as Cefar. To 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 Gustie day, The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores, Cafar faide to me, Dar'st thou Cassing now Leape in with me into this angry Flood, And fwim to yonder Point? V pon the word, Accourred as I was, I plunged in And bad him follow: fo indeed he did. The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it With lufty Sinewes, throwing it afide, And stemming it with hearts of Controverfie. But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd, Cofo cride, Helpe me Coffin, or I finke. I (as Ema, our great Ancefor, Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder The old Anchyfes beare) fo, from the waves of Tyber Did I the tyred Cofor : And this Man, Is now become a God, and Caffou is A wretched Creature, and must bend his body, If Cafer carelelly but nod on him. He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine. And when the Fit was on him, I did marke How he did shake : Tis true, this God did shake, His Cowstd lippes did from their colour five, And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World, Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone: I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes, Alas, it cried, Give me some danke Tilinum,

As a ficke Girle : Ye Gods, it doth amaze me, A man of fuch a feeble remper should So get the flart of the Maiesticke world, And beare the Palme alone.

Flourist. Showt Bru. Another generall (hout?

I do beleeue, that their applaules are For forme new Honors, that are heap'd on Cafar

Cass. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world Like a Coloffus, and we petty men Walke under his huge legges, and peepe about To finde out selves dishonourable Graves. Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates. The fault (deere Brutse) is not in our Starres, But in our Schuer, that we are underlings. Brus and Cefar: What should be in that Cefar? Why should that name be sounded more then yours Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name: Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell: Weigh them, it is as heavy : Consure with 'em, Brutes will flatt a Spirit as soone as Cafar. Now in the names of all the Gods at once, Vpon what meate doth this our Cefar feede, That he is growne fo great? Age, thou art tham'd. Rome, thou haft lost the breed of Noble Bloods. When went there by an Age, fince the great Flood, But it was fam'd with more then with boe man? When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome, That her wide Walkes incompast but one man? Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome cnough When there is in it but one onely man. Olyou and I, have heard our Fathers fay, There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd Th'eremall Divell to keepe his State in Rome, As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing lealous: What you would worke me roo, I have some ayme: How I have thought of this, and of these times I shall recount heereafter. Forthis present, I would not fo (with love I might intreat you) Be any further moou'd: What you have faid. I will confider: what you have to fay I will with patience heare, and finde a time Both meete to heare, and answer fuch high things. Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this: Brum had rather be a Villager, Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vpon vs.

Caffi. I am glad that my weake words Have frucke but thus much thew of fire from Britis.

Enter Cafar and his Traine.

Brv. The Games are done, And Cefer is returning. Cassi As they passe by, Plucke Carkaby the Sleeve, And he will (after his fowre fashion) tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to day. Bru. I will do fo: but looke you Cassus, The angry spot doth glow on Cefar brow, And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine; Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and Cicero

Lookes with fuch Fetret, and fuch fiery eyes

As we have feene him in the Capitoll

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators. Caffi. Caska will tell vs what the matter is.

Caf. Amonio.

Ant. Cefar

Caf. Let me haue men about me, that are fat. Sleeke-headed men, and fuch as fleepe a-nights : Yond Caffus has a leane and hungry looke, He thinkes too much : fuch men are dangerous.

Aut. Feare him not Cefar, he's not dangerous,

He is a Noble Roman, and well given.

Cef. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not . Yet if my name were lyable to feare, I do not know the man I should auoyd So soone as that spare Cassius. He reades much, He is a great Observer, and he lookes Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes, As thou dost Amony . he heares no Musicke; Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a fort As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit That could be mou'd to smile at any thing. Such men as he, be never at hearts eafe, Whiles they behold a greater then themselues, And therefore are they very dangerous. I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd. Then what I feare : for alwayes I am Cefar. Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe, And tell me truely, what thou think'st of him, Sennit Exouns Cafar and his Trame.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake with me?

Bru. I Caske, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day That Cefar lookes to fad

Cask, Why you were with him, were you not? Bru. Ishould not then aske Caska what had chance

Cask. 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 shouting.

Bre. What was the second noyse for?

Cask Why for that too.

Casse. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask, Why for that too.

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cast. I mate was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbors showted

Cass. Who offer thim the Crowne?
Cask, Why Antony.
Bru Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Caska.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I fawe Marke Autony offer him a Growne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine have bad it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then bee put it by againe: but to my thinking, 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 still as hee refus'dit, the rabblement howered, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw uppe their (weatie Night-cappes, and vesered such a deale of slinking breath, because Cafar refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) chooked Cafar: for hee swoonded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durfinet laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad

Coffe But loft I pray you: what, did Cafer [wound? Cat He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlelle.

Brus. The very like he hash the Falling Schwesses.
Cass. No. Case hash it note but you and I,
And honest Caska, we have the Falling sicknesses.

Cat I know not what you meane by that, but I am fure Cafer fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did noe elap 'nim, and hille him, according as he pleas'd, and difpleas'd them, as they wie to doe the Players in the Theaire, I am no true man.

Brut. What faid he, when he came voto himfelfe?

Cut Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doubles, 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 to hee fell. When he came to himfelfe agains, hee faid, If hee had done, or laid any thing smille, he delie'd their Worthips to thinke It was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I Rood, cryed, Alaste good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of theme if Cafar had stab'd their Mothers, they would have done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus fad away.

Cash. I. Cass. Did Coero say any thing?

Cak. I.he Spoke Greeke.

Calli. To what effect?

Cark Nay, and I tell you that. Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: Marrelus and Flaving, for pulling Scatffes off Cafors Images, are put to filence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Cafe. Will you suppe with me to Night, Carket

Cat. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caffin Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cark I, if I be alive, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caffe. Good, I will expect you.

Cask Doe so: farewell both. Exit.

Brut. What a blunt sellow is this growne to be?

He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schools.

Cast So is he now, in execution Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, How-ever he puts on this tardie forme. This Rudeneffe is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which gives men fromacke to difgeft his words With better Appetite.

Brut. And foit is t 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.

Caffi. I will doe fo: till then, thinke of the World.

Exu Brutas. Well Bruth, thou art Noble: yet I fee,

Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought Promehat it is dilpos'd: therefore it is meet, That Noble mindes keepe ever with their likes: For who fo firme, that cannot be seduc'd? Cefar doth beare me hard, but he loves Brum.

If I were Brutes no weend he were Caffin, He should not humor me. I will this Night, In feuerall Hands in at his Windowes throw. As if they came from fourrall Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion.
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely Cafari Ambirion shall be glanced at And after this, let Cafer feat him fure, For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

> Thursder, and Lightning. Enses Cally and CKETO.

Cic. Good even, Catar brought you Cafer horned Why are you breathleffe, and why flare you fo?

Cak. Are not you moud, when all the fway of Earth Shakes, like a thing vontime? O Cirera, I have feene Tempests, when the scolding Winds Have tiu'd the knottie Oaker, and I have feene Th'ambitious Ocean (well, and rage, and foame, To be exalted with the threatning Clouds: But never till to Night, never till now, Did I goethrough : Tempeft-dropping-fire, Eyther there is a Civill firife in Heaven Or elfe the World, too fawcse with the Gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cie. Why, law you any thing more wonderfell? Cart. A common flave, you know him well by light, Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like twentie Torches loyn'd; and yet his Hand, Not sensible of fire remain'd vnscorch'd. Befides, I ha'not fince put vp my Sword, Against the Capitall I met a Lyon, Who glaz'd vpon me, and were furly by, Without annoying me. And there were drawne Vpon a beape, a hundred gastly Women. Transformed with their feare, who swore, they far? Men; all infire, walke up and downe the freetes. And yesterday, the Bird of Night did fit, Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place, Howling, and shreeking. When these Prodigies Doe so conjoynely meet, let not men say. Thele are their Reasons, they are Naturall: For I belowe, they are portentous things Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cie. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time But men may construe things after their fashion, Cleane from the purpose of the things theinselves. Comes Cafer to the Capital to morruw?

Cast He doth: for he did bid Anianus Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Cuka This disturbed Skie is not to walke in. Exis CHETCH Cask Farewell Carro.

Enter Callina.

Caffi. Who's there?

Cat. A Romane.

Coffi. Care by your Voyce

Cark, Your Eare u good. Caffin, what Night is thir?

Caffe Avery pleating Night to honest men.

Who euer knew the Heavens menace fo?

Cafe. Who ever knew the Heavens menace for Caffe. Those that have knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I have walk'd about the freeza, Submitting me vnto the perillous Night; And thus unbraced, Cuka, as you fee, Haue bar'd my Bolome to the Thunder-flone: And when the croffe blew Lightning form'd to open The Breft of Heaven, I did present my selfe Even mathe syme, and very flash of ir.

Cark But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea It is the part of men, to feare and tremble, When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send

Such dreadfull Heraulds, to aftonish va.

Caffi. You are dull, Casha And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman, You doe want, or elle you vie noc. You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feate, And call your felfe in wonder, To fee the strange impatience of the Heavens: But if you would confider the true coule, Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Gholts, Why Birds and Beafts, from qualitie and kinde, Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate, Why all these things change from their Ordinance, Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties, To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde, That Heaven hath infus'd them with these Spirits, To make them Instruments of feare, and warning, Vnto fome monfirous State. Now could I (Casks) name to thee a man, Most like this dreadfull Night, That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and toares, As doth the Lyon in the Capitall: A man no mightier then thy felfe, or me, In personall action; yet prodigious growne, And fearefull, as these strange cruptions are.

Cast. Tis Cafar that you meane s

Is it not, Calling?

Offic. Let it be who it is: for Romans now Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Anceflors; But woe the while, out Fathers mindes are dead, And we are gouern'd with our Mothers (pirits, Our yoake, and sufferance, thew vs Worsanith.

Cark, Indeed, they fay, the Senators to morrow Meane to establish Cefer as a King : And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,

In every place, faue here in Italy .

Casti I know where I will werre this Dagger then; Coffin from Bondage will deliver Caffins: Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most frong; Therein, yee Goda, you Tyrants doe defeat. Nor Stome Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braffe, Nor syre leffe Dungeon, nor frong Linkes of Iron, Can be recentive to the strength of spirit: But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres, Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe, If I know this know all the World befides, That pure of Tyrannie that I doe beare, I can shake off as pleasure

Cart. So can 1:

So enery Band-man in his owne hand beares The power to cancell his Capilvitie.

Call And why should Cafer be a Tyrane then? Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe, But that he fees the Romans are but Sheepe : He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes Those that with baste will make a mightie fire, Beginst with weake Strawes, Whattrash is Rome? What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues For the base matter, to Illuminate So vile a thing as Cafar. But ob Griefe, Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this Before a willing Bond-man: then I know My answere must be made. But I am arm'd, And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speake to Caska, and to such a man, That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand: Be factious for redrelle of all these Griefes, And I will fet this foot of mune as farre,

As who goes farthell.

Cafe. There's a Bargaine made. Now know you, Casta, I have mou'd already Some certains of the Noblest minded Romans To vader-goe, with me, an Enterprize, Of Honorable dangerous consequence; And I doe know by this, they flay for me In Pompeyer Porch : for now this feacefull Night, There is no furre, on walking in the streetes; And the Complexion of the Element Is Fauors, like the Worke we have in band, Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cabe. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in hafte.

Caffe Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate, He is a friend. Cinna, where hafte you fo? Coma. To finde out you: Who's that, Merelless Cymber?

Caffi. No, te is Carta, one incorporate To our Atrempts. Am I not flay'd for, Cima? Cuna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?

There's two or three of vs have feene ftrange lighes.

Caffi Am i not flay'd for ? tell me. Cuena. Yes, you are. O Caffins, If you could but winne the Noble Brune To our party-

Coffi. Be you content. Good Comarcake this Paper, And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre, Where Brutter my but finde it : and throw this In at his Window; fee this up with Waxe V pon old Bruem Statue: all this done, Repaire to Pempeyes Porch, where you first finde vo. Is Decime Bruthi and Trebenius there?

Conna. All, but Messilia Cymber, and hee's gone To iceke you at your house: Well, I will his. And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Caffi. That done, repayte to Pompeyer Theater,

Came Caska, you and I will yet, ere day, See Brusse at his house : three parts of him ls ours alreadie, and the man entire Vpon the next encounter, yeelds him outs.

Cark, O,he fits high mall the Peoples hearts a And that which would appeare Offence in vs, His Countenance, like nichest Alchymie, Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Caffi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him, You have right well conceited: let vs goe, For it is after Mid-night, and ere day We will awake him, and be fure of him.

Actus Secundus.

Timer Benezu to bu Orchard

Brut. What Lucins, hoe? I connot, by the progrette of the Starres, Give guelle how occre to day - Lacim, I fay? I would it were my fault to fleepe fo foundly. When Lucan, when ? swake, I fay: what Lucas ? Enter Lucina

Luc. Call'd you my Lord? Brut. Get me a Tapot in my Study, Lucina:

When it is lighted, come and call me here. Luc. I will, my Lord. Brut, It must be by his death : and for my part, I know no personall cause, to spurne at him. But for the generall. He would be crown'd: How that might change his nature, there's the question? It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder, And that craues warre walking: Crowne him that, And then I graunt we put a Sting in him, That at his will he may doe danger with. Th'abuse of Greatnesse, when it dis-ioynes Remorfe from Power: And to speake truth of Cefer. I have not knowne, when his Affections (way'd More then his Reason. But 'tis a common proofe, That Lowlyneffe is young Ambitions Ladder, Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face But when he once attaines the spmost Round, Hethen voto the Ladder turnes his Backe, Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did afcend: fo Cofar may; Then least he may, preuent. And fince the Quarrell Will beare no colour, for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented, Would runne to thele, and thele extremities: And therefore thinks him as a Serpents egge, Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow milchieuous;

Enter Lucine.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closer, Sir: Scarching the Window for a Plint, I found This Paper, thus feal'd vp, and I am fure It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gines bim the Letter Brat. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day : Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. Iknow not, Sit.

And kill him in the thell.

Brin. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the agre, Give so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades. Brutus thou fleep'ft; awake, and fee thy fetfe: Shall Rome Orc. Speake . firike, redresse Brutus, thou fleep'ft: awake.

Such instigations have beene often dropt, Where I have tooke them vp: Shall Rome, cre. Thus must I piece it ou: 1 Shall Rome stand under one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'da King. Speake, freke, redreffe. Am I entreated

To speake, and Atthe? O Rome, I make thee promise, If the redresse will follow, thou receivest Thy full Petition at the hand of Brunns. Enter Lucian.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fisteene dayes. Knocky muhm.

Bru. The good. Go to the Gate, some body knoths Since Caffus fust did wher me against Cafer. I have not slept. Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing. And the first motion, all the Interem 18 Like a Phantasmayor a hideous Dreame :

The General and the mortal lestruments Are then in councell; and the flate of a man, Like to a little Kingdome, faffers then The nature of an lufurredion.

Exter Luciso.

Luc. Sa, tis your Brother Caffin at the Doore, Who doth defite to fee you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are plocks about their Eares, And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes, That by no meanes I may discouer them, By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let'em enter : They are the Faction. O Conspiracie, Sham it chou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night. When eaills are most free? Other, by day Where wilt thou finde a Caneme darke enough, To maske thy monfrous Vilage? Seek none Confpiracie, Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie: For if thou path thy native femblance on, Not Erebu it felfe were dimme enough, To hide thee from preuention.

> Enter the Confirmers, Coffine, Casha, Desine, Cinna, Metelin, and Trebonins.

Caff. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Reft: Good morrow Brusu, doe we trouble you?

Brus. I have beene up this howte, awake all Night: Know I these men, that come along with you?

Caff. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honors you: and every one doth wift, You had but that opinion of your felie, Which enery Noble Roman beares of you. This is Trebonism.

Brut. He is welcome hither. Caf. This, Decim Brains.

Brut. He is welcome coo.

Caf. This, Casta; this, Coma; and this, Merekan

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Cares doe interpole themselves Betwixe your Eyes, and Night?

The whifeer Caf. Shall I entreat a word? Decime. Here lyes the East : doch not the Day breake heere?

Cak. No.

Cin. Opardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines, That free the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cark. You shall confesse, that you are both decenu'd: Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arifes, Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the years, Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North Hefirst presents his fire, and the high East Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Bru. Glue me your hands all ouer, one by one. Caf. And let vs Iwerre our Resolution. Brut. No, not an Oath : If not the Face of men, The fufferance of our Soules, the times Abule; If thefe be Motives weake, breake off betimes, And every man hence, to his idle bed: So let high-fighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if thefe
(As I am fure they do) beare hire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen, What needs we any spurre, but our owne cause To pricke ve so redresse? What other Bond, Then feeret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter? And what other Oath, Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it. Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare Such Crestures as men doubt, but do not stains The even vertue of our Enterprize, Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits, To thinke, that or our Caule, or our Performance Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood That every Roman beares, and Nobly beares Is guilty of a fenerall Baftardie, If he do breake the fmall oft Perticle Of any promise that hath past from him.

Caf. But what of Carero? Shall we found him? I thinke he will fland very flrong with vs.

Cask, Let vs not leave him out.
Cym. No,by no meanes.
Metel. Olet vs have him, for his Silver haires Will purchase vs a good opinion: And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds: It shall be sayd, his judgement rul'd our hands, Ouryouths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare, But all be buried in his Grauity.

Bru. Oname him not; let vs not breake with bim,

For he will never follow any thing That off inmen begin.

Caf. Then leave him our Cust, Indeed, he is not fit.

Decise. Shall no man else be touche, but onely Cafer ? Caf. Decises well veg'd: I thinke it is not meet, Marke Amony, fo well below'd of Cafer, Should out-line Cefar, we shall finde of him A shrew'd Contriner. And you know, his meanes If he improve them, may well fretch to farre As to sanoy vs all: which to prevent.

Lei Amony and Cofar fall together Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caine Cassius, To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes s Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards: Fo: Autony, is but a Limbe of Cafar. Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caim : We all stand up against the spirit of Cafar, And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood: O that we then could come by Cafari Spirit, And not dilmember Cafar ! But (alas) Cafarmust bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully: Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods, Not hew him as a Carkaile fit for Hounds: And let our Hearts, as Subtle Masters do, Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage, And after freme to chide 'em. This fliall make Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious. Which to appearing to the common eyes. We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers. And for Marke Antony, thinke not of him: For he can do no more then Cafari Atme, When Cafars head is off. Caf. Yet I feate him,

For in the Ingrafted love he beares to Cafer. Bru. Alas, good Cafine, do not thinke ofhim: If he love Cefar, all that he can do Is to himselfes take thought, and dye for Cafar, And that were much he should : for he is given To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye, For he will live, and laugh at this hecreafter.

Clocke Brikes. Brs. Peace, count the Clocke.

Caf. The Clocke hath flricken three. Ties. 'Tie time to part. Coff Butitis doubtfull get, Whether Cafer will come forth to day, or no: For he is Superflitious growns of late, Quite from the maine Opinion he held once, Of Fantalie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies: It may be, these apparant Prodigies, The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night, And the perswafion of his Augurers, May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decina. Neuer feare that : If he be fo refolu'd. I can ore-fway him : For he loues to heare, That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees, And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes, Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers. But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers, He layer, he does; being then most flettered.

Let me worke :

For I can give his hun our the true bent; And I will bring him othe Capitoll.

Caf. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him Bru. By the eight house, is that the vetermoth Cin. Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.

Ma. Calses Lizarius doth beare Cafar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder none of you have thought of him

Bru. Now good Maellus go along by him: He loues me well, and I have given him Reasons, Send him but hisher, and He fashion him.

Caf. The morning comes vpon's: Wee'l leave you Brusie,

And rriends disperse your selves; but all remember What you have faid, and thew your felues erue Romant.

Bru, Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily, Let not our lookes put on our purpoles, Bur beare ir as our Roman Actors do, With vnryr'd Spirits, and formall Confrancie, Exems. And lo good morrow to you every one.

Mana Bruthe.

Boy : Lucius : Fastafleepe ? It is no matter, Enjoy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber . Thou halt no Figures, not no Fantalies,

Which

Which bufie care drawes, in the braines of men ; Therefore thou fleep'A fo found.

Enter Persia.

Por Brutas, my Lotd.

Bru. Parties What meane you? wherfore rife you now? It is not for your health, thus to commit

Your weake condition, to the taw cold mothing.

Par. Nor for yours neither. Y have ungently British Stole from my bed: and yellernight at Supper You lodainly arole, and walk'd about, Muhing, and fighing, with your stones a-croffer And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You fisr'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes. I vrg'd you further, then you fcratch'd your head, And too impatiently flampt with your foote : Yet I infifted, yet you answet'd not, But with an angry waster of your hand Gaue figne for me to leave you: So I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience Which feem'd too much inkindled; and withall, Hoping it was but an effect of Humor, Which iometime bath his houre with every man. It will not let you cate, not talke, nor fleepe; And could it worke fo much vpon your shape, As at hath much preuzyl'd on your Condition, I Chould not know you Bratus. Deate my Lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of greefe. Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Bram is wife, and were he not in health, He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why lo I do: good Pertia go to bed.
Per. Is Brutan ficke? And is it Physicall To walke unbraced, and fucke up the humours Of the danke Morning? What, is Braw licke? And will he steale out of his wholfome bed To dare the vile contagion of the Night? And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre, To adde voto hit licknelle? No my Brutus, You have some licke Offence within your minde, Which by the Right and Vertue of my place Lought to know of: And vpon my knees, I charme you, by my once commended Beauty, By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow Which did incorporate and make vs one, That you vnfold to me, your felfe; your halfe Why you are heavy: and what men to night Have had refort to you: for heere have beene Some fixe or fenen, who did hide their faces Euen from darkneffe.

Brs. Kneele not gentle Portia.

Per. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutm. Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brsum, Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe, But as it were in fors, or limitation? To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed, And talke to you fometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Briens Harlos, not his Wife, Brs. You are my true and honourable Wife,

As deere tome, as are the ruddy droppes

That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret, I graunt lam a Woman; but withall, A Woman that Lord Bruss tooke to Wife;

I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reported : Carda Daughter Thinke you, I am no flronger then my Sex Being to Father'd, and to Husbanded? Tell me your Counfels, I will not disclose 'em: I have made flrong proofe of my Cooffancie, Gruing my felfe a voluntary wound Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience, And not my Husbands Secress? Bru. Oye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife. Knacks. Harke, harke, one knockes : Portra go in a while, And by and by thy bosome shall partake The fecrets of my Heart. All my engagements, I will confirme to thee,

All the Charractery of my fad browes:

Leave me with hall.

Enter Lucim and Ligarim.

Lucisa, who's that knockes. Lac. Heere is a ficke man that would fpeak with you. Bru. Caise Ligoriu, that Merellin Spake of. Boy, stand aside. Caim Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchfafe good morrow from a feeble tongue, Brs. O what a time have you chole out brace Cains

To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not licke. Car. I am not ficke, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of Honor

Bru. Such an explose have I to hand Lyons, Had you a healthfull care to heare of it,

Cas By all the Gods that Romans bow before, I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome, Brave Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines, Thou like an Exorcist, hast consur'd vp My mortified Spine. Now bid me runne, And I will strive with things impossible, Yes get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke, That will make licke men whole.

Cas. But are not some whole, ther we must make ficke? Bra. That well we also. What it is my Come, I shall vasold to ther, as we are going,

To whom it must be done. Cas. Set on your foote,

And with a heart new-fit'd, I follow you, To do I know not what : but it suffices h That Bruins leads me on.

Bru, Follow me then.

Theodor. Exemple

Exil Portia.

Thunder & Lightning. Enter latins Cafer in bis Night-grown.

Cafer. Nor Heaven, nor Earth, Have beene at peace to night : Thrice bath Calphornia, in her fleepe cryed out, Helpe, ho: They murther Cafer. Who's within? Enter & Sermant.

Ser. My Lord Caf. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice, And bring me their opinions of Succelle. Ser. I will my Lord.

Esser Calpbarnia.

Cal. What mean you Cafer? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Ces. Cesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,

Ne're look'd but on my backe : When they shall fee The face of Cafar, they are vanished.

Calp.

Est

Calp. Cafar: I never flood on Geremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Befides the things that we have heard and feene,
Recounts most hotrid fights feene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse have yawn'd, and yeelded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Watriouts fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Watre
Which drizel'd blood yoon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell huttled in the Ayre:
Horstes do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shraeke and squale about the streets.
O Casar, these things are beyond all vie,
And I do seare them.

Caf. What can be alloyded
Whose end is purposed by the mighty Gods?
Yet Casar shall go sorth: for these Predictions
Are nother world in generall, as so Casar.

Calji. When Beggers dye, there are no Cornets feen,
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes
Cap. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant never tafte of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It feemes to me most fittings that men should feare,

Seeing that death, a necessary end Will come, when it will come. Enter a Seruant,

What fay the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to fire forth to day. Plucking the introlles of an Offering forth, They could not finde a heart within the beaft.

Caf. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice: Cafar should be a Beast without a heart. If he should stay at home to day for seares. No Cafar shall not; Danger knowes sull well. That Cafar is more danger rous then he, We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day, And I the elder and more terrible, And Cafar shall go foorth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
You wifedome is confum'd inconfidence;
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the house, and not your owne.
Wee'l send Mark Antony to the Schare house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day;
Let me you my knee, prevaile in this.

Cef. Mark Autony thell tay I am not well.
And for thy humor, I will thay at home.

Enter Decimi.

Heere's Decim Brunn he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cefer, all liaile: Good morrow worthy Cefer, I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cef. And you are come in very happy time,

To beare my greeting to the Schators,
And tell them, that I will not come to day:
Cannor, is false; and that I dare not, false;
I will not come to day, tell them so Decimo.

Calp. Say he is ficke.

Caf. Shall Cafar fend a Lye?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear d to tell Gray-beards the truth:

Drois Most mighty Cafer will not come.

Drois Most mighty Cafer let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I rell them so.

Cef. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,

That is enough to fatisfie the Senate.

But for your private fatisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,
Calpharnia heere my wise, stayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spours
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Game smiling, at did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she 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 Dream; is all amisse interpreted,

Deci. This Dreame is all amille interpreted, It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouring blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke Reuning blood, and that great men shall presse For Tinetures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognifance.
This by Lalpharma's Dreame is signified.

Cef. And this way have you well expounded it, 'Deci. I have, when you have heard what I can by? And know it now, the Senate have concluded To give this day, a Crowne to mighty Cefer. If you shall fend them word you will not come, If you shall fend them word you will not come. Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke Api to be render'd, for some one to by, Breake up the Schate, till another time: When Cefer wife shall meete with better Dreames. If Cefer hide himselfe, shall they not whisper Loe Cefer is affeald?

Pardon me Cefer for my deere deere love To your proceeding, bids me tell you this;

And reason to my love is liable.

(of How soulish do your lears seems now Calpharnia?

I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.

Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Bruine, Ligarius, Merelus, Caska, Trebousus, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where Publish is come to fetch me

Pub, Gondinorrow Cefer.

Cef. Welcome Publim.
What Brining are you filtered to earely too?
Good morrow Carka Caises Ligarism.

Cefor was ne re to much your enemy, As that tame Ague which hath made you leane. What is't a Clocke?

Brn. Cafar, 'cis Arucken eight.

Cef. I thanke you for your paines and custelie.

Enter Antony.

See, Antom that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithflanding up. Good morrow Amony.

Ant So to most Noble Cafar

Cef. Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now Cynna, now Metellia: what Trobusius.
I have an houres talke in flore for yout
Remember that you call on me to day s
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb Cafer I will and to neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene surther,
Cafe Good Friends go in, and caste forms wine with me

And we (like Friends) will fireight way go cogether,

Bru. That every like is not the farne, O Cefar,

The heart of Bruss earner to thinke yoon.

The heart of Brusse earnes to thinke vpon.

Enter Arternadorus.

Cafar, beware of Brusse, cake beede of Cafetus; come no

our re

were Carta, bour an ope to Cyma, trust not Trobonius, make well Sandles Cymber, Docus Brutus loves thee not : Thou haft wrong'd Carus Ligarius. There is but one minde in all these men, and it is born against Cosar Il thou beest not Im-mortall, looks about you: Security gives way to Conspirate The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Louer, Ariemalorus.

Home will I fland, till Cafar paffe along, And as a Suco: will I gure him this: My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live Our of the teeth of Emulation If thou reade this, O Cafe, thou mayeft liag If pot, the Fates with Traitors do continue. Exa Enter Parties and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy run to the Senate-house, Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone. Why docA thou flay?

Lie. To know my errand Madam.

Per. I would have had thee there and heere agen Ere I can tell thee what thou should'th do there: O Constancie, be strong upon my side; Set a liuge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue. I have a mans minde, but a womans might t Here hard it is for women to keepe counsell. Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitoll, and nothing elfe? And fo returne to you, and nothing elfe?

Par. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well, For he went fickly forth: and take good note

What Cafar doth, what Sutors presse to him. Hearke Boy, what noy fe is that?

Luc. Theare none Madam.

Por Prythee liften well: I heard a bussling Rumor like a Frag,

And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing. Enter the South fager.

Per. Come hither Fellow, which way half choo bio? Scoth. At mine owne boule, good Lady.

Per. Whatis't a clocke?

Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady. Por. Is Cafer yet gone to the Capitoll?

South. Madam not yet, I go to take my fland.

To fee him palle on to the Capitoll,

Por. Thou half some suite to Cafer, half thou not? South. That I have Lady, if it will please Cafor In be lo good co Cafer, as to beare me :-

I hall befeech him to befriend himfelfe. Por. Why know's thou any harme's intended to-

wards him? Soorb. None that I know will be, Much that I feare niey chance : Good morrow to you : heere the street is narrow t The throng that followes Cofer at the heeles, Of Senators, of Praziors, common Sutors, Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death. He get me to a place more voyd, and there Speake to great Cofar as he comes along. Por. I must go in:

Exa

Aye me. How weake a thing The heart of woman is? O Bruta, The Heavens speede thee in thine enterprize. Sure the Boy heard me : Bruin hatha fuite That Cafar will not grant, O, I grow faint t Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe And bring me word what he doth fay to thee.

Adus Tertius.

Enter Cafer, Brutus, Coffen, Casto, Decini, Metellus, Tye bonces, Cynna, Amony Legidus. Artimedoras, Pub. lows and the South ager

Caf The Ides of Match are come South. I Cafer, but not gone. An Haile Cefe : Read this Scedule.

Decl Trebomu doth defire you to ore read (At your best leyfure) this his humble fuite,

An. O Cefer, reade mine heft : for mine's a feite Thatitouches Cafor neeter. Read it great Cafor.

Cef. What souches vs our felfe, shall be last feru'd. Art. Delay nor Cafer, read it inftantly.

Caf What, is the fellow mad?
Pub Sirra, give place.

Caffi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the firer ! Come to the Capitoll.

Popil I with your enterprize to day may thrive.

Coffi. What enterprize Popilim?

Popil. Fare you well.

Bru What laid Populling Love?

Caffi He wisht to day our enterprize might thrine : I feare our purpole is discourted.

Bru. Looke how te makes to Cefer: matke him Caffi. Cata be sodaine, tor we feare prevention. Bruim what shall be done? If this be knowne, Caffin or Cafar neuer shall tutne backe. For I will flay my felfe.

Brn. Caffin beconstant:

Popilise Leas (peakes not of our porpoles, For looke he smiles, and Cafer doch not change

Caffi Trebonen knowes his time: for look you arm a He drawer Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Merellus Comber, let him go,

And presently preferre his fuite to Cafar. Brw. He is addreit : preife neere, and fecond him

Cim. Carta, you are the first that reares your band.

Cef. Are we all ready? What is now amille, That Cefer and his Senace must redresse?

Merel. Most high, most mighty, and most pulless Cafe

Merellin Comber thrower before thy Sears An humble heart.

Caf. I must prevent thee Cymber: These couclings and these lowly courtener Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And come pre-Ordinance, and firft Decree Into the lane of Children. Be not fond. To thinke that Cafer beares fuch Rebell blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth Fooles, I meane fweet words, Low-crooked-curthes, and bale Spaniell fawning Thy Brother by decree is banished If thou doest bend, and pray, and sawne for him,

I spurme thee like a Curre out of my way : Know, Cafar doth not wrong, not without cruft Will he be farished

Metells there no voyce more worthy then any own

To found more sweetly in great Cafar ease, For the repealing of my banish'd Brother? Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in stattery Cafar:

Defiting thee, that Publism Cymber may
Have an immediate freedome of repeale.

Caf. What British?

Caffi. Pardon Cafar: Cafar pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth Caffine fall,
To begge infranchifement for Publica Cymber.

I could be well mou'd, if I were as you, If I could pray to moone, Prayers would moone me : But I am constant as the Northerne Starre, Of whose true fixt, and testing quality, There is no fellow in the Firmanient. The Skies are painted with vonumbred sparkes, They are all Fire, and every one doth thine : But, there's but one in all doth hold hisplace. So, in the World; Tis furnish'd well with Men, And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensue; Yet in the number, I do know but One That vnaffayleable holds on his Ranke, Veshak'd of Motion; and that I am be, Let me a little thew it, cuen in this: That I was constant Cymber Stould be banish'd, And constant do remaine to keepe him fo.

Cuma. O Cafar.
Caf. Hence: Wilethoulife up Olympus?
Deckus, Great Cafar.
Caf. Doch not Bruss bootleffe kneele?

Cef. Doth not Brut w bootlesse kneele? Cak. Speake hands sorme.

Cef. Et Tu Brusti ____ Then fall Cefar.

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead, Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets. Caffi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out

Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Brw. People and Senators, be not affrighted t

Fly not, fland fill: Ambitions debt is paid.

Cask, Go to the Pulpit Brutus.

Dec. And Cassim too. Bru. Where's Publim?

Cin. Fieere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Mer. Standfast together, least some Friend of Cafara

Should chance

Erm. Talke not of flanding. Publish good cheere, There is no harme intended to your person, Not to no Roman else: so tell them Publish.

Caffi. And leave vs Publius, leaft that the people Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischiese.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede.

But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonism.

Caff. Where is Ansony? Trob. Fled to his Houleamaz'd: Men, Wives, and Children, Aare, cry out, and run, As it were Doomesday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleafures: That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time And drawing dayes out, that men sand vpon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life, Cuts off formany yeares of fearing death.

Brs. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we Cefars Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, Roope,
And let vs bathe out hands in Cafars blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and befine are our Swords:

Then walke we forth, even to the Market place, And waving our ted Weapons o're our heads, Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Caff., Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,

In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Bris. How many times shall Cafar bleed in sport,

The same of Participal Rasia has a long.

That now on Pompeyes Basis Iye along, No worthier then the dust?

Caffi. So oft 2s that shall be, So often shall the knot of vs becall'd, The Men shas gave their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth? Cass. I every man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruent.

Brn. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Ancomes. Ser. Thus Bruene did my Mafter bid me kneese; Thus did Mark Amony bid me fall downe, And being proftrate, thus he bad me fay Bruim is Noble, Wife, Valiant, and Honell ; Cafar was Mighry, Bold, Royall, and Louing: -Say, I loue Brus, and I honour him; Say, I fear'd Cafar, honout'd him, and lou'd him. If Brutin will vouchfafe, that Ansony May fafely come to him, and be refolu'd How Cefar hath deferu'd to lye in death, Mark Antony, shall not love Cafar dead So well as Brutte living; but will follow The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus. Thorough the hazards of this vncrod State, With all true Faith. So fayes my Master Antony.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,

Bru. Thy Mafter is a Wife and Valiant Rome I neuer thought him worfe: Tell him, so please him come vinothis place He shall be satisfied, and he my Koner.

He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. He fetch him presently.

Exa Servant.

Bru. 1 know that we shall have him viell to Friend.

Cass. 1 wish we may: But yet have 1 a minds

That feares him much : and my misgiuing still Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bra. But heere cones Amony: Welcome Mark Antony.

Am. Omighty Cafar! Dolt thou lye fo lowe? Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphez, Spoiles, Shrunke to this little Measure? 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 house fo fit As Cafars deaths houre; nor no instrument Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich With the most Noble blood of all this World. I do befeech yee, if you beare me hard, Now, whil'it your purpled hands do reeke and imcake, Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeares, I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye. No place will please me so, no meane of death. As heere by Celar, and by you cut off, The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our prefent Acte
You fee we do: Yet fee you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding bufineffe they havedore: Our hearts you fee not, they are pligifull i And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome, As fire drives out fire, la pitty, pitty Hath done this deed on Cafer. For your part. To you, our Swords have leaden points Marke Anteny: Our Armes in Grength of malice, and our Herets Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in, With all kindeloue, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caffe Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,

In the disposing of new Dignities

Brn. Onely be patient, till we have appeared The Multitude, beside themselves with feare, And then, we will deliver you the caufe, Why I, that did love Cafar when I ftrooke him,

Haue thus proceeded.

Am. I doubt not of your Wiledome. Let exchrman render me his bloody hand. First Aterem Brune will I shake with you; Next Carse Caffues do I take your hand; Now Decrus Bruins yours; now yours Merellas, Yours Cmna; and my valiant Casta yours Though last, not least in love, yours good Tribonius, Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say, My credit now stands on such suppery ground, That one of two bad wayes you must concert me, Eirlier a Coward, or a Flatterer. That I did love thee Cafar D'un true: If then thy Spirit looke vpon us how, Shall senot greeue thee deerer then thy death, To fee thy Amony making his peace, Shaking the bloody fingnes of thy Foes? Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse, Had I as many eyes, as thou half wounds, Weeping as rall as they fireame forth thy blood, It would become me better, then to close Integrates of Friendship with thine enemies. Pardon me Iulius, heere was't thou bay'd brave Hart, ricere did'fethou fall, and heere thy Hunters frand Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimfon'd in thy Lethee. O World thou wast the Forrest to this Hart, And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee. How like a Deere, froken by many Princes, Dost thou heere lye?

Caffs. Mark Antony. Ans. Pardon me Canu Caffun: The Enemies of Cafar, shall say this: Then, In a Friend, it is cold Modefile.

Caffs. I blame you not for praising Cafar fo But what compact means you to have with vi? Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends, Or Chall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Cafar. Friends am I with you all, and love you all, Vpon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons, Why, and wherein, Cafar was dangerous.

Bru Os elle were this a launge Spectacle: Our Reasons are so full of good regard, That were you Antony, the Sonne of Cafer,

Am. That's all I feeke, And ammoreover futor, that I may Produce his body to the Market-place, And in the Pulpir as becomes a Friend, Speake in the Order of his FuneralL

Bru You Shall Marte Aniony. Caffe Brum, s word with you: You know not what you do; Do not confent That Antony (peake in his Funerall. Know you how much the people may be mou'd By that which he will viter.

Brm By your pardon: I will my selfe into the Pulpit firA. And thew the reason of our Casas death. What Amon shall speake, I will protest He speakes by leave, and by permission: And that we are contented Cafer shall Have all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies, It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Coffi. I know not what may fall, I like it not. Bru Mark Aniony, heere toke you Cafor body: You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs, Put speake all good you can devile of Cajar. And fay you doo't by our permission a Elfe shall you not have any hand at all About his Funerall. And you shall speake In the fame Pulpit whereto I am going, After my speech is ended.

Ani Beillo: I do delire no more.

> Ern. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. Extent Mones Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth: That I am methe and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobless man That ever lived in the Tide of Times. Woe to the hand that fhed this costly Blood. Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophehe, (Which like dumbe mouther do ope their Ruby lips, To begge the voyce and viterance of my Tongue) A Cutle shall light upon the limbes of men; Domesticke Fury, and fieree Civil Strife, Shall cumber all the parts of Italy: Blood and destruction shall be fo in vie, And dreadfull Objects fo familiat, That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold Their Infancs quarrered with the hands of Warre. All piccy chook'd with custome of fell deeds, And Cafers Spirit ranging for Revenge With Are by his fide, come hot from Hell, Shall in these Confines, with a Monarker voyce, Cry hauocke, and let flip the Dogges of Warre, That this foule deede, shall smell about the earth With Carrioo men, groaning for Buriall. Enter Octavio's Sernant.

You feene Olissim Cefer, do you not? Ser. 1 do Marke Antony.

Ans. Cafer 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-OCEST!

Ans. Thy heart is bigge: getthee a-part and weepe: Palsion I fee is catching from mine eyes, Sceing those Beads of forrow frand in thine, Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within feuen Leagues of Rome Ant. Post backe with speede, And tell him what hath chanc'd:

Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome, No Rome of fafety for Ochanis vet, Hie hence, and rell him fo. Yet flay a-while,

The

Spir

Thou shalt not backe, till I have borne this course Into the Market piece: There shall I try In my Oracion, now the People take The cruell issue of these bloody men, According to the which, thou shalt disrourse To yong Octanina, of the flace of things. Lend me your hand.

RECORES

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cafius, with the Plebetans.

Ple. We will be fatisfied : let vs be fatisfied, Zra. Then follow nie, and give me Audience friends, Caffus go you into the other freete, And part the Numbers : Those that will heare me speake, let em flay heere; Those that will follow Coffus, go with him, And publike Reasons shall be rendred Of Cafars death.

1.Ple. I will heare Bratus speake.

2. I will heare Caffin, and compare their Rezions, When scuerally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble Bruttes is ascended: Silence.

Tru. Be patient till the laft.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my caufe, and be filent, that you may heare Beleeue me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you msy beleeve. Centure me in your Wisedom, and awake your Senfes, that you may the better ludge. If there bec any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Cafers, to him I fay, that Brutte love to Cefar, was no leffe then his If then, that Friend demand, why Brains tole against Ca-fer, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Cafer less, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Cafar were liuing, and dye all Slaves; then that Cefor were dead, to five all Free-men? As Cafar lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I resoyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him : But, as he was Ambitious, I flew him. There is Testes, for his Love . log, for his Fortune : Honor, for his Valour; and Death, for his Ambition. Who is lieere To bate, that would be a Bondinan? If any, ipeak, for him have I offended. Who is heere to rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ipeak, for him have I offended Who is heere to vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, Speake, for him have I offended. I paule for a Reply. ML None Brutus, none.

Brutw. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cefar, then you shall do to Brown. The Queftion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitall: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enfors'd, for which he fuffered death.

Enser Mark Antony, with Cafar: body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Marke Antony, who though he had do hand in his death, shall receive the beocht of his dying, a place in the Comonwealth, as which of you fiall not. With this I depart, that as I flewe my bell Lover for the good of Rome, I have the fame Dagger for my felfe, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All Line Bruter,line, live.

1. Bring him with Trlumph home voto his house.

2. Gioc han a Staruz with his Anceftors.

3. Lei him be Cafer.

4 Celor better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in Brutus.

Wee'l bring him to his House With Showes and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peece, filence, Brutu Speaker.

r. Peace ho.

Brs. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone, And (for my lake) flay heere with Antony ; Do grace to Cafers Corpes, and grace his Speech Tending to Cafari Glories, which Marke Anrony (By our permission) is allow'd to make. I do intreat you, not a man depart, Saue I alone, till Antomy have spoke.

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare Mark Amony.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire. Wee'l heare him : Noble Antony go vp.

Am. For Brum fake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of Brusust

He layes for Brasas fake He findes himfelfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of British heere?

This Cafar was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:

We are bleft that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, Ict vs heare what Amony can fay.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears I come to bury (afar, not to praise him: The cuill that men do, lives after them. The good is oft enterred with their bones, So let it be with Cafar. The Noble Bruise. Hath told you Cafer was Ambitious If it were to, it was a greeuous Fault, And greeuously hath Cafer answer'd it. Heere, under leave of Brusus, and the reft (For Brutus is an Honourable man, So are they all; all Honourable min) Come I to speake in Cafers Funerall. Hewas my Friend, faithfull, and just to me; But Bruens layes, he was Ambicious, And Brutus is an Honourable man. He hath brought many Captives home to Rome, Whole Ranlomes, did the general Coffers fills Did this in Cafar leene Ambitious? When that the poore have cry'de, Calor hath went: Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe, Yet Bruins layes, he was Ambitious: And Brains is an Honourable man. You all did fee, that on the Lupercall, I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne, Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambirlan? Yet Bruss fayes, he was Ambitious: And fure he is an Honourable man. I speake not to disprooue what Brians spoke, But heere I am, to fpeake what I do know; You all did love him once, not without cause, What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him? O Indgement! thou are fled to brutish Bealts, And Men have loft their Reason. Beare with me, My heart is in the Coffin there with Cafar,

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou confider rightly of the matter,

And I must pawle, till it coine backe to me,

Cefor ha's had great wrong. (his place. Ha's bee Malters ? I feare there will a worle come in 4 Marke 11

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take & Crown, Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious

1. If it be found fo, fome will deere abide ic

2. Poore foule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Assany.

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to Ipeake.

Am. But yesterday, the word of Casar migh

Have stood against the World: Now lies he there, And none lo poore to do him reverence. O Maisters ! If I were dispos'd to flitte Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage, I should do Brus wrong, and Coffin wrong : Who (you all know) are Honourable men. I will not do them wrong : I rather choose To wrong the dead, so wrong my felfe and you, Then I will wrong such Honourable men. But heere's a Parchment, with the Scale of Calar, I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will: Let but the Commons heare this Teffament: (Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade, And they would go and kille dead Cafari wounds And dip their Napluns in his Sacred Blood; Yes, begge a haire of him for Memory, And dying, mention it within their Willes, Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie Voto their iffue.

. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it Marte Autory. All. The Will, the Will; we will heare Cafari Will

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not readit. It is not meete you know how Cafar lou'd you: You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men: And being men, hearing the Will of Cafer, 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, weel heare it Astory : You shall reade vs the Will, Cafars Will.

AH. Will you be Patient? Will you flay a-while? I have o're- thot my felfe to tell you of it. I feare I wrong the Honourable men, Whose Daggers have Stabb'd Celer: I do seare it,

4 They were Traitors : Honourable men?

All The Will, the Testament.

2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Am. You will compell me then to read the Will: Then make a Ring about the Cutper of Cafar, And let me fhew you him that made the Will: Shall I descend? And will you give me lezue!

All. Come downe.

2 Descend.

3 You shall haue leaue.

4 A Ring, frand round.

1 Stand from the Hearfe, frand from the Body.

1 Roome for Aniony, most Noble Aniony. An. Nay pressenot lo vpon me, stand farre off.

All. Standbacke: roome, beare backe,

Ast. If you have teares, prepare to shed them now. You all do know this Mantle, I remember The first time ever Cafar put it on, Twas on a Summer's Evening in his Tent. That day he overcame the Norway Looke, in this place ran Caffins Dagger through : See what a rent the entious Cake made; Through this, the wel-beloved Brenz fabb'd, And as he pluck'd his curfed Steele away :

Marke how the blood of Cofor followed it As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd If Brusw to unkindely knock dor no: For Bruem, as you know, was Cafer Angel. ludge, O you Gods, how decrely Cafer loud him: This was the most unkindest cut of all For when the Noble Cafer faw him Asb. Ingratitude, more strong then Trantors armes, Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his Mighty heart, And in his Mande, muffling up hie face, Even at the Base of Pempeyer Statue (Which all the while ran blood) great Caser fell. O what a fall was there, my Countrymen? Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe. Whil'A bloody Treason Aourist'd over vs. Onow you weepe, and I perceiue you feele The dint of pirty: Thele are gracious droppes Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold Our Cafar, Vesture wounded ? Lookeyou heere, Heere is Himselse, mart'd as you see with Trainors.
I. O pitteour spectacle!

2. O Noble Cefer 1 3. O wofull day!

4. OTraitors, Villaines!

1. O most bloody fight

2. We will be reveng'd : Revenge About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, flay,

Let not a Traitor live. Am. Stay Country-men

1. Peace there heare the Noble Anten,

3. Weel heare him, weel follow him, weel dy with Aur. Good Friends, weet Friends, let me not flitte

To fuch a fodaine Flood of Mutiny They that have done this Deede, are honourable. What private greefes they have, alas I know oos, That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable, And will no doubt with Restons answer you. come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts, I am no Orator, as Brutte it; But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man That love my Friend, and that they know full well, That gave me publike leave to speake of him: For I have neyther writ nor words, nor worth, Action, nor Vecerance, nor the power of Speech, To fliste mens Blood. I onely speake right on s I tell you that, which you your felues do know, Shew you sweet Cafer wounds, poor poor dum mouths And bid them speake for me : But were I Brutm, And Brusse Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue In every Wound of Cefer, that should move The stones of Rome, to rife and Mussny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1 Wee'l bume the house of Brum.

3 Away then, come, feeke the Conspirators. Ast. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All. Peace hoe, heare Asian, most Noble Among. Ans. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what I

Wherein hath Cafe thus deferu'd your loues? Alas you know not, I must tell you then : You have forgot the Will I rold you of.

All. Most true the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil. Am. Heere is the Will, and vinder Cafar Sealer

To every Roman Citizen he gives, To every feuerall man, feuenty frue Drachmaes.

2 Pie

2 Ple. Most Noble Cafar, weel revenge his death.

3 Ple. O Royall Cefor.

Au. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace boe

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walker, His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards, On this fide Tyber, he hath left them you, And to your beyres for euer : common pleasures To walke abroad, and recreate your felses. Heere was a Cafar when comes such another?

1.Ple. Neuer, neuer 1 come, away, away: Weel burne his body in the holy place, And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.

Take up the body.

2.Pls. Go feich fire.

3.Pls. Plackedowne Benches.

4.Ple, Plucke dovrne Formes, Windowes, 207 thing. Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke : Milcheefe thou art 2-foot, Take thou what course thou wilt. How now Fellow?

Enter Sermant.

Ser. Sir, Ollavisu is already come to Rome.

Am. Where is bee?

Ser. He and Lepiden are at Cefars boufe.
Am. And thither will I straight, to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give vs any thing.

Ser. I beard him fay, Bratos and Caffan Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome. Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people How I had mound them. Bring me to Old anims, Exerm

Enter Cama the Poet, and after bim the Plebeians.

Chana. I dreame to night, that I did feaft with Cafar, And things voluckily charge my Fancalie : I have no will to wander foorth of doores, Yet fomething leads me foorth.

1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Answer every man directly.

1. I,and breefely. 4. I, and wifely

3. I,and truly, you were beft.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a unctried man, or a Batchellour? Then to answer every man, directly and breefely, wisely and truly : wifely I say, I am a Batchellor.

'a That's as much as to fay, they are fooles that marrie i you'l beare me a bang for that I feare : proceede di-

realy.

Cima. Directly I am going to Cefar Fowerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Ciona. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly,

- For your dwelling : breefely.

Ciana. Breefely I dwell by the Capitoll.

Your name fir, truly.

Cinna. Truly , my name is Cima.

t. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator. Ciana. I am Coma the Poet, I am Coma the Poet,

4. Teare hum for his bad verses, teare him for his bad

Can I amunt Church the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's Coma, plucke but his

name out of his heart, and turne him going.

. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to Branes, to Caffins, burne all. Some to Decisis House, and lome to Cake's; lome to Ligaria: Away, go. Exemut all the Plebesant.

Actus Quartus.

Emer Amony Oliantus, and Lapidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are priche Olla. Your Brother too must dye consent you Lepident Lep. I do consent.

Otta. Pricke him downe Amony

Lep Vpon condition Publish shall not lise,

Who is your Sifters forme, Marke Amony. Am. He shall not hue; looke, with a spot I dam him, But Lepidie, go you to Cafari house: Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off lome charge in Legacies.

Lop. What? Shall I findeyou heere? Octa. Otheere, or et the Capitoll.

Exit Lepider Am. This is a flight vomentable man

Meet to be fent on Errands : it it fit The three-fold World divided, he footld fond One of the three to shate it !

Offe. So you thought him.

And tooke his voyce who should be pricks to dye In our blacke Sentence and Profesiption.

Ant. Odenim, I have seene more dayes then you. And though we lay thefe Honours on this man, To eafe our felues of divers fland'rous loads. He shall but beare them, as the Asia beares Gold, To groane and fwet voder the Bufine Es. Either led or driven, as we point the way : And having brought our Tresfure, where we will, Then take we downe his Load, and curne him of (Like to the empty Affe) to thake his esses, And graze in Compons.
Olda. You may () your will:

But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Am. So is my Horse Octamins, and for that I do appolor him store of Provender. It is a Creature that I teach to fight, To winde, to stop, to roo directly on: His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit, And In tome taffe, is Lepides but so: He most be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth: A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations. Which out of vie, and stal'de by other men Begin his fathion. Do not talke of him, But as a property : and now Officeing, Liften great things. Brutan and Caffins Are levying Powers; We must straight make head: Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd. Our best Friends made, our meanes stretche, And let vs prefently go fit in Councell, How covert matters may be best disclos'd, And open Perils fureft answered.

Olia Let vs do fo : for we are at the fake,

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And bayed about with many Enemies, And some that smile have in their hearts I feare Millions of Mischeeles.

Exeunt

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilleus, and the Army. Teterine and Pendariu moete them.

Bru. Stand ho.

Lucil. Give the word ho, and Stand. Bru. What now Lucillies, is Cassum neere? Lucil. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come

To do you falutation from his Master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master Pordarus In his owne change, or by ill Officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, vndone : But if he be at hand I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appeare

Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brn. He is not doubted. A word Lucilian How he receiu'd you: let me be refolu'd.

Lucil. With courtefie, and with respect enough, But not with fuch familiar inftances, Nor with fuch free and friendly Conference

As he hath vs'd of old.

Brw. Thou hast describ'd A hot Friend, cooling : Ever note Lucillim, When Loue begins to licken and decay It vieth an enforced Ceremony There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith: Bur hollow men, like Horfes hot at hand, Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle :

But when they should endure the bloody Sputte, They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull lades Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:

The greater part, the Horse to generall Are come with Caffins.

Enter Cassius and his Powers

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd : March gently on to meete him.

Caffi. Stand ho.

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand. Scand.

Stand.

Caste. Most Noble Brother, you have done me wrong. Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And ifnot lo, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassi. Brutus, this fober forme of yours, hides wrongs,

And when you do them-

Brut. Cassius, be content. Speake your greefes fofily, I do know you well. Before the eyes of both our Armies heere

(Which should perceive nothing but Love from vs) Let vs not wrangle. Bid them move away: Then in my Tent Cassiss enlarge your Greefes,

And I will give you Audience.

Casti. Pindarus.

Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilliu, do you the like, and let no man Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference. Let Lucine and Titinine guard our doore

Manes Brutus and Castins.

Caffe. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this You have condemn'd, and noted Lucius Pella For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians; Wherein my Letters, praying on his lide, Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brn. You wrong'd your felfe to write in fach a cafe Caffi. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That every nice offence should beare his Comment. Bru. Let me tell you Cassus, you your selfe. Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palme, To fell, and Mart your Offices for Gold To Vndeseruers.

Cassi. 1, an etching Palme? You know that you are Bruses that speakes this, Or by the Gods, this speech were else your laft.

Bru. The name of Caffun Honors this correction, And Chafticement doth therefore hide his head.

Caffi. Chasticement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remeber Did not great / who bleede for Iuftice fake? What Villaine routh'd his body, that did flab, And not for Juffice? What? Shall out of Vs. That strucke the Formost man of all this World, But for supporting Robbers : shall we now, Contaminate our fingers, with bale Bribes? And fell the mighty space of our large Honors For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone. Then fuch a Roman

Caffi. Bruim, baite not me. Ile not indure it : you forget your felle To hedge me in. I am a Souldier. 1, Older in practice, Abler then your selfe To make Conditions

Bru. Gotoo: you are not Caffim.

Colle 1 am

Bru. I lay, you ate not.

Caffe. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my feife: Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brn. Away flight man. Caffe Is't poffible?

Bra Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I give way, and roome to your rash Choller? Shall I be frighted, when a Madman flates!

Cass. Oye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this? Bru. All this? I more : Free till your proud hart break. Go shew your Slaves how Chollericke you are, And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge? Muft I observe you? Muft I ftand and crouch Vnder your Teftie Humour ? By the Gods, You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene Though it do Splir you. For from this day forth, He vie you for my Mirth, yeafor my Laughter

When you are Waspish Coffi. Is it come to this !

Bru. You fay, you are a better Souldier: Let it appeare fo; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,

I shall be glad to learne of Noble men. Caff. You wrong me every way: You wrong me Brains:
I faide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.

Did I fay Better !

Brn. If you did, I care not. Caff. When Cafar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd Brus. Peace, peace, you durft not fo have tempted him

Cess. I durst not.

Cassi. What durft not tempt him? Bra. For your life you durst not.

Cassi. Do not prefume too much vpon my Loue,

I onay do that I shall be forey for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror Caffins in your threats: For I am Arm'd to strong in Honesty That they passe by me, as the idle winde, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me, For I can raise no money by vile meanes: By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart, And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash By any indirection. I did fend To you for Gold to pay my Legions, Which you deny'd me : was that done like Caffau? Should I have answer'd Caims Caffins fo?

When Mercus Brutus growes to Courtous, To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts, Dash him to peeces.

Caffi. I deny'd you not.

Brs. You did.

Cassi. I did not. Hewas but a Foole That brought my answer back. Brutes hath rhi'd my hart:

A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities; But Brutus makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me Cassi. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caffe. A friendly eye could never fee such faules. Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare

As huge as high Olympus.

Coffi. Come Aniony, and yong Ollanins come, Revenge your sclues alone on Cassius, For Caffess 13 2-weary of the World : Hated by one he loves, brau'd by his Brother, Check'd like a bondman, all his faules obseru'd, Set in a Note-booke, learu'd, and con'd by roate To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger, And heere my naked Breaft: Within, a Heart Deeret then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold: D'that thou bee'ft a Roman, take it foorth. I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart ? Strike as thou did'ft at Cafar : For I know. When thou did'A hace him worft, & loued'A him better Then ever thou loved's Cassus

Brw. Sheath your Dagger Be angry when you will, it shall have scope : Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour, O Cassius, you are yoaked with a Lambe That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire, Who much inforced, thewes a haftie Sparke,

And straite is cold agen.

Cass. Hath Cassins liu d To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus.
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

When I spoke that, I was ill remper'd too.s Coffi. Do you consesse so much? Giue me yout hand.

Bru. And my hears too. Coffi. O Brains!

Bru. What's the matter?

Caffi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me, When that rash humour which my Mother gave me Makes me forgetfull.

Bru, Yes Cassius, and from henceforth When you are oner-earnest with your Branes, Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leave you fo.

Enter a Poet,

Poer. Let me go in to see the Generals, There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete They be alone.

Lucil. You hall not come to them,

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me. Caf. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meene? Loue, and be Friends, as two fuch men should bee, For I have feene more yeeres I'me fure then yee.

Caf. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru Get you hence firm: Sawcy fellow, hence.

Cof. Beare with him Brutus, 'eis his fathlon,

Brat. He know his humor, when he knowes his time: What should the Warres do with these ligging Fooles? Companion, hence.

Caf. Away, away be gone.

Bru, Lucidius and Titinius bid the Commanders Prepare to lodge their Companies co night,

Caf. And come your felues, & bring Meffals with you Immediately to vs.

Bru. Lucius, abowle of Wine.

Caf. I did not thinke you could have bin fo angry.

Bru. O Caffins , I am licke of many greefes,

Caf. Of your Philosophy you make no vie, If you give place to accidentall euils.

Brus. No man beares forrow better. Partia is dead.

Caf. Hat Portist

Bru. She is dead.

Caf. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so? O insupportable, and touching loffe! Vpon what ficknesse ?

Bru. Impatient of my obsence.

And greefe, that yong Olicaises with Mark Antony Have made themselves so frong : For with her death That cyclings came. With this the fell diftract, And (her Attendages absent) [wallow'd fite.

Caf. Anddy'd()?

Brw. Euen fo.

Caf. Oyeimmortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers. Brm. Speak no more of her Giuc me a bowl of wine, In this I bury all vokindnesse Cafrins. Dringes Caf. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge. Fill Lucius, till the Wincore-swell the Cup:

I cannot drinke too much of Brutes love.

Enter Taining and Me Talas

Brutus. Come in Titinius: Welcome good Messals: Novi fit we close about this Taper heere, And call in question our necessities.

Caff. Portia, art thou gode?
Bru. No more I pray you. Meffala, I have heere received Lessers, That young Offaulus, and Marke Among Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power, Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.

Mef.

Meff. My felfe hane Letters of the felfe-fame Tenute. Bru With what Addition,

M. That by profeription, and billes of Outlarie, Ollanus, Aniony, and Lopeliu.

Have put to death, an nundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree : Mine Speake of Scuenty Senators, that dy'de

By their proferiptions, Cierco being one. Caffi. Cicero one?

Meffa Cuero is dead, and by that order of profeription Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No Melala

Mella. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her? Bru. Nothing Milala.

Melfa. That me thinkes is fittange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Heare you ought ofher, in yours?

Mella. Nomy Lord

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true. Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,

For certaine the is dead, and by ftrange manner.

B-s. Why farewell Portia. We must die Messala.

With medicating that the must dye once,

I have the patience to endure it now

Mella Euen so great men, great losses shold indure. Caffi. I have as much of this in Art as you

But yet my Nature could not beare it fo.

Bru. Well, to our worke alive What do you thinke

Of marching to Philippi presently. Caffi I do not thinke it good.

Brw. Your reason?

Cull This it is

Tis better that the Enemie feeke vs, So Chall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers, Doing himselfe offence, whil'ft we lying still, Are full of rest, desence, and nimblenesse

Brw. Good reasons must of force give place to better

The people 'twixt Philipps, and this ground

Do stand but to a forc'd affection.

For they have grug'd vs Contribution.

The Enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:

From which advantage shall we cut him off

If at Philipps we do face him there,

These people at our backe

Caffi. Heate me good Brothe:

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside, That we have tride the vtmost of our Friends :

Out Legions are brim full, our cause is tipe.

The Enemy encreaseth every day,

We at the height, are readie to decline

There is a Tide in the affayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries

On fuch a full Sea are we now a-float,

And we must take the cuttent when it serues,

Or loofe our Ventures

, Cast Then with your will go on : weel along

Our selves, and meet them at Philipps

Brn. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke, And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Whichwe will niggard with a little reft:

There is no more to fay

Caffi, No more, good night,

Early to motrow will we tile, and hence.

Enter Lucius

Brn. Lucius my Gowne. farewell good Megala, Good night Tillnim: Noble Noble Caffing,

Good night, and good repore.

Caffi. Omy deere Brother : This was an ill beginning of the night:

Neuer come such division tweene our fouler .

Let it Dot Bruius.

Exter Lucius with the Cowne

Brn. Every thing is well. Caffe Goodnight my Lord.

Bru. Goodnight good Brother

Tit. Meffa. Good night Lord Pratia.

Brn. Farwell enery one.
Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak it drowfilg?

Poore koaue I blame theenot, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call Claudso, and some other of my men,

He have them fleepe on Cultions in my Tent. Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.

Enter Varru: and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you his, lye in my Tent and Seepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On businesse to my Brother Cassus.

Var. Soplease you, we will stand,

And watch your pleafure.

Bru. I will it not have it fo: Lye downe good firs, It may be I shall other wife bethinke me.

Looke Lucius, heere's the booke I lought for lo

I put it in the pocket of my Gowoc.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me. Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold up thy heavie eyes a-whale, And touch thy Inftrument 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

Brut. I should not vige thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of reft

Luc. I have flept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt scepe againe: I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a fleepy Tune : O Murd'rous flumbler! Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy, That playes thee Mulicke ? Gentle knaue good night: I will not do thee fo much wrong to wake thee: If thou do'ft nod, thou break'ft thy Instrument, Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night

Let me see, let me see: is not the Lesse turn'd downe

Where I left reading! Heere it is I thinke. Enter the Ghaft of Cafar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha I Who comes heere? I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous Apparition. It comes upon me : Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Divell, That mak it my blood cold, and my haure to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art. Gloft Thy euill Spirit Brusie ?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. In tell thee thou shalt fee me at Philipps. Brus. Well ; then I shall fee thee againe?

Ghoff. I at Philopps.

Briss. Why I will fee thee at Philipps then: Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest. Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee. Boy, Lucau, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs : Awake:

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false. Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Infrument.

Lac. My Lord.

Brs. Did'ft thou dreame Luciu, that thou so cryeds

Luc. My Lord, I donot know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st : Did'st thou see any thing? Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe Lucius: Sirra Chaudio, Fellow, Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Class. My Lord.

Brs. Why did you fo cry out firs, in your sleepe?

Both. Did we my Lord?

Brw. I : faw you any thing? Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Class. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother Coffus : Bid him fet on his Powres betimes before, And we will follow.

Besh. It shall be done my Lord.

Except

Adus Quentus.

Enter Oliening, Antony and their Army. Olds. Now Antoxy, our hopes are answered, You faid the Enemy would not come downe, But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions: It proues not fo : their battailes are at hand, They meane to warne vs at Philippi heere: Answering before we do demand of them. Art. Tut I sm in their bosomes, and I know Wherefore they do it: They could be content To visit other places, and come downe With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face To faften in our thoughts that they have Courage; But'tis not lo.

Enter a Meffenger. Mef. Prepare you Generals The Enemy comes on in gallant shew: Their bloody figne of Battell is hung out, And fomething to be done immediately Am. Offaum, lesde your Battaile loftly on Vpon the left hand of the even Field.

Oda. Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left. Ant. Why do you croffe me in this exigent. Olla. I do not crosse you : but I will do sa March.

Drum. Exter Bruthe, Cassing & ibour Army. Brs. They stand, and would have parley. Cafi. Standfast Titmou, we must out and talke. Otta. Mark Antony, shall we give signe of Bartalle? Ant. No Cafer, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would have some words. OH. Stirre noceatill the Signall. Bru. Words before blowes: 15 it fo Countrymen? Ola Not that we love words better, as you do. Brz, Good words are better then bad ftrokes Ollania

An. In your bad ftrokes Bruw, you give good words Witnesse the hole you made in Cafars heart, Crying long live, Hade Cafar.

Cassi. Autory,

The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne; But for your words, they rob the Hibla Bees, And leave them Hony-leffe.

Ant. Not finglesse too. Brw. Oyes, and foundlesse too . For you have folne their buzzing Among,

And very wifely threat before you fling.

Ant. Villains t you did not fo, when your vile daggers Hackt one another in the sides of Cafer:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes, And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kiffing Cafers feete; Whil'st damned Caska, like a Curre, behinde Strooke Cafar on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Caffe Flatterers! Now Brucus thanke your felfe, This tongue had not offended fo to day,

If Caffus might have rul'd

Ofta. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet, The proofe of it will turne to redder drops : Looke, I draw a Sword againft Conspirators, When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe? Neuer till Cefars three and there wounds Be well aveng'd; of till another Cala Have added flaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. Cafar, thou canst not dye by Traitors bands, Vnlesse thou bring thehem with thee.

Offa. So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on Zrut m Sword.

Brn. O ifthou wet't the Nobleft of thy Straine, Yong-man, thou could'A not dye more honourable.

Cassi. A pecuish School-boy, worshles of such Hanor loyn d with a Masker, and a Reueller.

Aur. Old Caffin Rill.

Oita. Come Antony: 2way: Defiance Traitors hurle we in your teeth. If you dare fight to day, come to the Field; If not, when you have stomackes

Exit Ollasius, Amony, and Army Caffi Whynowblow winde, swell Billow,

And (wimme Barke: The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Bru Ho Lucillia, hearke, a word with you. Lucilius and Melala frand forth.

Luc My Lord. Caffe Mcfala.

Messa. What sayes my Generall?

Caffi. Mefala, this is my Birth-day : as this very day Was Cuffin borne. Give me thy hand Meffala: Be thou my witnesse, that against my will (As Pompo was) am I compell'd to fee V pon one Battell all our Liberties You know, that I held Epicurus frong, And his Opinion . Now I change my minde, And partly credit things that do prelage.

Comming from Sardu, on our former Enligne Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd, Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who

Who to Philoppi heere conforted vs 1 This Morning are they fled away, and gone, And in their fleeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs As we were lickely prey; their fhadowes feeme A Canopy most fatall, under which Our Aring lies, ready to give vp the Ghoft Aleffa. Beleeuenot fo.

Casti. I but beleeue it partly For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bru. Even lo Lucillins. Cass. Nowmost Noble Brains, The Gods to day Aand friendly, that we may Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age. But fince the affayres of men refts full incertaine, Let's reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this Battaile, then is this The very last time we shall speake together i What are you then determined to do ?

Brn. Even by the tyle 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 present The time of life, arming my felfe with patience, To ftay the prouidence of some high Powers, That governe vs below.

Cassi. Then, if we loofe this Battaile, You are contented to be led in Triumph Thorow the fireets of Rome

Bru. No Cassim, no : Thinke not thou Noble Romane, That ever Braiss will go bound to Rome, He beares too great a minde. But this same day Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun. And whether we shall meete againe, I know not : Therefore our everlasting farewell take : For ever, and for ever, farewell Caffus, If we do meete againe, why we shall smile; If nor, why then this parting was well made.

Caffi. For euer, and for euer, farewell Bruim: If we do meete againe, wee'l finile indeede; If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brs. Why then leade on. O that a man might know The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come : But it sufficeth, that the day will end, And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. Exercit.

Ester Bruths and Messala. Alarum.

Brn. Ride, ride Messala, ride and give these Billes Vato the Legions, on the other fide. Lood Alarum.

Let them fet on at once : for I perceiue But cold demeanor in Ollawio's wing : And fodaine push gives them the overthrow: Ride, tide Me Jala, let them all come downe.

Enter Caffin and Tairins.

Cassi. Olooke Tuinim, looke, the Villaines Aye: My selse have to mine owne turn'd Enemy: This Enfigne heere of mine was ruming backe, I flew the Coward, and did take it from him. Trin. O Coffun, Brutus gave the word wo early,

Who bouing fome advantage on OU and Tooke it too eagerly : his Soldiers fell to footle, Whil'A we by Amony are all inclosed.

Enter Pundavan.

Prod Fly further off my Lord : flye further off, Mark Amor is in your Tents my Lord: Flye therefore Noble Coffee, flye force off. Caffi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, lack Tames Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire? Tu. They are, my Lord. Caffe Titmins, if thou loveft me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him, Till he have brought thee vp to yonder Trooper And heere againe, that I may reft affur'd Whether youd Troopes, are Friend or Enemy. Tit. I will be heere againe, even with a thought Exn.

Caffe Go Pindarus, get higher on that bill, My fight was ever thicke: regard Tumin And tell me what thou not'st about the Field. This day I breathed first, Time is come round, And where I did begin, there shall I end, My life is run his compaffe. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Above. Omy Lord. Costi Whatnewes?

Pind. Tumiau is enclosed round about With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spirite, Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him: Now Trimine. Now fome light: Ohe lights too. Hee's tane. Shows .

And hearke, they shout for ioy, Caffi. Come downe, behold no more: O Coward that I am, to live fo long. To fee my best Friend tane before my face. Enser Pindarius

Come hither firesh : In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner, And then I fwore thee, fauing of thy life, That whatfoener I did bid thee do. Thou should'stattempt it. Come now keepe thine oath, Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword That ran through Cafars bowels, learth this bosome, Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts, And when my face is cover'd, as 'cisnow, Guide thou the Sword -- Cafar, thou are revene d, Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pin. So, Iam free, Yet would not so have beene Durst I have done my will. O Coffine. Farre from this Country Pindarus Shall tuo. Where never Roman shall take note of him-

Enter Titimus and McGala. Mefa. It is but change, Tremus : for Ollans Is overthrowne by Noble Bruns power, As Cassius Legions are by Amony.

Tum. These tydings will well comfort Ceffies. Mefa. Where did you lesue him.

Tina. All disconsolate,

With Pindaru his Bondman, on this Hill. Mila Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground? Titin. He lies not like the Lining. O my heart! Messa. Is not that hee?

Tum. No, this was he megala, But Casim is no more. O ferting Sunne:

As in thy red Rayes thou doeft finke to night;

So in his red blood Cafsten day is fee. The Sunne of Rome is let. Our day is gone, Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done: Miferuft of my successe hath done this deed.

Moffa Midruft of good fuccelle hath done this deed Obatefull Error, Melancholies Childe: Why do'ft thou thew to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O Error loone conceyu'd,

Thou never com'it vnto a happy byrth, But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee.

Ta. What Pindarus? Where are thous Pindarus?

Mela. Seeke him Trimm, whill I go to meet The Noble Brusas, thrusting this report Into his eares; I may fay thrusting it: For piercing Steele, and Darts intenomed, Shall be as welcome to the eares of Bratau,

As tydings of this fight.

Th. Hye you Messala, And I will feeke for Products the while : Why did'ft thou fend me forth brave Cafines? Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie, And bid me give it thee? Did'A thou not heare their Alas, thou halt misconstrued every thing. But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow, Thy Brians bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding. Branas, come apace, And fee how I regarded Caiss Cafsuas : By your leave Gods: This is a Romans part, Dies Come Cafinis Sword, and finde Toronsu hare.

> Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meffala, youg Cato, Strato, Volumniai, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where Melala, doth his body lye? Mela. Loc yonder, and Titimus mourning ic.

Bru. Tuinius face is vpward.

Caro Heis flaine

Brw. O lulou Celar, thou art mighty yet, Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords In our owne proper Entrailes, Low Alarenss.

Cato. Brave Titinina,

Looke where he have not crown'd dead Cafins. Bra. Are yet two Romans hung fuch as these? The last of all the Romans, far thee well It is impossible, that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow Friends I owe mo testes To this dead man, then you shall feeme pay. I shall finde time, Cafiini: I shall finde time. Come therefore, and to Therfur fend his body, Ilis Funerals shall not be in our Campe, Leaft it discomfort vs. Lucillius come And come yong Caro, let vs to the Field, Labin and Flanie let our Battailes on : Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night, Exemi

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meffala, Cato, Lucilleus, and Flamus.

Bru. Yet Country-men . O yet. hold wp your heads. Care What Baffard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaime my name about the Field. I am the Sonne of Marcus Case, hoe. A Poe to Tyranis, and my Countries Friend. lam the Soune of Mercus Cate, hoe

Enter Souldiers and fight. And | am Brutas, Marcus Brutas, 1,

We shall try Fortune in a second fight,

Brans my Countries Friend : Know me for Brusse. Luc. O youg and Noble Cate, art thou downe? Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titioius, And may it be honour'd, being Case's Sonne.

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeft.

Lac. Onely I yeeld to dye:

There is fo much, that thou wilt kill me ftraight: Kill Brutar, and be honour'd in his death. Sold. We must not : a Noble Prisoner,

Enter Actory.

2. Sold. Roome hoe : tell Antown, Bratus is tane. 1 Sold He telt thee newes. Heere comes the Generall, Bresses is time, Brusses is take my Lord.

Aur Where is hee?

Luc Safe Autory, Bruses is fale enough: I dare affure thee, that no Enemy Shall ever take alive the Noble Brutas : The Gods defend him from to great a thame, When you do finde him, or alive, or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe.

Am. This is not Bratus friend, but I affere you, A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man fale, Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on, And fee where Brutus be alive or dead. And bring vs word, ento Ollaums Tent: How every thing is chanc'd

> Emer Brutes, Dardanses, Clau, Strato. and Volzanasse.

Brat. Come poere remaines of friends, reft on this

Clas. Statilies thew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord He came not backe: he is or tane, or flaine.

Brus. Six thee downe, Chines . Staying is the word, It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Clums

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brut. Peace then, no words. Chr. He rather kill iny felfe.

Brut Heatke thee, Dardonius.

Dard Shall I doe such a deed?

Clis. O Dardenns

Dard. O Clita

Cin. What ill request did Brewer make to thee? Dad. To kill him Chiza: looke he medicates.

Cin. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,

That it runner ouer even at his eyes.

Brut. Come hither, good Velammine, lift a word.

Volum. What fayes my Lord? Brut. Why this, Volumnia:

The Ghost of Cefar hath appear'd to me Two severall times by Night: at Sardis, once; And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:

I know my houre is come Volum. Not lo, my Lord.

Brut Nay, 1 am fure it is, Volumniss. Thou feelt the World, Volumnias, how it goes, Our Enemies haue bear vs to the Pit: Low Alartens. It is more worthy, to leape in our felues, Then tarry till they push vs. Good Voluminian,

Thou know'ft, that we two went to Schoole together: Even for that our love of old, I prethee Hold thou my Sword Hiles, whileft I rusne on it.

Val. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord. Alarum Ital.

Cla. Fly;

Cly Fly, flye my Lord, there it no tarrying heere.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you Voluments.

Strate, thou half bin all this while afleepe:
Farewell to thee, to Strate, Countrymen:
My heart doth toy, 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 Ollamin and Marke Anton,
By this vile Conquest shall attaine vinto
So fare you well at once, for British tongue
Hath almost ended his lives History
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my Bones would rest.
That have but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum Crywithin, Flye, flye, flye, flye.
Cly Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow.
I prythee Strate, flay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
Thy life hath had some imatch of Honor in rt,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou Strate?

Stra. Gine me yout hand first. Face you well my Lord.

Bru Facewell good Strate. — Cafar, now be still I kill d not thee with halfe so good a will.

Dyrs.

Alarano, Retreat Enter Amony, Octavino, Messalo, Lucillus, and the Army. Octa. What man is that i Messa My Masters man strate, where in thy Masters Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in Messala, The Conquerors can but make a fire of him. For Ernim onely ouercame himselfe, And no man elle hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So Ernim should be found. I thank thee Ernim That thou hast provid Lucilim saying true.

Oda. All that set u'd Brutin, I will entertains them.

Fellow, wile thou beflow thy time with me?

Stra. 1, if Meffala will preferre me to you.

Olla. Do fo, good Meffala.

CMeffa. How deed my Maffac (med.)

CMefa. How dyed my Mafter Strate?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

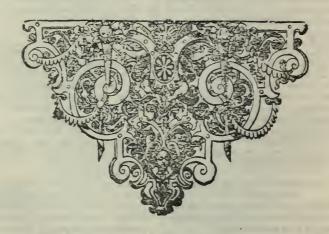
Mefa. Ollowing then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest feruice to my Mafter

Ant. This was the Nobleff Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great Case.
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.

Oda. According to his Vertue, let ye vie him Withall Respect, and Rices 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 gloties of this happy day.

FINIS.





ETRAGEDIE MACBETH.

Altus Primus. Scana Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

Hen shall we three meet againe? In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine? 2. When the Hurley-burley's done, When the Battaile's loft, and wonne. 3. That, will be ere the fet of Sunne.
T Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath.

3. There to meet with Machet

I come, Gray-Malkm.

All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire, Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donal-baine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

Ring. What bloody man is that? he can report, As feemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt The newest state

Mul. This is the Serieant. Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought Gainst my Caprinitie : Haile braue friend; Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle, As thou didft leave it.

Cap. Doubtfull it Rood, As two fpent Swimmers, that doe cling together. And chooke their Art. The mercileffe Macdonwald (Worthic to be a Rebell, for to that The multiplying Villanies of Nature Doe Iwarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles Of Kernes and Gallowgroffes is supply'd, And Fortune on his damned Quarry (miling, Shew'd like a Rebells Where: but all's too weake; For brane Macheth (well hee defenues that Name) Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele, Which smoak'd with bloody execution (Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage, Till hee fac'd the Staue : Which neu'r shooke hands, not bad farwell to him, Till he voleam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops, And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King Ovaliant Coufin, worthy Gentleman. Cap. As whence the Sunne gins his reflection. Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders So from that Spring, whence comfort feem'd to come, Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke, No fooner Juffice had, with Valout arm'd, Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles. But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage, With furbushe Aimes, and new supplyes of men, Began a feeth affault.

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macheth and Banquob?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles; Or the Hore the Lyon : If I fay footh, I must report they were As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks, So they doubly redoubled flroakes upon the Foe: Except they means to bathe in recking Wounds, Or memorize another Golgotha, I cannot tell but I am faint, My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds, They linack of Honor both: Goeger him Surgeons

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here? Mal. The worthy Thane of Rolle.

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes? So should be looke, that sectoes to speake things strange.

Roffe Gnd lauc the King.

King. Whence can'ft thou, worthy Thane!

Rolfe. From Fiffe, great King, Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,

And fanne our people cold. Normay himselfe, with terrible numbers. Affilted by that most disloyall Traytor, The Thanc of Cawdor, began a difmall Conflict, Till that Bellona's Bridegroome, lapt in proofe, Confronted him with felfe-compatifons, Point against Point, rebellious Arme gainst Arme, Curbing his lauish spirit . and to conclude,

The Victorie fell on va.

King Great happinesse.
Rose That now Sueno, the Norwayes King, Cranes composition Nor would we deigne him boriall of his men, Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes yuch, Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse.

King No

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

King. No more that Thom of Cawdor shall deceive Out Bosome interest : Goe pronounce his present death, And with his former Title great Macheth.

Rolle Me le loc it done

King. What he hash loft, Noble Machet hash wonne.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder, Enter the three Wusbes.

1. Where halt thou beene, Sifter ?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sifter, where thou?

I. A Saylors Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe, And mounche, & mounche, and mounche :

Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes. Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger: But in a Syne Ile thither fayle, And like a Rat without a tayle,

13 doe, lle doe, and lle doc. 2. Ile giue thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe have all the other, And the very Ports they blow, All the Quarters that they know, I'th' Ship-mans Card. He dreyne him drie as Hay: Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day Hang vpon his Pent-bouse Lid : He shall live a man forbid : Weatie Seu'nights, nine times nine, Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine : Though his Barke cannot be loft, Yet it shall be Tempest-soft. Looke what I have.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,

Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:

Macheth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, band in band, Pofters of the Sea and Land, Thus doe goe, about, about, Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, And thrice againe, to make vp nine. Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mach. So foule and faire a day I have not feene. Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Sorts? What are thefe, So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre, That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth, And yet are on't > Live you, or are you aught That man may question? you seeme to understand me, By each at once her choppie finger laying Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women, And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete That you zee fo.

Mac. Speake if you can : what are you? 1. All haile Macberb, haile to thre Thorn of Clamis

2. All haile Marberb, haile to thee Thome of Candon.

3. All haile Macheth, that thate be King hereafter Bang. Good Sir, why doe you fisit, and ferme to leave

Things that doe found fo faire ? i'th' name of truth Are ye fantafticall, or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My Noble Pariner You greet with present Grace, and great prediction

That he feemes wrapt withall to me you speake not. If you can looke into the Seedes of Time, And Gy, which Graine will grow, and which will soc,

Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare Your favors, nor your hate.

1. Hayle.

2. Hayle.

3. Hayle.

Leffer then Macheth, and greater.

Of Noble having, and of Royall hope.

2 Not so happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou shalr get Kings, though thou be none:

So all haile Macberh, and Banqua

1. Banque, and Macbeth, all haile. Mach. Stay you imperfed Speakers, tell me mote By Sinelli death, I know I am There of Glamis. But how, of Cawdot? the There of Cawdor lives A prosperous Gentleman : And to be King Stands not within the prospect of beleefe, No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange Intelligence, or why Vpon this blafted Heath you Rop our way With fuch Proplictique gretting?

Speake, I charge you Witches vomb.

Bang. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Mach. Into the Ayre, and what feem d corporall, Melted, as breath into the Winde.

Would they had stay'd

Drum withon,

Bang Were luch things here, 25 we doe speake about? Orhane we eaten on the infane Root,

That takes the Reason Prisoner i

Mach. Your Children shall be Kings.

Bang. You Mall be King

Mach And Thane of Cawdor 100 went it not fo? Bang. Toth' felfe-same tune and words, who's here?

Enter Roffe and Angua.

Roffe. The King hath happily received, Macheth, The newes of thy successe, and when he reades Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight, His Wonders and his Prayles doe contend. Which should be thine, or his: filenc'd with that, In viewing o're the telt o'th'felfe-fame day. He findes thee to the flout Norweyan Rankes, Nothing afeard of what thy felfe didft make Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale Can post with post, and every one did beare Thy prayles in his Kingdomes great defence, And powr'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are fent, To give thee from out Royall Mafter thanks, Onely to harrold thee toto his fight, Not pay thee.

Roffe. And for an earnest of a greater Honor, He bad me, from him, call thee Thome of Cawdor In which addition, have must worthy Thurs,

Bung. What, can the Deuill Speake true?
Mach. The Thane of Cawdor lives:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet,

But under heavie Indgement beares that Life.
Which he describes to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,

Or did lyne the Rebel! with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Mach. Glamys, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thankes for your paines,
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.

Bunq. That truffed home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis fit ange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inftuments of Darkneffe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeft Trifles, so betray's
In deepeft confequence.

Coufins, a word, I pray you.

Afacb. Two Truths are rold,
As happy Prologues to the (welling A&

Ashappy Prologues to the Iwelling A& Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen. This Iupernaturall folliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good

If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing ma Truth? I am Thank of Cawdota

If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whote hornd Image doth unfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vie of Nature? Present Feares

Are lesse then horrible Imaginings

My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall, Shakes so my single state of Man, That Function is smother d in surmise,

And nothing is, but what is not

Rawq Looke how our Partner's rape.

Math. If Chance will have me King,

Why Chance may Crowne me, Without my firre

Rang New Honors come vpon him Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould, But with the aid of vse

Mach. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day.

Banq Worthy Macbeth, wee stay vpon your ley

Mach Gine me yout fauour.
My dull Braine was wrong ht with things forgotten
Kinde Gentlemen, yout paines are regisfred,
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.

Let vs roward the King: thinke vpon What hath chane'd: and at more time, The foreim having weigh'd it, let vs speake Our free Hearts each to other.

Bany. Very gladly.
Afach. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Excans.

Scena Quarta.

Flourism. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Assendants.

Rmy. 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 saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confes's his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon.
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaving it. Hee dy'de,
As ove that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle.

King. There's no Art.
To finde the Mindes conftruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom i built
An absolute Trust

Enter Macheth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.
O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my ingratitude even now
Was heavise on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have been mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Mach The feruice, and the loyaltie I owe, In doing it, payes it felfe.
Your lighnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Servants; which doe but what they should,
By doing every thing safe toward your Love
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no leste deserving must be knowne
No leste to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Bang There if I grow, The Harueft is your owne

King My plenteous loyes,
Wanton in fulneffe, feeke to hide themfelues
Indiops of forrow Sonnes, Kinfmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish out Estate vpon
Our eldest, Malcolme, whom we name hereaster,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signess of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
Onall deservers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs surther to you.

Macb. The Reft is Labor, which is not ve'd for your lie be my felfe the Herbenger, and make joyfull The hearing of my Wife, with your approach to So hambly take my leace.

King. My worthy Cawdar, Mach. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ftep, On which I must fall downe, or elso o'te-leape,

•

For

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fites, Let not Light fee my black and deepe defires: The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee, Which the Eye feates, when it is done to fee.

Ring. True, worthy Banque: he is full to valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a possible Kinsman. Flourish. Exercise.

Scena Quinta.

Ensor Odscholbs Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They meet me in the day of successe: and I have learn'd by the perfect of report, they have more at them. then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in defire to question them further, they made themselves Apre, mto which they vanish'd. Whiles I flood raps in the wonder of it, came Missines from the King, who all-based me Thane of Cawdor, by which Trile before, these weyward Sesters salmed me, and reserved me to the comming on of time, with haile King that shall be. This besse I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatneffe) that thou might'st not loofe the dues of recogning by being senorans of what Greatnesse is promised thee. Lay it to the bears, and farcined. Glamys thou art, and Cawder, and shalt be What thou are promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature, It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse, To earth the neerest way. Thou would'st be great, Art not without Ambition, but without The illnesse should attend it. What thou would's highly, That would'A thou holily: would'th not play faile, And yet would's wrongly winne. Thould'It have, great Glamys, that which cryes, Thus thou must doe, if thou have it; And that which rather thou do'ft feate to doe, Then wishest should be vadane. High thee hither, That I may powre my Spirits in thine Ease, And chaffife with the valour of my Tongue All that impelides thee from the Golden Round, Which Fate and Metaphyficall ayde doth feeme To have thee crown'd withall. Enser Mc Cenger. What is your tidings?

Mef. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou it mad to fay it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't fo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mef. So please you, it is true: our Thore is comming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Mcsage.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great newes.

The Raven himselfe is hoorte.
That croakes the fasall entrance of Dancan
Vinder my Battlemenes. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, wifex me here,
And fill me from the Crowno to the Toc, rep-full
Of direft Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'accesse, and passage to Remorie,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature

Shake roy fell purpole, nor keepe peace betweene Th'effe A, and hit. Come to my Womans Brefts, And take my Milke for Gall, you mutch'ting Ministers, Where-euer, in your fightlesse substances, You walt on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night, And pall thee in the dunness smoke of Hell, That my keene Knise see not the Wound it makes, Nor Heanen peepe through the Blanket of the darke, To cry, hold hold,

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,

Greater then both, by the all-haile hereaster,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This Ignoram present, and I feele now

The future in the inflant.

Mach. My dearest Loue,
Dincen comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence!
Mach. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O never,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thannis 23 a Booke, where men

May reade stronge matters, to begoile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tengue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But he the Serpent under't. He that's comming,
Must be prouided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely sourraigne sway, and Matterdome.

Mech. We will speake further,
Lady. Onely looke up cleare:
To alter factor, ever is to feare:
Leave all the rest to me.

Exemt.

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Ever King, Malcolome, Donalbarne, Banque, Lenex, Maccient, Reste, Angue, and Asserdants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat, The ayre nimbly and sweetly recommends it selfs. Vinto our gentle sences.

Bang. This Guelt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Batlet does approue,
By his loued Manfoury, that the Heavens breath
Smells wooingly here: no lutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and pacteant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I have observed
The ayre is delicate.

Enter Lady.

Ring. See, fee, our honor'd Hoftefie:
The Loue that followes vs, formetime is our trouble,
Which fill we thanke as Loue. Herein I seach you,
How you shall bid God-cyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble,

Lady. Ail our feruice,
In Every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and fingle Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Ermites.

Ring, Where's

Execut

King. Where's the Thancof Cawdor?
We courft him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your goest to night,
La. Your Scruants ever,

La. Your Servants cuer, Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt, To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure, Still to returne your owne.

King. Give me your hand:
Conductine to mine Hoft we love him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse.

Which thou effects it the Ornament of Life, And live a Coward in thine owne Effects? Letting I dare not, wait apon I would, Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage. Math. Prythee peace:

Mach. Prythee peace:
I date do all that may become a man,
Who dates no more, is none.

La. What Beast was tethen
That made you breeke shis enterprize to me?
When you durft do it, then you were a man?
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor piace
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitnesse now
Do's vnmake you. I have given Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to so so the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face.
Have pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so swore
As you have done to this.

Mach. If we should saile? Lady, We faile?

But ferew your courage to the flicking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when Duncan is affecpe,
(Whereto the rather shall his dayes hard lourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conunce,
That Memone, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'ynguated Duncan? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Mach. Bring forth Men-Children onely a Forthy vindeanted Mettle flootld compose Nothing but Males. Will it not be received, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepie two Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggess That they have don't?

Lady. Who dates receive it other,
As we shall make our Grieses and Clamor fore,
Vpon his Death?

Mach. I am fet led, and bend vp
Each corporal! Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Scena Septima.

Flo-boyes. Torches.

Enter a Sewer, and distors Servants with Diffees and Service
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macheth.

Mach. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twee well, It were done quickly : If th'Affaffination Could trammell up the Confequence, and catch With his forcease, Successe: that but this blow Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere, But heere, upon this Banke and Schoole of time, Weeld impe the life to come. But in these Cases, We still have judgement heere, that we but teach Bloody Instructions, which being raughe, returne To plague th'Inventer, This even-handed Iustice Commends th' Ingredience of our poylon'd Challice To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truft; First, as I am his Kiniman, and his Subied, Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Hoft, Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore. Not beare the knife my felfe. Belides, this Duncane Hath borne his Faculties fo meeke; bath bin So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against The deepe damnation of his taking off: And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe, Striding the blaft, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd Vpon the lightleffe Curriors of the Ayre, Shall blow the horrid deed in enery eye That teares shall drowne the winde. I have no Spurre To pricke the fides of my intent, but onely Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it felfe, And falles on th'other. Enser Lady. How now ? What Newes?

La. He has almost supremy have you lest the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask d for me?

La. Know you no: he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse: He hath Honour'd me of late, and I have bought Golden Opinions from all forts of people, Which would be wome now in their newest glosse, Not esst aside so soon.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your felfe? Hath it slept fince?
And waskes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such! account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the fame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have thes

Adus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banque, and Fleance, with a Torch before burn.

Bang. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I have not heard the
Clock.

Bang. And the goes downe at Twelve.
Fleance. I take'r, 'cis later, Sir.
Bang. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Headen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that soo.

m m a

A heavie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me, And yet I would not fleepe: Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts That Nature gives way to in repole.

Enter Muchesh, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword : who's there?

Mach. A Friend.

Bang. What Sir, not yet at reff? the King's a bed He hath beene in vnufuall Pleafure, And lent forth great Largeffe to your Offices. This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall, By the name of most kind Hostelle, And thus up in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd, Our will became the feruant to defect, Which elfe should free hane wrought

Bang. All's well

I dreamt loft Night of the three weyward Sifters.

To you they have shew'd some truth. Mub. I thinke not of them

Yet when we can entreat an house to ferue, We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse If you would graunt the time.

Bang. At your kind'st leysure. Mach. If you fhall cleave to my confens,

When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you. Bang. So I lose none, In seeking to augment it, but still keepe

My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegeance cleare, I shall be counsail'd.

Mach Good repose the while.

Bang. Thankes Sir: the like to you. Exil Banque. Nint Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. Is this a Dagger, which I fee before me,

The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch the I have thee not, and yer I fee thee ftill.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible To feeling, as to fight? or art thou but A Dagger of the Minde, a falte Creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine? I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,

As this which now I draw. Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going, And such an Instrument I was to vie.

Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences, Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood, Which was not so before There's no such thing: It is the bloody Bufineffe, which informes Thus to mine Eyes, Now o're the one halfe World

Nature scemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse The Curtain'd fleepe: Witcheraft celebrates Pale Heccats Offrings: and wither'd Murcher,

Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe, Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquins rauishing fides, towards his deligne Moues like a Ghoft. Thou fowre and firme-fet Earth Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for scare

Thy very stones prace of my where-about, And take the present horror from the time,

Which now succes with it Whiles I threat, he lines: Words to the heat of decdes too cold breath gives.

A Bell rongi.

I goe, and it is done : the Bell inuites me. Heatest not, Duncan, for it is a Knell, That Summons thre to Heaven. or to Hell

Exa.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold: What liath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shrick d. The facall Bell-man, which gives the ftern'if good-night. He is about it, the Doores are open. And the furfeted Groomes doe mock their charge With Snores. I have drugg'd their Poffets, That Death and Nature doe contend about them,

Whether they liue, or dye. Enter Macberb

Mach Who's there? what hoa? Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd, And tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed, Confounds vs: hearke: I lay dehen Daggers ready, He could not miffe em Hadhe not refembled My Father as he flept, I had doo't.

My Husband? Mach. I have done the deed:

Didft thou not heare a noyfe? Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickers cry.

Did not you speake? Mach. When? Lady Now.

Mach. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Mach. Hearke, who lyes itb' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine. Muc. This is a forry fight.

Lady. A foolish thought, co say a forry night. Mach. There's one did laugh in's fleepe,

And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other: I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers, And addrest them agains to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God bleffe vs, and Amen the other, As they had seene me with their Hanginans handa: Listning their feare, I could not say Amen, When they did fay God bleffe vs

Lady. Confider it not so deepely

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen? I had most need of Blesting, and Amen fluck in my throat

Lady. These deeds must not be thought After thefe wayes: fo, it will make vs mad.

Mach Methought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more: Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe, Sleepe that knits up the rauel'd Sleeve of Care, The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath, Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course, Chiefe nourither in Life's Feast

Lady What doe you meane?

Mach Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House: Glamu hath murther'd Sieepe, and therefore Candor Shall fleepe no more: Macheth fhall fleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Those You doe vabend your Noble frength, to thinke So braine-lickly of things: Goe get fome Water,

And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand, Why did you bring these Daggers from the place? They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare The sleepie Groomes with blood.

Mach. Ile goe no more: I am afraid, to thinke what I have done t Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'is the Eye of Child-hood,
That searce a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
The guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seem their Guilt.

Exit.

Knocke within.

Mach. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyle appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they plock out mine Eyes.
Will all great Noptomes Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? nosthis my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white, Knocky.
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath lest you vnattended. Knocke.
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs.
And shew vs to be Warchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts.

So poorely in your thoughts.

Mach. To know my deed,
Twere best not know my selfe.

Tweete Desicas with thy knocking:
I would thou could the

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Parter.

Knocking within. Forter. Here's a knocking indeede : if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee should have old turning the Key. Knock. Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th' name of Belzebub? Here's a Fanner, that hang'd himselfe on th'expectation of Plentle: Come in time, have Napkins enow about you, here you'le (west for't. Knock Knock, knock, Who's here in th'other Deuils Name? Falth here's an Equinocator, that could sweare in both the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason enough for Gods take, yet could not equivocate to Heauen : oh come io, Equipocator. Knock. Knock, Knock, Who's there? Paith here's an English Taylor come hither, for stesling out of a French Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may roft your Goole. Knock. Knock, Knock, Never at quiet : What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deudl-Porterit no further: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that goe the Primtole way to theuerlasting Bonfire. Knock, Anon, won, I pray you remember the Porter. Enter Macduff, and Lencx.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed, That you doe lye so late?

Pore. Faith Sir, we were carowing till the fecond Cock: And Drinke, Sir, is a great propoker of three things.

Med. What three things does Drinke effectally

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine. Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes it prouokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lecheric; it makes him, and it marres him; it lets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-hearters him; makes him stand too, and not stand too; in conclusion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drinke gave thee the Lye Isft Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, it he very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too Grong for him, though he rooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast hum.

Enter Macberhi

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir. Mach. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thans?

Mach. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him, I have almost slipt the houre.

Ma 6. Ile bring you to him.

Macd, I know this is a joyfull trouble to you: But yet 'tis one,

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:

This is the Doore.

Macd. He make so bold to call, for tis my limited

Service. Exit Macdaffe. Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Mach. He does the did appoint for

Lenox. The Night ha's been varuly: Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe, And (as they lay) lam ntings heard i'th'Ayre; Strange Schreemes of Death,

And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euents,

New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obfeure Bird clamor'd the line-long Night.
Some fay, the Earth was feuorous,
And did thake.

Mach. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenex. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.

Emer Macduff.

Mard. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Much, and Lenex. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Mafter-peeces
Most facilities one Must her hath broke one

Most facrilegious Marther hath broke ope The Lords anounted Temple, and Role thence The Life o'th' Building,

Mach. What is't you say, the Life? Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your fight With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:

mm 3

See,

S:e, and then speake your selves: awake, awake,
Exeum Macbeib and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Barque, and Denalbaine: Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downey Reepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: Malcolme, Barque,
As from your Graues rite vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Erier Lady.

Lady. What's the Bulinesse?

That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,

'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,

Enter Banque.

O Banque, Banque, Our Royall Master's murcher'd
Lady. Wee, alas:

What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Dezre Duff, I prythee contradict thy felfe, And fay, it is not fo.

Would murther as it fell.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

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 ferious in Mortalitie: All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead, The Wine of Life is drawne, and the metre Lees Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolne and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which wawip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them,

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Mash. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out. run the pawset, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Staba, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Runes wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Seeep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Than I did kill them.

Loar. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Mad. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,

That thosi may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What thould be spoken here,

May rush, and seize va? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Not our strong Sorsow
Voon the foot of Motion.

Bang. Looke to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it surcher. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,

Against the vadivale d pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Malice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Mach. Let's briefely put on manly readine Te, And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented. Exems.

Male. What will you doe?

Let's not confort with them:

To thew an wrifelt Sorrow, is an Office

Which the falle man do'a cafe.

He to England.

Ile to England,

Don. To Ireland, 1:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Male. This murtherous Shaft that's thot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our fafelt way,
Is to awoud the ayme. Therefore to Horfe,
And let vs not be daintie of leave-taking,
But thift away: there's warraor in that Theft,
Which steales it felfe, when there's no mercie left.

Execut.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rose, with an Old man.

Old man. Threefcore and ten I can remember well, Within the Volume of which Time, I have feene Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night Hath trifled former knowings.

Rose. Ha good Father,
Thou seeft the Heauens, as troubled with mans AA,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth Clock tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When living Light should kiffe it?

Cld mor. 'Tis vnnstutall, Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last, A Faulcon towring in her pride of place, Was by a Mowling Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.

Reffe. And Duncans Horfes,
(A thing moft strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, slong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'I is faid, they ease each other. Boffe. They did so: To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't. Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe. How goes the world Sir, now? Macd. Why see you not?

Roff. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed? Macd. Those that Macberb hath flaine.

Roff. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were fubborned,

Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them Suspicion of the deed.

Roffe. Gainft Nature ftill,

Thriftleffe Ambition, that will rauen vp Thine owne lives meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall upon Macheb.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

Rose. Where is Duncans body? Macd. Carried to Colmekill, The Sacred Store-house of his Predecestors, And Guardian of their Bones.

Roffe. Will you to Scone? Macd. No Colin, lle to Fife. Roffe Well, I will thuber.

Macd. Well may you fee things wel done there: A dieu Least our old Robes fit easier chen our new.

Roffe. Farewell, Father

Old M. Gods beny fon go with you, and with those That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Excunt omne

Allus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enser Banque.

Bang. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all, As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare Thou playd'ft most fowly for't . yet it was faide It should not stand in thy Posterity, But that my felfe should be the Roote, and Father Of many Kings If there come truth from them, As vpon thee Machet, 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 hush, no more,

Sewit founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenex, Rose, Lords and Assendants.

Mach Heere's ou chiefe Gueft. La. If he had beene forgotten. It had bene as a gap in our great Feaft's
And all-thing vnbecomming.

Mach. To night we hold a folerme Supper fir, And He request your presence

Bang. Let your Highnesse

Command spon me, to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tye Por ever knic

Mach Ride you this afternoone? Bon. 1, my good Lord.

Macb We should have else desir'd your good advice (Which fill hath been both grave, and profperous) In this dayer Councell: but wee'le take to motrow. Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill up the time 'Twizt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better, I must become a borrower of the Night, For a darke house, or twaine.

Mach. Faile not our Feaft. Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Mach. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd In England, and in Ireland, not confessing Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers With strange invention. But of that to morrow, When there withall, we shall have cause of State, Craving vs toyntly. Hee you to Hotle: Adieu, till you returne at Night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's Mach I wish your Horses swift, and fure of thot : And fo I doe commend you to their backs. Exit Banque. Farwell. Let every man be mafter of his time, Till feuen at Night, to make focietie The (weeter welcome: We will keepe our selfe till Supper time slone While then, God be with you. Exeuns Lords. Sirrha, a word with you : Attendihole men Our pleasure?

Sernant. They are, my Lord, without the Palloc. Gace.

Mach. Bring them before vs. Exit Sergen:. To be thus, is nothing, but to be fafely thus ; Our fearer in Rangio flicke deepe. And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that Which would be fear'd. Tis much he dares, And to that dauntleffe temper of his Minde He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour. Toact in lafetie. There is none but he, Whole being I doe feare . and under him, My Genieris rebuk'd, anit is faid Mark Anthonies was by Cafar. 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 (ley plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne, And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe, Thence to be wrenche with an vnlineall Hand, No Sonne of mine succeeding : if 't be so, For Banque's Issue have I fil'd my Minde, For them, the gracious Dimem have I murther'd. Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace Onely for them, and mine eternali I ewell Given to the common Enemie of Man. To make them Kings, the Seedes of Benque King: . Rather then fo, come Fate into the Lyft, And champion me to th'veterance. Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Muriberers.

Now goe to the Doore, and flay there till we call

Was it not yesterday we spoke together? Marth. It was to please your Highnesse. Mach. Well then, Now have you confider'd of my speeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made goodso you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things esse, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Zangno.

1. Murth. You made it knowne to vs.

Mach. I did for
And went further, which is now
Our point of fecond meeting.
Doe you finde your patience fo predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his I sue, whose heavie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

2. Murth. We are men, my Liege. Mach. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men, As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Muogrels, Spaniels, Curres, Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clips All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file Distinguishes the swift, the slow, 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 Bill, That writes them all alike: and so of men. Now, if you have a station in the file, Not i'th' worst ranke of Machood, sy'r, And I will pur chat Bulinelle in your Bolomes, Whose execution takes your Enemie off, Grapples you to the heart; and love of vs, Who weare our Health but fickly in his Life, Which in his Death were perfect.

2. Marth. I am one, my Liege, Whom the vile Blower and Buffers of the World Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe, To spight the World.

1. Morth. And I another,
So weare with Difafters, rugg'd with Fortune,
That I would fet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't,

Mach. Both of you know Banque was your Enemie.
Merth. True, ony Lord

Mach. So is be mine: and in fach bloody diffance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer st of Life: and though I could
With bare-sac d powersweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will amough it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your afficance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For fundry weightie Reasons.

2. Marth. We shall, my Lord, Performe what you command vs.

Acch. Your Spirits thine through you.
Within this boure, at most,
I will aduste you where to plant your felues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on t, for't must be done to Night,
And fomething from the Pallacer alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him.
To leave no Rubs not Botches in the Worke:
Flews, his Sonne, that keepea him companie,
Whose abtence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the sare
Of that darke houre, resolve your selves apart,
Ile come to you anon.
Murch. We are resolved, my Lord.

Murch. We are refolu'd, my Lord.
Mach He call upon you firaight: abide within,
It is concluded. Banque, thy Soules flight,
If it finds Heauto, must finde it out to Night. Execute.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macberbs Laty, and a Serven.

Lady. Is Rangue gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madaine, but returnes againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leylure,
For a few words.

Sernant. Madame, I will.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent.

Where our desire is got without content to this safet, to be that which we desired,

Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull in y.

Enter Masheth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of fortych 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 done, is done,

Mach We have forch dithe Snake, not kill'dit.
Shee'le close, and be liet felfe, whileft our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dif-roynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will cate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, have fent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye.
In testlesse extalice.

Duncane is in his Grave.
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he fleepes well,
Treason has some his worft: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domeflique, fortaine Leuie, nothing,
Can rouch him further.

Lady. Come on Gende my Lord, fleeke o're your ragged Lookes, Be bright and louisl among your Guests to Night.

Mach. So shall I Love, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banque,
Present hir, Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that wee must lave
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady. You must leave this.

Lady. You must leave this.

Mach. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know's, that Banque and his Flears lives.

Lad But

Lady. But in them, Natures Copple's not eterne. Mach. There's comfort yet, they are affaileable, Then be thou locund: cre the Dat hath flowne His Cloyfter'd flight, ere to black Heccas fumnions The shard-borne Becele, with his drowfie hums, Hathring Nights yawning Peale, There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lody. What's to be done? Mach Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck Till thou applaud the deed: Come, feeling Night, Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day, And with thy bloodie and invilible Hand Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond, Which keepes me pale. Light thickens, And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood: Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowle. Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowfe. Thou maruell' (a at my words: but hold thee still, Things bad begun, make firong themsclues by ill: So prythee goe with me

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Muriberers.

But who did bid thee toyne with vs?

2. He needes not our mistrust, fince he delivers Our Offices, and what we have to doe, To the direction juft

1 Then fland with vs

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day. Now spurres the lated Traveller apace. To gayne the timely time, end neere approches The fubiect of our Watch

3. Hearke, I heare Horfes.

Bangno within. Give vs a Light there, hos.

2. Then tis hee:

The rest, that are within the note of expectation, Alreadie are i'th'Court

1. His Horles goe about,

3. Almost a mile : but he does viually, So all men doe, from hence toth Pallace Gate Make it their Walke,

Enter Banque and Fleans with a Torib.

2. A Light, a Light

'Tis hec.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie! Flyc good Fleams, flye, flye, flye, Thou may 'it revenge. O Slave !

5. Who did (trike out the Light?
5. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne Is fled.
2. We have lost

Best halfe of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Scana Quarta.

Banquet prepar d. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Roffe, Leno, Lords, and Assendants

Mach. You know your owne degrees, fir downe: At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thankes to your Maicity.

Mach. Our felfe will mingle with Society. And play the humble Hoft . Our Hoftesse keepes her State, but in best time We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends, For my heart speakes, they are welcome.

Enter first Mursberer.

Mach. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks Both fides are even : heere Ile fit i'th'mid'ft, Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Meafure The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face. Mar. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Mach. Tis better thee without, then he within.

is he dispatch'd ?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him Mac. Thou are the best o'th'Cut-throats, Yet hee's good that did the like for Flears: If thou did'ft it, thou are the Non-pareill

Mur. Molt Royall Sur Fleans is scap'd.

Mach. Then comes my Fit againe : I had elle beene perfect; Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke, As broad, and generall, as the cafing Ayrer But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in To fawcy doubts, and feares. But Banque's fate?

Mur. I, my good Lord : fale in a dirch he bides, With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a Death to Nature.

Mach. Thankes for that: There the growne Sepent lyes, the worme that's fled Hath Nature that in .ime will Venom breed, No teeth for th'prefent. Get thee gone, to morrow Wee'l heare our schues againe. Exis Murderer

Lady. My Royall Lord, You do not give the Cheere, the Feast is fold That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making : Tis given, with welcome: to feede were best at home:

From thence, the fawce to meate is Ceremony, Meeting were bare without it

Enserthe Ghoft of Banquo, and fir in Macheths place.

Mach. Sweet Remembrancer: Now good digeflion waite on Appetite, A...d health on both

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sir. Marb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roofd, Were the grac'd person of our Banque present Who, may I rather challenge for wnkindnesse,

Then pitty for Mischance.

Roffe. His absence (Sir) Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Mcab

Mad. The Table's full.

Lonax. Heere is a place referu'd Sir,

Mach. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord. What is't that mouse your Highnesse!

Mach. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Mach. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy goary lockes at me.

Roffe. Gentlemen nie, his Highnesse is not well. Lady. Sie worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus, And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat. The fit is momentary, vpon 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?

Mach. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that

Which might appall the Diuell.

La O proper stuffe :

This is the very painting of your feare: This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you faid Led you to Duncan. O, these flawes and flarts (Impostors to true feare) would well become A womans flory, at a Winters fire Authoriz'd by her Grandem : shame it selfe, Why do you make such faces? When all's done You looke but on a floole.

Mach. Prythee fee there : Behold, looke, loe, how fay you: Why what care I, if thou canft nod, speake too. If Charnell bouses, and our Graves must fend Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments Shall be the Mawes of Kyres.

La. What? quite vnosann'd in folly. Mach. If I fland heere, I faw him.

La. Fie for Chame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale: I, and fince too, Murthers have bene perform'd Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene, That when the Braines were out, the man would dye, And there an end: But now they rife agains With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes, And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange Then fuch a murcher is.

La. My worthy Lord Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Mach. I do forger.

Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends, I have a Arange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all, Then He sit downe : Giue me some Wine, fill full : Encer Gooft.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table. And to our deere Friend Banque, whom we mille: Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst, And all to all.

Lads. Our duties, and the pledge.

Alac. Auant, & quit my fight, let the earth hide thee: Thy bones are matrowleffe, thy blood is cold: Thou half no speculation in those eyes Which thou doll glare with.

La. Thinke of this good Peeres: But as a thing of Custome: 'Tisno other, Oarly it spoyles the pleasure of the time. Mach. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Ruman Beare, The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hirem Tiger, Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerves Shall neuer tremble. Or be alitte againe, And dereme to the Defert with thy Sword : If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible thadow, Vareall mock'ry bence. Why so, being gone l am a man againe: pray you fit full.
La. You have displaced the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Mach. Can such things be, And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd, Without our speciali wonder? You make me strange Euch to the disposition that I owe, When now I thinke you can behold fach fights, And keepe the natural! Rubie of your Cheekes, When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Rosse. What fights, my Lord? La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse Question enrages him : at once, goodnight. Stand not vpon the order of your going,

Bur go at once.

Len. Good night, and better bealth Attend his Maiefly.

La. A kinde goodeight to all.

Mach It will baue blood they fay: Eris Lad Blood will have Blood:

Stones have beene knowne to moue, & Trees to fpeake : Augures, and underflood Relations, have By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rockes brought forth The secret firms of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which.

Mach. How tay it thou that Machef denies his person At our great bidding.

La: Did you fend to him Sir?

Mach. I heare it by the way : But I will fend: There's not a one of them but in his house I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow (And betimes I will) to the weyard Sifters. More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good, All causes shall give way. I am in blood Stepr 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 acted, ere they may be scand

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe. Mach. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-ebule Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vie: We are yet but yong indeed. Exerns.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Heces.

Why how now Here, you looke angerly? Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldems) 23 you are? Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare To Trade, and Trefficke with Maches, In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And I the Miffris of your Charmes, The close contriuer of all harmes, Was neuer call'd to beare my part, Or hew the glory of our Art And which is worfe, all you have done Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne, Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do) Loues for his owne ends, not for you. But make amends now: Get you gon, And at the pit of Acheron Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he Will come, to know his Destinie, Your Vessels, and your Spels provide. Your Charmes, and every thing belide a I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile spend Vnto a dismail, and a Fatall end. Great bufineffe must be wrought ere Noone. Vpon the Corner of the Moone There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound, He catch it ere it come to ground; And that diffill'd by Magicke flights, Shall raife such Artificiall Sprights, As by the frength of their illusion, Shall draw him on to his Confusion. He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare His hopes boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare: And you all know, Security Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Mulicke, and a Song. Hearke, I am call'd : my little Spirit fee Sits in a Foggy cloud, and flayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c. 1 Come, let's make half, thee'l loone be

Backe againe.

Execut.

Scana Sexta.

Enter Lenax, and enosber Lord.

Lenex. My former Speeches, Haue but hit your Thoughts Which can interpret farther : Onely I fav Things have bin Arangel botne. The gracious Descent Was pittied of Macberb : marry he was dead : And the right valiant Banque walk'd too late, Whom you may fay (if t please you) Fleass kill'd, For Fleans fled : Men must not walke too lare. Who cannot want the thought, how monfirous It was for Malcolme, and for Donalbane To kill their gracious Father ? Damned Fact, How it did greeue Macbeth ? Did he not fraight In pious rage, the two delinquents ceare, That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of fleepe? Was not that Nobly done? I, and wifely too: For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive To heare the men deny's. So that I fay, He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke, That had be Dimeans Sonues under his Key,
(As, and't please Heaven he shall not) they should finde What 'twere to kill a Father : So should Fleans. Bet peace; for from broad words, and confe be fayl'd His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare Atachefe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he beltowes bimfelfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duneaue
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lives in the English Court, and is receyv'd
Of the most Prous Edward, with such grace,
That the maleuolence of Forune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Adactiff
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, whon his and
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of these (with him above)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Give to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights r
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do saithfull Homage, and receive free Honoss,
All which we pine for now. And this repore
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduffe?

Lord. He did: and with an abfolute Sir, not I The clowdy Messenger turnes me his backe, And hums; as who should say, you's rue the time That clogges me with this Answer.

Levor. And that well might
Aduile him to a Caution, chold what distance
His wisedome can provide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May some returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs d.

Lord. He fend my Prayers with him.

Exerm

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Wuches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.

3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tia time.

Round about the Caldron go a In the poylond Entrailes throw Toad, that vnd. cold flone, Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one: Sweltred Venom fleeping got, Boyle thou first ith charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Addets Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizarda legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powtefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble, Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

S Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe, Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe Of the rauin'd falt Sea fharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i th'darke:
Liuer of Blasphemmg lew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipse:

Nose

Nose of Turke, and Tartors lips ; Finger of Birth-ftrangled Babe, Disch-deliver'd by a Drab, Make the Growell thicke, and flab. Adde thereto a Tigers Chavidron, For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron. All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire bume, and Cauldron bubble. 2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,

Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Herat, and the other three Taches.

Hier. O well done : I commend your paines, And every one shall there i'th'gaines : And now about the Cauldron fing Lika Elues and Pairies in a Ring, Inchanting all that you put in.

Mufiche and a Song. Blacky Spiras, Ce.

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes, Something wicked this way comes: Open Lockes, who ever knockes. Exter Macbeth.

Mach. How now you lecret, black, & midnight High? What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Mach. I coniure you, by that which you Professe, (Howere you come to know it) answer me: Though you vneye the Windes, and let them fight Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waves Confound and I wallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Comebe lodg'd, & Trees blown downe, Though Castles topple on their Warders heads ; Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do Slope Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether, Euen till destruction ficken; Answer me To what I aske you.

y Speake. 2 Demand.

Weel answer.

I Say, if th'hadft rather heare it from our mouthes, Or from our Masters.

Mach. Call'em : let me fee'em.

1 Powte in Sowes blood, that nath eaten Hernine Farrow: Greaze that's fiveaten From the Murderers Gibbet, throw Into the Flame.

All Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show. Thuxder.

1. Apperation on Armed Head

Mach. Tell me, thou vnknownepower. t Heknowershy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1 Apper. Macberb, Macberb, Macherb:

Berrare Macdaffe, Beware the Thane of Fife: dilmite me. Enough.

He Defeends. Mach. What creshou art, for thy good caution, thanks. Thou half harp dupy feare aright. But one word more. . He will not be commanded theere's another

More potent then the first. 2 Apparition, a Blacky Chille.

8 Appor. Machet, Macheth, Machet. Mach. Had I three earss, Il'd heare the& 2 Appar. Be bloody, bold, & refolite:

Laugh to feorne The powre of man : For none of woman borne Shall harme Machelis.

Defends. Mac. Then he Machefer what need I feare of thee? But yet Ile make affurance : double fure, And take a Bond of Fate : thou shalt not l'ue,

That I may tell pale-hearted Peare, it lie: ; And Ceepe in Spight of Thunder.

Thursday 3 Apparaion, a Childe Crowned, with a 7 re coku hand. What is this, that rifes like the iffue of a King, And weerzs voon his Baby-brow, the round

And top of Sources Igney?
All. Liften, but speake not soo't.

3 Appar. De Lyon metled, proud, and takeno care: Who chafes, who frees, or where Conspirers are: Macbah shall neuer vanquish'd be, vanil Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunimane Hill Shall come against him.

Defeed. Mach. That will nouer bee : Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good: Rebelliour dead, rise neuer till the Wood Of Byrnan sife, and our high plac'd Marbers Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art Cantell fo much : Shall Earque s iffut ever Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more Mach. I will be satisfied. Deny me this, And an eternall Curfe fall on you: Let me know.! Why finkes that Galdron ? & what noise is this? Hoboges

1 Shew. 2 Shew.

3 Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeve his Hart, Come like shadowes, so depart.

After of eight Kings, and Banque last, with a glaffe

Afach. Thou art too like the Spirit of Basque: Down. Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first: A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges, Why do you thew me this? --A fourth? Start eyes! What will the Line fireteh out to'th'cracke of Doome? Another yet? A seaventh? He see no more: And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaffe, Which shewes me many more : and some I see, That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry. Horrible fight : Now I fee tis true, For the Blood-bolter'd Bengue smiles vpon me, And points at them for his. What? Is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is fo. But why Stands Macherb thus amazedly Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights, And show the best of our delights. He Charme the Ayre to give a found, While you performe your Antique round: That this great King may kindly fay, Our duties, did his welcome pay. M. The Wisches Desce pad verift,

· Maficzo.

Olas. Where are they? Gone! Let this permitions houre, Stand aye accorded in the Kalender. Come in, without there.

Leer. What's your Graces will.

Enter Laws.

Mish

Mach. Saw you the Weyard Sifters >

Lenox. No my Lord.

Mach. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord. Mach. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride, And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare

The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word : Meduff is fied to England.

Macs. Fled to England? Len. I, my good Lord.

Mach. Time, thou anticipae'A my dread exploits: The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke

Valeffe the deed go with it. From this moment, The very firftlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:

The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize. Scize vpon Fife; give to th'edge o'th Sword His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules

That trace him in his Line. No boalting like a Foolo, This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,

But no more fights. Where are thele Gentlemen? Come bring me where they are.

Scena Secunda.

Enser Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Roffe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land? Roffe. You must have patience Madam.

Wife. He had none :

His flight was madneffe: when our Actions do not, Our feares do make vs Traitors,

Roffe. You know not

Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.

Defe. Wisedom? to lezue his wife, to leave his Babes, His Mantion, and his Titles, in a place From whence himfelfe do's flye? He loues vs not, He wants the naturali touch. For the poore Wren (The most diminitive of Birds) will fight, Her yong ones in her Nell, against the Owle:

All is the Feare, and nothing is the Love; As little is the Wiledome, where the flight

Sorun es against all reason.

Rolle. My decreft Cooz, I pray you schoole cour selfe. But for your Husband, He is Noble, Wife, Indictous, and best knowes The fits o'th' Sesson. I dare not speake much further, But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors And do not know our felues: when we hold Ramor From what we feare, yet know not what we feare, But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea Each way, and moue. I take my leave of you: Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe: Things at the worlt will ceafe, or elfe climbe vpward, To what they were before. My pretty Cofine, Elesting vpon you.

And yet hee's Father-leffe.

Reste. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer It would be my disgrace, and your discomfore, I cake my leaue at once. Exis Rolle. Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,

And what will you do now? How will you line ?

Son. As Birds do Mother.

Lefs. What with Wormes, and Flyes?

Son. With what I get I meane, and io do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou'dftneuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,

The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I Mother? Poore Birds they are not fet for :

My Father is not dead for all your laying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead :

How wile thou do for a Father?

Sm. Nay how will you do for a Husband? Wife. Why I can buy met wenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'l by em to fellagaine. wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit;

And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee. Son. Was my Father a Trantor, Mother &

Wife. I, that he was Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that Iweares, and Iyes.

Son. And be all Traitors, that do fo.

Wife. Euery one that do's fo, is a Traitor, And must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Euery one. Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.
Sen. Then the Liars and Swearers are Pools: for there. are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men, and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Mankie:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him : if you would not, it were a good figne, that I should quickely baue a new Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou calk's?

Enter a Messenger. Mef. Bleffe you faire Dame : I am not to you known, Though in your state of Honor I am perfect; I doubt fome danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a omely mans aduice, Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too louage: To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,

Which is too nie your person. Heaven preserue you, I dare abide no longer. Exis Messenger

Wife. Whether should I flye? I haue done no harme. But I remember now I am in this earthly world: where to do harme ls often laudable, to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas) Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harme?

What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mer. Where is your Husband? Wfe. I hope in no place so vulanctified, Where such as thou may's finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ft thou shagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge? Yong fry of Treachery

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother, Run away I pray you.

Exit crying Marther

Scans Tertis.

Exter Malcolms and Macdeffe.

Mul. Let va feeke out fome defolate shade, & there Weepe out fad bosomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men.
Bestride our downfall Birthdome t each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphanacry, new forowes
Strike heasten on the face, that it refounds
As if it selt with Scotland, and yell'dout
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleeve, lle waile;
What know, beleeve; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend t I wil.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honess: you have lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discerne of him through me, and wisedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appease an angry God.

Macd, I am not treacherous. Male. But Macberbis.

Macd. I have loft my Hopes.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoy to
In an Imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardout
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest sell.
Though all things soule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Male. Perchance even there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnelle left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motives, those strong know of Leve,
Without leave-taking. I prav you,
Let not my lealouses, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly just,

What ever I shall thinke.

Macd Bieed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think's,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Benot offended:
Ispeake not as in absolute seare of you:
I thinke our Country linkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gass
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country)
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then energ!
By him that shall succeede.

Mad. What should be be?

Mad. It is my selfe I meane; in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That viben they shall be open'd, blacke Machet Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Effective him as a Lambe, being compar d With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legious Ofbored Hell, can come a Divell more dame'd In euila, to top Macheth.

Mal. 1 grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falle, Decelifull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of every sinne
That has a mame. But there's no bottome, oone
In my Voloptuousnesse: Your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Defire
All continent Impediments would ore-beares
That did oppose my will. Better Marberb,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Neture is a Tyranny: It hash beene
Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But scare not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Conucy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal With this, there growes
In my most ill-compos d Affection, such
A stanchlesse Augrice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his lewels, and this others House,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quartels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
flickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Luft: and it hath bia
The Sword of our flave Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyfous, to fill up your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces, As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse, Deuotion, Parience, Courage, Fortitude, I have no tellish of them, but abound In the division of each several Crime, Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hall, V prote the vniversall peace, consound All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If fuch a one be fit to governe, speake:
I am as I have spoken.

Mas. Fit to govern? No not to line. O Natio milerable! With an vniitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred. When shalt thou see thy wholsome dayes againe? Since that the truest issue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction stands accust, And do's blassphemen his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Sainted-King; the Queene that bore thee, Offmer you her knees, then on her feet, Dy'de every day the liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat P vpon thy selle, Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breft, Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble pallion Childe of integrity, bath from my foule Wip'd ine blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Dwellish Macbeil, By many of these traines, bath sought to win me Into his power : and modest Wiledome pluckes me From ouer-credulous halt: but God aboue Deale betweene threand me; For even now I put my felle to thy Direction, and Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiura The taints, and blames I laide upon my telte, For strangers to my Nature. I am yet Vinknowne to Woman, neuer was fortworne, Scarfely have coucted what was mine owne. At no time broke my Faith, would not betta y The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking Was this vpon 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 letting foorth: Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you frient?

Macd Such welcome, and viwelcom things at once Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doller.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth

I pray you?

Dalt, I Sit: there are a crew of wretched Soules That flay his Cure : their malady conunces The great affay of Art. But at his touch. Such (anctiry hath Heaven given his hand, They prefently amend.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor. Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A mon myraculous worke in this good King, Which often fince my heere remaine in England, I have feene him do: How he folicites heaven Himselse best knowes: but strangely visited people All swolne and Vicerous, pittifull to the eye, , The meete dispaire of Surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes, Put on with holy Prayers, and tis spoken To the succeeding Royalty he leaves The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue. He hath a heavenly grift of Prophelie, And fundry Bleffings hang about his Throne, That speake him full of Grace,

Enter Roffe.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Male. My Countryman: but yet I know him not Meed. My ener gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Male. 1 know himnow. Good God betimes remove

The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Roffe. Sit, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ! Rosse. Alas poore Countrey, Almost affraid to know it selse. It cannot Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing

But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile: Where fighes, and grownes, and thricks that rent the ayre Are made, not mark'd: Where violent forcow fremes A Moderne extafie: The Deedmans knell, Is there scarse ask'd for who, and good mens lives Expire before the Flowers in their Caps, Dying, or ere they ficken. Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Male. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth histe the speaker, Each minute teemes a new one.

Mucd. How do's my Wifel

Roffe. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Moed. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace? Roffe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leave 'em Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : How gos't? Roffe. When I came hither to transport the Tydings

Which I have heavily borne, there can a Rumour Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out, Which was to my beleefe witness the rather, For that I faw 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 dire distresses.

Male. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither : Gracious England hath Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,

An older, and a better Souldier, none That Christendome gives out.

Reffe. Would I could answer This comfort with the like. But I have words That would be howl'd out in the defert syre,

Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,

The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe Due to some fingle brest?

Roffe. No minde that's honeA But in it shares some woe, though the maine part Pertaines 10 you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Roffe. Let not your eares dispile my tongue for ever, Which shall possesse them with the heaviest found That ever yet they he rd.

Maed. Humh: I weffe at it.

Rosse. Your Caftle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes Savagely flaughter'd: To relate the manner

Were on the Quarry of these murrher'd Deere To adde the death of you.

Male. Mercifull Heaven:

What man, no're pull your hat vpon your browes: Giue forrow words; the griefe that do's not speake, Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children 100?

Ro. Wife, Children, Serwants, all that could be found. Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too? Rosse. I have laid.

Male. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Revenge, To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones? Did you lay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme

At one fell (woope? Male. Dispute it like a man. Macd, I shall do io:

But

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

But I must also feele it as a man; I camor but remember such things were
That were most precious to me. Did heaven looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull Macdaff,
They were all stooke for thee 1N aught that I am,
Not for their owne denierits, but for mne
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.

M.M. Be this the Whetitone of your (word, let griefe Convert to anger: blunt nor the heart, enrage it

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes, And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens, Cut thort all intermission: Front to Front, Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe Within my Swords sength set him, if he seape Heaven forgive him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leave. Macheth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their instruments: Receive what cheere you may,
The Night Is long, that never findes the Day. Exeunt

Adus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doller of Physicke, and a Paying Gentlewoman.

Dod. I have too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it sheelast walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maichy went into the Field, I have feene her rife from her bed, throw her Night-Gown yppon her, volocke her Cloffet, take foorth paper, foldest, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Sealest, and against ceture to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe.

Doll. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of fleep, and do the effects of watching. In this flumbry agreation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard here.

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doll. You may to me, and its most niest you should.

Gome. Neither to you, not any one, having no witnesse to confirme my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very grise, and vpon my life fast assept: observe her, stand close.

Dos. How came the by that light?

Cers. Why is flood by her: the ha's light by her continually, 'ris her command.

Dott, You see her eyes are open. Gent. I but their sense are shut. Dott. What is it she do's now? Looke how the rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuitom'd action with her, to feeme thus washing her hands: I have knowns her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yetheere's a spot.

Dell. Heark, the speaks, I will fet downs what comes from her, to satisfie my comembrance the more throughy.

La Out damned (por: out I (ay, One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell Is marky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affeas'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who

would have thought the olde man to have had fo much blood in him.

Del Do vou marke that?

What will these bands nere be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting.

Delt. Go too, go too 1

You have knowne what you should not.

Gens. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knowes what she ha's knowns.

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand Oh, oh, oh

Doll. What a fight a there? The hart is forely charg'd, Genz. I would not have fuch a heart in my bosone,

for the dignity of the wholebody.

Doll Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be fit.

Dell. This difesters beyond my prodife : yet I have knowne those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not so pale: I red you yet 23 aine E angue's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Euen (o?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate of Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

D.D. Will the go now to bed?

Gent, Ditectly.

Doll. Foule whilp'rings are abroad: vanaturall deeds
Do breed vanaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
Moreneeds she the Dittine, then the Physician:
God, God forgue vs. sil. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my fight.
I thinke, but dare not speake.

Gent. Good night good Dollor.

Exens.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Mentelb, Carbnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm, His Vinkle Seyward, and the good Macding.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbane be with his brother? Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I have a File

Of all the Gentry; there is Sepward: Sonne, And many virtuffe youths, that even now Protest their first of Manhood.

Meat. What do's the Tyrant.

Cab. Great Dunfinanche ftrongly Portifies: Some say hee's mad: Others, that leffer hate him, Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine

He

He cannos buckle his diftemper d caute

Within the belt of Rule.

Aug. Now do's he feele His fecret Murthers sticking ou his hands, Now minutely Revolts upbraid his Faith-breach t Those he commands, move onely in command, Nothing in love : Now do's he feele his Title Hang loofe about him, like a Grants Robe Vpon a dwarfish Theefe.

Mon. Who then shall blame His pefter'd Senfes to recoyle, and frart. When all that is within him, do's condemne

It felfe, for being thete.

Cash. Well, march we on, To give Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the Med'cine of the fickly Weale, And with him poure we in our Countries purge, Each drop of vs.

Lenex. Or fo much se it needes, To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds: Make we our March to words Birnan. Execut marching.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doller, and Astendante.

Mach. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all: Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunfinane, I cannot taint with Feate. What's the Boy Malcolme? Was he not borne of woman ? The Spirits that know All mortail Confequences, have pronounc'd me thus: Feare not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman Shall ere have power vpon thee. Then fly falle Thanes, And mingle with the English Epicines, The minde I (wey by, and the beart I beare, Shall never fagge with doubt, nor flake with feare. Enter Sermont.

The divell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone: Where got'ft thou that Goofe-looke.

There is ten thouland-

Mack. Geefe Villame? Sor. Souldiers Sir.

Mach. Go pricke thy face, and over red thy feare Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Pasch? Death of thy Soule, those Linzen theekes of thine Are Counfailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Porce, so please you. Mach. Take thy face hance. Seyens, I am fick at hart,

When I behold : Soyrow, I lay, this puth Will cheere me ever, or dif-este me now. I baue hu'd long coough. my way of life Is faine into the Seare, the yellow Leafe, And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends, I must not looke to have : but in their fleed, Curles, not loved but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.

Enter Segton. Ser. What's your gracious pleasure? Mab. What Newes more? Ser. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported. Merd. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be backt

Give me my Armor.

Soys. The not needed yet.

Mach. He put it on:

Send out moe Horles, skirre the Country round, Hang those that talke of Feare. Give me mine Armor :

How do's your Patient, Doctor? Doct. Nor fo ficke my Lord,

As the is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies That keepe her from her reft.

Mash. Cure of that :

Can'fe thou not Minister to a mitide difeas'd, Placke from the Memory 2 rooted Sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the Braine, And with fome fweet Oblivious Antidoto Cleanfe the stufft bosome, of that perillous susse Which weighes vpon the heart?
Dod. Therein the Patient

Must minister to bimselfe. Mach. Throw Phylicke to the Dogs, Henontofit. Come, put mine Armour on : give me my Staffe : Segrow, fend out : Doctor, the Thanes five from me: Come fir, disparch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast The Water of my Land, finde her Diferse, And purge it to a found and priftine Health, I would applaud thee to the very Eccho That should applaud againe. Pull't off I fay, What Rabarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugge Would scowre these English hence : hear'st of them? Doil. I my good Lord : your Royall Preparation Makes vs heare fomething.

Mach. Bring it after me: I will not be affraid of Death and Bane, Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere. Profit againe should hardly draw me beere.

Scena Quarta.

Dress and Colours. Est . OHalcolme, Seyward, Muchaffe Say ands Some, Morterio, Cathans, Augus, and Soldiers Marching.

Male. Cofins, I hope the dayes are necre at hand That Chambers will be fale.

Ment. We doubt to nothing.
Svew. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane,
Male, Let every Souldier how him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby finall we shadow The numbers of our Hoaft, and make discovery Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It (hall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrent Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure

Out fetting downe befor t.

Male. Tis his maine hope:

For where there is aduantage to be ginen, Both more and leffe have given him the Revolt, And nene ferne with him, but constrained things, Whole hearts are ablent too.

Macd. Let out iust Censures Attend the true event, and put we on

Indufficus

150

Industrious Souldier Stip.

Sej. The time approaches, That will with due decision make vs know What we shall say we have, and what we owe: Thoughts speculative, their vasure hopes relate, But certaine iffue, Aroakes must arbitrate, Towards which, aduance the watte. Exmen merching

Comes coward Dunfinane. Arme, Arme, and out, If this which he avouches, do's appeare, There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here. I gione to be a-weary of the Sun, And with th'estare o'th'world were now vodon. Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke, Acles A wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe. Excent

Scena Quinta.

Emer Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Mach. Hang our our Banners on the outward walls, The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye, Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp: Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours, We might have met them darefull, beard to beard, And beate them backward home. What is that noyle?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord. Mach. I have almost forgot the taste of Feares: The time ha's beene, my fences would have cool'd To heare a Night-shricke, and my Fell of haire Would at a difmall Treatife rowze, and flitte As life were in't. I have supt sull with horrors, Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sep. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Mach. She should have dy'de heereafter ; There would have beene a time for fuch a word: To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow, Creepes in this petty pace from day to day, To the last Syllable of Recorded time And all our yesterdayes, have lighted Fooles The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle, Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player, That firuts and frets his houre vpon the Stage, And then is heard no more. It is a Tale Told by an Ideor, full of found and fury Enter a Vieffenger. Signifying nothing. Thou com's to vie thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to doo't.

Mach. Well, fay fir.

Mef. As I did ftand my watch vpon the Hill I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought The Wood began to moue.

Mach. Lyar, and Slaue.

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, ift benot fo : Within this three Mile may you fee it comming. I lay, a mouing Groue.

Mach. If thou speak'Afhlie, Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang alise Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dolt for me as much. I pull in Resolution, and begin To doubt th' Equipocation of the Fiend, That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrasne Wood Do come to Dunfinane, and now a Wood

Scena Sexta.

Druman and Colours. Emer Malcolme, Soynord, Macdoffe, and their Army, wub Boughes.

Md. Now neere enough: Your leavy Skreenes throw downe, And shew like those you are I You (worthy Vakle) Shall with my Cofin your right Noble Some Leade our heft Battell. Worthy Marduffe, and wee Shall take vpon's what elfe remaines to do, According to out order.

Sej. Fare you well: Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night, Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpers Tpeak, give the all breach Thole clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death Exens Alarmens communed.

Scena Septima.

Enter Marbeib.

Mach. They have tied me to a stake, I can por flye, But Beare like I must fight the course. What's he That was not borne of Woman? Such a one Am I to feare, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

T. Ser. What is thy name :

Mach. Thou'lt be affraid to heate it. T. Sey. No: though thou call'it thy lefe a hoter rame

Then any is in hell.

Mach. My name's Morbeth. T. So. The divell himselfe could not pronounce a Tale More hatefull to mine eare.

Mach. No: not more fearefull.

T.Sq. Thou lyeft abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword He proue the lye thou fpeak ft.

Fight, and young Seyward flame. Mach. Thou was't borne of woman; But Swords I fmile at, Weapons laugh to fcome, . Brandish'd by manthat's of a Woman borne.

Alarums. Enter Macaufe Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face If thou beeft flaine, and with no flroake of mine My Wife and Childrens Ghofts will haunt me ftill: I cannot firike at wretched Kernes, whose armes Are hyr'd to beare their Staves ; either thou Marbert, Or elic my Sword with an unbattered edge I theath againe undeeded. There thou should'A be, By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seeme

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune, And more I begge not.

Alerens.

Enter Makeolme and Somand

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred: The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight, The Noble Thanco do brauely in the Warre, The day almost it felse professes yours, And little is to do.

Male. We have met with Foes That ftrike befide vs.

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle. Exernt. Enter Macbeth.

Mach. Why should I play the Roman Fonle, and dye On mine owne fword? whiles I fee lives, the gafhes Do better vpoo them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Torne Hell-hound, turne. Mach. Of all men else I have avoyded thee: But get thee backe, my foule is too much charg'd

With blood of thine already. Macd. I have no words,

My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine Then tearmes can give thee out. Fight: Alarum

Mach. Thou loofest labour, As easie may it thou the intrenchant Ayre With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed: Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests, I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld To one of woman borne,

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme, And let the Angell whom thou fall haft feru'd Tell thee, Macdaffe was from his Mothers womb Vatimely ript.

Mach. Accurled be that tongue that tels mee fo ; For it hath Cow'd my betier part of man: And be thele Ingling Frends no more beleeu'd, That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare, And breake it to our hope. He not fight with the&

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward, And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time. Wee'lhaue thee, as our torer Monsters are Painted vpon a pole, and under-west, Heere may you fee the Tyrant.
Much. I will not yeeld

To kille the ground before young Malcolmes feet, And to be baited with the Rabbles cuife. Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunfinane, And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne, Yet I will try the last. Before my body, I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Mucdeffe, And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarmot.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth Raine.

Retreat and Flourib. Bater with Drumme and Colours, Malcoin, Seguerd, Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers. Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd. Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I fee,

So great a day as this is cheapely bought.

Mal. Macdiffe is milling, and your Noble Sonne. Roffe Your fon my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt, He onely liu'd but till he was a man, The which no sooner had his Proviesse confirm'd

In the voshrinking station where he fought. But like a man he dy'de.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rose.I, and brought off the field: your cause of fortow Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then It hath no end.

Ser. Had he his hures before? Roffe. I, on the Front.

Sg. Why then, Gods Soldier be he: Had I as many Sonnes, as I have haires, I would not with them to a fairer death: And to his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more forrow, And that He spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more, They say he parted well, and paid his score,

And fo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort. Enter Macdaffe; with Macheths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art. Behold where Hands Th' V furpers curfed head: the time is free: I fee thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle, That speake my falutation in their minds : Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.

Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland. Flourish. Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time, Before we reckon with your feuerall loues, And make vs even with you. My Thanes and Kinfmen Henceforth be Earles, the first that ever Scotland In such an Honor n m'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 Snates of watchfull Tyranny, Producing forth the cruell Minister: Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene; Who(as 'tis 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 measure, cime, and place:

So thankes to all at once, and to each one,

Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone. Flourish. Excunt Orangs.

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Adus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco swo Continels.

Barnardo.

Ho's chere? Fran. Nay answer me : Stand & vasold

Bor. Long live the King. From. Barnardo?

From. You come most carefully vpon your houre. Ear. Tis now frook twelve, get thee to bed Francisco. Fran. For chis releefe much thankes: 'Tis butter cold, And I am ficke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quie; Guard?

Fren. Not a Moule firring.
Bare. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horain and Marselles, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make half. Enter Horain and Marcellus.

From. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Her. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-mento the Dane.

Fren. Giue you good night.
Mer. O ferwel honest Soldier, who hat a relieu'd you? Fra. Barnarde ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exu Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnarda.

Bar. Say, what is Horato there?

Har. A prece of him.
Bar. Welcome Horain, welcome good Marcelin. Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I have feene nothing.

Mar. Herainfaies. tis but our Fantafie, And will not let beleefe take hold of him Touching this dreaded fight, twice feene of vs, Therefore I have intreated him along Wich vs, to watch the minutes of this Night, That if agains this Apparition come, Hemay approve out eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, sush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaile your exres, That are so fortified against our Story, What we two Nights have seene.

Hor. Well, fit we downe,

And let vs heare Banardo speake of this.

Born. Laft night of all, When youd frame Starre that's Westward from the Pole Had made his confe t'illume that part of Heaven

Where now it burnes, Marcalha and my Selfe,

The Bell then besting one.

Mr. Peace, breake thee of: Enter the Good Looke where it comes againe.

Burn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead. Mar. Thou art a Scholler; Speake to it Horan.

Barn. Looker it not like the King? Marke it Horasa. Hora. Moft like: It harrowes me with fear & woode.

Barn. It would be spoke too.

May. Question at Horara, Her, What art thou that vsurp st this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiefly of buried Dermarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mer. It is offended.

Barn. See,it ftalkes away.

Her. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake. Exis the Gooft.

Mar. Tis gone, and will not answer Barn. How now Heratio? You tremble & look pale :

Is not this something more then Pantase? What shinke you on't?

Her. Before my God, I might not this beleeue Without the fensible and true auouch Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Isit not like the King?

Her. As thou art to thy felfe, Such was the very Armour he bad on, When th'Ambitions Norwey combatted: So frown'd he once, when in an angry parte He Imot the fledded Pollax on the Ice. Tir ftrange.

Mer. Thus rwice before, and just et this dead houre, With Marriall Stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not : But in the groffe and scope of my Opinion, This boades some strange erruption to out Se ue.

Mar. Good now fit downe, & tell me he that known Why this fame fired and most observant Watch, So nightly toyles the fubied of the Land, And why fuch dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: Why fuch imprefie of Ship-wrighes, whose fore Taske Do's not divide the Sundsy from the weeke, What might be toward, that this sweary hast Doth make the Night ioyn - Labouter with the day : Who is't that can informe m

Her. That can L.

At least the whisper goes so : Our last King, Whole Image even but now appear'd to vs, Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Notway, (Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride) Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamler, (For fo this fide of our knowne world effeem'd him) Did flay this Fortinbras : who by a Seal'd Compact, Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands Which he stood feiz'd on, to the Conqueror t Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd To the Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant And carriage of the Atticle deligne, His fell to Hamlet. Now hr, young Fortinbras. Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there, Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleffe Resolutes, For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize That hath a stomacke in't : which is no other (And it doth well appeare voto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand Andtermes Compulfative, those foresaid Lands So by his Father loft: and this (I take it) Is the maine Motive of our Preparations, The Sourle of this our Watch, and the cheefe head Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe,

But foft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:

Ile crosse it, though it blost me. Stey Illusion:

If thou hast any found, or vsc of Voyce,

Speake to-me. If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate

(Which happily foreknowing may awoyd) Oh speake,

Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life

Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,

(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)

Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. Tis heere. Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone. Exit Gboft.

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, juvulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Bern. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a searfull Summons. I haucheard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his losty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Consine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiest made probation.

Mar. It feded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some fayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part beleeve it.

But looke, the Motne in Ruster mantle clad,
Walkes o'te the dew of you high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we have seene to night
Vnto yong Hamles. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mor. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know

Where we shall finde him most conveniencity. E.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Clandius King of Denmarke, Garriude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Lacrtes, and bis Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant 2

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death The memory be greene : and that it vs befitted To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome To be contracted in one brow of woe: Yet fo farre hath Difcretion fought with Nature, That we with wifest fortow thinke on him. Together with remembrance of our felues. Therefore our sometimes Sifter, now our Queen, Th'Imperiall loyatteffe of this warlike State. Have we, as twere, with a defeated toy, With one Aufpicious, and one Dropping eye, With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage, In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole Taken to Wife; nor have we heerein bart'd Your better Wifedomes, which have freely gone With this affaire along, for all our Thankes Now followes, that you know young Fortintres, Holding a weake supposall of our worth; Or thinking by out late deere Brothers death, Our State to be distoynt, and out of Frame, Colleagued with the dreame of his Advantages He hath not fayl'd to peffer vs with Meffage, Importing the furretider of those Lands Loft by his Father: with all Bonds of Law To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our felfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesses. We have heere writ
To Norway, Vinele of young Fortinbrus,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppresse
His surther gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject: and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway.
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesses with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow.

Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelium

And now Larres, what's the newes with you?

You

You told vs of some suite. What is't Lacres?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg Lacress,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Hears,
The Hand more lost umentall to the Mouth,
Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
What would'st thou have Lacres?

Lace. Dread my Lord,
Your leane and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Corenation,
Yet now I must confest, that duty done.
My thoughts and wishes bend agains towards France,
And how them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Hate you your Fathers leade? What layes Pollonium?

Pol. He hath my Lords

I do befeech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire houre Lacress, time be thine, And thy best graces spend it at thy will:

But now my Cosin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, Lamtoo much ith Sun.

Queen. Good Hamler caft thy nightly colour off, And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke. Do not for cuer with thy veyled lids Secke for thy Noble Father in the duf; Thou know 'f' 'tis common, all that hues must dye, Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If icbe;

Why feemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Taky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the frustfall Riner in the Eye.
Nor the deiested haulour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, siewes of Griese,

That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,, For they are actions that a man might play: But I have that Within, which passeth show; These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe

These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe King. Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To give these mourting duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Surviver bound
In filial Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequeous Sotrow. But to persever
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Os impious stubbornnesse. Tis youngally greese,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A Heatt vnfortissed, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and suschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our pecuish Opposition
Take it to heatt? Fve, it is a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theasne
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day, This must be so. We pray you throw to earth This vnpreusyling woe, and thinke of va
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Love,
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impact towards you. For your intent
to going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our defire:
And we beseeth you, bend you to remaine
bleereln the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheeses in Countier Cosmand our Sonne.

24. Let not thy Mother lofe her Prayers Harukt: I prythee flay with ve, go not to Wittenberg

Ham. I thall in all my best Chey you Madem.

King. Why 'tis a louing and a faire Reply.

Be as our felfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vafore'd accord of Hamler.

Sits fmiling to my heart; in grace whereef,
No incoud health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shalltell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heavens shall brutte againe,
Respeaking carthly Thunder. Come away.

Exeum.

Olanes Homler. Ham. On that this too too fulid Flesh, would melt, Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew: Or that the Eucelasting had not fire His Cannon gainst Selfe-Naughter. O God, O God! How werry, stale, flet, and veprofitable Seemes to me all the vies of this world? Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden That growes to Seed : Things rank, and groffe in Nature Possesses meercly. That it Chould come to this : But two months dead : Nay, not fo much; not two, So excellent a King, that was to this Experiento a Satyre: lo louing to my Mother, That he might not beseene the windes of heares Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth Must I remember : why she would hang on him, As if encrease of Appetite had growne By what it fed on ; and yet within a month? Let me not thinke on't : Frailty, thy name is woman. Alittle Month, or exethole shopes were old, With which she followed my poore Fathers body Like Niebe, all teares. Why she, even she. (O Heaven I A beaft that wants discourse of Reason Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Vakle, My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father, Then I to Hercules, Within a Moneth? Ere yet the falt of most votighteous Teares Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes, She married. O most wicked speed to post With fuch dexterity to Incestuous sheets: It is not, nor it cannot come to good. But breake my heart, for I must bold my tongue.

Ener Harais, Torond, and Marcelles.

Hor. Faile to your Lotdfhip.

Ham. I am glad to fee you well:

Hor air, or I do forget my felfe.

Hor. The fame my Lord,

And your poore Servant ever.

Hom. Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg Horner?

Mar.

Marcelles.

Mur. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to fee you: good euen Sir.

But what in faith make you from Wittemberge?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord. Ham. I would not have your Enciny fay for Nor thall you doe mine eare that violence, To make it truffer of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truent :
But what is your affaire in Elfenour? Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Her. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall. Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student

I thinke it was to fee my Mothers Wedding. Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon-Ham. Thrift, thrift Horatio : the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables; Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,

Ere I had euer feene that day Haratto. My father, me thinkes I fee my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (Haraio)

Ear. I sawhim once; he was a goodly King. Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all: I shall not look upon his like againe.

Hor. My I ord, I thinke I faw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who!

Her. My Lord, the King your Father. Ham. The King my Father.

Hor. Sesson your admiration for a while With an attent eare; till I may deliuer Vpon the witnesse of these Gendemen, This matuell to you,

Ham. For Heavens love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gendemen
(Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch.

In the dead walt and middle of the night Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father, Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap a Pe, Appeares before them, and with followne march Goes flow and flately: By them thrice he walkt, By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes, Within his Truncheons lengths whilft they beltil'd Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare, Stand dumbe and speake nor to bim. This to me In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch, Whereas they had deliver'd both in time, Forme of the thing; each word made true and good, The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These hands are not more like. Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we warcht Ham. Did you not spesketoit?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But aufwere made it none: yet once me thought It lifted vp it head, and did addresse It selfe to motion, like as it would speake: But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd; And at the found it thrunke in halt away, And vanisht from our light.

Ham. Tis very Arange.

Hor. As I doe live my honourd Lord 'ris true: And we did thinke it wnt downe in our duty To ler you know of it.

Ham, Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me

Hold you the watch to Nignts

Bab. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, fay you? Both. Arm'd, my Lord. Ham. From top to toe?

Boeb. My Lord, from head to foote.

Haw. Then faw you not his face? Har. Oyes, my Lord, he wore his Benner up.

Ham. Whet, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in forrow then in anger. Ram. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale. Ham. And fixthis eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly

Ham. I would I had beene chere.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: flaid it long? Hor. While one with moderate hall might sell a ben-

AR. Longer, longer. Hor. Not when I law't.

Ham. His Beard was griffy! no.

Hor. It was, as I have feene it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd. (gnico. Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake no

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person, lle speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape And bid me hold my prace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceald this fights Let it bee treble in your filence ftill And whatformer els shall hap to night, Giue it an understanding but no tongnes I will requite your lones; fo, fare ye well: Vpoo the Platforme twist eleven and twelve,

He wist you. All. Our duty to your Honour. Exercit. Hem. Your love, as mine to you: farewell, My Fathers Spirit in Amnes & All is not well: I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come: Till then fit full my foule; foule deeds will rife, Though all the earth growbelm shom to mean eies. Emit.

Scena Tertia.

Emer Larries and Orbelia.

Last. My necessare unback't; Fastweil: And Sifter, as the Winds give Beacht, And Convoy is sufficient; doe not deepe, But let me heare from you.

Opbel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fancers, Hold it a falhion and a toy in Bload;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature; Froward, not permanent; Iweer not lasting The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Opbel. No more but lo. Laer. Thinke it no more,

For nature creffant does not grow alone, In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waves. The inward fervice of the Minde and Soule Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now.

And now no foyle nor cautell doth beforerch The vertue of his feare : but you must feare

His greatneffe weigh'd, his will is not his ownes For hee bimielfe is lubied to his Birth . Hee may not, as rouallued persons doe, Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends The fanchry and health of the weole State. And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd Vinto the suyce and yeelding of that Body, Whereof he is the Head. Then if he layes he loues you, It fits your wiledome so farre to beleeve it; As he in his peculiar Sect and force May give his laying deed: which is an further, Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall Then weigh what loffe your Honour may fultaine, If with too credent eare you lift his Songs; Or lofe your Heart; or your chaft Treasure open To his vnmaftred importunity. Feare it Opbelia, feare it my deare Sifter, And keepe within the reare of your Affection; Out of the thot and danger of Defire. The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough. If the vnmaske her beauty to the Moone : Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes, The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring Too ofe before the buttons be disclos'd, And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth, Contagious blastments are most imminent. Be wary then, best safety lies in feare; Youth to it felfe rebels, though none elfe neere. Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe, As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother

As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as fome vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heanen;
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
Himselse, the Primtose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Lao. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonim.

I flay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleffing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pries. Yet heere Larrers P. boord, about for Thome, The winde fits in the faselder of your faile, And you are staid for there : my blessing with you; And these few Precepts in thy memory, See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any enproportion'd thought his Ad: Be thou familiar; but by no meanes velgar: The friends thou halt, and their adoption tride, Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele ? But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment Of each vinhatch't, vinfledg'd Courade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in Bear's that th'opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thine eare; but few thy voyce: Take each mans censure; but reserve thy judgement : Costly thy habir as thy purse can buy ; But not exprest in sancie; rich, stor gawdie: For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man. And they in France of the belt ranck and fizzion, Are of a most select and generous cheff in that Neither a borro wer, nor a lender be; For lone oft lofes both it felfe and friend: And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry. This about all; to thine un e felfe be true. And it mu ffollow, as the Night the Day, Thou can't not then be falle to any man.

rarewell: my Bielling featon this in thee. Lacr. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my Lord Polow. The time indices you, goe, your feruants tend Larr. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well What I have faid to you. Ophe. I is in my memory lockt. And you your felle fball keepe the key of it. Polon. What if Opbelia he hath faid to you? Opbe. So please you forthing touching the L Harder Palon. Marry, well bethought: Tis told one be hath very oft of late Given private time to you and you your lelfe Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous. If it be fo, as fo tis par on mer And that in way of caution: I must tell you, You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely, As it behouss my Dangliter, and your Honour. What is betweene you, give me vp the troth? Opbe He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders Of his affection to me. Polon. Affection, puh. You freske like & greene Girle, Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance Doe you beleeve his renders, as you call them? Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke. Polon. Marry lie teach you; thinke your felfe a Baby. That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly; Or not to crack the winde of the poote Phrase, Rozming it thus, you'l tender me a foole. Opbe. My Lord, he hash importun'd me with love, In honourable fathion. Palor. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too. Ophe. And hash given countenance to his speech, My Lord, with all the sowes of Heaven. Polon. 1. Springes to catch Woodcocks I doe know When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigail the Soule Gives the tongue vowes: thefe blazer Daughter, Giving more light then heater extind to both. Euen in their promile, as it is a making; You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter, Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence; Set your entreatments at a higher rate, Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamler, Beleeve fo much in him that he is young, And with a larger tether may he walke, Then may be given you. In few, Ophelia, Doe not believe his vower; for they are Broakers, Not of the eye, which their Investments show: But meere implorators of vaholy Suces, Breathing like sanchified and pious bonds, The better to beguile. Inu is for all. I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth, Haue you lo stander any moment leisure, As to give words or talke with the Lord Hamles a Looke ton't, Icharge your come your wayes. Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. Enter Bambet Horatio, Marcellee. Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cald? Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre. Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelve. Mer. No, it is Prooke.

Har. Indeed ! heard it not: then it drawes neere the

What

Wherein the Spirit beld his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his Keepes walfels and the fwaggering vpfpring reeles, And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe, The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out

The trlumph of his Pledge.

Horas. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ift;

And to my mind, though I am native heete, And to the manner borne: It is a Custome More honour'd in the breach, then the observance,

Enter Ghoft.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes. Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs: Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, Bring with thee ayres from Heaven, or bialls from Hell Bethy events wicked or charitable Thou com'fi in fuch a questionable shape That I will speake to thee. He cail thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royall Dane : Oh, oh, answer me, Let me not burit in Ignorance; buttell Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearfed in death, Haue built their cerments; why the Sepulcher Wherein we faw thee quietly enorn'd, Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble lawes, To call thee vp againe? What may this meane? That thou deed Coarfe againe in compleat fleele, Resistes thus the glimples of the Moone Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature, So horridly to thake our disposition, With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules, Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Choft beckens Hamles.

Hor It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action It wasts you to a more removed ground:

But doe not goe with it.

Her. No by no meaner.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Her. Doenot my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare? I doe not fee my life at a pins fee; And for my Soule, what can it doe to that? Being a thing immortall as it selfe; It waves me forth againe; lle follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord? Or to the dreadfull Sonner of the Cliffe, That beetles o're his base into the Sea, And there assumes some other horelble forme, Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reason, And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wasts me still : goe on, lle follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord. Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you thall not goe.

Hom. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, lle make a Ghoft of him that lets mer
I say away, goe on, lle follow thee.

Exens: Ghost & Hamles.

Hor He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's sollow: 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after, to what iffue will this come?

Mar. Something is totten in the State of Denmarke Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Ney let's follow him.

Émer Choft and Hamles. (ther. Ham Where will thou lead me? speak; lle go no fur-Gho. Marke me

Ham. I will,

Gho. My hower is almost come.

When I to fulphurous and to menting Flames Muft render vp my felfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ferrous hearing To what I shall vafold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gbo. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt beare.

Ham. What?

Gha. I am thy Fathers Spirit, Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night; And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,

Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature Areburnt and purg'd away? But that I amforbid

To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy foule, freeze thy young blood, Make thy two eyes like Statres, flats from their Spheres, Thy knotty end combined locks to part,

And each particular haire to fland an end, Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:

But this eternall blason must not be To eares of sless and bloud; list Hamler, oh list, If thou didst ever thy deare Father love.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Revenge his foule and most vanatural! Murrher. Ham. Murther?

Gbost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is; But this most foule, strange, and vinaturall.

Ham. Hall, hall me to know it, That with wings as fwife

As meditation or the thoughts of Love,

May sweepe to my Revenge.

Choft. I finde thee apt,
And duller shoul A thou be then the far weede
That rots it felfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'A thou not stirre in this. Now Hamlet heare:

It's giuen out, that fleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death

Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth, The Serpent that did fling thy Fathers life,

Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke foule: mine Vncle? Gbof. I that inceftuous, that adulterate Beaft With witcheraft of his wits, hath Traitorous goifes. Oh wicked Wit, and Gifes, that have the power So to feduce? Won to this fhamefull Lust The will of my most feeming vertuous Oneene: Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there, From me, whose love 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 Vertue, as it never wil be moved. Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heaven: So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd, Will sate it selfe in a Celestiallbed, & prey on Garbage.

00

But loft, me thinkes lient the Mornings Ayre; Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard, My custome alwayes in the afternoone; Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle Role With luyer of curfed Hebenon in a Violl, And in the Porches of mine eares did poure The leaperous Distilment, whose effect Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man, That swift as Quick-filuer, it courses through The natural Gates and Allies of the Body; And with a fodsine vigour it doth posfer And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke, The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine; And a most instant Tetter bak'd about, Mast Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust, All my smooth Body. Thus was 1, fleeping, by a Brothers hand, Of Life, of Crowne, and Queenc at once dispatche; Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne, Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld, No reckoning made, but fent to my account With all my impersections on my head; Ch horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible: If thou hast nature in thee beare it not; Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be A Couch for Luxury and damaed Incest. But how foeuer thou pursuest this Act, Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrine Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven, And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge, To pricke and fling ber. Fare thee well at once; The Glow-worme howes the Matine to he neere, And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire: Adue, 2 due, Hamlet: remember me. Exit.

Hom Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth what els? And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;

And you my finnewes, grow not inflore Old; But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee? I, thou poore Ghoft, while memory holds a feare In this dillracted Globe: Remember thee? Yes, from the Table of my Memory, He wipe away all triviall fond Records, All fawes of Bookes, all formes, all prefures past, That youth and observation coppied there; And thy Commandment all alone shall little Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine, Vomint with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen: Ohmost pernicious woman! Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine! My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I fet it downe, That one may fmile, and fmile and be a Villaine; At leaft I'm fure it may be fo in Denmarke ; So Vnekle there you are: now to my word; It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue fworn't.

Hor & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord. Exter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heaven fecure him,

Mar. So be it.

Har. Illo, ho,ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho,ho,boy; come bird, come.

Mar. Howist't my Noble Lord?

Har. Whee newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reuesleit.

Her. Not I, my Lord, by Heanen. Mar. Norl, my Lord. (think le? Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once But you'l be fecret? Both. I, by Head'o, my Lord. Ham. There's perc a villance dwelling in all Depostrke But hee's an arrant knaue. Her. There needs no Ghoft my Lord, come from the Graue, to tell va this. Hom. Why right, you are i'th' right; And fo, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we fliake liands, and parts You, as your bufines and defiter fhall point you: For every man ha's businesse and defire, Such as it is a and for mine owne poore part, Looke you, He goe pray. Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord. Ham. I'm forry they offend you heartily : Yes faith heartily. Hor. There's no offence my Lord. Ham. Yez, by Saint Parricke, but there is my Lord, And much offence too, touching this Vision beere: It is an honest Ghost, that let aic tell you: For your defire to know what is betweene ve, O'remafter's as you may. And now good friends, As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers, Giue me one poore request. Hor. What is't my Lord? we will. Ham Neuer make known what you have feen to night. Barb. My Lord, we will not. Ham Nay, but swear't. Her, Infaith my Lord, not L. Mer. Nor I my Lord: in faith. Ham. Vpon inv fword. Aftercell. We have fworm my Lord already. Ham Indeed, vpon my (word Indeed. Gha. Sweare. Ghaft cries under the Stage. Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest theu fo. Att thou there truepenny? Come one you here this fellow in the fellere oge Consent to sweare. Her. Propole the Oath my Lord. Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you have feene. Sweate by my fword. Gho. Sweare. Ham. Hic & vbiquet Then wee'l fhift for grownd, Come hither Gentlemen,

Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe voon my fword,
Neuer to speake of this that you have heard:
Sweare by my Sword.

Cho. Sweate.

Ham. Wellfaid old Mole, ean'st worke ith ground so
A worthy Proper, once more remove good friends.

Hor. Ohday and night; but this is wondrous strange.

Hom. And therefore as a firanger give it welcome. There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Howin, Then are dream's of in our Philosophy Butcome, Here as before, never so helpe you mercy. How firange or odde so ere I beare my selfe; (As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet To pur an Anticke disposition on:)

That you at such time seeing me, never shall With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake; Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase; As well, we know, or we could and if we would, Or if we list to speake 3 or there be and if there might, Or such ambiguous giving out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe. So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you :

Ghoft. Sweare.

Ham. Reft, reft perturbed Spirit: fo Gentlemen, With all my love I doe commend me to you; And what so poore a man as Hamler is, May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you, Godwilling thall not lacke: let ve goe in together, And fill your fingers on your lippes I pray, The time is out of toynt: Oh curled fpight, That ever I was borne to let it right, Exempt. Nay, come let's goe rogether.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Poloning, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes Reynoldo Reynol I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall doe maruels wifely: good Regnoldo, Before you vilite him you make inquiry

Of his behaulour.

Roynol. My Lord, I did intendit. Folon. Marry, well said; Very well faid. Looke you Sir, Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe: What company, at what expence : and finding By this encompaffement and drift of question, That they doe know my sonne: Come you more necres Then your particular demands will touch it, Takeyou as twere some distant knowledge of him, And thus I know his father and his friends, And in part him. Doc you marke this Reynolde?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord Polon. And in part him, but you may fay not well, But if t be hee I meane, hees very wilde; Addicted so and so; and there put on him What forgeries you please: marry, none for ranke, As may dishonour him; take heed of that ; But Sir, such wanton, wild, and viuall slips, As are Companions noted and most knowne

To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As & ming my Lord. Polon. 1, or drinking, fencing, swearing, Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre. Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him-Palon. Faith no, as you may feafon it in the charge; You must not put another scandall on him, That hee is open to Incontinencie; That's not my meaning: but breath his faults fo quaintly, That they may feeme the taints of liberty; The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,

A fauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall affault. Regnol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore thould you doe this? Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that. Polon. Marry Sir, hecre's my drift, And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant: You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne. As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working: (found, Marke you your party in converse; him you would Hauing cuer feene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guiley, be affor'd He clofes with you in this confequence. Good fir, or fo, or friend, or Gentleman. According to the Phrase and the Addition, Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord. Polon. And then Sir does he this? He does: what was labout to fay? I was about to fay fomthing: where did I leave? Reynol. At closes in the confequence:

At friend, or fo, and Gentleman

Polon. A: clotes in the consequence, I marry, He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman, I faw him yesterday, or tother day; Or then or then, with such and such; and as you tay, There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse, There falling out at Tennis; or perchance, I faw him enter fuch a house of faile; Videlicet, a Brothell, or fo forth. See you now; Your bair of falshood, takes this Cape of truth : And thus due we of wifedome and of reach With windleffes, and with affaies of Bias. By indirections finde directions out: So by my former Lecture and advice Shall you my Sonnesyou have me, have you not?

Resnol. My Lord I have. Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Reynel, I shall my Lord. Polon. And let him plye his Musicke Reynol Well, my Lord

Enter Ophelia.

Polon Farewell: How now Ophelia. what's the matter?

Opbe. Alas my Lord, I have beene so affrighted. Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was fowing in my Chamber, Lord Hamler with his doublet all vibrac'd, No hat vpon his head, his flockings foul'd, Vugartred, and downe gived to his Anckle, Pale as his thirt, his knees knocking each other, And with a lor te fo pitious in purport, As if he had been loofed out of hell,

To speake of horrors: he comes beforeme.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue? Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare ic.

Polon. What faid he? Ophe. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard; Then goes he to the length of all his arme; And with his other hand thus o're his brow, He fals to fuch perufall of my face. As he would draw it, Long staid he lo, At last, a little shaking of mine Arme: And thrice his head thus waving vp and downe;

He rais'd a figh, fo pictious and profound, That It did sceme to shatter all his bulke, And end his being. That done, he less me goe, And with his head over 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 last, bended their light on me Polon. Goewithme, I will goe feeke the King, This is the very extafic of Love, Whole violent property foredoes it felfe,

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings, As oft as any pattion under Heaven, That does afflict our Natures. I am forte

What have you given him any hard words of late?

Opho Normy good Lord; but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny de

His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. I am forrie that with better speed and ludgement I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle, And means to wracke thee : but beforew my lealoufie : It feemes it is as proper to our Age, To cast beyond our lelues in our Opinions, As it is common for the yonger fort To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King, This must be knowne, who being kept close might move More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kong, Queene, Rofinerane, and Guilden. Arme Cumalys.

King. Welcome deere Rofinerance and Guildensterne. Moreouer, that we much did long to fee you, The neede we have to vie you, did prouoke Our haftie lending. Something have you heard Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it, Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man Resembles that it was. What it should bee More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe, I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both, That being of fo young dayes brought up with him . And fince to Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour, That you vouchlafe your rest heere in our Court Some little times to by your Companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather So much as from Occasions you may gleane, That open'd hes within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you. And lure I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. If it will pleafe you To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will, As to expend your time with vs a-while, Por the supply and profit of our Hope, Your Vifitation shall receive such thankes

As fits a Kings remembrance.

Resus. Both your Maicities Might by the Soueraigne power you have of vs, Put your dread pleasures, more into Command Then to Entreatie.

Gud. We both obey,

And here give vp our selves, in the full bent, To lay our Services freely at your feete, To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosinerance, and gentle Guildensterne. Qu. Thankes Guildensterno and gentle Rosinerance. And I befeech you instantly to visit My too much changed Sonne.

Go some of ye, And bring the Gentlemen where Hanket is.

Guil. Heavens make our prefence and our practifes Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Queens. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pal. Th'Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord, Are loyfully return'd.

King. Thou fill hall bin the Father of good Newes Pol. Have I, my Lord ! Affore 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 brane of mine Hunts not the trade of Policie, fo fute As I have vs'd to do: that I have found The very coule of Humbers Lunacie.

King Oh speake of that, that I do long to houre. Pol Gwe first admittance to th'Ambassadors, My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feest.

King. Thy felfe do grace to them, and bring them in. He tels me my (weet Queene, that he hath found The head and fourle of all your Sonnes diftemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine, His Fathers death, and our o're-hafty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Volsumand, and Cornelius.

Kmg. Well, we thall fift him. Welcome good Frends: Say V drumand, what from our Brother Norwey!

Volr. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Defires. V pon our hill, he feat out to suppresse His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear d To be a preparation gainfithe Poleak: But better look'd into he truly found It was against your Highnesse, whereat greened,] That to his Sicknesse, Age, and Imposence Was falfely borne in hand, fends our Arrefts On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obeyes, Receives rebuke from Norwey: and in fipe, Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more To give th'affay of Atmes against your Maiestie. Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy, Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee, And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers So leuied as before, against the Poleak : With an intreaty heerein further shewne, That it might please you to give quiet passe Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize, On such regards of safety and allowance, As therein are let downe.

King. It likes vs well: And at our more confider'd time wee'l read, Answer, and thinke upon this Bufinesse. Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour. Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together. Most welcome home. Exit Amba

Pal. This bufineffe is very well ended My Liege and Madam, to expostulate What Maiestie should be, what Ducie is, Why day is day; night, night; and time is time. Were nothing bur to waste Night, Day and Time, Therefore, lince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit, And redioulnesse, the limber and outward flourishes, I will be breefe. Your Noble Some is mad: Mad call lit: for to define true Madnesse, What is't, but to be nothing elfe but mad. But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with leffe Are. Pol. Madam. I (weare I vie no Art at all : That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie, And pittie it is true : A foolish figure, But farewell it : for I will vie no Art.

Mad

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines That we finde out the cause of this effed, Or rather fay, the cause of this defect; For this effect defective, comes by cause, Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend, I have a daughter : have, whil'ft fine is mine, Who in her Dutic and Obedience, marke, Hath given me this: now gather, and furmife. The Letter.

To the Celeftsall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beoutified O-

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome, thele.

Qu. Came this from Hamles to her.

Pal. Good Madam flav awhile, I will be faithfull. Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubs, that the Sunne doth mone:

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But never Doubt . I love .

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at thefe Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my grones; but that I low then best, ob most Best beleoue u. Adieu.

These sucremore most doors Lady while this Machine is to him, Hamler

This in Obedience hath my daughter thew'd me : And more about hath his foliciting, As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place, All given co mine care.

King. But how hath the recein'd his Love? Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pal. I wold faine proue fo. But what might you think? When I had feene this hot love on the wing. As I perceived it, I must tell you that Before my Daughter told me, what might you Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think, If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke, Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe, Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle light, What might you thinke ? No, I went round to worke, And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake Lord Hamlet 15 8 Prince out of thy Statte, This must not be: and then, I Precepts gave her, That she should locke her selfe from his Resort, Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens: Which done, the tooke the Fruites of my Advice, And he repulsed. A ... ort Tale to make, Fell into a Sadnelle, then into a Falt, Thence to 2 Watch, thence into a Weaknesse, Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension Into the Madnelle whereon now he tauesa

Kmg. Do you thinke 'tis this?

And all we waile for

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I de fain know that,

That I have possitively said, 'tis so, When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise, If Circumstances leade me, I will finde Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede Within the Center.

Ring. How may we try it further? He walkes foure houres together, heere In the Lobby.

Que. So he ha's indeed. Pol. At fuch a time 11c loofe my Daughter to him, Beyou and I behinde an Arras then,

Marke the encounter : If he love ber not, And be not from his reason faine thereon; Let me be no Affiftant fora State, And keepe a Farme 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,

He boord him presently. Exu King & Queen. Oh give me lezue. 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 Filhmonger. Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so bonest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be beneft 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 kiffing Carrion-Haue you a daughter?

Pel. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne 1 Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How fay you by that? Still harping on my daughrer: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger: he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth, I suffred much extreamity for love: very necre this. He speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words

Pel What is the matter, my Lord?

Hom. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Saryricall flaue faies here, that old men have gr.y Beards; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tiec Gumme : and that they have a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently believe; yet I holde it not Honestie to have it thus fee downe: For you your felfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol, Though this be madnesse, Yet there is Method in't: will you walke

Out of the agre my Lord? Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre: How pregnant (fometimes) his Replies are A happinesse,

That often Madnesse hits on, Which Reason and Sanitie could not So prosperously be deliner'd of.

I will leave him, And fodamely contriue the meanes of meeting

Betweene him, and my daughter My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly Take my leave of you.

00 3

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my

Polon. Fare you well my Lord. Hem. Thele redious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamler; there

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne;

Rofin. God faue you Sir. Guild. Minchonour'd Lord? Rofin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'll thou Guildensternet Oh, Refinerane; good Lads: How doe ye boin?

Rofin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Gauld. Happy, in that we are not over-bappy : on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rope Neither my Lord.

Ilers. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Isam. In the fecret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true ! fne is a Strumper. What's the newer?

Rofin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne

honeft.

Ham. Then is Doomelday neere: But your newes is nos true. Let me question more in particular : what have you my good friends, deferued at the hands of Fortune, that the lends you to Prilon hither?

Guil Prison my Lord? Ham. Denmark's a Prifon. Rosso. Then is the Worldone.

Elas. A goodly one, in which there are many Conflass, Wards, and Dungeons; Demante being one o'th'

Roffe. We thinke not fo my Lord.

Ham. Why then'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it fo: to me it is

Refus. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis

too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my felfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Gud. Which dreames indeed are Ambition : for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meetely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a thadow.
Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so eyry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham, Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-firetche Hetoes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-

Both. Weel wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my teruants: for to speake to you like an bonest man: I am most dreadfully extended; but in the beazen way of friendfhip, What make you at Elfontoor?

Rofin. To vifit 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 halfepeny; were you not fent for? Is it

your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale tufly with me I come, come inay speake Cuil. What should we say my Lord !

Ham, Why any thing. But to the purpole; you were fent for; and there is a kinde coolesion in your looker which your modeflies have not craft enough to my lor, I know the good King & Queene have fent for you.

Rofin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me . but let mee consure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonracy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preferred lour, and by what more deare, a better propoler could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were fent for or no.

Rosa. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you; if you love me hold not off.

Gad. My Lord, we were feet for.

Ham. I will tell you why , fo fnall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secricie to the King and Queene:moult no seather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loft all my mirth, lorgone all custome of exercife; and indeed, it goes to heavenly with my disposist on; that this goodly frame the Earth, feemes to not a flersill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this brane ore-hanging, this Maiefficall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pettilene congregation of va pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in some and moving how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Duft? Man delights por me; po, nor Woman neither; though by your finding you feeme to lay lo.

Rosus My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my

thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I faid, Man delights not me?

Rofin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight pot in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are

they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall have Tribute of mee; the adventurous Knight shal vie his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not high graun, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for t: what Players are they?

Rofin. Euen tholeyou were wont to take delighe in

the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both

Rofin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they fo follow'd?

Rofin. No indeed, they are not.

Hom How comes it? doe they grow rufy?

Rofin. Nay, their indezuour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an agrie of Children, tittle Yeses, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrancically clep't fort: these are now the fashiou, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraide of

Goole-quils, and dare scarse come thicher.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they purtue the Quality no longer then they can fing? Will they not fay afterwards if they should grove themselves to common Players (as it is like most iftheir meanes are no beiter) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosen. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no finne, to tarre them to Controughfie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, valetie the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in

the Question.

Ham. Is's possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham, Dothe Boyes carry it away?

Ross. I that they do my Lord Hercules & his load too. Ham. It is not strange : for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a prece, for his picture in Little. There is fornething in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourash for the Players.

Gud There are the Players.

Hom. Gentlemen, you are welcom to Elfonower: your hands, come: The sppurtenance of Welcome, is Fathion and Ceremony Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome : but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd. '.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. Iam but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handlaw. Enter Polonius.

Pel. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Heatke you Guelden forne, and you too: at each eare a hearer : that great Baby you fee there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Refin, Happily he's the second time come to them: for

they fay, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you lay right Sir : for a Monday mormng twas fo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you. Ham. My Lord, I have Newes to tell you.

When Rollins an Actor in Rome

Pol. The Actors are comehitner my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.
Pol. Vpon mine Honor.
Ham. Then con each Ador on his Affe-

Pelon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Hittoricall-Pastorall : Scene indivible, or Poem volimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plauras too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Thefe are the onely men.

Ham. O lophia ludge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st

thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord? Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loued passing well. Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old Iephra?
Polon. If you call me Iephra my Lord, I haue a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polen What followes then, my Lord?

He. Why, As by lot, God wot : and then you know, It came to palle, as most like it was: The first rowe of the Pors Chanfen will thew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter fours or five Players.

Y'are welcome Maiters, welcome all. I am glad to fee thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valians linee I faw thee last : Com'A thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mi-Aris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heaven their when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'le'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we fee: wee'l haue a Speech firaight. Comegiue vs a tait of your quahty : come, a paffionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. Theard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted . or if it was, not about once, for the Play 1 remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twis Causarie to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'dis, and others, whose iudgement in fuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Stænes, set downe with as much modellie, as cunning. I remember one faid there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter favoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest merhod. One cheefe Sperch in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'iwas Aneas Tale to Dide, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Preams flaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see : The rugged Parthe like th' Hyrcausan Beaft. It is not so : it begins with Pyrthus The rugged Pyrrhu, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horfe, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion freat'd With Heraldry my c dismall: Head to soote Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roafted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-fized with coagulate gore, VVith eyes like Carouncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old Grandfire Prians feekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-

cent, and good discretion.

1. Player. Anon he findes him, Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles Repugnant to command : vnequall match, Pyrrhu at Priam drives, in Rage Stikes wide : But with the whife and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vanerued Father fals. Then senselesse illium, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus ezre. For loc, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend Priam, feem'd i'th' Ayre to flicke :

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Exmus.

So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhm flood, And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing. But as we often fee against some florme, A silence in the Heavens, the Racke fland still, The bold winder speechlesse, and the Orbe below As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder Doth rend the Region. So after Byrbm paufe, A ro wied Vengeance lets bim new 2-worke, And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne, With leffe remorfe then Pyrrbus bleeding fword Now falles on Priam.

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gode, In general! Synod take away her power: Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele, And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heaven, As low as to the Frends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee fay on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee Deepes. Say on; come to Recube.

1. Play. But who, O who, had feen the inobled Queen,

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol That's good: Inobled Queene is good. 1. Play. Ruo bare-foot vp and downe,

Threatning the flame

With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head, Where late the Diadem wood, and for a Robe About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines, A blanket in th'Alarum offeare caught vp. Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome fleep'd. 'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd? But if the Gods themselves did see her then, When the law Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes, The infant Burft of Clamour that the made (Valeffe things mortall move them not at all) Would have made milche the Burning eyes of Heaven, And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and

ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'I is well, Ile haue thee speake out the test. soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel beflow'd. Doye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will vie them according to their de-

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vie everletnen after his defart, and who should scape whipping: vie them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leffe they descrue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them

Pol. Come firs. Ham. Follow him Friends:wee'l heare a play to mortow. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murches of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'lhe't to morrow night. You could for a need fluily a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which I would let downe, and infert in'& Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, lle leaue you ul sight you are welcome to Eifenewer?

Mares Hamles Ham. 1 fo, God buy'ye . Now I are alone. Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flaue am 1? Is it not monfirous that this Player heere, But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Pallion, Could force his foule fo to his whole conceit, That from her working, all his visage warro'd; Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect, A broken voyce, and his whole Function fairing With Formes, to his Concent? And all for nothing? For Hecubat

What's Heenda to him, or he to Heenba,

Rufe. Good my Lord.

That he should weepe for her? What would be doe, Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion That I have? He would drowner be Stage with teares, And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech: Make mad the guilty, and apale the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed, The very faculty of Eyes and Eares Yet I, A dull and muddy-mesled Rascall, peake Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause, And can fay nothing : No, not for a King, Vpon whose property, and most deere life, A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward? Who calles me Villaine f breakes my pate a-croffe? Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face! I weakes me by th Nose! gives me the Lye i'th Throate, As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this? Ha? Why I should take it : for it cannot be, But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lacke Gall To make Oppression bitter, or ere this, I should have facted all the Region Kites With this Slaves Offall, bloudy , a Bawdy villsine, Remoiseleste, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine! Oh Vengeance! Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most brane,

That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered, Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell, Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words, And fall a Corfing like a very Drab, A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine. I have heard, that guilty Creatures fitting at a Play, Haue by the very cunning of the Scoene, Bene frooke fo to the foule, that prefently They have proclaim'd their Malefactions. For Murther, though it have no congue, will speake With most myraculous Organ, Ile have thate Players, Play fomething like the murder of my Father, Before mine Vnkle. He observe his lookes, He rent him to the quicke t Ifhe but blench I know my course. The Spirit that I have scene May be the Divell, and the Divel hath power T'affume a pleafing shape, yea and perhaps Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly, As he is very potent with fuch Spirits, Abuses me to dampe me. He have grounds More Relative then this: The Play's the thing, Exit. Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

> Enter King, Querne, Policius, Ophelia, Roformer, Guildenftern, and Lords.

King. And can you by so drift of circumftance Get from him why he puts on this Confunoa: Grating to battlely all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rofin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe diftracted, But from what cause he will by no meanes speake

Call. Not do we finde him forward to be founded, But with a crafty Madneffe keepes aloofe: When we would bring him on to fome Confession Of his true flate.

Qm. Did he receive you well?

Rofin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with anuch forcing of his disposition. Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply

2. Didyou affay him to any passime? Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players We ore-wrought on the way : of thefe we told him, And there did feeme in him a kinde of toy To heare of it. They are about the Court, And (at I thinke) they have already order This night to play before him.
Pol. Tis most true:

And he befeech'd me to intreate your Maiesties

To heare, and fee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me To heare him to inclin'd. Good Gentlemen, Give him a further edge, and drive his purpole on To chese delighes.

Rofm. We shall my Lord.

Exempt.

Kung. Sweet Gertrade leave vs too, For we have closely fent for Hamlet hither, That he, as 'twere by accident, may there Affront Opbelia. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials) Will so bestow our selves, that seeing voscene We may of their encounter frankely judge, And gather by him, as he is behaued, If the th'affliction of his love, or no. That thus he fuffers for.

Quy I shall obey you, And for your part Ophelia, I do wish That your good Beauties be the happy cause Of Hamlers wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues Will bring him to his wonted way againe, To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye We will bestow our selves: Reade on this booke, That thew of fuch a exercise may colour Your lonelinesse. We are of too blame in this, 'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions vilage, And pious Action, we do lurge o're The diueli himselfe.

Kmg. Oh'us true: How Imarc a lash that speech doch give my Conscience ? The Harlors Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it, Then is my deede, to my most painted word. Ob heause burthen!

Pol 1 heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question : Whether in Nobler in the minde to luffer The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune, Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles, And by opposing end them . to dye, to sleepe No more; and by a fleepe, to fay we end The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? Tis a consummation Denoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe, To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub, For in that fleepe of death, what dreames may come, When we have shufflel'd off this morrall coile, Must give vs pawle. There's the respect That makes Calarmry of lo long life For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time, The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, The pangs of disprized Love, the Lawer delay. The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes That patient merit of the vnworthy takes. When he himselfe might his Quietre make With a bare Bodkin? Who would thefe Fardles beare To grunt and (weat under a weary life, But that the dreed of something after death. The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne No Traveller returnes, Purels the will And makes vs rather beare those illes we have. Then flye to others that we know not of. Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all, And thus the Nature hew of Resolution Is ficklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought. And enterprizes of great pith and moment, With this regard their Currants rurne away And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now, The faire Opbeliat Nimph, in thy Orizons Be all my finnes remembred. Ophe. Good my Lord.

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you . well, well, well. Ophe. My Lord. I have Remembrances of yours, That I have longed long to re-deliver. I pray you now, receive there

Hem. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought. Ophe. My hoaor'd Lord, I know tight well you did, And with them words of so sweet breath composid, As made the things more rich, then perfume lest: Take these againe, for to the Noble minde Rich gifts wax poore, when givers prove vakinde. There my Lord.

How. Ha, ha: Are you honeft?

Opte. My I a d. Ham Are you faire?

Opbe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Opbe. Could Beautie my Lord, have better Comerce

then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie : for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Hopethe can transface Beautie ioto his likeneffe. This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proofe. I did loue you once.

Opbe. Indeed my Lord, you made me believe fo. Ham. You should not have beleeved me. For verroe cannot so innocculate out old Rocke, but we shall relish of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerte Why would's thou be a breeder of Sinners ? I am my felle indifferens honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, ree uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to acte them in. What should fuch

Fellower as I do, crawling betweene Heaven and Earth. We are arram Knaues all, believe none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Numery. Where's your Father?

Opbe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be thut spon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou doeft Marry, He give thee this Plague for thy Downe. Be thou as chaft as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou halt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or If thou wilt needs Marry, marry a sool: for Wife men know well enough, what monters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell.

Opbe. O heavenly Powers, reflore bims

Him. I have heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your lefte another: you gidge, you amble, and you lifpe, and olchname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneffe, your Ignorance. Go too, lie no more on t, it hath made me mad. I fay, we will have no more Matriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwine? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers. Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State. The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme. Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most detect and wretched, That fuck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soversigne Reason, Like sweet Bels rangled out of tune, and harsh, That symmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blassed with extasse. Oh woe is me, T'have seene what I have seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way rend,
Not what he spake, though it lack d Forme a little.
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sis on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
have in quicke determination
Thus secret downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something setted matter in his heart
Whereon his Braines shill bearing, puts him thus
From fashion of himselse. What thinke you on'the

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeue The Origin and Commencement of this greese Sprung from neglected loue. How now Ophelia? You neede not tell vs., what Lord Hämler saide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone jutreat him To shew his Greeses: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare Of all their Conference. If the finde him not, To England send him: Or confine him where You: wisedome best shall thinke.

Korg. . It (hall be lo: Madnelle in great Ones, must not viwatch'd go. Enter Hambet pad two or three of the Flagers.

Ham. Speake the Speech I gray you, as I pionounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tengue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as hoe the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines. Nor do not saw the Ayie too much your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothnesse. Olt offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tarrers, to verie ragges, to split the easter of the Groundlings; who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could have such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out. Harod, Harod, Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrent your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther : but let your owne Diferetion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing to over-done, is fro the purpose of Playing, whole end both 21 the first and now, was and is, so hold as 'twes the Mirrout up to Nature; to thew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this ouer-done, or come rardie off, though it make the vinkilfull laugh, cannot but make the fudicious greeve; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I have feene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so Arutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures louerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity fo abhominably

Play. I hope we have reform d that indifferently with

Ham. Oreformest alsogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more them is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of harron Speciators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & set themselves a most pittiful Ambition in the Poole that view it. Go make you readie.

Exit Player.

Enter Polonina, Rosinerance and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hait. Exit Polunia.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord.

nv Lord. Exempl.
Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoz, Horasio?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service,

Ham Horatto, thou art cene as suff a man

As ere my Conversation coap'd withall

Hora. Only deere Lord.

Ham. Nay do not thinke I fiatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no Revennew haft, but thy good spirits

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd? No, let the Candred tongue, like abfurd pompe, And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee, Where thrift may follow faining ? Doft thou heare, Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyle, And could of men diffinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene As one in fuffering all, that fuffets nothing. A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards Hath 'tane with equal Thankes. And bleft are those, Whole Blood and Judgement are fo well co-mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, To found what stop she please. Give me that man, That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him In my hearts Core: 1, in my Heart of heart, As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a Play to night before the King, One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance Which I have rold thee, of my Fathers death. I prythee, when thou fee'ft that Att a-foot, Fuen with the verie Comment of my Soule Observe mine Vakle : If his occulted guilt, Do not it felfe vnkennell in one speech, It is a damped Ghost that we have seene : And my Imaginations are as foule As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note, For I mine eyes will rluet to his Face : And after we will both out judgements joyne, To centure of his feeming. Hora. Well my Lord.

If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the Thelt. Enser King, Queene. Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincranoe,

Guildenfterne, and other Lords attendant, with bis Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flowrifb.

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cofin Hamles?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish : I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so. King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once

I'th' Vniverfity, y " fsy? Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good

Ador. Hom. And what did you enach?

Pol. I did ens & lelius Cafar, I was kill'dith'Capitol: Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready i

Refin. I my Lord, they flay vpon your patience. 20. Come hither my good Hamler, fit by me. Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive. Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that f

Ham. Ladie, Shall I lye in your Lap? Opie. No my Lord.

Han. I mesne, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. Imy Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham, That's a faire thought to ly between Malds legs Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.
Ophs. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who 1? Opbe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely ligge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres

Opbe. Nay, 'tis twice two monerhs, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Divel weare blacke, for Ile haue a fuite of Sables. Oh Heauensl dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare. But byrlady he must builde Churches then: orelie shall he fuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horde, whole Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot

Hoboges play. The dismbe show enters.

Enter a Rong and Queene, very lowingly; the Queene embra-cing him. She kneeles, and makes them of Protestation unio him. He takes her up, and decloses bis bead upon ber neck. Layes him downe upon a Banke of Flowers She seeing hims a-sleeps, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, keffes it, and poweres por fon in she Kings cares, and Exas. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paffionate Allion. The Possoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in agame, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away : The Porforer Wooss the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and onwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love.

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counfell, they I tell all.

Ophe. Will they rell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, lle marke the Play

Emer Prologue. For vs, and for our Tragedie, Heere flooping to your Clemencie: We begge your bearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring? Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love,

Enter King and his Queene. King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round, Neptunes falt Wash, and Tellas Orbed ground: And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed theene, About the World baue times twelue thirties beene, Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands Vnice comunall, in most facred Bands.

Bap. So many journies may the Same and Moone Make va againe count o're, ere lone be done. But woe is me, you are so ficke of late, So fatte from cheere, and from your forme flate, That I diffruit you: yet though I diffruit, Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing miss t For womens Frare and Loue, holds quamitie,

In welther ought, or in extremity: Now what my love is proofe hath made you know,

And as my Loue is fiz d, my Feere is fo. King. Faith I must leave thee Loue, and shortly too: My operant Powers my Functions leave to do:

And thou shale live in this faire world behinde, Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.

For Husband Shale thou Bap. Oh confound the reft:

Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my breft: In second Husband, les me be accurit, None wed the fecond, but who kill'd the firfts

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move, Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue. A second time, I kill my Husband dead, When second Husband kisses me in Bed

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak : But what we do determine, oft we breake: Purpose is but the slave to Memorie, Of violent Birth, but poore validities Which now like Fruite varipe flickes on the Tree, But fall vnfhak en, when they mellow bee. Most necessary 'cis, that we forget To pay our felues, what to our felues is debt: What to our felues in passion we propole, The passion ending, dorn the purpose lose The violence of other Greefe or loy, Their owne ennectors with themselves defroy: Where Joy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament; Greefe loyes, Loy greeues on slender accident, This world is not for aye, nor tis not frange That even our Loves (hould with our Fortunes change. For 'is a question left vi yetto prove, Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elle Fortune Loue. The great man downe, you marke his favourites flies, The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemier: And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend For who not needs, shall never lacke a Frend: And who in want a hollow Friend doth try, Directly seasons him his Enemie. But orderly to end, where I begun, Our Willes and Fates do fo contrary run, That our Devices fill are overthrowne, Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne. So thinke thou wilt no fecond Husband wed But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light, Sport and repole locke from me day and night: Each opposite that blankes the face of 10y, Meet what I would have well, and it defiroy: Both heere, and hence, purlue me lasting strife, If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If the thould breake it now.

King. 'Tis deepely (wome: Sweet, leave me heere a while,

My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile The tedious day with fleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, Sleeper And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. Ezn

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play? Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

Kmg. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Of-

Hen. No, no, they do but self, poylon in ieft, 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 murde: done in Vienna: Go zago is the Dukesneme, his wife Bequife : you firs! fee anon: tiss knaus in peece of worke - Bur what othat? Your Maiefrie, and wee that have free fouler, it touches vs not : let the gall'd tade winchtons withers are vnrung. Enter Lucienm.

This is one Lucions nephew so the King.

Ophr. You are a good Chorus, my Lord. Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love,

of I could fee the Puppers dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coll you a groaning, to take off my

Opbe Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the crooking Roven doth bellow for Re-

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hande apt, Drugges fit, and Time agreeing Confederate leafon, elle, no Creature feeing: Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected, With Hecats Ban, thrice blafted, thnee infecte, Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie, On wholfomelife, viurpe immediately

Power the perfor in bu eares.

Exame

Ham. He poylons him i'th Gattlen for's effate. His name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choose Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of Goazago's wife.

Opbe. The King rifes.

Ham. What, frighted with falle fire.

Qm How fares my Lord? Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me lame Light. Away. Al. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Manet Harnlet & Horatto.

Ham. Why let the firucken Deere go weepe, The Hart vngalled play

For some must wareh, while some must sleepe;

Sorunnes the world away Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of

my Fortunes tutne Turke with me; with two Provincial Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get the a Fellowship in a ctie of Players fir.

Hor. Halfe a Chare. Ham. A whole one 1,

For thou doll know : Oh Damen decre,

This Realme dismantled was of love himselfe,

And now reignes heere. A verie veric Parocke.

Hera. You might have Rim'd

Ham. Oh good Herein, He take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did's perceine?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vponthe talke of the poyloging? Horas I did verie well note him

Enter Rolingrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come fome Musick. Come & Recorders For if the King like not the Comedie. Why then belike helikes it not perdie.

Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchfale me a word with you

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, fir. Ham. I fir, what of him?

Cuild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous diftemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir ?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more rither, to fignifie this to his Doctor. for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord pur your discourse into some frame, and flart not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affi-Aton of fpirit, hath fent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.
Caild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtefie is not of
the right breed. It it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will doe your Mothers command ment : if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Bufineffe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Guild What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholfome answere: my wits diseas'd. But fir, such answers as I can make, you shal command : or rather you lay, my Mother : therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you fay.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behaulor hath stroke

her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no fequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Rofin. She defires to speake with you in her Closses,

ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?
Rosin. My Lord, you once didloue me.

Ham. So Ido fill, by thefe pickers and fealers.

Rosen. Good my Lord, what is your cause of diffemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Advancement.

Rolin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke

Ham. I, but while the graffe growes, the Prouerbe is

fomething musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guild. Omy Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my love

is too vomannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.
Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do heseech you.

Guild: I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. Tisas easie as lying : gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, the fe are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance

of hermony. I leave not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me; you would play vpon mee; you would feeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would found mee from my lovrest Note, to the top of my Compasse; and there is much Muficke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you. and presently.

Ham. Do you fee that Clowd? that's almost in shape

like a Camell

Polon. By th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Methinkes it is like a Weazell. Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Orlikea Whale! Polon. Verielike 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 fay fo. Exit Hain. By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:

Tis now the verie witching time of night, When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it felfe breaths out Contegion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood.

And do such birter businesse as the day

Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother: Oh Heart, loofe not thy Nature; let not ever

The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bosome:

Let me be crueil, not vonarurall, I will speake Daggers to her, but vie none: My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites. How in my words someuer she be shent, To give them Seales, neuer my Soule confent.

Enter King Rofincrance and Guildensterne. King. I like him not, nor flands is fale with ys. To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you, I your Commission will forthwish disparch, And he to England Itall along with you: The termes of out : flate, may not endure Hazard fo dangerous as doth hourely grow Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our felues provide: Most holie and Religious seare it is To keepe those many many bodies safe That live and feede upon your Maicftie.

Rofin. The Angle And peculiar life is bound With all the Brength and Armour of the minde, To keepe it selfe from noyance i but much more, That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests The lives of many, the cease of Maiestie Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount, To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles, Each small annexment, pettie consequence Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neueralone Did the King fighe, but with a generall grone,

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage; For we will Fetters put vponthis feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Buth. We will hafte ve.

Enter Poloniss.

Exempt Gonz

Pol. My Lotd, he's going to his Mothers Cloffet. Behinde the Arras lle condey my felfe. To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home, And as you fold, and wisely was it faid.
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother, Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare. The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege, Ile call you you ere you go to bed, And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it finels to heaten, It hath the primall eldeft curse vpon't, A Brothers murther. Pray can I not. Though inclination be as tharpe as will: My stronger guilt, defeats my strong incent, And like a man to double bufineffe bound, I stand in paule where I shall first begin, And both neglect; what if this curfed hand Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood, Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heavens To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves mercy, But to confront the vilage of Offence? And what's in Prayer, but clus two-fold force, To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall, Or pardon'd being downe? Then He looke up, My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer Can ferue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther: That cannot be, fince I am full poffeft Of those effects for which I did the Murther. My Crowne, mine owne Ambitton, and my Queene: May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence? In the corrupted currants of this world, Offences gilded hand may houe by Iuflice, And oft tis feene, the wicked prize it felfe Buyes out the Law; but tis not lo aboue, There is no fouffling, there the Action lyes In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd Even to the teeth and forchead of our faults, To give in evidence. What then? What refts? Try what Repentance can. What can it not? Yet what can it, when one cannot repent? Oh wretched Raie! Oh bosome, blacke as death! Oh limed foule, that ftrugling to he free, Att more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele, Be foft as finewes of the new-borne Babe, All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it par, now he is praying, And now I le doo't, and fo he goes to Heauen, And fo am I treueng'd: that would be fearn'd, A Villaine killes 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 my Father groffely, full of breed, With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May, And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen: But in our circumstance and course of thought 'Tis heaue with him: and am I then reueng'd, To take him in the purging of his Soule, When he is fit and season of for his passage? No. Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke offeepe, or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceftuous plesfure of his bed,
As gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no rellish of Sakastionin's,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damo'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother sayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy fickly dayes.

Exil.

King. My words syevp, my thoughts remain below,

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below, Words without thoughts, never to Hezuen go. Ezn.

Emer Queos and Polomin.

Pol. He will come firzight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes have been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ferce ind, and stoode betweene
Much heate, and him. He filence me e'ene herre:
Pray you be round with him.

Hamsouthen. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare menoc.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamler.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qr. Hamler, thou bast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Qa. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qa. Why how now Bamler?

2s. Why how now Remer!

Ham. Whats the matter now?

2a. Have you for got me!

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:

You are the Queene, your Husband: Brozhers wife, But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then lle fee those to you that can speake.

Hum. Come, come, and six you downe, you shall not boudge:

You go not till I let you vp a glaffe, Where you may lee the imnost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not mutcher me? Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hos, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am flaine.

Küles Polon isu
Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is at the King?
Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,

As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Hom. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, tath, intruding foole brewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Forume,
Thou find's to be too bushe, is force danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shell
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qa.What have I done, that thou dar'll wag tny tong. In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
Thet blurres the grace and blush of Modeslie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage yowes
As falle as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

Δe

Astrom the body of Contraction plucker
The very foule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidic of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull vitage as against the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares followd, & thun-

ders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this, The counterfet presentment of two Brothers 1 See what a grace was feated on his Brow. Hyperions curles, the front of love himselfe, An eye like Mars, to threaten or command A Station, like the Herald Mercurie New lighted on a heaven kiffing hill: A Combination, and a forme indeed, Where every God did feeme to fer his Scale, To give the world affurance of a man. This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes. Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd care Blasting his wholsom breath. Have you eyes? Could you on this faire Mountaine leave to feed, And batten on this Moore? Ha? Have you eyes? You cannot call it Loue : For at your age, The hey-day to the blood is tame, it's hunible, And waites upon the ludgement : and what ludgement Would step from this, to this? What divel was t, That thus bath coulend you at hoodman-blinde? O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell. If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones, To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe. And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame, When the compulinc Ardure gives the charge, Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth butne, As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spors,

As will not leave their Tinch.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke freat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making lone
Over the nafty Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more, These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.

No more sweet Hamler

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth patt the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurfe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a fielfe, the precious Diadem fole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Choft.

Ham. A King of threads and patches.

Sauc me; and hour o're me with your wings

You heatenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

La. Alas he's mad

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide, That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by Thimportant acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Gboff. Do not forget; this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Concert in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her Hamler.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is 't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall syre do hold discourse.

Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and slame of thy distempet
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares, His forme and cause conion d, preaching to stones, Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon rine, Least with this pitteous action you convert My sterne effects: then what I have to do, Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Ham. Nor did you nothing here?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I fee
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our felues.

Harr. Why look you there: looke how it fleals away: My Father in his habite, as he lived.

Looke where he goes even now out at the Portall. Exis.

Qu. This is the very toyinge of your Braine,
This bodileffe Creation extalic is very cunning in.

Ham. Extahel My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time. And makes as healthfull Mulicke. It is not madaeffe That I have vitered; bring me to the Teff And I the matter will re-word which madneffe Would gamboil from. Mother, for love of Grace, Lay not o flattering Vnction to your foule, That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes: It will but skin and stime the Vicerous place, Whil'stranke Corruption mining all within, Infects vnscene. Confesse your selfe to Heaven, Repent what spaft, auoyd what is to come, And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes, To make them ranke. Forgive me this my Vertue. For in the facuelle of this purfic times, Vertue it felfe, (. Vice must pardon begge, Yea courb, and woe, for leave to do him good. 2e. Oh Hamlet,

Thou haft cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worfer part of it,
And line the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vokles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you have it not, refraine to night;
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse.
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heaven bath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him: so againe.good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Northis by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,

PP 3

Or padling in your necke with his darne'd Fingers, Make you to tavell all the matter out, That I effentially am not in madnelle.

But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know, For who that's but a Queene, faire, fober, wife, Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe, Such deere concernings hide. Who would do fa, No in despight of Sense and Secrecie, Vnpegge the Basket on the boules top 1 Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou affur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath oflife : I have no life to breath

What thou halt faide to me.

Han. I must to England, you know that?
Qu. Alacke I had forgot: The so concluded on. Hom. This men shall be me packing ! He lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome, Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor Is now most still, most fecret, and most grave, Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue. Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night Mother. Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Emer King.

King. There's matters in these fighes. These profound heaves You must translate : Tis fit we understand them. Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I feene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hander?
Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both consend Which is the Mightier, in his lawlelle hi Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre, He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat, And in his brainish apprehension killes The volcene good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed: It had bin so with ve had we beene there: His Liberty is full of threats to all, To you your felfe, to vs, to every one. Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered? le will be laide to vs. whole prouidence Should have kept thors, reftrain'd, and out of haunt, This mad youg man. But so much was our love, We would not understand what was most fig. But like the Owner of a foule difeafe, To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qw. To draw apare the body he hath kild, O're whom his very madneffe like fome Oase Among a Minerall of Mettels bale

Shewes it felle pure. He weepes for what is doze. King. Oh Gerrands, come away: The Sun no fooner shall the Mountaines touch, But we will fhip him hence, and this viide deed, We must with all our Majesty and Skill Both countensace, and excute. Enter Rof & Gold. Ho Guilden Gern : Friends both go loyne you with lome further syde: Howier in madneffe hach Polente fiaine,

And from his Mother Cloffers hath he drag'd him. Go leeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body Into the Chappell. I pray you half in this. Exus Come Gorrad, wee't call up our wifeh friends,

To let them know both what we means to do, And what's varimely done. Oh come away, My foule is full of discord and dismay.

Esser Harries.

Ham. Safely flowed.

Gemlemen wieben. Hamlet, Lord Pamlet. Hom. What notife? Who cals on Homke?

Oh heere they come. Enter Rof. and Cuilden flores. Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duft, wherero 'ils Kinne. Rofin Tell va where tis, that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell. Ham. Do not beleeve ic.

Rofon Beleeve what?

Ham That I can keepe your counfell, and not mine owne. Belides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rofin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord? Hom. I fr, that lokes up the Kings Countenance, bis Rewards, his Authorities (but fuch Officers do the King beft service in the end . He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his isw, first mouth'd to be left swallowed, when he needes what you have glean'd, it is but fqueezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rofin. I underfland you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knowsh speech sheepes in a foolish cure.

Rofie. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is and po with vs to the King.

Ham The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing -

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him, hide Fox, and all

Encer King. King. I have lent to feeke him, and to find the bodie : How dangeroes is it that this man goes looks Yet must not we put the strong Law on him i Hee's loved of the diffracted mulitude, Who like not in their ludgement, but their eyes: And where 'tis fo, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd But neerer the offence : to beare all fmooth, and even, This lodaine lending him away, must learne Deliberate paule, diseases desperate growne, By desperate appliance are relected. Ornot at all. How now? What hath befalme?

Rofin. Where the dead body is bellow'd my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?
Rojin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleafure.

King. Bring him before vs. Rofin. Hos, Guildenfternei Bring in my Lord.

Enter Harrist and Guilden Corne. Ring. Now Hamler, where's Polantee? Ham. At Suppet.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cortaine convocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for dies. We fat all creatures elle to fat ve, and we for our felfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable feruice to diffee, but to one Table that's thoond.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Fran, 1

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is Polonius.

Ham. In heaven, send thicher to see. If your Messenger finde himnor there, feeke him i'th other place your felfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you (hall note him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby. King. Go feeke him there.

Ham. He will flay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue For that which thou half done, must lend thee hence With hene Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe, Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England? Kmg. 1 Hamler.

Ilam, Good.

King. So is st, if thou knew'st our purposes. Ham. I fee a Cherube that fee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamler.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one fielh, and fo my mother. Come,

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speed aboord : Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done That else leanes on th'Affaire pray you make haft. And England, if my love thou holdst at ought, As my great power thereof may give thee fonfe, Since yet chy Cicatrice lookes raw and red After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to vs; thou mail not coldly fet Our Soucraigne Processe, which imports at full By Letters conjuring to that effect The present death of Hamlet. Do it England. For like the Hecticke in my blood be rages, And thou must cure me: Till I know tis done, How ere my happes, my loyes were ne're begun.

Enter Fortinbras with an Armse. For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, Tell him that by his license, Forimbras Claimes the conveyance of a promis'd March Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous: If that his Maiesty would ought with vs, We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, And let him know fo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go fefely on. Enter Queens and Herato.

Da I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Exit.

Qu. What would she have?
Hr. She speakes much of her Father; saies she herres There's crickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart, Spurnes enviously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt, That carry but halfe sense: Het speech is nothing, Yet the vnfhaped vle of it doth moue The hearers to Collection; they syme at it, And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts .. Which as her winkes, and nods, and geftures yeeld them, Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, Though nothing fure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. Twere good the were spoken with, For the may threw dangerous coniectures in ill breeding minds. Let her come in. To my licke foule(as finnes true Nature 15) Each toy scemes Prologue, to some great amisse. So full of Artleffe icalousie is guile, It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spile.

Enter Ophelia distrolted. Opbe, Where is the besuteous Maiesty of Denmark.

24 How now Ophelial

Opbe. How Should I your true love know from another one? By hu Cockle has and staffe, and his Sandal Shoone.

Qu. Alas (weet Lady: what imports this Song? Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke. He is dead and gone Lary, he is dead and gone, As his head a graffe-greene Tirfe, as his beeles a flone.

Enter King.

Qu Nay but Opholia. Opbe Pray you marke.

Whichis Shrow'd as the Mountains Snow.

Q. Alas looke heere my Lord. Opbo. Larded with sweet flowers : Which bewept to the grave did not go, With true-low powers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They fay the Owle was Bakers daughter. Lord, weeknow what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Concert vpon her Father

Ophe Pray you let's haue no words of this. but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this : To morrow is S. Valentines dez all in the morning beisme, . And I a Maid at your Window to be your Valentme Then up be rofe to don'd his clothes to dapt the chamber dore Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King . Pretty Ophelia.

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath lle make an end ont.

By gis, and by S. (burity. Alacke, and fie for thame : Yong meny al doo't, if they come too't, By Cocke hey are soo blasses Quoil she before you turnbled me. You promis'd me to Wed Soworld I hadme by gonder Sunne, And show hadfl nos come to my bed

King. How long hath the bin this? Opbe. I hope all will be well. We most bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th'cold ground : My brother shall knowe of it. and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight sweet Ladies : Goodnight.goodnight.

King. Follow her close, Give her good watch I pray you: Oh this is the poyfon of deepe greefe, it springs All from her Fathers death. Oh Gerrade, Certrode, When forrowes comes, they come not fingle fpies, But in Battalines. First, ber Father flaine, Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author Of his owne full remove: the people muddled, Thicke and vinwholfome in their thoughts, and whifpers For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia Divided from her felfe, and herfaire judgement

Without the which we are Pictures, or meete Beafts. Last, and as much containing as all these, Het Brother Is in fecret come from France, Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds, And wants not Buzzer: to infect bis eare With pestilent Speecher of his Fathers death, Where in necessitie of marter Beggard, Will nothing flicke our persons to Arraigne In care and care. O my decre Certrale, this, Like to a murdering Peece in many places. A Noise withus. Gives me superfluous death.

Enter a Messenger. Qu. Alacke, what noyle is this? King. Where are my Switzers?

Letthem guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mef. Saue your felfe, my Lord. The Ocean (over-peering of his Lift) Eates not the Flats with more imputious hafte Then young Leeries, in a Riotous head, Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord, And as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne, The Ratifiers and props of every word They cry choose we? Larres shall be King. Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, Laertes shall be King, Laertes King. Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,

Oh this is Counter you falle Danish Dogges.

Noisewithin. Enter Lacries.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, firs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Lacr. I pray you give me leave.

Lair. I thanke you: Keepe the doore. Oh thou vilde King, give me my Father-

Qu. Calmely good Laerres.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaimes me Baftard :

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot Euen heere betweene the chafte vnsmitched brow Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause Leerner, That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like? Let him go Gertrude : Do not feare our person : There's fuch Divinity doth hedge a King, That Treason can but peepe to what it would, Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes, Why thou art thus Incens? Let him go Gertrade. Speakeman.

Laer. Where's my Father? King, Dead.

Que But not by him.

King. Lethim demand his fill.

Lacr. How came he dead? He not be luggel'd with. To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest divell. Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Piz I dare Dammarion: to this point I frand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes : onely Ile be reueng'd Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who finall flay you? And for my meanes, He husband them fo well, They shall go farre with little.

King. Good Larrers If you defire to know the certaintie Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge. That Soop-flake you will draw both Friend and Foe, Winner and Loofer.

Larr. None but his Enemies. Kmg. Will you know them then,

La. To his good Friends, thus wide lie ope my Armes And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician, Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman. That I am guiltleffe of your Fathers death, And am most fensible in greefe for it, It shall as levell to your ludgement pierce As day do's to your eye

A noise within. Let her come m. Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that? Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt, Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye. By Heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight, Till our Scale curnes the beame. Oh Role of May, Deere Maid, kinde Sifter, fwcet Opbelia: Oh Heauens, is't possible, s yong Maids with, Should be as mortall as an old mans life? Nature is fine in Loue, and where tis fine, It fends fome precious inflance of it felle After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer, Hey non nony nony beg meny :

And on hu graze raines many atears,

Fare you well my Done.

Lacr. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not move thus.

Opbe. You must fing downe a downe, and you rail him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the falle Steward that Aole bis mallers daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray love temeniber : and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.

Lacr. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-

brance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weere your Rew with a difference. There's a Daylie, I would give you fome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-

ed: They fay, he made a good end;

For boung freet Robin is all my top.

Lore. Thought, and Affiliction, Passion, Hell it feise:

She turnes to Favour, and to pretthesse.
Ophe. And will be not come ogarae, And will be not come agame :

No no be is dead, so to thy Death-bed, He neuer wil come agains.

His Board as white as Snow, All Flamen was bis Pole

He u gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone, Gramere, on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye. Exercit Ophelia Laer. Do you fee this, you Gods?

Ring. Larres, I must common with your greefe. Or you deny me right: go but spart,

Excust

Make choice of whom your wifelt Friends you will, And they shall heare and judge twist you and me; If by direct or by Colarerall hand They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome give, Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours To you in fatisfaction. But if not, Be you content to lend your patience to vs, And we shall loyntly labour with your soule To give it due content,

Lacr. Let this be so: His meanes of death his obscure buriall; Mo Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones, No Noble rice, nor formall oftentation, Cry to be heard, as "twere from Heaven to Earth, That I must call in question.

King. So you shall: And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall I pray you go with me.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me? Ser. Saylors fir, they fay 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 Hamler. Emer Saylor.

Say. God bleffe you Sir. Har. Let him bleffe thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadours that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, When thouse base overlook'd this give theso Fellowes some meanes to the King: They have Letters for him. See we were two dayes old at Soa, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue us Chace. Finding our selves too Row of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them . On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have deals with meo, like Threuer of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King have the Letters I have fent, and reparte thou. I me with as much haft as thou wouldest fire death I nave words to freake in your care, will make thee dambe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellower will bring thee where I am. Rolincrance and Guildensterne, bold theer course for England. Of them I bane much so sell shee, Farewell.

He that show knowest thine, Hamlet,

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters, And do't the speedier, that you may direct me Exit. To him from whom you brought them.

Enter Kong and Lacrees.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance scal, And you must put me in your beart for Friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing care, That he which hath your Noble Father flaine, Pursued my life.

Eaer. It well appeares. But tell me, Why you proceeded not against these feates, so crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature, As by your Safety, Wiledome, all things elfe,

King. O for two special Reasons, Which may to you (perhaps) feeme anich vafinaowed. And yet to me they are frong. The Queen his Mother, Lives almost by his lookes : and for my felfe, My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which. She's fo conjunctive to my life and foule; That as the Starre moves not but in his Sphere, I could not but by her. The other Morine, Why to a publike count I might not go,

You mainly were ffin'd vp?

Is the great love the generall gender beare him, Who dipping all his Faults in their affection, Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, Convert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes Too flightly timbred for lo loud a Winde, Would have reverted to my Bow againe, And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father loft, A Sister driven into desperate tearmes, Who was (if praises may go backe againe) Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your Deepes for that, You must not thinke That we are made of fluffe, fo flat, and dull, That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger, And thinke it passime. You shortly shall heare more, I lou'd your Father, and we love our Selfe, And that I hope will teach you to imagine .-

Enter a Meffenger.

Hownow? What Newes? Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your

Maiesty : this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them? Mef. Saylors my Lord they fay, I faw them not : They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them. Kmg. Laertes you shall heare them :

Exu Messenger High and Mighty, you shall know I am for naked on your

Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I hall (first asking your Pardon shereunso) recount sh'Occasions of my sodaine and more stronge recurne.

What (hould this meane? Are all the reft come backe? Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis Hamlers Character, naked and in a Poftscript here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me ?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come, It warmes the very ficknesse in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth; Thus diddeft thou.

Km. If it be so Laerter, as how should it be so t How otherwise will you berul'd by me?

Laer. Iffo you'l not o'resule me to a peace. Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd, As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes No more to undertake it; I will worke him To an exployt now ripe in my Device, Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall; And for his death no winde of blame shall breath, But even his Mother shall vncharge the practice, And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence Here was a Gendeman of Normandy I'ue feene my felfe, and feru'd against the French, And they ran well on Horsebacke, but this Gallant

Fied

Had witchcrast in't; he grew into his Seat, And to fuch wondrous doing brought his Horfe, As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd With the brave Beaft, so farre he past my thought, That I in forgery of thapes and trickes, Come short of what he did.

Luer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman.

Lar. Vpon my life Lamound. Kin. The very fame.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed, And Jemme of all our Nation.

Kin. Heemad confession of you, And gaue you fuch a Masterly report, For Art and exercise in your defence; And for your Rapier most especially. That he cryed out, t'would be a fight indeed, If one could match you Sir. This report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his Enuy, That he could nothing doe but wish and begge, Your sodaine comming ore to play with him; Now our of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord? Kin Lacries was your Father deare to you? Or are you like the painting of a forrow, A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not love your Father, Butthat I know Loue is began by Time: And that I fee in passages of proofe, Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it : Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake, To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed, More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church. Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize; Revenge should have no bounds: but good Laerces Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber, Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home: Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence, And let a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together, And wager on your heads, he being remisse, Moft generous, and free from all contriving Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease, Or with a little shuffling, you may choose A Sword vnbaited, and in a paffe of practice,

Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose He annoint my Sword: I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it, Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare, Collected from all Simples that have Vertue Vnder the Moone, can faue the thing from death, That is but scratche withall: He touch my point, With this contagion, that if I gall him flightly, I t may be death.

Kin Let's further thinke of this, Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile; And that our drift looke through our bad performance, *Twere better not affaid; therefore this Proie& Should have a backe or fecond, that might hold, If this should blass in proofe: Soft, let me ses Wee'l make a folemne wager on your commings,

I hat: when in your motion you are hot and dry, As make your bowts more violent to the end, And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'dhim A Challice for the nonce; whereon but lipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queens.

Queen. One woe doth tread ypon anothers heele, So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd Lacrees. Laer. Drown'd 1 O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes affant a Brooke, That shewes his hore leaves in the glaffie flreznie: There with fantaflicke Garlands did she come, Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfies, and long Purples, That liberall Shepheards give a groffer name; But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them: There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds Clambring to hang; an envious fliver broke, When downe the weedy Trophies, and her felfe, Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes fpred wide, And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp. Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes, As one incapable of her owne distresse, Or like a creature Native, and indued Vnto that Element: but long it could not be, Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke, Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy. To muddy death.

Laer. Alasthen, is she drown'd? Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds, Let shame fay what it will; when these are gone The woman will be our: Adue my Lord, I haut a speech of fire, that faine would blaze, But that this folly doubts ir.

Kin. Let's follow, Gerirnde: How much I had to doe to calme his rage? Now feare I this will give it flart againe; Therefore let's follow.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is the to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully feekes her owne faluation?

Other. I tell thee the is, and therefore make her Grave firaight, the Crowner hath fate on ber, and finds it Chri-

Clo. How can that be, valeffe the drowned her felfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why tis found fo.

Clo. It must be Se offendendo, it cannot bee elle: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my felfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall the drown'd her felfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Give me leave; heere lies the water; good: heere flands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himsele; it is will he nill he, be goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law? Cho. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

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 therethou fay'A. And themore pitty that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christian. Come, my Spades there is no ancient Genelemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold vp Adems Profession.

Other. Was he a Gendeman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou underftand the Scripture? the Scripture fayes Adam dig'd; could lice digge without Armes? He put another quefron to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confeffe thy felfe-

Olber. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the

Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter !
Other. The Gallowes makers for that Frame outlines a

shouland Teoants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built Aronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-

wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me thar, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

No. Too'L

Orber. Maffe, I cannot tell.

Enser Hamles and Horasio a fare off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Affe will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thec to Trugbas, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sengs. In youth when I did love, did love, me chought is was very facete : To constalt O the some for a my behove,

O me thought there was nothing meete. Ham. Ha's this rellow no feeling of his businesse, that

he fings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in hims property of es.

Ham. Tis ee'n lo; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier fenfe.

Clowns fings. Bu Age with hes stealing stops bash caught me in his clatch : And bash Ihopped me intill the Land. . as if I bad never beene such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could fing once: how the knaue lowles it to th' grownd, as if it were Caines law-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pateof a Polititian which this Affe o're Of. Eces: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Her. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could fay, Good Morrow fiveer Lord: how doll thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord fuch a one, that prais'd my Lord fuch a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n fo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade, herre's fine Revolution, if wee had the tricke to fee't. Did these bones coft no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke

> Clowne sings. A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade for and a shrowding-Sheere: O a Put of Clay for so be made, for fuch a Gueft is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might nor that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he fuffer 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 Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoucties: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoueries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dire? will his Vouchers youch him no more of his Purchases, and double 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 must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a lot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that feek out affurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir ?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made, for such a Guift is meete

Ham, Ithinke ir be thine indeed: for thou lieft in't. Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it ir mine.

Ham. Thou doft lye in't, to be in't and lay 'tis thine : tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeft.

Clo. Tis a qui cke lye Sir, 't will a way agoine from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for ?

Clo. For no man Sir,

Ham. What woman then?

Clo For none perther.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reft her Soule, Thee's dead.

Hom. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equinocation will vadoe vs : by the Lord Horario, thefe three years I have taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pefant comes so neere the heeles of our Courties, hee galls his Kibe. How long haff thou been a Grane-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes ith yeare, I came too't that day that our last King Hamles o'recame Forthibras,

Ham. How long is that fince?

Ch. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that : It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee

that was mad, and fent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he fent into England? Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

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Ham Why?

Clo. Twill not be feene in him there the men are as mad as he.

Nom. How came he mad? Cla. Very strangely they say Ham. How frangely i

Clo. Faith e'ene with loofing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground i

Co. Why heere in Denmarke: I have bin fixeteene

heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he ros? Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coarles now adaies, that will fearce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why fir, 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 horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clo. A whorefor inad Fellowes le was;

Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rds Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this fame Scull fir, was Toricke Scull, the Kings lefter.

Ham. This? Clos E'ene that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Horasio, a fellow of infinite Ieft; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhotred my Imagination is, my gorge rifes at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I have kiff I know not how oft.
VVhere be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your
Songs? Your flashes of Metriment that were wont to fer the Table on a Rorej No one now to mock your own Iceting ? Quite chopfaine ? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour the must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee Horatio tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Hum. Dost thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fa-

Hor. E'ene lo.

Han. And smelt so > Puh. Hor. E'enclo, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vies we may returne Horatio. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of A.

lexarder, till he find it Ropping a bunghole.

Har. Twere to confider : to curiously to confider fo. Ham, No faith, not aiot. But to follow him thether with modeflie enough, & likelichood to lead it; as thus. Alexander died : Alexander was buried : Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted, might they not Ropp a Beere-barrell? Imperiall Cafur, dead and turn'd to clay. Might flop a hole to keepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe. Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

> Enter King . Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant .

The Queenc, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

But fost, but fost, aside; heere comes the King.

And with such maimed rives ? This doth betoken, The Coarle they follow, did with disperate hand, Fore do it owne life; 'twas fome Efizic. Couch we a while, and mark

Lacr. What Cerimony elfe?

Ham. That is Lacrees, a very Noble youth: Marke, Lar. What Cerimony elfe!

Prieft. Her Obsequies have bin as farre inlarg'd. As we have warrantis, her death was doubtfull, And but that great Command, o're-Iwaies the order, She should in ground vnsanstified have lodg'd, Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier, Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wire on her, Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites, Her Maiden frewments, and the bringing home Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done? Prief. No more be done:

We fliould prophane the feruice of the dead, To sing sage Requiem, and such rust to her As to peace-parted Soules.

Lacr. Lay her i'th' carth,

And from her faire and vapolluted flesh, May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be, When thou lieft howling!

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queene. Sweets, to the Iweet farewell I hop'd thou should'st have bin my Hamlets wife ; I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (fweet Maid) And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh tertible woer, Fall ten times trebble, on that curied head Whole wicked deed, thy most Ingenious lence Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while, Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the grave. Now pile your duft, vpon the quicke, and dead, Till of this flat a Mountaine you have made, To o're top old Pelion, or the skyish head

Ofblew Olympus. Ham. What is he, whose griefes Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow

Conjure the wandring Starres, and makes them Rand Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is L

Hamlet the Dane.

I.aer. The deuill take thy foule. Ham. Thou prefft not well, I prythee take thy fingers from my throat; Sir though I am not Spleenative, and rath, Yet have I something in me dangerous, Which let thy wifenesse feare Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them sfunder. Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.

Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qa. Ohmy Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. Ilou'd Ophelia; fortie thousand Brothers Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue) Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad Larres, Qu. For love of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe. Woo't weepe ! Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy felfe? Woot drinke up Efile, eate a Crocodile?

Exil.

Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make Of a like a wart. Nay, and thous throuth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madneffe: And thus awhile the fit will worke on him: Anon as patient as the female Doue, When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd; His flerge will fit dropping.

His filence will fit drooping. Ham. Heare you Sir:

What is the reason that you vie me thus?
I loud' you ever; but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himselfe doewhat he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will have his day.

Kin. I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him, Strengthen you patience is our last nights speech, Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good Gerinde set some watch over your Sonne,
This Grave shall have a living Monument:
An house of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other, You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me fleepe; me thought I lay
Worfe then the mutines in the Bilboes, rafhly,
(And praife be rafinefle for it) let vs know,
Out indiferetion fornetimes ferues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that fhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that fhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarst about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my defire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found Haratio,
Ohroyall knauery: An exad command,
Larded with many seuerall forts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands 200,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head shoud be struck off.

Her. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more seysure: But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines, Ete I could make a Prologue to my braines, They had begun the Play. I fate me downe, Deuis'd a new Conimilion, wrote it faire, I once did hold it as our Statifts doe, A basenesse write faire; and laboured much How to forget that learning: but Sirnow, It did me Yeomans service: wilt thou know The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuration from the King, As England was his faithfull Tributary, As love betweene them, as the Palme should flourish, As Peace should faill her wheaten Garland weare, And shad a Comma 'tweene their amities, And many such like Assis of great charge, That on the view and know of these Contents, Without debatement surther, more or lesse, He should the bearers put to sodaine death, Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this feal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate; I had my fathers Signet in my Purse, Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale: Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other, Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac't it safely. The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement, Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildensterne and Rosinerance, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne infinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it nor, thinkft thee, stand me now upon He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother, Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes, Throwne out his Angle for my proper life, And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience, To quir him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd To let this Canker of our nature come.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England What is the iffue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short,

The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very forry good Horasio,
That to Lasties I forgot my selse;
For by the image of ay Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; I se count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Of ticke. (marke.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to DenHam, I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this watershie?
Hor. No my good Lord.

Han. Thy state 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 shall stand at the Kings Mcse; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.

Off. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leyfure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spiritsput your Bonet to his right vse, its for the head.

Of. I thanke your Lordship, tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe mee'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Off. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very foultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Olescho

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, It is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how : but my Lord, his Maicfly bad me fignifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager ou your bead: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine case in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Larrier is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Of. The fir King ha's wag'd with him fix Barbary Hor. fes. againft the which he impon'd as I take it, fixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their affignes, as Girdle, Hangers or fo: three of the Carriages infalth are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our fides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on fixe Barbary Horfes against fixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paffes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to imediatetryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. Howif Ianswere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person

in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the beathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpole; I will win for him if I can: if not, He gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you ee'n fo? Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na-

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee fuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beaux that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, 2 kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, fince he went into France, I have beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes : but thou wouldest not thinke howall heere about my heart: but it is no matter,

Her. Ney, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde diflike any thing obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it beenet to come, it will beenow: if it be not now, yer it will come; the readmeffe is all, fince no man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave be-

Enter King, Queens, Learnes and Lords, wah other Asses. dants with Foyles, and Governless, a Table and Flagons of Wine on 11.

Kin. Come Hamler, come, and take this hand from me. Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman. This presence knowes, And you must needs have heard how I am punishe With fore diffraction? What I have done

That might your nature honour, and exception Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was modneste : Was t Hamlet wrong'd Lacries? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be cane away: And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Lacres, Then Hamles does it not, Hemles denies it : Who does it then? His Madneffe? If t be fo, Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd, His madnesse is poore Hamlets Energy. Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd enill, Free me lo farre in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house, And hurr my Mother.

Leer. I sm satisfied in Nature, Whose motive in this case should flime me most To my Revenge. But 10 my termes of Honor I sand aloofe, and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor, I have a voyce, and president of peace To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely, And will this Brothers wager frankely play. Give vs the Foyles: Come on.

Leer. Come one for me.

Ham. Hebe your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance, Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night, Stickeftery offindeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir. Ham. No by this hand,

King. Give them the Foyles yong Ofricke, Coulen Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laide the oddes ath weaker fide.

King. I do not feare it, I have leene you both:

But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Leer. This is too heavy, Let me see another.

Hom. This likes me well,

These Foyles have all a length. Properto play.

Ofricke. I my good Lord. Kmg. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table: If Hanlet give the first, or second hit, Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire, The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath And in the Cup an vition Ihal he throw Richer then that, which foure successive Kings In Denmarkes Crowne have worne,

Glut

Give me the Cups, And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake, The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without, The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth, Now the King drinkes to Hamber. Come, begin, And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir, Laer. Come on fir.

Ham. One.

They play.

Play.

Laer. No.

Ham. ludgement.

Of. A hit, a very palpable his

Lacr. Well: againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke. Hamler, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

Trumpets found, and hot goes off. Ham. Ileplay this bout first, fet by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what lay you?

Laer. Atouch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sonne shall win,

20, He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes, The Queene Carowles to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drinke. Qu. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardonme.

King. It is the poyfon'd Cup, it is too late. Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face. Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third. Laerces, you but dally,

I pray you paffe with your best violence, I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Lair. Say you fo? Come on. Of. Nothing neither way. Laer. Haue at you now,

In scuffing they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe. Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on sch fides, How is t my Lord? Ofr. How is't Laurent?

Lacr. Why as a Woodcocke Tomine Sprindge, Ofricke,

I am luftly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene? King. She founds to fee them bleede. Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke, Lampoyson'd

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd. Treacherie, feeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamles. Hamlet . thou art fisine, No Medicine in the world can do thee good. In thee, there is not halfe an house of life; The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand. Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practife fath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye, Veuer to tife againe: Thy Mothers poylon'd: I can no more, the King, the King's too blame, Ham. The point envenom'd too. Then venome to thy worke. Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friende, I am but hure.

Ham. Heerethou incestuous, murdrous, Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Potion : Is thy Vnion heere?

Follow my Mother. Laer. He is iuftly feru'd. King Dyes

It is a poylon temp'red by himselfe:

Exchange for givenesse with me, Noble Hamler; Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee. I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew. You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance, That are but Mutes or audience to this acte: Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death Is frick'd in his Arreft) oh I could tell you. But let it be: Horatio, I am dead, Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right To the vn latisfied.

Hor. Neuer beleeue it. I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane: Heere's yet some Liquorlest.

Ham. At th'att a man, give me the Cup. Let go, by Heaven 1le haue't.

Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name, (Things standing thus voknowne) shall live behind me-If thou did'it ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from selicitie awhile And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine, To tell my Storie.

March afacre off, and shout weehin. What was like noyfels this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong Fortinbres, with conquest come fro Poland Toth'Amballadors of England gives this warlike velly. Ham. Oldye Horaso:

The potent poyfon quite ore-crowes my spirit, I cannot live to heare the Newes from England, But I do prophesie th'election lights On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and leffe, Which have folicited. The rest is silence. O,0,0,0, Dyes

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart: Goodnight Sweet Prince, And flights of Angels fing thee to thy selt, Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Assendants.

Fortin. Where is this fight? Hor. What is it ye would fee ;

If ought of wae, or wonder, ceale your fearch.

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Ch proud death, What feast is toward in thing eternal! Cell.

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote, So bloodily hast strooke. Amb. The sight is dismall,

And our effaires from England come too late, The eares are lenfeleffe that should give vs hearing, To tell him his command ment is fulfill'd,

Truly deliver.

That Refiner area and Guidenferne are dead:
Where should we have our chankes to Har. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so iumper you this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are here artived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vinknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloodie, and vinarurall acts,
Ofaces dentall iudgements, casuall stugenters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forcid cause,
And in this vipshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inventors heads. All this can I

For. Let us halt to heare it, And call the Noblest to the Audience. For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune, Thave some Rices of memory in this Kingdome, Which are to claime, my vantage doth luste me.

Hor. Of that I shall have alwayes cause to speake, And from his mouth Whose voyce will draw on more: But let this same be presently perform'd.

But let this same be presently perform'd Even whiles mens mindes are wilde, Lest more mischance

On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let soure Captaines

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamler like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To have provid most toyally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.

Take up the body; Such a fight as this Becomes the Field, but heere the wes much serns. Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

Exensi Marching after the which, a Peals of Ordenance are flow off.

FINIS.





TRAGEDIE KING LEAR.

e Adus Primus. Sciena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloncester, and Edmond.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall, Glon. It did alwayes feeme fo to vs : But now in the division of the Kingdome, it sppeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that corrolity in ner-

ther, can make choise of eithers moity. Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glow. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glon. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; wherevpon the 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 i

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the Isfue of it,

being fo proper.

Glou. But I have a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came somthing sawcily to the world before he was fent for : yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, Edmond?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Fdm. My services to your Lordship.

Kens. I must loue you, and suc to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I fhall study deserving.

Clou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he chall againe. The King is comming.

Sounes. Efter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goverill, Re-

gan, Cordelia, and attendants.
Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster. Glou. 1 (hall, my Lord. Lear. Meane sime we shal expresse our darker purpose.

Give me the Map there. Know, that we have divided In three our Kingdome and tis our fast intent, To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age, Conferring them on yenger Arengths, while we Vnbutthen'd crawle toward death. Out for of Corneal, And you out no leffe louing Sonne of Albany,

We have this houre a constant will to publish Our daughters scuerall Dowers, that turure strife May be prevented now. The Princes, France & Burgandy, Great Rivals in our yongest daughters love, Long in our Court, have made their amorous foiourne, And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will diveft vs both of Rule, Interest of Territory, Cares of State) Which of you shall we say doth love vs most, That we, our largest bountie may extend Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Concrett, Our eldest borne, speake first. Gon, Sir, I loue you more then word can weild 9 mater, Decrer then eye-fight, space, and libertie,

Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare, No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found. A loue that makes breath poore, and speech unable, Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speake? Love, and be filent. Lear. Of all these bounds even from this Line, to this, With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skitted Meades We make thee Lady. To thine and Albaner issues
Be this perpetuall. Y that sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest Regan, wife of Cernwall?

Reg. 1 am made of that felfe-mettle 25 my Sifter, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, I finde the names my very deede of loue: Orely the comes too thort, that I professe My felfe an enemy to all other loyes, Which the most precious square of sense professes, And finde I am alone felicitate In your deere Highnesse love.

Cor. Then poore Cordelia, And yet not lo. fince I am fure my loue's

More ponderous then my tongue. Lear. To thee, and thine hereditaric ever, Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdomea No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure Then that conferr'd on Gonerall. Now our Joy, Although our last and least : to whose yong love, The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie, Striue to be intereft. What can you fay, to draw A third, more opilent then your Sifters? Speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord. Lear. Nothing?

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Cor.

The Tragedie of King Lear.

Cor. Nothing.

icar. Nothing will come of nothing speake against Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue

My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maiefly According to my bond, no more nor lelle.

Lear. How, how Cordelia' Mend your speech a little, Least you may matte your Fortunes.

Car. Good my Lord, You have begot me, bred me, lou'd me, I returne those duties backe as are right fit, Obey you, Love you, and most Honous you. Why have my Sifters Husbands, if they fay They love you all ? Happily when I shall wed. That Lord, whole hand must take my plight, shall carry Halfe my love with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie, Sure I shall never marry like my Sifters,

Lear But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vntender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be fo, thy truth then be thy dowre: For by the Gered radience of the Sunne, The mileties of Heccat and the night: By all the operation of the Orbes, From whom we do exist, and cease to be, Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care, Propinquity and property of blood, And as a firanger to my heart and me. Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous Scythian, Or he that makes his generation meffes To gorge his appetite, shall to my before Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and relecu'd, As thou my fometime Daughter.

Kens Good my Liege. Lear. Peace Kent,

Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath, I lou'd her most, and thought to fer my rest On her kind nurfery. Hence and avoid my light : So be my graue my peace, as here I give Her Fathers hears from her; call France, who flirres? Call Burgundy Cornwall and Albanie, With my two Daughters Dowres, digeft the third, Let prido which the cals plainnesse, marry her : I doe invett you toyntly with my power, Prelieminence, and all the large effects That troope with Maicsty Our selfe by Monthly course, With referuation of an hundred Knights, By you to be fuftain'd, fhallour abode Make with you by due turne, onely we shall recaine The name, and all th'addition to a King : the Sway, Revennew, Execution of the rest, Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirme, This Coronet part betweene you.

Kent. Royall Lear, Whom I have ever honor'd as my King, Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd, As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft. Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade The region of my heart, be Kent vnmannerly, When Lear is mad, what wouldest thou do old man? Think'st thou that dutie shall have dread to speake, When power to flattery bowes? To plainnelle honour's bound, When Maiesty falls to folly, referue thy state, And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous tafinefle, answere my bie, my wadgement: Thy yongest Daughter do's not love thee leaft, Not are those empty hearted, whole low founds Reserbe no hollownesse.

Lear. Kens, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne To wage against thine enemies nere seare to loofe it, Thy lafety being motive. Lear. Out of my light.

Rem. See better Lear, and let me fill terrains The true blanke of thine eie.

Kew. Nowby Apollo, Lent. Nowby Apollo, King Thou swear. A thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vallall | Mileream. Alb. Car. Deare Six forbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow Vpon the foule difeafe, renoke thy guift, Or whil'ft I can vent clamour from my throate, He tell thee thou doft cuill

Lea. Heare me retreant, on thine allegeance heare me; That thou haft fought to make vs breake our vowes, Which we durft neuer yet; and with ftrain d pride, To come betwize our fentences, and our power. Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare; Our potencie made good, take thy reward. Fine dayes we do allot thee for provision, To shield thee from disafters of the world, And on the fixt to turne thy hated backe V pon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following, Thy banish trunke be found in our Dominions, The moment is thy death, away. By Imprier, This shall not be reuok'd,

Rear Fare thee well King, fish thus thou wils appeare Freedome lives hence, and banishment is here; The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid, That juffly think ft, and haft most rightly faid : And your large speeches, may your deeds approve, That good effects may fpring from words of love: Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adem, Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new. Ezu.

> Flourish. Enser Glofter with France, and Burgurdy, Assendams.

Cor Heere's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord Lear. My Lord of Bugundic, We first addresse roward you, who with this King Hath rivald for our Daugheer; what in the least Will you require in present Dower with her, Or cease your quell of Love?

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty, I crave no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd, Nor will you tender leffe?

Lear. Right Noble Burgandy, When the was deare to vs, we did hold her fo, But now her price is fallen: Sir, there the stands, If ought within that little feeming fubflance, Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd, And nothing more may firly like your Grace, Shee's chere, and the is yours.

Bur. I know no answer. Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes, Vnfriended, new adopted to our bate. Dow'rd with our curie, and Branger'd with our oath, Take bet ordeque het.

Bur. Par-

Bur. Pardon me Royali Sir,

Election makes not vp in fuch conditions.

Le. Then leave her fir, for by the powre that made me, I tell you all her wealth. For you great King, I would not from your love make such a stray To match you where I hate, therefore befeech you T'auert your liking a more worthier way, Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd

Almost t'acknowledge hers. Fr4. This is most strange, That the whom even but now, was your object. The argument of your praise, balme of your age, The best, the deerest, should in this trice of time Commit a thing to monstrous, to dismantle So many folds of fauout: fure her offence Must be of such vnnaturall degree, That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her

Must be a faith that reason without miracle

Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty. If for I want that glib and oylie Art, To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend, He do't before I speake, that you make knowne It is no vicious blot, murcher, or foulenesse, No vnchaste action or dishonoured step That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour, But even for want of that, for which I am richer, A still soliciting eye, and such a tongue, That I am glad I have not, though not to have it, Hath loft me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'ft .

Not beene borne, then not t haue pleas'd me better. Fra. Isit but this ? A tardinesse in natute,

Which often leaves the history vnspoke That it intends to do : my Lord of Burgundy, What fay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue When it is mingled with regards, that stands Aloofe from th'intire point, will you have her?

She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. RoyallKing, Give but that portion which your felfe propos'd, And here I take Cordelas by the hand, Dutchelle of Burgundie.

Lear. Nothing, I have sworne, I am firme. Bur. I am forry then you have so lost a Father, That you must look husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundie, Since that respect and Fortunes are his love,

I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poore, Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd, Thee and thy vertues here I feize vpon, Be it lawfull I rake vp what's cast away. Gods, Gods! 'Tis ftrange, that from their cold'ft neglect My Love should kindle to enflam'd respect Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance. Is Queene of vs. of ours, and our faire France: Not all the Dukes of watrish Burgundy Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me. Bid them farewell Cordelia, though vokinde, Thou loofest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haft her France, let her be thine, for we Haue no such Daughter, nor shall ever see That face of hera againe, therfore be gone, Without our Grace, our Loue, out Benizon:

Come Noble Burgundie, Flourisb. Fra. Bid farwell to your Sifters.

Cor. The lewels of our Father, with wash'deie s Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are, And like a Sifter am most loth to call Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father: To your professed bosomes I commit him, But yet alas, flood I within his Grace, I would prefer him to a better place, So farewell to you both.

Regn. Presente not vs our dutie.

Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you At Fortunes almes, you have obedience scanted, And well are worth the want that you have wanted,

Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides, Who couces faules, at last with shame derides:

Well may you prosper.
Fra. Come my faire Cordelia. Exit France and Cor. Gon. Sifter, it is not little I haueto fay, Of what most neerely apperraines to vs both,

I thinke our Pather will hence to night. (with vs. Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the obfernation we have made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lou'd our Sifter most, and with what poore judgement he hath now cast her off, appeares too groffely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but

slenderly knowne himselse.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but rash, then must we looke from his age, to receive not alone the impersections of long ingrassed condition, but therewithall the viruly way-wardnesse, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to have from

him, as this of Kents banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking betweene France and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our Father carry authority with fuch disposition as he beares, this laft furrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We shall further thinke of it.

Gon. We must do something, and ith' heate. Exeunt.

Stena Secunda.

Emer Bastard.

Baft. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law My services are bound, wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custome, and permit The curiofity of Nations, to deprive me? For that I am some twelve, or sourteene Moonshines Lag of a Brother? Why Baffard? Wherefore bale? When my Dimensions are as well compact, My minde as generous, and my shape as true As honest Madams iffue ? Why brand they vs With Base? With basenes Barstadie? Base, Base? Who in the luftie Realth of Nature, take More composition, and sierce qualitie, Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops Got'tweene a fleepe, and wake? Wellthen, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land, Our Fathers love, is to the Bastard Edmond, As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Wdl

Well, my Legittimste, if this Letter Speed, And my invention thrive, Edmond the bale Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I prospers Now Gods, fland up for Baffaids.

Enter Cloucefler.

Glo Kent banish'd thus and France in choller parted? And the King gone to night ! Preferib dhis powie, Confin'd to exhibition? All this done

Vpon the gad? Edmord, how now? What newes?

Baft. So please your Lordthip, none.

Glow. Why fo earnefly feeke you to put vp & Letter !

Baff, I know no newes, my Lord

Glow. What Paper were you reading?

Buff. Nothing my Lord.

Closs. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see : come, if it bee nothing, I shall not neede Spectacles.

Baft. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all ore-read; and for fo much as I have perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-loo-

Glon. Gine me the Letter, Sit.

Baft. I shall offend, either to detaine, or give it : The Contents, as in part I vade: stand them, Are too blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Baft. I hope for my Brothers sustification, hee wrote

this but as an effay, or tafte of my Vertuc.

Glou.reads. This policie, and reservace of Age, makes the world bister to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs. till our oldnesse cannot rellish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyramy, who swayes not as it bath power, but as it is fuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd bim, you should enion balfe bis Remenner for ever, and live the beloned of your Brother. Edgat. Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you hould

enioy halfe his Revennew: my Sonne Edgar, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?

When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baft. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Calement of my Closset.

Glow. 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

Gloss. It is his,
Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this busines? Baft. Neuer my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Revennew.

Glow. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baft. I do not well know my L. If it shall please you to sufpend your indignation against my Brother, til you can deriue from him better restimony of his intent, you shold run a certaine course : where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpole, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to so other precence of danger.

Glow. Thinke you to?
Baft. If your Honor indge it meete, I will place you where you shall heare va conferre of this, and by an Auticular assurance have your faiisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee such a Mouster. Edmond seeke him out : windeme into him, I pray you : frame the Bufinesse after your owne wisedome. I would vnstate my

selfe, to be in a due resolution.

Baft. I will feeke him Sir, presently 1 convey the bufinelle as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glon. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs : though the wifedome of Nature can reason is thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scoorg'd by the sequent effects. Love cooles, friendship salls off. Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, difcord; in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes under the prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We have seene the hest of our time. Machinarions, hollownesse, treacherie, and all ruinous diforders follow vs difquierly to our Graues. Find out this Villain, Edmond, it shall lofe thee pothing, do it carefully ; and the Noble & true-harted Kent banish'd; his offence, bonesty. Tis ftrange. Exit

Bast. This is the excellent soppery of the world, that when we are licke in fortune, often the furfers of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fooles by heavenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeves, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkerds, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd ebedience of Planacary influence; and all that we are cuill in, by a; diune throsting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Statte. My father compounded with my mother under the Dragons taile, and my Nativity was under Vrfa Maror, So that it followes, I am rough and Lescherous. I should have bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baftardizing.

Enter Edvar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a lighelike Tom o'Bedlam. - O these Eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother Edmand, what serious con-

templation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

Baft. I promise you, the effects be writes of succeede vnh2ppily.

When faw you my Father laft? Edg. The night gone by

Baft. Spake you with him ! Edg. I, two houtes together.

Buft. Parted you in good termes? Found you no difpleasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baft. Bethink your felfe wherein you may have offended him : and at my entreary forbeare his presence, vntill forme little time hath qualified the best of nia displeasure, which at this inflant to rageth in him, that with the mifchiefe of your person, it would scersely alay.

E4. Some Villaine hath done me wrong. Edm. That's my feare, I pray you have a continent forbeatance till the speed of his rage goes flower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fiely bring you to heare my Lord speake : pray ye goe, there's my key: If you do ftirre 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 feene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing Est.

like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? Edm. I do serue you in this busaelle : A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble, Whose pacure is so farre from doing harmes, That he suspects none : on whose foolish hopestie My practifes ride cafe :I fee the bufineffe. Let me, if not by birth, baue lands by wit, All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.

Scena Tertia.

Emer Gonorill, and Stoward.

Con. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. 1 Madam.

Gov. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre He flashes into one grosse crime, or other, That fere vs all at ods : He not endure it; His Knights grow riotous, and himfelfe vpbraides vs On every triffe. When he returnes fromhunting, I will not speake with him, say I am ficke. If you come lacke of former feruices, You shall do well, the fault of it Heanswer.

See. He's comming Madam, I heare him. Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your Fellowes: I'de have it come to question If he distasse it, let him to my Sister, Whose mind and mine! know in that are one,

Remember what I bave faid,

Ste. Well Madz

Gow. And let his Knights have colder lookes smong you: what growes of it no matter, aduite your fellowes lo, le write Arsight to my Suffer to hold my courlesprepare for dinner.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent, If but as will I other accents borrow, That can my speech defule, my good intent May carry through it selfe to that full iffue
For which I raiz d my likenesse. Now banisht Kont, If thou can't ferue where thou doft stand condemn'd, So may it come, thy Mafter whom thou lou'fl, Shall find thee full of labours.

Hones within, Emer Law and Assendants

Lear. Let me not fray a lot for dinner, go get it tea. dy:hownow, what are thou?

Kens. A man Sir.
Law. What dost thou professe? What would's thou with vs?

Kom. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serve him cruely that will put me in trul, to love him that is honeft, to converfe with him that is wife and faies little, to feste ludgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to este no fish.

Lear. What are thou?

Kew. A very bonest beatted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'fl as poore for a subject, as hee's for a King thou are poore enough. What wouldfl thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldfi then ferue? Keet. You.

Lear. Do'A thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countrience, which I would faine call Mafter.

Lear. What's that?

Rost. Authority.

Lear. What seruices ranst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, elde, run, marre a curious cale in telling it, and deliner a plaine message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am quallified in, and the best of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to love a woman for finging. nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have yeares on

my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt scrue me is I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call iny Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter? Emer Steward.

See. Sopleaseyou

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clobpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's affeepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh, Hefaics ny Lord, your Daughters is not well. Lear. Why came nor the flaue backe to me when I

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abstement of kindnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himfelfe alloyand your Daughter.

Lear. Ha & Saist thou fo?

Knigh. I befeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee mistaken, for my dury cannot be filent, when I thinke

your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I have perceived a most saint neglect of late. which I have rather blamed as mine owne icalous curio. ficie, then as a very precence and purpole of unkindnesse; I will looke further intoo'tt: but where's my Foole ? I have not feene him this two doies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into France

Sie, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted It well, goe you and cell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my foole, Ob you Sir, you, come you hither Su, who em I Sir?

Enter Scooned

See, My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whosloa dog, you have, you corre.

Sie. I am none of thele my Lord,

I befeech your pardon.

Low. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Sre. He not be ftrucken my Lord,

Rose. Nor tript ocither, you bale Foot-ball plater.

Lew. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou feru'st me, and He love thee.

Rout. Come sir, arife, away, lle teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, carry, but away, goe too, have you wisedome, so.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's

earcest of thy service.

Enter Foole,

Parle. Let me hire him roo, here's my Coxcombe. Lear. How dow my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy !

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of favour, nay, & thou canft not foule as the wind fits, thou'lt caich colde thortly, there take my Coxcombes why this fellow ha's banish'd rwo on's Daughters, and did the third a bleifing against his will, if thou follow him, thou mult areds weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool If I gave them all my living, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my (elfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip. whipe out, when the Lady Brach may frend by thefre and flinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me. Foole. Sitha, lie ceach thee a speech

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle: Have more then thou showest Speake leffe then thou knoweft, Lend leffe then thou owest. Ride more then thou goeft, Learne more then thou trowell, Set leffe then thou throwest; Leaue thy drinke and thy whore, And keepe in a dore, And thou shalt have more, Then two tens to a fcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vafeed Lawyer, you gave me nothing for't, can you make no vie of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing,

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Poole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bltter Foole, and a sweet one.

Low, No Lad, reach me.

Foole. Nunckie, give me an egge, and The give thee two Crownes.

Law. What two Crownes shall they be ?

Fools. Why after I have cur the eggel'th'middle and eate up the meate, the two Crowner of the egges when thos clouest thy Crownes i'th' middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou boar'A thine Affe on thy backe o're the dure, thou had'ft little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'ft thy golden one away; if I speake like my selse to

Fooles had nere lette grace in a yeere, For wilconen are growne foppilla,

And know not how their with to weere, Their manners are fo spifh.

U. When were you wont to be fo fall of Songs firrah? Poole. I have vied it Nunckle, ere fince thou mad'it thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'fl them the rod, and put'll downe thing owne breeches, then they For sodaine loy did weepe,

And I for fortow fung,

That fach a King should play bo-peepe,

And goe the Foole among

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemafter that can teach thy Poole to lie, I would faine learne to lie,

Leer. And you lie firrab, weel have you whipe.

Foole. I marvell what kin thou and thy daughters are they't have me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt have me whips for lying, and sometimes I am whips for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hall pared thy wit o'both fides, and left nothing i'th'middle; beere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Contril.

Law. How now Daughter? What makes that Fronder on? You are too much of late i'th' frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadft no need to care for her frowning, now thou are an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, chou are nothing. Yes for looch I will hold my rongue, lo your face bids me, though you lay nothing. Mum, mum, he that keepes nor craft, not crum,

Weary of all, shall want fome. That's a sheal'd Pescod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-ly cear'd Foole, But other of your infolent recinne
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir. I had rhought by making this well knowne vato you, To have found a fafe redreffe, but now grow fearefull By what your felfe too late have spoke and done, That you proted this course, and put it on By your allowance, which if you hould, the fank Would not scape censure not the redreffes fleepe, Which in the tender of a wholefome weale, Might in their working do you that offence, Which elle were shame, that then necessitie

Will call different proceeding.
Foole. For you know Nuackle, the Hedge Sparrow fed the Cuckoo fo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling

Lear. Are you our Daughrer? Gon. I would you would make vie of your good wile (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away Thefe dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Foods. May

Excis.

Exit

Exit

Poole. May not an Asse know, when the Care drawes the Hotle ?

Whoop Jugge I love thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not Lear:

Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his ejes? Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking ? Tis not lo? Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. Lears Shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman? Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'fauous Of other your new prankes. I do beseech you To vnderstand my purposes aright: As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wise. Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squites, Men fo diforder'd, fo debosh'd, and bold, That this our Court infected with their manners, Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell, Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it felfe doth speake For iustant remedy. Be then defir'd By her, that elfe will take the thing fhe begges, A little to disquantity your Traine, And the remainders that shall full depend, To be such men as may before your Age, Which know themselves, and you. Lear. Darkneffe, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses : call my Traine rogether. Degenerate Baftard, He not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You frike my people, and your disorder'd rable, mak: Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents 1 Is it your will, speake Sir ? Prepare my Horses. Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend, More hideous when thou shew's thee in a Child, Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient. Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest. My Traine are men of choice, and rarest pares, That all particulars of dutie know. And in the most exact regard, support The worships of their name. O most small fault, How vgly did of thou in Cordelia Thew? Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear! Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in, And thy deere Iudgement out. Go,go,my people.

Alb My Lord, I am guiltleffe, as I am ignorant

Of what hath moved you

Lear. It may be so, my Lord. Heare Nature, heare deere Goddelle, heare: Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'A intend To make this Creature fruitfull: Into her Wombe convey flirrility, Drie vp in her the Organs of increase, And from her derogate body, neuer fpring A Babe to honor her. If the must teeme, Crease her childe of Spleene, that it may live And be arhwart disnatur'd corment to her. Let it frampe wrinkles in her brow of youth, With cadent Teares fret Channels in her checker,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits To laughter, and contempt: That the may feele, How tharper then a Serpents tooth it is, To have a thankleffe Childe, Away, zway.

Alb. Novi Gods that weadore, Whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your felfe to know more of it : But let his disposition have that scope As docage gives iz

Enter Lear,

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers as a slap? Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. He tell thee: Life and death, I am asham'd

That thou half power to shake my manhood thus, That these hot teares, which breake from me personce

Should make thee worth them, Blaftes and Fogges vpon thee :

Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curfe Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes, Beweepe this cause againe, He plucke ye out, And cast you with the waters that you loofe

To temper Clay. Had Let it be fo.

I have another daughter, Who I am fure is kinde and comfortable : When the shall heare this of thee, with her nailes Shee'lfleathy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde, That He resume the shape which thou dost thinke

I have cast off for ever.

Gon. Do you marke that? Alb. I cannot be so partial! Gonerill,

To the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What Ofwald, hoa? You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master.

Foole. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear, Tarry, take the Foole with thee: A Fox, when one has eaught her, And fuch a Daughter, Should fure to the Slaughter. If my Cap would buy a Halter

So the Foole foll wes after. Gon. This man hath had good Counfell,

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and fafe to let him keepe At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on everie dreame, Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike, He may enguard his dotage with their powres, And hold our lives in mercy. Ofwald, I fay.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre. Gon. Saser then truft too farre: Let me fill take away the harmes I feare, Not seare still to be taken. I know his heart, What he hath veter'd I have writ my Sifter: If the fustaine him, and his hundred Knights When I have shew'd th'vnfitnesse.

Enser Steward.

How now Ofwald?

What have you writ that Letter to my Sister? Siew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse, Informe her full of my particular feare, And thereto adde fuch reasons of your owne, As may compactit more. Get you gone,

And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord, This milky gentleneffe, and course of yours Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon Your are much more at task for want of wisedome,

Then praised for harmefull mildnesse.

Alb. How farte your eies may pierce I cannot tell; Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well-

Gon. Nay then Alb. Well, well, the uent.

Exeure

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to Glofter with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue delivered your Letter.

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythec be merry, thy wit shall not go

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt fee thy other Daughter will vie thee kindly, for though the's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ft tell Boy ?

Foole. She will tafte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst tell why ones note stands i'th'middle on's face?

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either fide's nofe, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'ft tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house.

Lear. Why?
Fools. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his hornes without a cafe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, fo kind a Father ! Be

my Horffes ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the feuen Starres are no mo then feuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole. Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude! Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee

beaten for being old before thy time-

Lear, How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not have bin old, till thou hadst bin wise.

Lear. Olet me not be mad, not mad sweet Heaven: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready :

Gens. Ready my Lord. Lear. Come Boy.

Fool, She that's a Maid now, or laugha at my departure Shall not be a Mald long, unleffe things be cut fhorter.

Actus Secundus, Scena Prima.

Enter Baft and pard Curren Severally.

Baft, Szurthee Curan.

Cur. And your Sir, I have bin With your Father, and given him notlee That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Duchesse Will behere with him this night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the newes a broad, I meane the vihisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear -kiffing arguments.

Bast. Norl: pray you what are they?

Car. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward, Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall, and Aibany?

Bast. No: a word.

Cur. You may do then in time.

Fare you well Sir.

Bast. The Duke be here to night ? The better best, This weaves it selfe perforce into my businesse, My Father hath fet guard to take my Brother, And I have one thing of a questie question Which I must ad, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke. Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, difcend, Brother I fay, My Father watches: O Sir, By this place, Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night, Have you not spoken gaiast the Dake of Cornewall Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' hafte, And Regan with him, have you nothing faid Vpon his partie gainst the Duke of Albang? Aduile your felfe.

Edg. I am fure on't, not a word.

Baft. I hearemy Father comming, pardon ma Incunning, I must draw my Sword vpen you: Draw, seeme to defend your felfe, Now quit you well, Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoz, bere, Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, fo farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would be get opinion Of my more fierce endeauour. Ihaue feene druakards Do more then this in sport; Father, Father, Stop, stop, no helpe?

Enter Glofter and Servents wish Terches.

Glo. Now Edmund, where's the villaine? Baft. Here flood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out. Mumbling of wicked charmes, conjuring the Moone To fland auspicious Mistris.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir. I bleed.
Clo. Where is the villaine, Edmund?

Baft. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could. Glo. Pursue him, ho. go after. By no meanes, what?

Baft. Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship.

But that I told him the revenging Gods, 'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend, Spoke with how manifold, and strong aBond The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine, Seeing how lothly opposite I food To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion With his prepared Sword, he charges home My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme; And when he law my best alarum'd spirits Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter, Or whether gasted by the noyse I made, Full sodainely he fled.

Gloft. Lethim fly farre: Not in this Land shall be remaine vncaught And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master, My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night, By his authoritie I will proclaime it, That he which finds him shall deserve our thankes,

Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake: He that conceales him death.

Baft. When I disswaded him from his intent, And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied, Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke, If I would fland against thee, would the reposall Ofany trust, vertue, or worth in thee Make thy words faith'd ? No, what should I denie. (As this I would, though thou didft produce My very Character) I'ld turne it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise t And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death Were very pregnant and potential spirits
To make thee seeke it. Tucket within.

Clo. Oftrange and fastned Villaine, Would he deny his Letter, said he? Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher be comes; All Ports I le barre, the villaine shall not scape, The Duke must grant me that : besides, his picture I will fend farre and neere, that all the kingdome May have due note of him, and of my land, (Loyall and naturall Boy) He worke the meanes

To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, fince I came hither Which I can call but now,) I baue heard strangenesse. Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short

Which can pursue th'offender; how dost my Lord ?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd. Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life? He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid. Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights

That tended vpon my Father?

Glo I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad. Baft. Yes Madam, he was of that confort.
Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,

'Tis they have put him on the old mans death, To have th'expence and wast of his Revenues: I have this prefent evening from my Sifter Beene well inform'd of them, and with fuch cautions, That if they come to foiourne at my house, Ile not be there.

Cor. Not I, affure thee Regan;

Edmund, I heare that you have thevene yout Father A Child-like Office,

Bast. It was my duty Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd This hurt you fee, firtuing to apprehend him.

Cor. Ishepurfued?

Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. Ifhe be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpole, How in my strength you please: for you Edmund, Whose vertue and obedience doth this infant So much commend it felfe, you shall be ours, Nature's of fuch deepe truft, we shall much need? You we first seize on.

Zaft. I shall serve you Sir truely, how ever else.

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you? Reg. Thus out of feafon, thredding darke ey'd night,

Occasions Noble Glost er of some prize, Wherein we must have vse of your aduise. Our Father he hath writ, fo hath our Sifter, Of differences, which I best though it fit To answere from our home : the severall Messengers From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend, Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow Your needfull counsaile to our businesses, Which craues the instant vse.

Glo. I serue you Madam, Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeant. Flourab.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward Severally.

Stem. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this boule?

Kent. 1.
Stew. Where may we fet our horses?
Kent. I'thing yee.

Stew. Prydiec, if thou lou'ft me, tell me,

Kent. I loue thee not.

Sre. Why then I care not for thee.

Kens. If I had thee in Lipsbury Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Sie. Why do'ft thou vie methus? I know thee not.

Kens. Fellow I know thee.

Sre. What do'ft thou know me for?

Kent. AKnaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-sorted-hundred pound, filthy woofted-flocking knaue, a Lilly-livered, action-taking, whorefon glaffe-gazing super-serviceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheiting flaue. one that would'it be a Baud in way of good feruice, and art nothing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungtill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'st the least fillable of thy addition.

Stem. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me ? Is it two dayes since I tript up thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw your ogue.

for though It be night, yet the Moone Mines, He make a lop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stor. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kem. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters 2gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppers part, against the Royaltie of her Father : draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kom. Strike you flaue : fland rogue, fland you neat flaue, frike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter East and, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Servants.

Baft. How now, what a the matter ? Part.

Kem. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come, He flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Gla. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here? Cor. Keepe peace voon your lives, he dies that Arikes againe, what Is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you have so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee:a Taylor

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man? Kone. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whole life I have spar'd

at fute of his gray-board.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter: nig Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this vaboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Takes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace firrain,

You beafly knaue, know you no reuerence? Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That fuch a flaue as this should weare a Sword Who we ares no honesty : fuch smiling rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite the holy cords atwaine. Which are t'intrince, t'vnloofe; fmooth every paffion That in the natures of their Lords rebell, Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes Revenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes With every gall, and varly of their Mafters, Knowing naught (like dogges) but following: A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage, Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole? Goole, if I had you vpon Sorum Plaine, I'ld drive ye cackling home to Camelot, Corn. What att thou mad old Fellow?

Gloft. How fell you out, fay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,

Then I, and fuch a knaue. Corn. Why do'ft thou call him Knaue? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers: Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,

I have seene better faces in my time,

Then fisads on any shoulder that I for Before me, at this inflant.

Com. This is some Fellow,

Who having beene praised for bluntoeffe, doth affect A faucy roughnes, and confirmines the gart Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he, An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth, And they will take it fo, if not, hee's plaine. These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends, Then twenty filly ducking observants,

That ftreuch their duties nicely. Kent. Sir in good faith, in fincere verity, Vnder th'allowance of your great asped, Whose influence like the wreath of radient fire

On flicking Phabus front.

Corn. What mean'fl by this?

Kent. To go out of my dislect, which you discommend fo much; Iknow Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gave him?

Sie. I neuer grue him any: It pleas'd the King his Mafter very late To frike at me vpon his misconfirution, When he compact, and flattering his displessore Tript me behind: being downe, infulted, rail'd, And put vpon bim fuch a deale of Man That worthied him, got praises of the King, For him attempting, who was felfe-fubdued, And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,

Drew on me here againe.

Kem. None of these Rogues, and Cowards

But Aix is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks? You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reverent Brigart, Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, lam too old to learne: Call not your Stocks for me, I ferue the King. On whose imployment I was sent to you, You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice Against the Grace, and Person of my Master, Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I have life and Honour, there shall he six till Noone. Reg. Till nooner till night my Lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,

You should not vie me fo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. Stocks brought out. Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour, Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so, The King his Mafter, needs must take it ill That he lo flightly valued in his Meffenger, Should have him thus restrained.

Car. He answere that.

Reg. My Sifter may recieue it much more worsie, To have her Gentleman abus'd, affaulted,

Com. Come my Lord, away. Exit.

Glo. I am forry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleafure, Whole disposition all the world well knowes

Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entrest for thec. Kent. Pray do not Sir, I have watch'd and travail'd hard, Some time Ishall sleepe out, the rest Ile whifile.

A good mans fortune may grow out at hecles:

Give

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blamein this,

Twill be ill teken.

Kem. Good King, that must approve the common law, Thou out of Heavens benediction com'th

To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this yader Globe, That by thy comfortable Beames I may Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles Bucmilerie. I know 'tis from Cordelia, Who hath most forcunately beene inform'd Of my obscured course. And shall finde time From this enormous State, feeking to give Loffes their remedies . All weary and o're-watch'd, Take vancage heavie eyes, not to behold This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight, Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edger.

Edg. I heard my felfe proclaim'd, And by the happy hollow of a Tree, Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place Thee guard, and most vousall vigilance Do's not accend my taking. Whiles I may scape I will preserve myselfe: and am bethought To take the basest, and most poorest shape That cuer penury in contempt of man, Brought occre to beaft; my face He grime with filth, Blanket my loines, elfe all my haires in knots, And with presented nakednesse out-face The Windes, and perfecutions of the skie; The Country gives me proofe, and prefident Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices, Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes, Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie 1 And with this horrible object from low Farmes, Poore pelting Villag s, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles, Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Pralers Inforce their charmie: poore Turlygod, poore Tom, That's Comething yet : Edgar I nothing am.

Boter Lear Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. Tis strange that they should so depart from home, And not fend backe my Mellengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpole in them Of this remoue.

Kent. Hailero thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'ft thousbis shame shy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses ore cide by the heads. Dogges and Beares, by thinecke, Mankies by th'loynes, and Men by th'legs: when a man ouerlustic at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks. Lear. What's he,

That hath fo much thy place mistooke

To let thechcere?

Kon. It is both he and the, Your Son, and Daughter

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lew. No I fay.

Kens. I fav yea.

Lear. By lupiter I sweare no.

Kent. By inuo, I Iweste L. Lear. They durft not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'the worfe then murther. To do voon respect such violent outrage: Resolue me wish all modest haste, which way

Thou might'st deferue, or they impose this visge,

Comming from vs.

Kont. My Lord, when at their home I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them, Ere I was risen from the place, that thewed My datie kneeling, came there a recking Pofte, Stew'd in his hafte, halfe breathleffe, painting forth Prom Gonerill his Miftris, Calucations; Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission, Which presently they read; on those contents They summon'd up their meiney straight tooke Horse, Commanded me to follow, and attend The leifure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes, And meeting heere the other Meffenger, Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine, Being the very fellow which of late D. splaid so sawcily against your Highnesse, Hauing more man then wit about me, drew; He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries, Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespalle worth The Chame which heere it fuffers.

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geele fly that Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind, But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind. Portune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore. But for all this thousehalt have as many Dolors for thy

Daughcers, as thou canft tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother I wels up toward my heart! Historica passio, downe thou climing fortow, Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. Wirh the Earle Sit, here within. Lear. Follow me not fly here.

Gen. Made you no more offence,

But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with fo fmall a number? Foole. And the hadft beene fet i'th' Stockes for that question, thoud'it well deferu'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?
Foole Wee'l fee thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noies, are led by their eyes. but blinde men, and there's not a note among twenty, but can feedl him that's flinking; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes voward, let him drawthee after : when a wileman gives thee better counfell give me mine againe, I would hause none but knaues follow it, finces Foole gives it,

That Sir, which ferues and feekes for gaine, And followes but for forme; Will packe, when it begins to raine. And leave thee in the storme. But I will tarry, the Foole will flay, And let the wifeman flie :

The knaue cornes Foole that runnes away, The Fook no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Glofter: Kens. Where learn'd you this Foole? Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Axis.

Laur. Deny to speake with me? They are ficke, they are weary, They have trageil'd all the night? metre fetches, The images of revolt and flying off. Fateb me a better answer.

Glo. My deers Lord, You know the firry quality of the Duke, How varemouseble and fix he is

Inhis owne course. Law. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion : Fiery? Whet quality ? Why Glofter, Glofter, 11d speaks with the Dake of Cornewal, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I have inform'd them for 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, tends, Ser-Are they inform'd of this? My breath and bloods (usce, Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that -No but not yer, may be he is not well, Infirmity doth still negled all office, Whereto our health is bound, we are not our felues, When Nature being oppress, commands the mind To suffer with the body; lle forbeare, And am fallen out with my more headier will, To take the indispos'd and fickly fit, For the found man. Death on my flate: wherefore Should he fit heere e This ad perswades me, That this remotion of the Duke and her Is practife only Gine me my Servant forth;

Goe tell the Dake, and's wife, Il'd speake with them : Now, prefently : bid them come forth and heare me,

Or at their Chamber doore He beate the Drum, Till it crie fleepe to death. Glo. I would have all well betwirt you. Lear Ohme my heart 'My rifing heart | But downe. Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Beles, when the put 'em i'th' Paste alive, the knapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a flicke, and crved downe wantons, downe; twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his

Enter Cornewall. Regan, Gloffer, Sercoras

Lear. Good morrow to you both. Corn. Haile to your Grace. Rent bore for at liberty. Reg. I am glad to fee your Highnesse.

Lour Regar, I thinke your are . I know what reason I baue to thinke so, if thou should it not be glad, I would disarce me from thy Mother Tombe, Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free? Some other time for that. Beloved Regar, Thy Sifters naught: oh Regan, the hath tied Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere, I can scarce speake to thee , thou It not beleene With how deprau'd a quality. Oh Regan.

Reg I pray you Sir, take patience, I have hope You leffe know how to value her defert

Then the to fcant her dutie. Lear. Say? How is that?

Horse Suttered his Hoy.

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sifter in the least Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance She have restrained the Riots of your Followres, Tis on fuch ground, and to fuch wholesome and. As cleares her from all blame.

Law. My curies on ber.

Roy, O Str, you are old, Nature in you flands on the very Verge Of his confine : you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discernes your state Better then you your felfe : therefore I pray you, That to our Sifter, you do make returne, Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiuenesse? Do you but marke how this becomes the house? Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old; Age is unrecellary: on my knees I begge, That you'l vouchtafe me Rayment, Bedland Food.

Rig. Good Sir, no more : thele ere unfightly trickes :

Returne you to my Sister. Lear. Neuer Regan: She hath abated me of halfe my Traine; Look'd blacke vpon me, ftrooke me with her Topgue Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart. All the flor'd Vengeonces of Heaven, fall On her ingratefull top : firthe her youg bones You taking Ayres, with Lameneffe.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, darr your blinding flames Into her scornfull eyes: Infect ber Beauty, You Fen-fuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Summe To fall, and blifter.

Reg. O the bleft Gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is en, Lew. No Regen, thou shalt never have my our fe. Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not give Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are sierce, but thise Do comfort, and not burne. Tis not in thee To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine, To bandy hasty words, to scant my fizes, And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt Againft my comming in. Thou better know ? The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,

Effects of Curefie, dues of Gracitude: Thy halfe o'th Kingdome halt thounor forgoe, Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, 10'th'purpole. Tucket misters. Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes? Enter Stewards

Corn. What Trumpet's that ?:

Reg. Iknow't, my Sisters : this approves her Letter, That the would foone be heere. Is your Lady come? Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed pride Dwels in the fickly grace of her be follower.

Our Varlet, from my fight

Cars. What meanes your Grace? Enter Generill.

Les. Who Hockt my Servant? Regar, I have good hope Thou did'ft not know on't. Who comes here O Heavens! If you do love old men; if your fweet fway Allow Obedience; if you your felues are old, Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my pert. Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard? O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th'hand Sir! How have I offended? All's not offence that indiference findes,

And dotage terms to.

Low. O fides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?

How came my man ith Stockes?

Com. I fee him there, Sit : but his owne Diforders

Defers d

Deferu'd much lesse aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I prayyou Pather being weake, seeme so. If till the expiration of your Moneth You will recurne and loiourne with my Sifter, Dismissing halfeyour traine, come then to me, I am now from home, and out of that provision Which shall be needfull for your enterralnement.

Lear. Returne to ber? and fifty men dismils'd? No, rather labiure all roofes, and chuse To wage against the comity oth ayre, To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle, Necessities sharpe pinch. Returns with her i Why the hot-bloodied France, that dowerleffe tooke Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought To knee his Throne, and Squire-like penfion beg, To keepe base life a foote; returne with her? Perswade me rather to be saue and sumpter To this detelted groome.

Gon. At your choice Sir.
Lear. I prythce Daughter do not make me mad, I will not trouble thee my Child: farewell: Wee'l no more meete, 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 are a Byle, A plague fore, or imboffed Carbuncle In my corrupted blobd. But Ile not chide thee, Let shame come when it will, I do not call it, I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote. Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jone, Mend when thou can'A, be better at thy leifure, I can be patient, I can flay with Regan, I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether fo, I look thot for you yet, not am provided For your fit welcome, give eare Sirto my Sifter, For those that mingle reason with your pession; Must be content to thinke you old, and fo, But The knowes what he doe's.

Lear. Is this weil spoken?

Reg. I dare abouch it Sir, what fifty Followers? Is it not well? What should you need of more? Yea, of fo many? Sith that both charge and danger, Speake'gainft lo great a number? How in one house Should many people, under two commands Hold amity? Tis hard, almost impossible.

Con. Why might not you my Lord, receive steendance From those that she cals Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to flacke ye, We could comptroll them; If you will come to me, (For now I spie a danger) I entreate you To bring but fine and twentie, to no more Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it. Lear. Medeyoumy Guardians, my Deposicaties, But kept a referuation to be followed With such a number? What, must I come to you With five and twenty? Rogan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me, Led. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel favor'd When others are more wicked, not being the worst Stands in fome ranke of praise, He go with thee, Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty.

And thou art twice her Love. Gon. Heare memy Lord; What need you five and twenty ? Ten? Or five? To follow in a house, where twice so many Haue a command to rend you?

Reg. What need one I
Lear. O reason not the need : our based Beggers Are in the poorest thing supersuous. Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs: Mans life is cheape as Beaftes. Thou are a Lady; If onely to go warrne were gorgeous, Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear it. Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need: You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need, You feeme heere (you Gods) a poore old man, As full of griefe as age, wretched in both, Ifit be you that flirres these Daughters hearts Against their Father, soole me not so much, To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger, And let not womens weapons, water drops, Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags, I will have such revenges on you both, That all the world fail--I will do fuch things, What they are yet, I know not, but they shalle The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe, No, He not weepe, I have full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest. Bur this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flawes Or ere He weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad.

Corn. Let vs withdraw, twill be a Scoeme.

Reg. This house is little, the old man and s people,

Cannot be well bestow'd. Con. Tis his owne blame hath put himselse fr om rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, He receive him gladly, But not one follower.

Gow. Soam I purpos d. Where is my Lord of Glofter?

Enter Glofter.

Cora. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd. Glo. The King is in high rage. Corn. Whether is he going?
Clo. He cals to Horle, but will I know not whether.

Com. 'Tis best o give him way, he leads himselfe. Gan. My Lord, entrease him by no meanes to flay. Gla Alacke the night comes on, and the high winder

Do forely ruffle, for many Miles about

There's scarce a Bush. Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men, The iniuries that they themselves procure, Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores, He is attended with a desperare traine.

And what they may incense him too being spt. To have his earcabui'd, wisedome bids feare. Cer. Sher vp your doores my Lord, 'eis z wil'd night,

Adus Tertius. Scena Prima.

My Regar countels well: come out oth florme. Excuri.

Storme Rell. Emer Kens, and a Gentlemen, fourtally.

Rent. Who's there belides foule wereher? Gm. One minded like the weather, most vaquietly 223

Kors. 1 know you: Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful! Elements;

Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea, Or (well the curled Waters boue the Maine, That things might change, or cease,

Kens But who is with him? Gent. None but the Foole, who labouts to cut left His heart-flrooke interies.

Ken. Sir, I do know you, And dare upon the warrant of my note Commend a deere thing to you. There is dsuifion (Although as yet the face of it is cover'd With mutuall curning) twixt Albany, and Cornwall: Who have, as who have not, that their great Statres Thron'd and fet high; Seruants, who feeme no lette, Which are to France the Spies and Speculations Intelligent of our State. What hath bin feene, Either in Inuffer, and packings of the Dukes Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne Against the old kinde King; or something deeper, Whereof (perchance) thele are but furnishings.

Gent. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more Then my out-wall; open this Purfe, and take What it containes. If you shall see Cordsha, (As feare not but you shall) fnew her this Risg. And the will tell you who that Fellow is That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme, I will go feeke the King.

Cent. Glue me your hand, Haue you no more to fay?

Kans. Few words, but to effect more then all yet; That when we have found the King, in which your pain That way, He this : He that first lights on him, Hollathe other. Essum.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lew , and Foote. Storme fill. Las. Blow windes. & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow You Cataraers, and Hyrticano's spout, Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes. You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires, Vount-curriors of Oake-cleaulng Thunder-bolts, Sindge my white head. And thou all-flaking Thunder, Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world, Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once That makes ingratefull Man.

Feale. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is better then this Rain-water out o'doors. Good Nunkle, in, arkethy Daughters bleffing, heere's a night pitties

neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Romble thy belly full: Spit Fire, Sport Raine: Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters; I taxe not you, you Elements with vokindaelle. I neuer gauz you Kingdome, call'd you Children; You owe me no subscription. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure. Heere I fland your Slave, A poore, infirme, weake, and displad old man: But yet I call you Servile Ministers, That will with two pernicious Daughtersionne Yout high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho!'de foule. Foole. He that has a house to put's head in has a good Head-peece :

The Codpiece has will house, before the head has my; The Heed and he shall Lowle : so Beggers marry marry The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make, Shall of a Corne cry wee, and turne his fleepe to walt.

For there was never yet frite woman, but thee made mouches in a glasse.

Einer Kent.

Lear. No,I will be the patterne of all positnee, I will fay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Poole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiseman, and a Fool ..

Ken. Alas Sir ase you here? Things that love night, Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies Gallow the very wanderers of the darke And make them keepe their Cauer: Since I was man, Such theers of Fire, fuch burks of horrid Thunder, Such groanes of rosting Winde, and Raine, I never Remember to have heard. Mant Nature carriot carry Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes

That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads. Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch, That hast within thee undivulged Crimes Vnwhipt of luftice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand; Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Verrue That are incelluous. Caytiffe, to preces shake That vinder couerr, and convenient feeming Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent up guiles, Rive your concealing Continents, and cry Theis dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man, More fun'd against, then finning.

Kens. Alacke, bore-headed? Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell, Some friendship will it lend you gainst the Tempes: Repose you there, while I to this hard bouse, (More harder then the Rones whereof tis rais'd, Which even but now, demanding efter you, Deny'd me to come in) rerume, and force

Their scanted curteffe.

Lear. My writs begin to turne. Come on my boy. How doft my bey? Are cold? I am cold my felfe. Where is this firew, my Fellow? The Art of our Necessities is firange, And can make vilde things precious. Come. your Houel; Poore Foole, and Knaue, I have one past in my heart That's forry yet for thee.

Foole, He that has and a little-tyne wit, With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine, Must make consent with his Fortunes St, Though the Raine it raineth enery day. Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell.

Fools. This is a braue night to coole a Cuturan: lle speake a Prophesse ere I go: When Priests are more in word, then matter; When Brewere marre their Male with water; When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors No Heretiques bum'd, but wenches Sutors; When every Case in Law, is right; No Squire in debt, nor no poere Knight;

When Standers do not live in Tongues; Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs; When Vlurers tell their Gold I'th Fleld,

And

Exis.

Exit.

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build, Then that the Realme of Alban, come to great confusion: Then comes the time, who lines to fee't, That going shelbe ve'd with feet. (time.

This prophecie Merles thall make, for I live before his

Seans Tertis.

Enser Gloffer, and Edmund.

Gla. Alacke, alacke Edmund, I like not this vnnaturall dealingswhen I defired their leave that I might pity him. they tooks from me the vie of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him correst for him, or any way fustaine him.

Beff. Most sauage and vnnaturall.

Gla Gotoo; lay you nothing. There is division betweene the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I have received a Lettet this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closser, these injuries the Way now beares, will be revenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and privily relieve him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my chanty be not of him perceived; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leffe is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things toward Edmund, pray you be carefull.

Baft. This Currefie forbid thee Shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too; This feemes a faire deferuing, and must draw me That which my Father looles:no leffe then all, The yonger rifes, when the old doth fall.

Scens Quarta.

Enser Lear Kens and Foole.

Rom Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, The titrany of the open night's too rough For Nature to endure. Stores Rill

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere. Lear. Wilt breake my heart ? Kem. I had rather breake mine owne,

Nost will weepe no more; in fuch a night,

Good my Lordenter.

Lew. Thou think'fl tis much that this contentions Inuades vs to the skinfo : 'tis to thee, But where the greater malady is fixt, The leffer is scarce felt. Thou de thun a Beare, But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea, Thou'dst meete the Beare Vih' mouth, when the mind's The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind, Doth from my fonces take all feeling elfe. Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude, Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand For lifting food too't r But I will punish home;

To four me out? Poure on, I will endure: In fuch a night as this? O Regan, Goneral, Your old kind Father, whole franke heart game all. O that way madueffe lies, let me foun that; No more of that,

Kent. Good my Lord enter here,

Lear. Prythee go in thy felfe, feeke thing owne eafe. This tempes will not give me leave to ponder On things would hart me more, but lle goein, In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie, Nay get thee in; He pray, and then He fleepe. Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are That bide the pelting of this pittileffe florme, How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed fides, Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you From fealons such as these? O i have tane Too little care of this : Take Physicke, Pompe, Expose thy selfe to feelewhat wretches feele, That thou mail hake the leperflux to them. And thew the Heavens more info.

Enter Edger, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore Tom-Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe me, helpe me.

Rem. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. Aspirice, aspirize, he sayes his name's poore Tom.

Kent. What are thou that dost grumble there i'th' flraw? Come forth.

Edg Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the sharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humb, goe to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'il thou give all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this!

Edgar. Who gives any thing to poore Tim? Whom the foule frend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Kniver under his Pillow, and Haliers in his Pue, fet Rass-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to tide on a Bay trotting Horle, out four Incht Bridges, to ourse his owne shadow for a Traitor. Bliffe thy five Wiss, Tomsa cold. O do, de, do, de, do de, bliffe thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blaffing, and taking, do poore Tom some charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there Storme A.D. ag as be, and there.

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paffe? Could'A thou fane nothing? Would'A thou give 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he referu'd a Blanker, elle we had bin all Gram'd.

Les. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous syre Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters,

Kens. He hath no Danghters Sir.

Low. Death Traitor, nothing could have fubdu'd To luch a lownesse, but his vokind Daughters. (Nature Is it the fathion, that discarded Fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh: Iudicious punishment, 'twasthis flesh begot Those Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock fat on Pillicock Hill, alow: alow, loo, loo. Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Pooles, and

Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foole Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iustice, fweare not, commit not, with mans fworne Spoule; feenouthy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom's a cold.

Lear. What half thou bin?

Eag. A Serulagman? Proud in heart, and minde; trust curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heaven. One, that slept in the contriuing of Luft, and wak'd to dock. Winelou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paremour'd the Turke. Falle of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand Hog in floth, Foxe in Acalth, Wolfe in greedineffe, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of thooes, Nor the rullling of Silkes, betray thy poore beart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes fuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Sefey : let bim trot by. Storme Still.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'il the Worme no Silke; the Beaft, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll, the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are fophisticated. Thou are the thing it telfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Leadings : Come, vn-

button heere.

Enter Gloncester, with a Terch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckie be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold : Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke : Hee gives the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Crea-

tute of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,

He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold; Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,

And atoynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace? Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you feeke? Clou. What are you there ? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that cates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water : that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, cats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish d, and imprison d: who hath three Suites to his backe, fixe thirts to his body :

Horle to ride, and wespon to weare s But Mice, and Rais, and fuch small Deare, Have bin Toms food, for seven long yeare:

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend. Class What, hath your Grace no better company i Edg. The Prince of Darkenelle Is a Gentleman. Modo

he's call'd, and Mahn, Glow. Our fiesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so

vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Ponte Tom's a cold.

Gloss Coin with me; my duty cannot fuffer

Tobey in all your daughters hard commands; Though their Inlandion be to bette my decres, 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. First let me talke with this Philosopher,

What Is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'house.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this fame lemed Theban: What is your fludy?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in primite. Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wits begin t'vnsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? Simmo fill His Daughters feeke his death: Ah, that good Kent, He faid it would be thus : poore banish'd men ; Thou fayeft the King growes mad, He tell thee Friend I am almost mad my seife. 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 hach craz'd my wits. What a night's this?

I do befeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glow. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep ther 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, sooth him: Let him take the Fellow.

Glow. Take him you on.

Kem. Sirra, come on : go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian. Glon. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,

His word was still, he, foh, and fomme, I fmell the blood of a Brittish man

Exerci:

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Carn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house. Baft. How my Lord, I may be cenfored, that Nature thus gives way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

Cormo. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death : but a prouoking merit fet a-worke by a reprouable badnelle

in himfelfe.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be suft? This is the Letter which hee spooke of; which approves him an intelligent partie to the advantages of France O Heavens ! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Co with me to the Dutchesse.

Baft. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Com

Com. True or falle, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucefter : fecke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee

ready for our apprehension.

Baft. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be fore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee: and thou shalt finde

a deere Father in my love.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Keut, and Gloucester.

Clow. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thank fully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the powre of his wits, have given way to his

impatience: the Gods reward your kinduesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterresso cals me, and tells me Nero is an Ang ler in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be

a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that fees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Bleffe thy five wits.

Kent. O pitty : Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part lo much,

They marre my counterfetting. Lear. The little dogges, and all;

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart : fee, they barke at me. Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you

Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:

Tooth that poylons if it bite:

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym: Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile.

Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing thus my head; Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: lese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Lear Thenlet them Anatomize Regan : See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your gatments. You will fay they are Perfian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloffer.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile. Lear. Makeno noise, makeno noise, draw the Cur-

taines : fo, fo, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning. Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:

Where is the King my Master? Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Clou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes; I have ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:

There is a Litter ready, lay him io't, And drive toward Dover friend, where thou shalt meete

Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Master, If thou should'st dally halfe an house, his life With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in affured loffe. Take vp, take vp.
And follow me, that will to fome provision Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. Exeun:

Scena Septima.

Emer Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baffard, and Servants.

Can. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: feeke out the Traitor Glouster.

Reg. Hang him instantly. Gon. Plucke out his eyes

Corn. Leaughim to my displeasure. Edmond, keepe you our Sifter company: the revenges wee are bound to take uppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a most festivate preparation : we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall beswift, and intelligent betwirt vs. well deere Sifter, farewell my Lord of Gloufter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King! Store. My Lord of Glouster hath convey'd him hence

Some five or fix and thirty of his Knights Hot Questrifts after him, met him at gate,

Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douct; where they boaft

To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mistris.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sifter.

Corn. Edmundf rewell: go feek the Traitor Gloffer, Pinnion him like. Theefe, bring him before vs: Though well we may not passe vpon his life

Without the forme of Juffice: yet our power Shall do a curt'fie to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Serwants.

Who's there? the Traitor? Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes.

Glow. What meanes your Graces?

Good my Friends confider you are my Ghests:

Do me no soule play, Friends. Corn. Binde him I fay

Reg. Hard, hard : O filthy Traitor.

Glow. Vnmercifull 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 fuch a Traitor?

Glon. Naughty Ladic. Thete haires which thou dost rauish from my chin Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Hoft, With Robbers hands, my hospitable favours

You

You hould not ruffe 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 Kingdome?

Keg. To whole hands

You have fent the Lunaticke King: Speake. Glow. I have a Letter gueffingly let downe Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Gunning.

Reg. And folic, Corn. Where half thou fent the King? Clou. To Douer. Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Douet? Lethimanswer that.

Glow. I am tyed to th'Stake, And I must stand the Course.

Reg Wherefore to Douer?

Glow Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes Plucke out his poore old eyes: northy fierce Sifier, In his Annoinced Helh, flicke boarish phangs. The Sez, with fuch a forme as his bare head, In Hell-blacke-night indut'd, would have buoy'd vp And quench'd the Stelled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine. If Wolves had at thy Gate how!'d that flerne time, Thou should'ft have faid, good Porter turne the Key. All Cruels else subscribe : but I shall fee

The winged Vengeonce overtake fuch Children. Con. See t snalt thou never. Fellowes hold & Chaire,

Vpon these eyes of thine, lle set my foote.

Glon. Hethat will thinke to live, till he be old, Gine me some helpe. __O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg One fide will mocke another: Th'other too.

Corn If you fee vengeance Sern Hold your hand, my Lord: I have feru'd you ever fince I was a Childe.

But better service baue I never done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge! If you did weare a beard vpon your chin, Ild fbake it on this quarrell. What do you meane? Corm. My Villaine?

Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger. Reg. Give me thy Sword. A pezant stand up thus?

Ser Oh I am flaine: my Lord, you baue one eye left To fee tome mischese on him. Oh.

(ern. Lest is see more, prevent it; Out vilde gelly:

Where is thy luster now?

Glow. All darke and comfortleffe? Where's my Sonne Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To que this horrid : ce.

Rag. Out treacherous Villaine, Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he That made the overture of thy Treasons to vs: Who is too good to pitty thee

Gloss. Omy Follies! then Edgar was abus'd, Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him

Reg. Gothrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Douer. Exit wish Gloufter. How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I have received a hurt . Follow me Lady; Turne out that eyeleffe Villaine : throw this Slave Vpon the Dunghill : Regan, I bleed space, Vintimely comes this hurt. Give me your arr . Exercit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contema'd, Then full contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worff The lowest, and most desected thing of Fortune, Stands fill in esperance, lives not in feare: The lamentable change is from the beft, The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then, Thou vnsubstantiall agre that I embrace: The Wretch that thou half blowne vnto the worlt, Owes nothing to thy blaffs.

Enter Clauster, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led? World, World, O world i But that thy firange mutations make vs hate thee,

Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. Omy good Lord, I have bene your Terrant, And your Fathers Tenant, thefe fourescore yeares.

Clou. Away, get thee away : good Friend be gone, Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee, they may hare,
Oldm. You cannot fee your way. Gloz. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes t I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene, Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects Prove our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar. The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:

Might I but live to fee thee in my touch, I'ld fay I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there? Edg. O Gods! Who is't can lay I am at the worst?

I am worfe then ere I was .-Old. Tis poore made Tom.

Edg And worle I may be yet: the worlt is not,

So long as we can fay this is the work Oldm. Fellow, where goeft e

Glow. Is it a Beggar-man? Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glow. He has some reason, else he could not bez. I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw; Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde Was then scarle Friends with him.

I have heard more fince:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,

They kill vs for their fport. Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to forrow, Ang'ring it felle, and others. Bleffe thee Mafter.

Glow. Is that the naked Fellow? Oldm. I,my Lord.

Glow Get thee away : If for my fake Thou will ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue, And being some covering for this raked Soule, Which Ile intreate to leade me.

Old. Alacke fir, he is mad

Glos

Glau. 'Tis the times plague, When Madmen leade the blinde: Does I bid thez, or rather do thy pleasure: Aboue the rest, be gone.

Oldm. He bring him the best Parrell that I have Come on't, what will.

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further. Gloss. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:

Bleffe thy fweete eyes, they bleede. Glass. Know'ft thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both ftyle, and gate; Horleway, and foot-path: poore Tom hath bin fearr'd out of his good wits. Bleffe thee good mans fonne, from the foule Fiend.

Glow. Here take this purfe, whom the heau'ns plagues Haue humbled to all frokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so Rill: Let the superflucus, and Lust-dieted man, That flaues your ordinance, that will not fee Because he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly : So distribution should vadoo excesse, Andeach man have enough. Doft thou know Dove??

Edg. 1 Master.
Gloss. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe: Bring me but to the very brimme of it, And He repayre the milery thou do'ff beare With fomething rich about me : from that place, I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Give me thy arme, Poore Tom shall leade thee

Exercis.

Exts.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gen vill, Basturd, and Stomard. Gen. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Maffer?

Stew. Madam within, but never man fo chang'd: I told him of the Army that was Landed: He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming, His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery, And of the loyall Service of his Sonne When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot, And told me I had turn'd the wrong fide out : What most he should distike, seemes pleasant to him; What like, offenfiue

Gon. Then shall you go no further, It is the Cowish terror of his spirit That dares not vndertake : Hee'l not feele wrongs Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way May proue effects. Backe Edward to my Stother, Haften his Musters, and conduct his powres. I must change names at home, and give the Distasse Intomy Husbands hands. This truffie Servant Shall paffe betweene va : ere long you are like to heare (If you date venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; sparespeech, Decline your head. This kille, if it durft speake Would firetch thy Spirits vp into the ayees Conceive, and fare thee well.

Baft. Yours in the rankes of death.

Oh, the difference of man, and man, To thee a Womans feruices are due, My Feole viurpes my body. Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord. Enser Albany.

Gon. I have beene worth the whiftle, Alb. Oh Gonerill,

You are not worth the dust which the tude winde Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liver'd man, That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs, Who halt not in thy browes an eye-difcerning Thine Honor, from thy fuffering,

Alb. See thy felfe diucil: Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Meffenger. Mef. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwals dead, Slaine by his Servant, going to put out The other eye of Glouffer.

Alb. Glousters eyes.

Mef. A Servan: that he bred, thrill'd with remorfe, Oppos'd against the act : bending his Sword To his great Mafter, who, threat-enrag'd Flew on him, and among 'ft them fell'd him dead, But not without that harmefull stroke, which fince Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are about You Inflices, that thefe our neather crimes So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster) Lott he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord. This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer: Tis from your Sifter.

Gan. One way I like this well, But being widdow, and my Glouster with her, May all thebuilding in my fancie plucke Vpon my hatefull life. Another way The Newes is not fo tart. He read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne, When they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not leere.

Mef. Nomy good Lord, I met him backe againe. Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mef. Imy good Lord: twas he inform'd against him And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment Might have the freer course.

Alb. Glouster, I live

To thanke thee for the love thou shew'ds the King, And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend, Excunz. Tell me what more thou know's:

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met even now As mad as the vext Sea, finging alowd. Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds, With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres, Darnell, and all the idle weeder that grow In our fulfaining Corns. A Centery fend forth; Search every Acte in the high-growne field, And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisedome In the refloring his bereaved Sense; he that helpes him, Take all my outward worth.

Gent. There is meanes Madam: Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose, The which he lackes : that to provoke in him Are many Simples operative, whose power Will close the eye of Anguilh.

Cord, All bleft Secrees, All you unpublish'd Vertues of the earth Spring with my teares; be aydant, and cemediate In the Goodmans defires : feeke, feeke for him, Leaft his vngouern'd rage, dissolve the life That wants the meanes to leade it. Enico Mc Tonger.

Mef. Newes Madam,

The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward. Cor. Tis knowne hefore. Our preparation flands In expectation of them. O deere Father, It is thy businesse that I go about: Therfore great France My mourning, and importun'd reares hath pittled . No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incice, But love, deere love, and our ag'd Fathers Rite: Excunt. Soone may I heare, and fee him

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Scoward. Reg. But are my Brothers Powres fet forth?

Siem. I Madam,

Reg. Himfelfe in person there? Stew. Madam with much ado: Your Sifter is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home? Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sifters Letter to him? Store I knew not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poasted hence on serious marter: It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves All hearts against vs : Edmund, Ithinke is gone In pitty of his milery, to dispatch His nighted life: Moreover to defery

The litength o'th' Enemy Stor. I must needs ofter him, Madam, with my Letter. Rog. Our trooperfet forth to morrow, flay with vas

The wayes are dangerous. Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines. Reg. Why mould the write to Edmand? Might not you transport her purpoles by word? Belike, Somethings, I know not what I le love thee much Let me vnfeale the Letter.

Siew. Madam, I had rather-Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband, I am fure of that : and at her lare being heere, She gave frange Ellads, and most speaking lookes To Noble Edmand. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. 1, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vaderfinding : Yare: I know't. Therefore I do adulle you take this note ! My Lord is dead : Edmend, and I have talk'd, And more convenient is he for my hand Then for your Ladies : You may gether more : If you do finde him, pray you give him this; And when your Miffris heares thus much from you, pray defire her call her wisedome to her. So face you well: If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor, Preferment fals on him, that curt him off Siew. Would I could meet Madem, I should shew What party I do follow. Roy. Fate thee well Exerm

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucefter, and Edgar.

Glow. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill? Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor. Close. Methinkes the ground is eeuen.

Edg. Horrible Reepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Seaf

Glow. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow impersed. By your eyes anguish.

Gless. So may it be indeed. Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'? In better phrase, and matter then thou did It.

Edg. Y'are much decesu'd : In nothing am Lebeng'd But in my Garments.

Glon. Me thinkes y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir, Heere's the place: fland fill: how fearefull And dizie tis, to east ones eyes so low, The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre Shew scarle lo grosse as Beerles. Halfe way downe Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfall Trade: Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head. The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach Appeare like Mice: and yond rall Anchoring Barke, Diminish'd to her Cocke : her Cocke, 2 Buoy Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Sarge, That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chases Cannot be heard fo high. He looke no more, Least my braine turne, and the deficient fight Topple downe headlong.

Clos Set me where you fland. Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge: For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.

Glou. Let go my hand. Heere Friend's another purse : in it, a lewell Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods Prosper it with thee. Gothou further off, Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Gloss. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do triffethus with his dispaire, Is done to cure it.

Glow. Oyou mighty Gods! This world I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off r It I could beare it longer, and not fall To quarrell with your great opposelesse willer, My southe, and loathed part of Nature should Burne it selse out. If Edgar line, O blesse him: Now Fellow, face thee well.

Edg. Godo Sir, farewell: And yet I know not how conceit may rob The Treasury of life, when life it f: Ife Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought, By this had thought bln paft. Aliue, or dead? Hoa, you Sir : Friend, heare you Sir, speake: Thus might he paile indeed : yet he reviues.

What are you Sir?

Glau. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had's thou beene ought But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre, (So many fathome downe precipitating) Thou'ds shiver'd like an Egge : but thou do's breath t Haft heavy substance, bleed'it not, speak'st, are sound, Ten Masts at each, make not the atritude Which thou half perpendicularly fell, Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe. Glon. But haue I faine, or no?

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne Looke vp'a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre Cannor be seene, or heard: Do but looke vo.

Glow Alacke, I have no eyes : Is wretcheduelle depriu'd that benefit To end it felle by death? Twas yet some comfor-When mifery could beguile the Tyrants rage, And fruffrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme. Vp, for How is't? Feele you your Legger? You stand. Glor. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is about all strangenesse,

Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that Which parted from you?

Gloss. A poore voforsunate Beggar.

Edg. As I dood neere below, me thought his eyes Were two full Moones: he had a thouland Nofes, Homes wealk'd, and waved like the enraged Sea: It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father, Thinke that the cleered Gods, who make them Honors Of mens Impossibilities, baue preserved thez.

Glos. I do remember now ; henceforth He beare Affliction, till it do cry out it felfe Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of, I tooke it for a men : often twould fay

The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place. Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enser Lear.

But who comes heere? The lefer fenfe will ne're accommodate His Mafter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the

King himselfe.

Edg. Othouside-piercing fight! Lear. Nature's about Art, in that respect. Ther's your Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crowkeeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Moule: peace, peace, this poece of coafted Cheefe will doo't. There's my Gaundet, He proue it on a Gyant. Bring up the browne Biles. O well flowne Bird! i'th' clout, i'th'clout : Hewgh, Gine the word.

Ede. Sweet Marlorum,

Glou. I know that voice.

Law. Ha | Gonerill with a white beard? They flatter d me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To fay 1, and no, to every thing that I faid: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I fmelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing i'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-ptoofe.
Glow. The tricke of that voyce, I do well temember.

Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King. When I do stare, see how the Subject quaker. I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause? Adultery? thou shalt not dye 1 dye for Adultery? No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly Do's letcher in my light. Let Copulation thrive: For Glousters battard Son was kinder to bis Father, Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull fheets. Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her Forkes preliges Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, not the foyled Horse goes too't with a more notous appetite . Downe from the waste they are Centaurer, though Women all aboue : buc to the Girdle do the Gods inhe rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes, there is the fulphurous pit; burning, scalding ftench, consumption: Fye, sie, fie; pah, pah : Giue mezn Ounce of Civer; good Apothecary sweetenmy immagination: There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand. Lear. Let me wipe it fust,

It smelles of Mortality.

Glou. O rum'd peece of Nature, this great world Shall so weare out to naught. Do'ft thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squing at me? No, doethy worst blinde Cupid, He not loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning

Glon. Were all ay Letters Sunnes, I could not fee. Edg. I would not take this from report,

It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glass. Wher with the Cescos syes?

Lear. Oh ho, sre you there with me? No cies in your head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a heamy cafe, your purfe in a light, yet you fee how this world goes.

Glou. I fee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may fee how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine cares i See how yond Iuftice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in thine care: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the lustice, which is the theefe a Thou hast seeme o Farmers degge barke at a Begget?

Glon. 1 Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Curithere thou might's behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lass that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to vie ber in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Vince hangs the Cozener. The

rough tatter'd closthes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Fure'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the frong Lance of luftice, hurtleffe breakes : Arme ti in ragges, a Pigmies Ataw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none. I fay none, lle able em; take that of me my Friend, who have the power to feale th'acculers lips. Get thee glaffe-eyes, and like a feuruy Politicion, feeme to fee the things thou doft not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes : herder, harder, fo.

Edg. O metter, and impertmency mixt,

Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes, I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloufter; Thou must be notions; we came crying bithers Thou know's, the first time that we smell the Ayre We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke,

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great flage of Fooler. This a good blocker It were a delicate fratagem to fhoo A Troope of Horle with Feli : Ile put'r in proofe, And when I have Rolne vpon thele Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh herre he is : lay hand vpon him, Sir,

Your most decre Daughter _____ Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even

The Naturall Foole of Forsune. Vie me well. You shall have ransome. Let me have Surgrons, I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You shall have any thing Lear. No Seconds? All my lelle? Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt

To vie his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely, Like a smugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Iourall : Come, come, I am a King, Mafters, 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 shall get it by running : Sa, fa, fa, fa.

Goor. A fight most prittfull in the meanest wretch, Paft speaking of in a King. Thou haft a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curle Which twaine have brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Barrell toward Genr. Moft fure, and vulgar:

Every one heares that, which can diftinguish found.

Edg. But by your favour: How neere's the other Atmy?

Cem. Neere, and on speedy foot : the maine descry Stands on the hoursly thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all,
Gene. Though that the Queen on special cause is here Her Army is mou'd on

Edg. I thanke you Sir

Glan. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worfer Spirit tempt me againe

To dye before you please.

Fdg. Well pray you Father. Glon. Now good fir, what are you?

Eeg. A most poore man; made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling forrowes, Am pregnant to good pitty. Gineme your hand, He leade you to lome biding .

Gias. Hesseie thankes :

The bouncie, and the benezon of bleauen To book, and book

Inin Sirvard

Sim. A proclaim'd prize . mon happie That eyeleste head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, valappy Traitor, Breefely thy felfe remember : the Sword is out Thee niul defleoy thee.

Gloss. Now less thy friendly hand

Put firength enough too't.

Sten. Wherefore, bold Pezant,

Dar'A thou support a publish'd Traster? Hence, Leaft that th'infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his some

Ede Chillnor largo Zit. Without vurther 'cafion.

Serv. Lergo Slave, or thou dy M.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poure volkepaffe: and chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha bin 20 long as 'tis, by a vorteight. Nay, come not neere th'old man : keepe our che vor ye, or tee try whither your Coffard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your reeth Zir: come, no matter von your toynes.

Stew. Slave thou half flaine me: Villam, take my purfe, If ever thou will thrive, bury my bodie, And give the Letters which thou find it about me, To Edmand Earle of Gloufter : feeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh votimely death, death

Edg. I know thee well. A serusceable Villane, As dureous to the vices of thy Milters, As badnoile would defire

Glow. What, is he dead? Edg. Sit you downe Father : reft you Let's fee thefe Pockers; the Latters that he speakes of May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely forry He had no other Deathsman. Let vs fee: Leaue gentle waxe, and manners : blame vs not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Et our reciprocal vower be remembred. Tou have mank L opportunities: o cut him off: if your will went not sure and place will be fruitfully offer d. There is nothing done, if he resume the Conqueror, then am I the Profoner and bes bed so Gaole, from the loashed warmed whereof, deteres one, and fepply the place for your Labour.

Tear (Wife, so I would say) affelinnate Serums. Goetill,

Ohindinguish'd space of Womans will A plot upon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brocher: heere in the fands Thez He rake vp, the poste valancasied Of murtherous Letchers : and in the mature time, With this vogracious paper Arike the fight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'ns well, That of the death, and bufineffe, I cantell.

Glos. The King is mad: How fife is my vilde fense That I frand vp, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diffred, So should my thoughts be sever'd from my greefes, Drum dare of.

And wees, by wrong imaginations leafs

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:

Farre off executinkes I beare the beaten Drucame.

Come Father, lie bestow you with a Friend.

Ensure.

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cardolia, Kent and Genelenson.

Cor. O theu good Kons, How shall I live and worke To match thy goodnesse? My life will be too short, And every measure faile me.

Kort. To be acknowledg'd Madamis ore-pai'd, All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, not clipt, but so.

Cor. Be bettet futted,

These weedes are memories of those worser houres: I prythee put them off.

Kont. Pardon deere Madam,

Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent, My boone I make it, that you know me not, Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't formy good Lord:

How do's the King !

Car. O you kind Gods!

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature. Th'vntun'd and jarring senses, O winde vp, Of this childe-changed Father.

Geet. So please your Maiesty,

That we may wake the King, he hath flept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'sway of your owne will: is he array d?

Emer Leer on a chare carried by Sermants

Gem. I Madam: in the heavinesse of steepe, We put fresh garments on him.

Be by good Madam when we do awake him, I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang Thy medicine on my lippes, and feethis kiffe Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters Have in thy Reverence made.

Rem. Kind and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white slakes
Did challenge pitry of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the letring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though be had bit me.
Should have stood that night against my fire,
Andwas't thou saine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlowne,
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.

Cen. Madam do you, 'tis fittefl.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?

How fares your Maiefly?

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 tenes Do fail'd, like nælten Lead.

Car. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, Rull, fatte wide.

Let him alone a while.

Laur. Where have 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 sweare these are my bands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were effur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sit, And hold your hand in benediction o're me,

You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me: I am a very foolish fond old man, Foorescore and vpward,

Not an house more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
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 mainely ignorant
What place this issand all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments: nor I know noe
Where I did lodge last night. Do not langue same,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady

To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I sm: I sm.

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepenot,
If you hauepoyson for me,I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue some cause, they houenot.

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 greet rage You fee is kill'd y nimidefire him to go in, Trouble him no more till further fetling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must be are with me: Pray you oow forget, and forgine, 1 am old and foolish.

Excusa

You

Adus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drimme and Colours, Edmund, Regan.
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke is his tast purpose hold, Or whether since he is advised by oughe To change the rourse, he's full of alteration, And selfer eprousing, bring his contains pleasure.

Reg. Our Sifters men is corrainely miscarried.
Best. Tis to be doubted Madam.

Rog. Now Sweet Lord,

Baft. In honour'd Love.

Reg. But have you never found my Perothers way, To the fore-fended place?

Baft. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg I never shall endure her, deere my Lord Benor familiat with her.

Baf. Festenot, the and the Doke her hasband.

Enter with Dram and Colours, Alberry, General, Soldsers.

Alb. Our very louing Sifter, well be-men: Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter With others, whom the rigout of our State Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond?
Gone. Combine together gainft the Enemie: For these domesticke and particular broiles, Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre On our proceeding.

Reg. Sifter you'le go with vs?

Gon. No.

Rey. 'Tis most consenient, pray go with vs. Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exsure both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore, Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, spezke.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter: If you have vactory les the Trumper found For him that brought its wretched though I seeme, I can produce a Champion, that will prouc What is an ouched there. If you miscarry, Your bufinesse of the world hath fo an end, And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Sib. Stay till I have read the Letter.

Esq. I was forbidit:

When time shall serve let but the Herald cry, And He appeare againe.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper

Enter Edmund.

Baff. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers, Heere is the gueffe of their true flrength and Forces, By dilligent discourre, but your haft

Is now veg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time

Baft. To both these Sifters have I sworne my loue. Each icalous of the other, as the flung Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? One? Or nelther? Neither can be enloy'd If both remaine alive: To take the Wiodow, Exelperates, makes mad her Sifter Compiles And hardly shall I carry out my Ede, Her husband being aline. Now then, wee'l vie His countenance for the Battaile, which being done, Let her who would be rid of him, devile His speedy taking off. As for the mercie Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia, The Battaile done, and they within out power,

Shall never fee his pardon : for my frace, Stands on me to defend, soi tordebate.

Exn.

Scena Secunda.

Alaram wether Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelise, and Souldiers puer the Stage, and Exture.

Enter Edgar, and Gloffer.

Edg. Heere Father, take the Shadow of this Tree For your good hoaft : pray that the right may thrive : If ever I recurre to you againe, He bring you comfort.

Gla Grace go with you Sir.

Exa. Alarum and Retreat waben. Enter Edger.

Egdar. Away old man, give me thy hand, away : King Lew hath loft, he and his Daughter tane, Give me thy hand . Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot cuenheere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe ? Men muft endure

Their going hence, even as their comming hither, Ripenette is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Exercit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest wah Drum and Colours Edmund, Lea, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldeers, Capeaune.

Baft. Some Officers take them away: good guard, Vntill their greater pleafures firft be knowne That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the firft,

Who with best meaning have incurred the worst: For thee oppressed King I am cast downe, My selfe could else our-fromne false Fortunes fromne. Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sifters?

Lear. No, no no no come let's away to priton, We two alone will fing like Birds ith Cage: When thou doft aske me bleffing, He kneele downe And aske of thee for giveneffe: So wee'llive, And pray, and fing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded Butterflies : and heere (poore Rogues) Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too, Who loofes, and who wins; who's in, who's our, And take vpon's the mystery of things, As if we were Gods (pies : And weel weare out In a wall'd prison, packs and leas of great ones, That ebbe and flow by th Moone. Baff. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon fuch factifices my Cordelis, The Gods themselves throw Incense. Haue I cought thee? He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen, And fire ve hence, like Foxest wipe thine eyes, The good yeares thall demoure them, flesh and fell,

Ere

Exit.

Ere they shall make vs weepe?

Weele fee e'm staru'd first i come.

Bist. Come hither Captaine, heatke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou do it
As this instructs thee, thou do st 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 imploymens
Will not beare question either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other meanes.

Capr. He do't my Lord.

Boff. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done, Marke I say initantly, and carry it so As I have set it downe.

Exit Captains.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Als. Sir, you have thew'd to day your valient Arsine
And Fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the opposites of this dayes Arife:
I dorequire them of you so to to them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.
Baft. Sir, I thought it fir,

To fend the old and miferable King to fome recention, Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more, To plucke the common bosome on his side, And turne our imprest Launces in our sies. Which do command them. With him I fent the Queen: My reason all the same, and they are ready. To morrow, or at further space, tappeare. Where you shall hold your Session.

Alt. Sir, by your patience, I hold you but a fubiect of this VV arre,

Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we lift to grace him.
Methinkes our pleafure might have bin demanded
Ere you had fpoke for Garce. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe, More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,

By me inuested, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you, Reg. Iesters do of proue Prophets.

Gon. Hola, hola,

That eye that told you fo, look'd but a fquint.

Rega. Lady I am not well, elfe I should answere From a full flowing stomack. Generall, Take thou my Souldiers, prisonere, patrimony, Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine: Witness the world, that I create thee heere My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Baft. Nor in thine Lord.

Aib. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum firike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: Edmand, I arrest thee
Oncapitall Treason; and in thy arrest,

This guilded Serpent : for your claime faire Sifters, I bare it in the interest of my wife, 'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord, And I her husband contradict your Banes. If you will marry, make your loues to me, My Lady is baspoke.

Gen. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed Glefer,
Let the Trmpet found:
If none appears to proue vpon thy perfon,
Thy heynous, manifeft, and many Treafons,
There is my pledge: He make it on thy heart
Ere Itafte bread, thou art in nothing leffe
Then I have heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O ficke.

Gon. If not, lle nere truft medicine.

Baft. 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 firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, have in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My fickneffe growes upon me.

Alb. She is not well, consey her to my Tent.

Come hisher Herald, let the Trumper found,

And read out this.

A Tumper founds.

Herald reads,

F any man of qualities or degree, within the lifts of the Arnoy, will maintaine upon Edmund, supposed Earle of Closter, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet: he whold in his defence. I Trumper

Her. Againe. Her. Againe. 2 Trumpet.
3 Trumpet.

Trumpe: answers withm.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purpoles, why he appeares Vpon this Call of Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer

This present Summons

Edg. Know my name is lost By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit, Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adverfary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for Edmand Earle of Glo. Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him to (see?

Edg. Draw thy Sword.

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arms may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine Honours,
My ozth, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Forume,
Thy valot, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant gainst this high illustrous Prince,

And from thextremest vpward of thy head, To the discent and dust below thy soote,

11:

A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no, This Sword, this arme, and my belt spirits are bent To proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake,

Thou lyeft.

Baft. In wisedome I should aske thy name, But fince thy out-fide lookes fo faire and Warlike, And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breather, What sale, and neely I might well delay, By rule of Knight-hood, I distains and spurner Backe do I toffe thefe Treasons to thy head, With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart, Which for they yet glance by, and fearely bruife, This Sword of mine shall give them infrant way, Where they shall rest for euer, Trumpers speake.

Alb. Sauchim, sauchim. Alexans. Fights.

By th'law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer An vaknowne opposite: thou are not vanquish'd,

But cozend, and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame, Or with this paper shall I stop it . hold Sir, Thou worfe then any name, reade thine owne euill: No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say ift do, the Lawer are mine not thine, Who can araigne me for's? Ezit.

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know's thou this paper?

Bast. Ackeme not what I know.

Alb. Go aster her, she's desperate, gouerne her.

Baft. What you have charg'd me with,

That have I done, And more, much more, the time will bring it out. Tis paft, and fo am I : But what are thou That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'tt Noble.

I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity: I am no leffe in blood then thou art Edmond, If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne. The Gods are suft, and of our pleafant vices Make instruments to plague vs: The darke and vitious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

Baft. Th'halt spoken right, tis true, The Wheele is come full circle, I ans heere.

Alb. Methought thy very gate did prophelie ARoyall Nobleneile: i must embrace thee, Let forrow split my heart, if evet I Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where home you hid your feife?

How have you knowne the miferies of your Father? Edg. By nurling them my Lord. Lift a breefe tale, And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burft. The bloody proclamation to escape That follow'd me loneere, (O our lives sweetnesie, That we the paine of death would housely dye, Ratherthen die at once)taught me to chift Into a mad-mans regs, t'assume a semblance That very Dogges disdain'd : and in this habit Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings, Their precious Stones new lost became his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, sau'd him from dispeire. Neuer(O fault) reveal'd my selfe voto him, Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd, Not fire, though hoping of this good fuccesse, I ask'd his bleshing, and from first to last

Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart (Alacke too weake the conflict to support) (Alacke too weare the Carlion, soy and greefe, Burft fmilingly.

Balt. This speech of yours hath mould me. And shall perchance do good, but speake you on, You looke as you had something more to say.

All. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in, For I am almost ready to distoluc, Heating of this.

Enter a Gentlemer.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: Ohelpe. Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife? Gen. 'Its hot, it smoothes, it came euro from the beart -O The's dead

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sifter By her is poylon'd: the confesses ic.

Baft. I was contracted to them both, all three Now marry in an inflant.

Edg Here comes Kens.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead; Coveril and Legans bodies brong he out.

This sudgement of the Heavens that makes va tremble. Touches vs not with pitty. O,18 this he? The time will not allow the complement Which very manners viges.

Kest, Iam come

To bid my King and Mafter ave good night.

Alb. Great thing of visorgot, Speake Edmund, where's the King land where's Cordelia?

Seelt thou this obied Kent? Kent. Alacke, why thus?
Baff Yet Edmand was belou'd: The one the other poison'd for my lake,

And after flew herfelfe Alb. Even forcover their faces.

Baft. Ipant for life : some good I meane to do Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send, (Be briefe in it) to'th Caffle, for my Writ Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: Nay, send in time.

Alb. Ren, run, O run.
Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office: Send thy token of represue.

Ball. Well thought on, take my Sword, Give it the Captaine.

Edg. Hast thee for thy life.

Bast. He hath Commillion from thy Wife and me, To hang Cordelia in the prilon, and To lay the blame vpop her owne dispaire, That fine for-did her felfe.

All The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in bis armes. Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O your are men of stones, Had I yout tongues and eyes, I'd vie them fo, That Heavens vault should crack : she's gone for ever. I know when one is dead and when one lives She's dead as earth : Lend me a Looking-glaffe,

16

If that her breath will mist or staine the stone, Why then the lines.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end? Edg. Or image of that horror. Alb. Fall and ceofe.

Lear. This feather stire, the lines: if it be fo, It is a chance which do's redeeme all forrowes That ever I have fele.

Kent. Omy good Mafter.

Lear. Prythce sway.
Edg. Tis Noble Kom your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all, I might have fau'd her, now the's gone for ever : Corexlia Cordelia, Ray a little. Ha: What is't thou failt? Her voice was ever foft, Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee. Cent. Tis true (my Lords)he did.

I have feene the day, with my good biring Faulchion I would have made him skip : I am old now, And thele same crosses spoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are not o'th'beft, He tell you fraight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, the lou'd and hated,

One of them we behold

Leer. This is a dull fight, are you not Kent?

Kent. The same . your Seruant Kent,

Where is your Servant Cains ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that, He'le finke and quickly too, he's dead and rotten. Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. He see that straight.

Kens. That from your first of difference and decay, Haue follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Rem. Norno man else

All's cheerleffe, darke, and deadly, Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselves, And desperately ste dead

Lear, I fo I thinke.

Alb. Heknowes not what he faies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Euter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Meff. Edmind is dead my Lord.

All. That's but a trifle heere : You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent, What comfort to this great decay may come. Shall be applied. For ve we will refigne. During the life of this old Maiefty To him our absolute power, you to your rights, With boote, and fuch addition 23 your Honours Haue more then merited. All Friends shall

Tafte the wager of their vertue, and all Foes The cup of their deferuings . O fee, fee.

Lew. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life? Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you ando this Botton. Thanke you Sir. Do you lee this? Looke on her? Looke her lips, Looke there, looke there. He dis.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord. Kem. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke up my Lord

Kent. Vex not his ghoft, O let him paffe, he hates him. That would spon the wracke of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd fo long, He bur vsurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present bufinesse Is generall woe: Friends of my foule, you twaine, Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine.

Kent. I have a journey Sir , Thorsly to go, My Master calls me, I must por say no.

Edg The weight of this lad time we must obey, Speake what we feele, not what we ought to fay : The oldest hath borne most, we that are young, Shall never fee so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.



HE TRAGE DIE OF

Othello, the Moore of Venice.

o Allus Primus. Scana Prima.

Emer Rodorige, and lago.

Rodorigo. Euer tell me, I take it much vokindly Therehou (Ingo) who half had my purfe, halff firings were thine frould'ff know of this.

In But you'l not heareme. I feuer I did decam

Offuch ametter, abhorte me. Roda Thoutold'Ame, Thou did'ft hold him in thy here.

lego. Despise me If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie, (Inpersonall suite to make me his Lieutenant) Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man I know my price, I am worth no worse a place. But he (as lowing his owne pride, and purpoles) Euades them, with a bumbaft Circumftance, Hornbly Rufft with Epithites of warre, Non-suites my Mediators For certes, saies he, I have already chose my Officer. And what was he? For-footh, a great Arithmacician, One Michael Coffio, a Florentine, (A Fellow simost damo din a faire Wife) That never fet a Squadron in the Field, Nor the devision of a Bettaile knowes More then a Spinster. Valeffe the Bookish Theoricke: Wherein the Tongued Contols can propose As Masterly as he. Meere practe (without practise) Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had the clean And I (of whom his cies had forme the proofe Ac Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds Chriffen'd, and Heathen) mult be be-leed, and calm'd By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-cafter, He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be, And I (bleffe the marke) his Mooreships Austient.

Red. By hezuen, I rather would have bin his hangman. lago. Why, there's no remedie. Tis the cutile of Service; Preferment goes by Letter, and affection, And not by old gradation, where each fecond Stood Heire to th'first. Now Sir, beindge your selle, Whether I in any just terme are Atho'd To loue the Moore?

Red, I would not follow him then. logo. O Sir content you. I follow him to ferue my turne vpon him. We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Connor be truely follow'd. You shall marke Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue; That (doring on his owne oblequious bondage) Weares out his time, much like his Maft ers Affe, For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Calheer'd. Whip me fech honest kasues. Others there are Who crym'd in Formes, and vileges of Dutie, Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves, And throwing but shower of Service on their Lords Doe well thrive by them. And when they have lin'd their Coates Doe themselves Homage. These Fellowes have some soule, And luch a one do I professemy selfe. For (Sir) It is as fure as you are Rodorigo, Were I the Mocte, I would not be lago: In following him, I follow but my feile. Heaven is my ludge, not I for love and dutle, But feeming to, for my peculiar end: For when my outward Aduon doth demonstrate The native act, and figure of my heart In Complement externe, 'us not long after But I will weare my heart vpon my fleeve For Dawes to peckeat; I am not what I em-

Red. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-Eps owe If he can carry't thus?

Isgo. Call vp her Father: Rowle him, make after him, poyfon his delight, Proclaime him in the Success. Inconfe her kindmen, And though he in a ferrile Clymate dwell, Plague him with Fliestchough that his loy be loy, Yet throw fuch chances of vexation on't, As it may be ofe some colour.

Redo. Heere is her Fathers house, le call aloud. lago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell, As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire Is spied in populus Citties

Redo. What hos: Brabentie, Siginor Brabantie, hos. lago. Awake: what hoz, Brahamen: Theeues, Theoues. Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags, Theenes, Threnes.

Bre. Aboue. When is the reason of this terrible

Summons? What is the matter there?

Rado. Signior is all your Familie within? Lage. Are your Doores lock'd?
Dos. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Lage. Sir, y'ere rob'd, for theme put on your Gowne.

Your heart is burff, you have lost halfe your foule Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram Is tupping your white Ewe. Arife, arife, Awake the morning Cit. Izens with the Bell, Or elfe the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you. Axife I fay.

Bro. Whet, have you lost your wits !

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my volce?

Bra. Not 1: what are you? Rod. My name is Rodorigo.

Bre. The worffer welcome: I baue 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 madnesse (Being full of Supper, and distempting draughtes) Vpon malitious knauerie, dost thou come

To ftart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bra. But thou must needs be fure, My spirits and my place have in their power To make this bitter to thee.

Rodo, Patience good Sir.
Bra. What tell'it thou me of Robbing? This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rodo. Most grave Brabancio.

In simple and pure foule, I come to you

la. Sir : you are one of those that will not serue God, if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le have your Daughter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le have your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le have Coursers for Cozena: and Genners for Germainer.

Bra What prophane wretch art thou?

Is. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaft with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Ingo. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou that answere. I know thee Rodrigo. Red. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you

If t be your pleasure, and most wife consent, (Aspertiy i find it is) that your faire Daughter, At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th night Transported with no worse nor better guard, But with a knsue of common hire, a Gundelier, To the groffe claspes of a Lascivious Moore: If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance, We then have done you bold, and faucie wrongs. But if you know not this, my Manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeve That from the sence of all Civilitie, I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence. Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave) I say againe, hath made a groffe revolt, Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger, Of here, and euery where : ftraight fatisfie yout (clie. If the be in her Chamber, or your house, Let loofe on me the Justice of the State

For thus deluding you. Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hos: Give me a Taper : call vp all my people, This Accident is not vallke my dreame, Beleefe of it oppresses me alreadie.

Light, I say, light.

lag. Farewell: for I must leave you. It feemes not meete, not wholefome to my place Ems.

Tobe producted, (as if I ftay, I fhall,) Against the Moore, For I do know the State, (How ever this may gall him wath some checke) Cannot with fafetie cast-him. For he's embark'd With fuch loud reason to the Cyptus Warres, (Which even now stands in Act) that for their foules Another of his Fadome, they have none, To lead their Bufineffe. In which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell apines, Yet, for necessitie of present life, I mutt show out a Flag, and figne of Loue, (Which is indeed but figne) that you shal furely find him Lead to the Sagitary the raifed Search: And there will I be with him. So farewell,

Enter Brabancio, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evill. Gone she is, And what's to come of my despiled time, Is naught but bitternesse. Now Redorigo, Where didft thou see her? (On vnhappie Girle) With the Moore faift thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didft thou know twas the? (Oh the deceaues me Pail thought:) what faid the to you? Get moe Tapers: Raifeall my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Trucly I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heaven: how got the out?

Oh treason of the blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds By what you fee them ad. Is there not Charmes, By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood May be abus'd ? Haue you not read Rodorigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I have Indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brother: oh would you had had her. Some one way, some another. Doe you know Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod I thinke I can discouer him, if you please To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house He call, (I may command at moft) get Wespons (hoa)
And taile lome special Officers of might: Ou good Rodrigo, will deserve your paines.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, lago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I have flaine men, Yet do I hold it very fluffe o'th'conscience To do no contriu'd Murder: Ilsche Iniquicie S ometime to do me feruice. Nine, or ten times I had thought t'haue verk'd him hete vnder the Ribbes.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is. Ingo. Nay but he prated, And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I have I did full hard forbeare bim. But I pray you Sir, Are you fast married? Be affur'd of this, That the Magnifico is much belou'd. And hath in his effect a voice potentiall As double as the Dukes : He will divorce you. Or put vpon you, what reftraint or greeuance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on) Will give him Cable.

Othel. Lethim do his fpight; My Seruices, which I have done the Signorie Shall out-tongue his Complaints. The yet to know, Which when I know, that boatting is an Henour, I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being, From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites May (peake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune As this that I have reach'd. For know lago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my vahoused free condition Put Into Circumscription, and Confine, For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come youd?

Enter Cassio, wish Torches.

Tago. Those are the ratied Father, and his Friends:

You viere best go in.
Othel. Not I: I must be found. My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule Shell manifelt me rightly. Is it they? lago. By lanes, I thinke no.

Orbel. The Servants of the Dukes? And my Lieutenant?

The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends) What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall) And he requires your hafte, Post-haste appearance,

Enen on the instant. Qibello. What is the matter, thinke you? Casso. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine a It is a businesse of some heave. The Gallies Haue fent a dozen lequent Mellengers This very night, at one anothers heeles: And many of the Confuls, rais'd and mer, Are at the Dukes already. You have bin horly call'd for, When being not at your Lodging to be found, The Senate hath fent about three feuerall Quefts, To fearch you out.
Orbel. Tis well I am found by you:

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And goe with you.

Caffio. Aunciant, what makes he heere? Tago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carral. If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.

Casso. I do not understand.
Ingo. He's married.

Caffio. To who?

lago. Marry to -- Come Captaine, will you go?

Orbel. Have with you.

Coffe. Here come sanother Troope to feeke for you.

Enter Brobentso, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

lago. It is Brabantio: Generall beaduis'd, He comes to bad incent.

Orbello. Holla, fand there.

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bro. Downe with him, Theefe.
1000. You, Rodorigoel Crne Sir, I am for you.

Oibe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signier, you shall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,

Where haft thou flow'd my Daughter ? Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her For Me exterre roe to all things o fleme, (If the in Chaines of Magick we're not bound) Whether a Maid, fo tender, Faire, and Happie, So opposite to Marriage, that The Thun'd The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation, Would ever have (c'encurre a generali mocke) Run from her Guzzdageco che sootic bosome, Of fuch a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight ludge me the world, if the not groffe in fenfe, That thou hast practised on her with foule Chairnes, Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals, That weakens Motion. He have't disputed on, Tis probable, and palpable to thinking; I therefore apprehend and do attach thoe. For an abuser of the World, a practifez Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant; Lay hold upon him, if he do reful Subdue him, at his perilL

Orbe. Hold your hands Both you of my inclining, and the reft.

Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe To answere this your charge?

Bra. To Prilon, till fit time Of La w, and course of direct Session Call thre to answer.

Othe. What it do obey? How may the Duke be therewith farish'd, Whose Messengers are heere about my side, Vpon some present businesse of the State,

To bring me to him.

Officer Tistrue most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Councell, and your Nobleseife,

I am fure is fent for.

Bra How? The Duke in Counfell? In this time of the night & Bring him aways Mine's not an idle Caufe. The Duke himfelfe, Or any of my Brothers of the State, Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne: For if fuch Actions may have peffage free, Bond-flaues, and Pagans shall our Scaresmen be. Exeurs

Scana Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senatori and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this News, That gives thein Credite.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned; My Letters lay, a Hundred and I cuen Gallies.

Duks. And mine a Hundred forcie 2. Sena. And mine two Hundred: But though they iumpe not on a luft accompt, (As in these Cales where the syme reports, Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme

A Turkish Fleece, and bearing up to Cyprus. Duke. Nay it is possible enough to judgement: I do not so secure me in the Error,

But the maine Article I do approue In festefull fenfe.

Saylor wation. What hose what hose what hose Enser SayLor.

Officer A

Officer. A Mellenger from the Gallies. Duke. Now? What's the bufinesse?

Sailer. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes, So was I bid report here to the State. By Signior Angelo.

Date. How fay you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be By no affay of reason. Tis a Pageant To keepe vs in falle goze, when we consider Thimportancie of Cyprus to the Tucke; And let our selves againe but vinderstand, That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes, So may he with more facile question beare it. For that it flands not in fuch Warrelike brace, But altogether lackes th'abilities That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this, We must not thinke the Turke is fo vnskillfull, To leave that lately, which concernes him first, Neglecting an accempt of eafe, and gaine To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

Duko. Nay in all confidence he's not for Rhodes. Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meffenger.

Moffen, The Ottamues, Reveren'd. and Gracious, Sceering with due course toward the lie of Rhodes, Haue there injoynted them with an after Fleete.

1. Sen. I, fo I thought : how many, as you gueffe? Meff. Of thirtie Saile : and now they do re- ftem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance Their purpoles toward Cyprus. Signior Montane. Your truftie and most Valiant Servitour, With his free dutie, recommends you thus, And prayes you to beleeve him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus: Marcus Lucacos is not he in Towne?

s. Sm. He's now in Florence. Dule. Write from vs, To him, Poft, Post-hafte, dispacch.

1. Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the Valiant Moore.

Exter Brabantio, Othello, Caffio, Iago, Redorego, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must fireight employ you, Against the general Enemy Ottoman. I did not fee you: welcome gentle Signior, We lack't your Counfaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours : Good your Grace pardon me. Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care Takehold on me. For my perticular griefe Is of to flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature, That it engluts, and swallowes other forrowes, And it is ftill it felfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead? Era. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks; For Nature, so prepostrously to erre. (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of lenfe,) Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her leffe,

And you ofher, the bloodie Booke of Law, You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter, After your owne fenfe : yes, though our proper Son Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grece, Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it fremes Your special Mandate, for the State affaires Hath hither brought.

All We are verielorry for i.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you fay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is lo.

Oshe. Most Potent, Grave, and Reveren'd Signiors, My very Noble, and approu'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. Rude am I, in my speech. And little blels'd with the loft phrale of Peace; For fince these Armes of mine, had seven yeares pith, Till now, some oine Moones wasted, they have void Their deerest alion, in the Tented Field : And little of this great world can I speake, More then percaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile, And therefore little shall I grace my cause, In speaking for my felfe. Yet, (by your gratious patience) I will a round vn-varnish'd uTale deliver. Of my whole course of Loue What Drugges, what Charmes, What Conturation, and what mighty Magicke, (For fuch proceeding I am charg'd withall) I won his Daughter.

Bra A Maiden, neuer bold: Of Spirit fo fill, and quier, that her Motion Bluth'd at her felfe, and the, in spight of Nature, Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, every thing To fall in Loue, with what the fear'd to looke on; It is a judgement main'd, and most imperfect. That will confesse Perfedion so could erre Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven To find our practifes of cunning hell Why this should be. I therefore youch againe, That with some Mixtures, powtefull o're the blood, Or with some Dram, (conjur'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 habits and poore likely-hoods Of moderne feeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But Orbello, Speake. Did you, by indirect, and forced courfes Subdue, and poylon this yong Maides affections? Or came it by requelt, and fuch faire question As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I do befeech you, Send for the Lady to the Sagitary. And let her speake of me before her Father; If you do finde me foule, in herreport, The Truff, the Office, I do hold of you, Not onely take away, but let your Sentence Even fall yoon my life. Duke. Fetch Desdemone hither.

Oibe. Aunciant, conduct them: You belt know the place. And tell the come, as truely as to heauen, I do confesse the vices of my blood, So suftly to your Grave cares, Ile prefent

How

How I did thrive in this falte Ladies love, And the in mine.

Duke Say it Othello.
Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me: Still question'd me the Storie of my life, From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune, That I have past. I ran it through, even from my boyith dates, Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it. Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances: Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth fcapes i th'imminent deadly breatly Ofbeing taken by the Infolent Foe, And fold to flaucty. Of my redemption thence, And portance in my Travellours historie. Wherein of Antars valt, and Delart: Idle, Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whole head touch heaven, It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe, And of the Canibals that each others eare, The Antroportages, and men whose heads Grew beneath their shoulders, These things to beare, Would Desdemona seriously incline But still the house Affaires would draw her hence Which ever as the could with hafte dispatch, She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare Devoure vp my discourse. Which I observing. Tocke once a pliant boure, and found good meanes To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart, That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate, Whereof by parcels the had something heard, But not inflinctively : I did confent, And often did beguile her ofher teares, When I did speake of some distressefull stroke That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done, She gave me for my paines a world of killes: She lwore in faith twas strange: twas passing strange, 'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrons pittifull. She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd That Heaven had made het fuch a man. She thank'd me, And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her, I Chould but teach him how to rell my Story, And that would wood her. Vpon this hint I spake, She lou'd me for the dangers I had pall, And I lou'd her, that the did pitty them. This onely is the witch-craft I have vs'd

Enter Desdemona, lago, Attendents.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too, Good Braba tio, take up this mangled matter at the best: Men do their broken Weapons rather vie, Then their bare hands.

Bro. I pray you heare her speake? If the confesse that the was halfethe woocr, Destruction on my head, if my bad blame Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miltris, Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,

Here comes the Ladie : Let her witnesse it

Where most you owe obedience? Def. My Noble Father, I do perceive heere a divided dutie. To you I am bound for life, and education: Mylife and education both do learne me, How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty, I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband; And formuch dutie, as my Mother fnew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father: Somuch I challenge, that I may professe Due to the Moore iny Lord

Bra. God be with you: I have done. Pleele it your Grace, on to the State Affaiters had rather to adopt a Child, then get it. Come hirber Moore; I here do give thee that with all my heart, Which but thou hast already with all my heart I would keepe from thee. For your lake (lewell) I am glad at foule, I have no other Child, Por thy escape would reach me Tirrinie

To hang clogges on them. I have done my Lord. Dube. Let me speake like your selfe :

And lay a Sentence, Which as a grife, or frep may belpe these Louers. When ternedies are palt, the griefes are ended By feeing the worst, which late on bopes depended. To mourne a Mischeese that is past and gon, Is the next way to draw new mischiese on. What cannot be presented, when Fortune takes: Patience, her Injury a mock'ry makes. The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe, He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelelle griefe.

Era. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile, We loofe it not fo long as we can faile. 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 poore Patience borrow. Thefe Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall, Being Groug on both fides, are Equinocall. But words are words, I never yet did heare That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares. I humbly befeech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke The Turke with a most mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: Orbello, the Fortitude of the place is best knowne to you. And though we have there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, amore souerzigne Mistis of Effects, throwes a more safer voice on your you must therefore be content to subbet the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more flubborne, and boyftrous expedition.

Othe. The Tirant Cultome, moft Grave Senators, Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre My thrice driven bed of Downe. I do 2 goize A Naturall and prompt Alecertie, I finde in hardnesse: and do undertake This present Warres against the Ottomiess. Moß bumbly therefore bending to your Scate, I crave fit disposition for my Wife, Duereference of Place, and Exhibition, With such Accomodation and before As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathersi Bra. I will not have it fo. Othe. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there teride, To put my Father in impatient thoughts By being in his eye. Most Greatous Duke, To my vnfolding, lend your prosperous care, And let me finde a Charter in your voice

T'affift my simplenesse.

Duke. What would you Desdemona?

Dest. That I love the Moore, to live with him, My downe-light violence, and flortne of Fortunes,
May

May trumper to the world. My hear e's subdu'd Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Otbello's visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts.
Did I my soule and Fortunes confectate.
So that (decre Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heavie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore begit not
To pleafe the pallate of my Appetite:
Not to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper fatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heaven defend your good fooles, that you thinke
I will your ferious and great businesse feant
When she is with me. No, when light wing d Toyes
Offeather'd Capid, seele with wanton dulnesse
My speculatine, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wives make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base adversities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall presently determine, Either for her stay or going: th'Affaire cries hast: And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night, Othe. With all niy heart.

Duke. At time i'th morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Orhello, leaue fome Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect

As doth import you,
Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assigne my wise,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be fo: Good night to cuery one. And Noble Signios. If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,

Your Son-in-law is fatte more Fatte then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vie Desdemona well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast cies to see:

She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must leave to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come Desdemona, I have but an houre
Of Love, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the thetime. Ext.

Rod. lago.
Lago. What faift thou Noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, think if thou?
Lago. Why go to bed and fleepe.
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my felfe.

lago. If thou doift, I shall never love thee after. Why

thou filly Gentleman?

Rod. It is fillynesse to live, when to live is torment: and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our Physicion.

lago. Oh villanous: I have look'd vpon the world for foure times feven yeares, and fince I could dillinguith

betwixta Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to lone himfelfe. Etc I would fay, I would drowne my felfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I contesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

lago. Vertue? A figge, 'tisin our felues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or fowe Lettice: Set Hifope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or diftract it with many: either to have it fterrill with ideneffe, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our lines had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would conduct its to most prepositious Conclusions. But we have Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or vibitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sec, or Seyen.

Rod It cannot be.

lago. It is meetly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drawne thy felfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with Cables of perdurable roughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an viurp'd Beard. I fay put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moore. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores are changeable in their wils : fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locustes, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body the will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou will needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canft : If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow; betwixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my witts, and all the Tribe of hell, thou Thalt enjoy her : therefore make Money : a pox of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be fast to my bopes, if I depend on

the iffue?

lago. Thou are fure of me: Go make Money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be consumctive in our revenge, against him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, nie a sport. There are many Events in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete I'th'morning?

Jago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

lago. Go too, sarewell. Do youheare Rodorigo?
Rod. He sell all my Land.
Exit.

lago. Thus do I ever make my Foole, my purse :
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
I fI would time expend with such Snpe,

Bus

But for my Sport, and Profit : I have the Moore, And it is thought abroad, that 'twice my fincers She ha's done my Office. I know not if t be tree, But I, for meere fulpicion in that kinde, Will do, as if for Surety. He holds one well, The bester shall my purpose worke on him i Caffie's a proper man: Let me lee nore, To get his Place, and to plume 7p my will In double Knauery. How? How? Let's fee. After fome time, to abufe Othele's cares, That he is too familiar with his wafe: He hath a person, and a smooth dispose To be suspected : from'd to make weinen falls. The Moore is of a free, and open Nature, That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so, And will as tenderly be lead by th Nole As Affes are:

I haue't : it is engendred : Hell, and Night. Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light

Adus Secundus. Scens Prima.

ENE Ment aro and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you difcerne at Seal 1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood: I cannot 'twixt the Heaven, and the Maine, Defery a Saile.

Mors. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land, A fuller blaft ne're shooke our Battlements : If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea, What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them, Can hold the Morries. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Ficet: For do but flaud upon the Foaming Shore, The chidden Billow scemes to pelt the Clowds, The winde-fhak'd-Surge, with high & monftrous Maine Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare, And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Poles I never did like mollefrauen view On the enchafed Flood.

Men. If that the Turkish Fleere Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd, It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentlemen.

9 Newes Laddes: out warres are done: The desperace Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes, That their delignement halts. A Noble Thip of Venice, Fiath feene a greenous wracke and fufferance On most part of their Fleet.
Mon. How? Is this true?

3 The Ship is heere put in: A Verserella, Michael Caffio Lieurenant to the warlike Moore, Ochello, Is come on Shote . the Moore himselfe at Sea, And is in full Commission heere for Cypeus.

Mee. I am glad on't : Tis a worthy Gouernous.

3 But this same Casso, though he speake of comfort, Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes fadly, And praye the Moore be fale; for they were parted With fowle and violent Tempelt.

Men. Pray Heavens he be :

For I have foru'd him, and the mon commands Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-fide (102) As well to see the Vessell that's come in As to throw-out our eyes for brove Orbino Even till we make the Maine, and th'Erral! blew, An indiffund rugard.

Gom. Come, lux s do fo; For every Minute is expectancie Of more Arrivance.

Emer Coffee Coffe. Thankes you, the values of the wastite like, That fo approoue the Moore: Oh let the Hesuess Give him desence againft the Elements, For I have loft him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd? Caffie. His Barke is flourly Timber'd, and his Pyloz

Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance; Therefore my hope's (not furferted to death) Stand in bold Cure.

Wabin. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th Ten Stand rankes of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Casin. My hopes do shape him for the Governor. Cone. They do discharge their Shot of Courtehe, Our Friends, at least.

Caffe. I pray you Sir, go forth. And give vs truth who 'tis that is arrived. Gon. I Phall. Ext

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall win'd? Caffe. Moft fortonateiy : he hath archieu'd a Merd That patagons defemption, and wilde Fame -One that excels the quickes of Blazoning pens, And in th'effentiall Vesture of Creation, Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Ever Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. Tis one lago, Auncient to the Generall.
Coffin. Ha's had most favourable, and happie speed: Tempefts themselves, high Seas, and howling windes, The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands Traitors enfleep'd, to enclogge the guildelle Keeles As having sence of Beautie, do omit Their mortall Natures, letting go lafely by The Divine Dofterman

Mon. What is the? Casson. She that I spake of. Our great Captains Captaint, Left to the conduct of the bold logs, Whole footing heere anticipates our thoughts, A Senights speed. Great love, Othelia guard, And fwell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath, That he may bleffe this Bay with his will Ship, Make loues quicke pants in Desdemonas Armes, Give renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdenona, lago, Padrigo, and vientia Oh behold, The Riches of the Ship is come on thore: You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. Haile to thee Ladie : and the grace of Heanen, Before, behinde thee, and onevery hand Enwheelethes round.

Def. I thanks you, Valient Caffe, What tydings can you rell of my Lord?

Cafio.

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, norknow I ought But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Def. Oh, but I feare:

How loft you company?

Casso. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile.

Within. A Saile, a Saile.

Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell: This likewise is a Friend.

Cassio. See for the Newes:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris: Let it not gaule your patience (good lago)

That I extend my Monners. 'Tis my breeding, That gives me this bold shew of Curtesie. Iego. Sir, would the give you fomuch of her lippes,

As of her tongue The oft bestowes on me, You would have enough.

Def. Alas: she ha's no speech. Iago. Infaith too much:

I finde it fill, when I have leave to fleepe. Marry before your Ladyship, I grant, She puts het tongue alittle in her heart, And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

lago. Come on, come on : you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cars in your Kitchens : Saints in your Injuries : Diuels being offended : Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswines in your Beds.

Def. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer.

lago. Nay,it is true : or elle I am a Turke, You rise to play, and go to bed to worke. Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

lago. No, lee me not.

Delde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

lago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too, t,

For I am nothing, if not Criticall. Def. Come on, affay.

There's one gone to the Harbout?

lage. I Madam. Def. I am not merry : but I do beguile

The thing I am, by feeming otherwise, Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out Braines and all But my Muse labours, and thus she

If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse and wit, The ones for ofe, the other vieth it.

Def. Well prais'd:

How if she be Blacke and Witty?

lago. If she be blacke, and thereto have a wis, She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fir.

Def. Worle, and worle.

Emil. How if Faire, and Foolish? lago. She never yet was foolish that was faire,

For even her folly helps her to an heire. Defde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th Alchouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's Foule, and Foolish.

lago. There s none so foule and foolish shereunto,

Eut do's furle prants, which faire, and wife-ones do.

Defde. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praifeft the worst best. But what praife could'st thou bestow on a descrwing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her merie, did juffly put on the vouch of very malice it

Iago. She that was ever faire, and never proud, Had Tongue at will and yet was never loud. Newer lacks Gold, and yet wene newer gay, Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may. She that being angred her resenge being nie, Badber wrong stay, and her displeasure slie: She that in wisedome newer was so fraile, To change the Cods-bead for the Salmons toile: She that could thinke, and new'r disclose her mindo See Suiters following, and not looke behind: She was a wight, (if ever such wightes were)

Def. To do what? lago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere.

Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do not learne of him Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and liberall Counsailor?

Caffio. He speakes home (Madam) you may rellish him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.

lago. He takes her by the palme: I, well faid, whif-per. With as little a web as this, will I enfinare as great a Fly as Cassio. I smile upon her, do: I will give thee in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenan-trie, it had beene better you had not kis'd your three singers so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play the Sir, in. Very good : well kiss'd, and excellent Curtsie: tis so indeed. Yet againe, your singers to your lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Coffie 'Tis truely fo. Def. Let's meete him, and recieue him. Cassio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter O:hello, and Attendants.

Oth O,my faire Warriour. Def. My deere Ochello.

Othe. It gives me wonder great, as my content

To fee you heere & fore me. Oh my Soules loy:

If after every Tempest, come such Calmes, May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death: And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas Olympus high : and duck againe as low, Ashell's from Hesuen. If it were now to dye, Twere now to be most happy. For I searc, My Soule hath her content so absolute, That not another comfort like to this,

Succeedes in ynknowne Fate. Def. The Heavens forbid But that our Louds

And Comforts should encrease Euen as our dayes do grow.

Othe. Amento that (fweet Powers) I cannot speake enough of this content, It stoppes me heere : it is too much of ioy, And this and this the greatest discords be That ere our hearts shall make.

lago. Oh you are well tun'd now : But Ile fet downe the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

O:he.

Othe. Come let vs to the Cassie.

Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:

The Turkes are drown'd.

How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?

(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus.

I have found great love among st them. Oh my Sweets

I prattle out of sshiron, and I donce

In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good lago,

Go to the Bay, and dissimbarke my Costers:

Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,

He is a good one, and his worthynesse

Do's challenge much respect. Come Destamona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exis Othello and Descenda.

Ingo. Do thou meet me presently at the Herbour.
Come thicker, is thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men being in Love, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is nature to them) list-me; the Lieucenant to night watcher on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee this: Descanda, is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

lago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy foule be in-Hructed. Marke me with what violence the first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling het fanrafticalities. To loue him fill for prating, let not thy discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall the haucto looke on the divell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to enflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite. Looelinesse in favour, simpathy in yeares, Menners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her gelicare tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heave the, gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil inftruct her in it, and compell her to fore fecond choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vnforc'd polition) who frands lo eminent in the deg re of this Forune, as Casso do's : a knaue very voluble no further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Civil, and Humaine feeming, for the better compaffe of his falt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none: A flipper, and fubile knaue, a finder of occafion : that he's an eye can flampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Advantage neuer present it felfe. A divelish knave: besides, the knave is handlome, young : and hath all those requities in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A pestilent complete knaue, and the women bath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeue that in her, she's full of most

bleis'd condition.

Tago. Blefs'd figges-end. The Wine the drinkes is made of grapes. If thee had beene blefs'd, thee would never have lou'd the Moore: Blefs'd pudding. Didft thou not fee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didft not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did : but that was but currefie,

lago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and observe prologue to the History of Lust and soule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts Rodongo, when these mutabilities so marthall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, thincorporate conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have Brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't upon you. Cassio knowes you not: Ilenot be farre from you. Do you sinde some oc-

estion to anger Collie, either by speaking too loud, or taining his discipline, or from what other courte you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

lago. Sir, he's roth, and very fodaine in Choller: and happely may firske at you, provoke him that he may : for even out of that will I cause these of Cypros to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true costic againe, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter tourney to your defires, by the meaner a shall then have to present them. And the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

Rade. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-

cunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must feach his Necessaties a Shore. Fate-well.

Rodo. Adieu.

lago. That Caffio loues her, I do well beleeu's : That the loves him, 'tis apr, and of great Credite. The Moore (how beit that I endute him not) Is of a constant, louing Noble Nature, And I derethinke, he'le prove to Desdemona A most deere husband. Now I do love her too, Not out of absolute Luft, (though peraduenture I fland accomptant for as great a fin) But pariely led to dyetmy Revenge, For that I do suspect the lustie Moore Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof. Doth (like a poylonous Minerall) gnawmy Inwardes: And nothing can, or shall content my Soule Till I am ecuen'd with him, wife, for wife. Or fayling fo, yet that I put the Moore, Acleast into a lelouzie so frong That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do. If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace For his quicke hunting, fland the putting oo, He have out Michael Cafes on the hip, Abuse him to the Moote, in the right garbe (For I feare Coffie with my Night-Cape 100) Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an Asle, And practifing voon his peace, and quiet, Even to madneffe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd, Knaueries plaine face, is neuer scene, till vi'd. Erz

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orbello's Heraldwith a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant Genetall. That upon certaine tydings now artic'd, importing the meete perdition of the Turkish Fleete: every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, some to make Bonhres, each man, to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nupriall. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, at there is full libertie of Feating from this

present houre of five, till the Bell have told eleven Bleffe the life of Cyprus, and our Nobie Generali Othel-

Enter Orbello, Desdemona Cassio, and Attendants. Othe. Good Michael, looke you to the guard to night. Let's teach our selves that Honourable ftop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Caf. lago, hath direction what to do. But not withstanding with my personall eye

Will Hooke to't.

Othe. lago, is most honest:

Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest, Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue, The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you. Goodnight.

Enter lago.

Caf. Welcome lago: we must to the Watch.

lago. Nor this houre Lieutenant : tis not yet ten oth clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the love of his Desdemons: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her : and the is sport for loue

Caf. She's a most exquisite Lady.

lago. And He warrant her, full of Game.

Caf. Indeed thes a most fresh anddelicate creature.

lago. What an eye The ha's?

Methinkes it founds a parley to prouocation.

Caf. An inviting eye:

And yet me thinkes right modell. lago. And when the speakes,

Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Caf. She is indeed perfection. Ingo. Well : happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I have a flope of Wine, and neere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a mea-

fure to the health of blacke Othello. Cas. Not to night, good lago. I have very poore, and unhappie Braines for drinking. I could well with Curtefie would invent some other Custome of enter-

lago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile

drinke for you.

Caffio. I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too : and behold what inouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneffe with any more.

Ingo. What man? Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-

lants defire it.

Caf. Where are they?
Lago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.
Caf. Hedo't, but it diffikes me.
Exit

Jaga. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie, He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence As my yong Mistris dogge. Now my ficke Foole Rodorigo

Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out, To Desdemona hath to night Carrows'd. Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch. Three elfe of Cyprus, Noble (welling Spirites,

(That hold their Honours in a wary distance, the very Elements of this Warrelike Ille) Have I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,

And they Watch too.

Now mongst this Flocke of drunkards Am I put to our Cassio in some Action That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Caffio Montano and Gentlemen. If Consequence do but approve my dreame, My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caf. Fore heaven, they have given me a rowfe already. Mon. Good-faith a litle one : not paft a pint, as I am a

lago. Some Wine hoz.

And les me the Connakin clinke, clinke:

And let me the Cannaken clinke.

A Souldiers aman: Ob, mans life's but a fpan. Why then ket a Souldser drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.

Caf. Fore Heaven: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'dit in England: where indeedthey are most porent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your English.

Cassis. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drin-

lago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He sweates not to overthrow your Almaine. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ete the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. 1 am for it Lieuxenant : and Ile do you Iustice.

Iago Oh sweet England.

King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere, His Breeches cost bim but a Crowne.

He beld them Six pence all to deere, With that he cal d the Tailor Lowne 2

He was a wight of bigh Renowne, And thou art bus of low degree :

'Tis Prida that pulls the Country downe,

And take thy awld Cloaks about thes. Some Wine hos.

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other

lago. Will you heare't againe?

Caf. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's those (ungs. Well : heav'ns above all : and there be soules must be saved, and there be soules must not be faued.

lago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caf. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be faued.

lago. And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio. I: (but by your leave) not before me. The I leurenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our finoes: Gentlemen let's looke to our bufinesse. 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 fland well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well. Caf. Why very well then: you must not thinke then, that I am drunke.

Monta. To th' Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the

lago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before, He's a Souldier, ficto fland by Cefar, And give direction. And do but tee his vice, 'Tis to his vertue, a just Equinox,

C C 3

The

The one as long as th'other, Tis pletie of him? I feer the trust Orbello puts him in, On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this I fland.

Mont. Bur is he often thus?

Lago. Tis enermore his prologue to his fleepe, He'le watch the Horologe a double Set, If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Moze. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he fees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in Caffa,
And lookes not on his evills; is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now Rodorigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great picty, that the Noble Moore Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second With one of an ingraft Infirmitie, It were an honest Action, to say so To the Moore.

lage. Not I, for this faire I fland,
I do love Caffie well: and would do much
To cure him of this evill. But hearke, what noise?

Enter Caffio pursuing Rodorigo.

Caf. You Roque: you Rascall.

Man. What's the matter Licutemant?

Caf. A Knaue touch me my dutte? He beate the
Knaue into a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rad. Besteme?
Caf. Doft thou prace, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Casso Let me go(Sir)
Or He knocke you o're the Mazafe.
Come, Come, come : you're drunke.

Caffu. Drunke?

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentieinen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sy Montana:
Helpe Mafters. Hecre's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will nie. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants

Orbe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed fill, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.

Orbe. Hold for your lives.

lag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen: Haae you forgot all place of fense and dutie? Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now hos? From whence attech this? Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selves do that Which Heanen hath sorbid the Ottanistes For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawles Hethat stirs next, to cartle for his owne rage, Holds his sould light: He dies upon his Motion, Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle, From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters? Honest lago that lookes dead with greeting, Speake: who began this? On thy love I charge thee?

I ago, I do not know: Friends all, but now, suen now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deuefling them for Bed: and then, but now:
(As if fome Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at other breaker, In opposition bloody. I cannot speake Any begining to this pecusifi oddes. And would, in Adion glorious, I had lost Those legges, that brought me to apart of it.

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Otho. How comes ht (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Caf. 1 pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othe. Worthy Montane, you were wont to be citill ? The granitic, and fillnesse of your youth The world hath noted. And your name is great In mouthes of wisest Centure. What's the name of that you walace your reputation thus, And spend your rich opinion, for the name of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon Worthy Others, I am hust to danger,
Your Officer lags, can informe you.
While I space speech which something now offends ma.
Of all that I do know, nor know i ought
by me, that's said, or done amiste this night,
Valesse self-e-hardene be sometimes a vice,
And to desend our selver, it be a some

When violence affailes vs.

Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my fafer Guides to rule,
And passion shains my best sudgement collied)
Assais to leade the way. If I oncessir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foule Rour began: Who fet it on,
And herstat is approu'd in this offence,
Though be had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full offeare,
To Manage private, and domestic ke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Gustd of safetic?
Tis monstrous: Inge. who began't?

Man. If partially Affin'd, or league in office, Thou dost deliver more, or lesse then I ruch. Thou are no Souldier.

lage. Touch me not so neere, Lhad rather have this tongue out from my mouth, Then it should do offence to Michael Caffe. Yet I perswade my selfe, 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 Caffu following him with determin'd Sword To execute vpon hun. Sir, this Gentlemen, Steppes in to Caffio, and entreats his paules My leife, the crying Fellow did purlue, Least by hisclamour (as it so fell out) The Towns might fall in fright. He, (swift of foors) Our-ran my purpole : and I return'd then rather For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords, And Caffe high in oath : Which till to night I nere might lay before. When I came backe (For this was briefs) I found them close together At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were When you your felfe did part chem. More of this matter cannot I report. But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget, Though Caffio did some little wrong to him, As men in rage firike those that with them beft, Yet surely Cassio. I beleeve receiu'd From him that fled, fome strange Indignitie, Which patience could not paffe.

Othe. Iknew Iago Thy honeftic, and love doth mince this matter, Making it light to Coffio: Caffio, I love thee, But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona astended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not tais'd vp : He make thee an example.

Def. What is the matter (Deere?)
Oshe. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hutts, My felfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off: lago, looke with care about the Towne,

And filence thosewhom this vil'd brawle distracted. Come Defdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,

To have their Balmy flumbers wak'd with frife. Exit. lago. What ere you hurt Lieutenant?

Caf. I, pastall Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heaven forbid.

Caf. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have

loft my Reputation. I have loft the immortall part of myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation,

lago, my Reputation.

lago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sence in that then In Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a Loser. What man, there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie, then in malice) even fo as one would beate his offencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe, and he's yours.

Caf. I will cather sue to be despised, then to deceive

lo good a Commander, with fo flight, fo drunken, and fo indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And fquabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse Fustian with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of Wine, if thou hast no neme to be knowne by, let vs call

thee Divell.

lago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword ? What had he done to you?

Caf. Iknownot. lago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-shinetly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance, reuell and applause, transforme our selves into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how

came you thus recovered?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the divell drunkennesse, to give place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me another to make mefrankly despife my selfe.

lago. Come, you are too seuerea Moraller. As the Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country flands I could hartily wish this had not befalne; but since it is, as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caf. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell me, I am a drunkard : had I as many mouthes as Hydra, fuch an answer would stop them all. To be now a fenfible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh ftrange! Every inordinate cup is vnbles'd, and the Ingredient is a diuell,

lago. Corne; good wine, is a good familiar Creature, if it be well vs'd exclaime no more against it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue

Caffic. I have well approved it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may lay lo, in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke; and devotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition. she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken joynt betweene you, and her husband, entrest her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Love, shall grow stonger, then it was before. Casso. You advise me well.

lago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest kindnesse.

Caffio, I thinke it freely 1 and betimes in the morning, I will befeech the vertuous Defdemena to undertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

lago. You are in the right: good night Licutenant, l must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest lago.

Exis Castio.

lago. And what's he then. That faies I play the Villaine? When this adulfe is free I give, and hones, Proball to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moore againe. For 'tis most easie Th'inclyning Desdemona to Subdue In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull As the free Elements. And then for her To win the Moore, were to renownce his Baptisme, All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed fin: His Soule is fo enfetter'd to her Loue That she may make, vnmake, do what she lift, Euen as het Appetite If all play the God, With his weake Fund on. How am I then a Villaine, To Counsell Cassio to this paralell course, Directly to his good? Divinitie of hell, When divels will the blackest finnes put on, They do luggest at first with heavenly shewes, As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune, And the for him, pleades strongly to the Moote, the powre this pestilence into his eare: That the repeales him, for her bodies Luft' And by how much she striues to do him good, She shall vado her Credite with the Moore. So will I turne her vertue into pitch, And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net, That shall en-mash them all. How now Rodorigo?

Enter Rodorigo.

Redorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles up the Crie. My Money is almost spent; I have his to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the iffue t t 3

will bee, I shall have so much experience for my paines; And fo, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, te-

turne againe to Venice.

Lago. How poore are they that have not Pstience? What wound did ever heale but by degrees? Thou know'll we worke by Wit, and not by Witchereft And Wit depends on dilatory time : Dos't not go well? Coffie hath beaten thee, And thou by that fmall hurr hath casheer'd Casso: Though other things grow faire against the Sua, Yet Fruites that bloffome first, will first be ripe t Content thy felfe, a-while. Introth is Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited : Away, I fay, thou shalt know more hecreafter : Exis Rodorigo. Nay get thee gone. Two things are to be done: My Wife must move for Caffe to her Mistris: He fet het on my felfe, a while, to draw the Moor spare, And bring him lumpe, when he may Caffie finde Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way Dull not Denice, by coldnelle, and delay.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caffie, Musitians, and Clowne.

Caffe. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines, Something that's briefe: and bld, goodmotrow General. Clo. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in Naples, that they fpeake i'th' Nofe thus?

Muss. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are thefe I pray you, winds Infiruments? 2duf. I marry are they fir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hange a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, fir?
Clow. Merry fir, by many a winde Infrument that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you ; and the Generall to likes your Musick, that he defires you for loues fake to make no more noise with it.

75 of. Well Sir, we will not.

Cla If you have any Mulicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they fay) to heare Musicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Muf. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile

away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.

Exis Mu.

Coffie Doft thou heare me, mine honefteriend? Cle. No, I heare not your honest Friend:

heare you.

Cossio. Prythee keepe up thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be firring, tell her, there's one Caffie entreats her a little fauout of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is fliering fir: if the will flirre hither, I shall feeme to notifie ento her. Exit Clo.

Enter lago.

In happy time, lago.

You have not bin a-bed then?

Caffie. Why no : the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold (tage) to fend in to your wife : My suite to her is, that the will to vertuous Desalemone

Procure me forme accesse.

Jogo. Ile send her to you prefently : And He douise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your converse and bulinette May be more free.

Caffe. I humbly thanks you for's I never knew

A Florentine more kinde, and honeft.

Eran Endu.

Amil. Goodmorrow(good Lieutenent) I am forria For your displeasure : but all will fore be well. The Generall and his wife are talking of it, And the speakes for you flourly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cypros And great Affinitie: and that in wholfome Wifedome He might not but refule you. But he prorefts he loves you And needs no other Suitor, but his likings

To bring you in againe, Coffie. Yet I befeech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some breefe Discourse

With Destamon alone.

Emil. Pray you come in a I will bestow you where you shall have time To speake your bosome freely.

Coffis. I am rouch bound to you.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Orbelle, lage and Gentlemen.

Orbe. These Letters give (lage) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

logo. Well, my good Lord, He doo's.
Orb. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we fee't? Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordinip.

Scana Tertia.

Enter Desdermona, Cosso, and Amilia. Def. Be thou affor'd (good Caffo) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe. Emil. Good Madam do:

I warrant it greeues my Husband, As if the cause were his.

Def. Oh that's an boneft Fellow, Do not doub! Caffe But I will have my Lord, and you againe As friendly ss you were.

Casso. Bountoous Madam, What ever shall become of Michael Caffin, He's neuer any thing 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 affer'd He shall in strangeresse stand no farther off,

Then in a politique distance.

Casia.. I, but Lady, That policie may either last folong, Or feede vpon fuch nice and waterish diet, Or breede it selfe so out of Circomstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My Generall will forget my Loue, and Service.

Des. Do pot doubethat i before Emilia bere,

Exis Coffu.

I give three warrant of thy place. Affure thee, If I do vow a friendship, lie persorme it To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest. He watch him tame, and talke him out of patience; His Bed shall sceme a Schoole, his Board a Shrift, Ile intermingle every thing he do's
With Coffee's faite: Therefore be merry Coffee,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye, Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othelie, and I ago. Anil. Madem, hecre comes my Lord. Caffio. Madam, Ile take my leane. Def. Why flay, and heate me speake.
Casso. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,

Vafit for mine owne purpoles.

Dof. Well, do your discretion. lage. Hah? I like not that.

Olbel. What doft thou lay?

lage. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what. Orbit. Was not that Caffe parted from my write? lage. Caffe my Lord! No fure, I cannot thinke it That he would freale away fo guilty-like,

Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleeve twas he. Def. How now my Lord? I have bin talking with a Suitor heere, A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you meane? Def. Why your Lieutenant Ceffio: Good my Lord, If I have any grace, or po ver to moue you, His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly loves you, That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning, I have no judgement in an honest face. I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went be hence now? Def. I footh, so humbled,

That he hath left part of his greefe with mee To fuffer with him. Good Love, call him backe.

Othel. Not now (Sweet Desdesson) some other time. Def. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The fooner (Sweet) for you. Def. Shall't be to night, at Supper?
Orb. No, nortonight.
Def. To morrow Dinner then?
Orb. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Def. Why then to morrow night, on Tuelday morne, On Tuelday noone, or night; on Wenlday Morne. I prythee name the time, but let it not Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent : And yet his Trefpaffe, in our common reason (Saue that they say the warres must make example) Out of her best, is not almost a fault Pencurre a private checke. When shall be come? Tell me Othelle. I wonder in my Soule What you would aske me, that I hould deny, Or fland to mam'ring on? What? Michael Caffie, That came a woing with you? and so many a time (When I have spoke of you dispraisingly)

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.

Out. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will: I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a Boone :

Hath tane your pare, to have fo much to do

Tis as I should entrease you weare your Gloves, Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme, Or fue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I have a suite Wherein I meane to touch your Love indeed. It shall be full of porze, and difficult waight, And festefull to be granted. Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do befeech thee, grant me this, To leave me but a little to my felfe.

Def. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my Defdersona, lle come to thee strait. Def. Amilia come; be as your Pancies teach you: What ere you be, I am obedient.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule But I do love thee : and when I love thee not, Chaos is come againe.

lage. My Noble Lord.

Oib. What doft thou lay, lago?

lege. Did Michael Caffie

When he woo'd my Lady, know of your love? Oth. He did, from first to last :

Why doll thou aske?

lago. But for a fatisfaction of my Thought, No further harme.

Oth Why of thy thought, lago?

lago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Oib. Oyes, and went betweene vs very oft.

lago, Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'll thou ought in that? Is he not hones?

lago. Honeft, my Lorde

Orb. Honest! I. Honest.

lego. My Lord, for ought I know. Oib. What do'ft thou thinke?

lego. Thinke, my Lord? Och. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchost me; As if there were fome MonRer in thy thought Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something: I heard thee fay eug inow, thou lik'ft not that, When Cafiro left m) wife. What didd ft not like? And when I told thee, he was of my Counfaile, Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede? And didd'it contract, and purse thy brow together, As if chou then hadd'ft thut up in thy Braine Some hornble Conceite. If thou do'Aloue me, Shew me thy thought.

lago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oib. I shinke thou do'ft : And for I know thou're full of Loue, and Honeflie, And weigh'ft thy words before thou giu'ft them breath, Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more: For such things in a falle disloyall Knaue Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's lust, They're close dilations, working from the heart, That Passion cannot rule.

lago. For Michael Cafiro, I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest Orb. I thinke fo too.

lago. Men (hould be what they feeme,

Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme. lago. Why then I thinke Cafilo's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this? I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,

As thou doft ruminate, and give thy work of thoughts

The worst of words.

Ingo Good my Lord pardon me, Though I am bound to cuery Acte of dutie, I am not bound to that : All Slaues arefree: Veterniy Thoughts? Why fay, they are vild, and falce? As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that brean fo pure, Wherein viicleanly Apprehentions Keepe Leeres, and Law-dayes, and in Seffions fit With medications lawfull ?

Och. Thou do'th conspire against thy Friend (logo) If thou but think'ft him wrong'd, and mak'ft his care

A Rranger to thy Thoughts.

lugo. I do befeech you. Though I perchance am vicious in my guelle (As I confesse it is my Natures plague To spy into Abuses, and of my lealouse Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome From one, that to imperfedly concerts, Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble Out of his feattering, and unfore observance: It were not for your quiet, not your good, Nor formy Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome, To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane?

lago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord) Is the immediate lewell of their Soules; Who steales my puric. steales trash: Tis fomething, nothing; Twas mine, itis his, and has bin flaue to thousands. But he that filches from me my good Name, Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poore indeed. Oth. He know thy Thoughts.

Iseo. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand, Not shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie.

01b. Ha?

lago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealoufie, It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliffe, Who certaine of his Face, loves not his wronger: But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore, Who dotes, yet doubts : Suspects, yet soundly loves?

Oth. O miserie.

Jago Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough. But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter, To him that ever feares he shall be poore : Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend From lealouse.

Orb. Why? why is this? Think's thou, I'ld make a Life of Tealoufie; To follow still the changes of the Moone With fresh suspicions? No : to be once in doubt, Is to be refolu'd : Exchange me for a Goat When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule To fuch exufflicate, and blow'd Surmifes, Matching thy inference. Tis not to make me lealious, To fay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company, Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances a Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous. Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw The smallest feare, or doubt of her tenolt, For the had eyes, and chose me. No lago, ile fee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue; And on the proofe, there is no more but this, Away at once with Loue, or Iraioufie.

is. I am glad of this; For now I shall have tersion To shew the Love and Duty that I beare you With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound) Recouse it from me. I speake not yet of proofe: Looke to your wife, observe her well with Cafin, Weate your eyes, thus: not lealious, nor Secure: I would not have your free, and Noble Nature, Out of selfe. Bounty, be abus'd : Locke too't: know our Country disposition well: In Venice, they do let Heauen fee the pranker They date not show their Husbands. Their beft Conference, Is not to leave't vindone, but kept viknowne.

Oth. Dorthousay so?

lago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you, And when the feem'd to thake, and feate your lookes, She lou'd them most.

Och. And so shedid

loge. Why go too then: Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming To scele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake, He chought twas Witchcraft. But I am much too blame! I humbly do befeech you of your parden For the much louing you.

Oib. I am bound to thee for ever.

lago. I fee this hath a little dash'd your Spirics :

Oib. Noraiot, notaiot

lago. Trust me, l fezre it has: I hope you will confider what is spoke Comes from your Loue, But I do let, y'ere moou'd: I am to pray you, not to ftraine my speech To groffer iffues, nor to larger reach, Then to Suspition.

Oth. I will not,

lega, Should you do fo (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe, Which my Thoughts aym'd not Coffie's my worthy Friend: My Lord. I fee y'are mou'd.

Oth. No not much mou'd: I do not thinke but Defdemona's honest.

lago. Long live the for And long live you to thinke fo.

Orb. And yet how Nature erring from it lelfe.

lago. I, there's the point : As (to be bold with you) Not to affect many proposed Matches Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree, Whereto we fee in all things, Nature tends: Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke, Foule dilproportions. Thoughts vanaturally Bu: (pardon me) I do not in pofition Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare Her will, recoyling to her better indgement, May tal to match you with her Country formes, And happily repent

Oth. Farewell.farewell: If more thou dost perceive, let me know more: Set on thy wife to observe.

Lezue me Ingo.

Ingo. Mv Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel. Why did I marry? This honest Creature (doubtlesse)

Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

lago. My Lord, I would I might intrest your Honor To scan this thing no farther : Leave it so strue, Although ris fit that Coffie have his Place; For fure he filles it up with great Ability; Yet if you please, to him off a-while: You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes: Note if your Lady Arsine bis Entertainment With any strong, or vehement importunitie, Much will be feene in that : In the meane time, Let me be thought too busie in my feares, (As worthy cause I have to scare I am) And hold her free, I do befeech your Honor.

Oth. Feare not my government. lago. I once more take my leave.
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty. Exit. And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit Of burnane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard, Though that her Jeffes were my deere heart-lirings, I'ld whistle her off, and let her downe the winde To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke, And have not those fost parts of Conversation That Chamberers have : Or for I am declin'd Into the vale of yeares (yet that's nos much) Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage! That we can call thefe delicate Creatures ours, And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad, And live vpon the vapour or a Dungeon, Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue For others vies. Yet 'tis the plague to Great ones, Prerogatiu'd are they leffe then the Bale, Tis oestiny vnshunnable, like death: Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs, When we do quicken. Looke where the comes:

Ester Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be salse, Heaven mock dit selse: He nor beleene't.

Def. How now, my deere Othello? Your dinner, and the generous Islanders By you invited, do attend your prefence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Def. Why do you speake so faintly? Are you not well?

Orb. I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere.
Def. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe. Let me but binde it hard, within this houre It will be well.

O.b. Your Napkin is too little ? Enie. Let it alone: Come, lle go in with you.

Def. I am very forry that you are not well. Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin: This was her first remembrance from the Moore, My wayward Husband hath a hundred times Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token, (For he conjur'd her, the should ever keepe it) That the referues it evermore about her, To kille, and talke too. Ile have the worke tane out, And giu't lago: what he will do with it Heaven knowes, not I: I nothing, but to pleafe his Fantalie.

Enter lago. lago. How now? What do you heere alone? Emil. Do not you chide t I have a thing for you.

lago. You have a thing for me? It is a common thing -Amil. Hah?

Igo. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all? What will you glue me now For that same Handkerchiefe.

Isgo. What Handkerchlefe? Entil. What Handkerchiefe? Why that the Moore first gave to Defdemena, That which to often you did bid me steale.

lago. Haft flolne it from her? Emil. No: but the let it drop by negligence, And to th'aduantage, I bring heere, took't vp: Looke, heere 'tis.

so earnest to have me filch it?

lago. Why, what is that to you?

Emil. If it be not for fome purpose of import, Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad When the Thall lacke it.

lago. Be not acknowne on't: I haue vie for it. Go, leaue me. Exit Emil I will in Coffic's Lodging loofe this Nopkin, And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre, Are to the lealious, confirmations flrong, As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something. The Moore already changes with my poyfon: Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poylons, Which at the first are scarfe found to distaste: But with a little acte vpon the blood, Burne like the Mines of Sulphure, I did fay fo.

Enter Othello. Lookewhere he comes : Nor Poppy, nor Mandragora, Nor all the drowfie Syrrups of the world Shall ever medicine thee to that fweete fleepe Which thou owd'A yesterday.

Otb. Ha, ha, faile to mee?

lago. Why how now Generall' No more of that.
Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast fet me on the Racke:
I fweare tis bettel. to be much abus'd, Then but to know't a little.

Ingo. How nove, my Lord? Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust? I faw't not, thought it not : ir harm'd not me : I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie. I found not Caffio's kiffes on her Lippes : He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Lago. I am forry to heare this? Oib. I had beene happy, if the general! Campe, Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body, So I bad nothing knowne. Oh now, for ever Farewell the Tranquill minde; forewell Content; Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Wartes, That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell, Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe, The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife, The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie Pride, Pompe, and Circumftance of glorious Warres And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet, Farewell: Othelle's Occupation's gone.

Isea. Is's possible my Lord? Oth. Villaine, be fure thou proue my Loue a Whore; Be sure of it: Give me the Occular proofe, Or Or by the worth of mine eternal! Soule, Thou had'ft bin bester have bin borne a Dog Then answer my wak'd wrath.

lago. la'i come to this?

Oib. Make me to fee't: or (at the leaft) fo proue it, That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope. To hang a doubt on : Or woe voon thy life.

Oib. If thou doft flander her, and tortune me, Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorfe On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate: Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd; For nothing caust thou to damnation adde, Greater then that,

lago. O Grace! O Heaven forgive me! Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense? God buy you : take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole, That lou'll to make thine Honefly, a Vice! Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World) To be direct and honeft, is not fale. I thanke you for this profit, and from hence Ile loue no Friend, fith Loue breeds fuch offence.

Och. Nay flay : thou should'st be bonest. lago. I should be wife; for HoneRie's a Foole,

And looses that it workes for, Orb. By the World,

I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not : I thinke that thou art just, and thinke thou art not : Dehaue some proofe. My name that was as fresh As Dies Vilage, is now begrim'd and blacke As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives, Poylon, or Fire, or luffocating Areames, He not indure it. Would I were latis fied.

lago. I fee you are eaten vp with Paffion: I do repent ine, that I put it to you. You would be fatisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Jago. And may : but how! How fatisfied, my Lord Would you the super-vision grossely gape on? Behold her top'd?

Orb. Death, and damnation. Oh! Lago. Ie were a tedious difficulty, I thinke, To bring them to that Profped : Damne them then, If ever mortall eyes do fee them boulfter More then their owne. What then? How then? What shall I fay? Where's Satisfaction? It is impossible you should see this, Were they as prime as Goztes, as hot as Monkeyes, As falt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as groffe As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet ,1 fay, If imputation, and strong circumstances, Which leade directly to the doore of Truth, Will give you fatisfaction, you might have'r.
Oth. Give me a living reason the's disloyeth.

Jago. I do not like the Office. But fith I am entred in this cause so farre (Prick'd 100's by foolish Honesty, and Loue) I will go on. I lay with Caffe lately, And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men, So loofe of Soule, that in their fleepes will mutter Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Caffie: In Sleepe I heard him fay, Sweet Desdemona, Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues, And then (Sir) would be gripe, and wring my band: Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kiffe me hard,

As if he plucks up killes by the rootes, That grew upon my lippes, laid his Leg or emy Thigh, And ligh, and kille, and then cry curled Fate, That gave thee to the Moore.

Orb. O monfirous! monfirous!

lage. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a forc-gone conclusion,
'Tis a threw'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

laga. And this may helpe to thicken other proofer, That do demonstrate thinly.

Orb. He teare her all to peeces.

lago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done, She may be honest yet: Tell me but this, Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe Spotted with Strawberries, in your wrotes hand?

Orb. I gaue her fuch a one: 'twas my first gift. lago. I know not that : but fuch a Handkerchiefe (I am fure it was your wives) did I to day See Cassio wipe his Beard with.

Oib. Ifit be that.

lage. If it be that, or any, it was hers. It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Othel. O that the Slave had forty thousand lives . One is too poore, too weake for my revenge. Now do I fee tis true. Looke beere lago, All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven. 'Tir gooe, Atise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell. Yeeld up (O Loue) thy Crowne, and bearted Throne To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught, For tis of Africkes tongues.

lago. Yei be content.
Oib. Oh blood, blood, blood.

lago. Patience I say : your minde may change. Orb. Neuer laze. Like to the Ponticke Sea,

Whose Icie Current, and compulsive course, Neu'r keepes tetyring ebbe, but keepes due on To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont: Euen fo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Lone, Till that a capeable, and wide Revenge Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven, In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,

I heere engage my words.

lago. Do not rife yet : Witnesse you ever-burning Lights above, You Elements, that clip vs tound about, Witnesse that heere lago doth give vp The execution of his wit, hands, heart, To wrong'd Osbello's Service. Let him command, And to obey shall be in me remorse, What bloody bufineffe ever.

Oth. I greet thy lone, Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, And will spon the inftant put thee too't. Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,

That Caffie's not alive. Icro. My Friend in desd : Tis done at your Request.

Butlet her live. Oib. Damne her lewde Minx: O damne her, damne her. Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw To furnish me with some swift meanes of death

For the faire Divell Now are thou my Lieutenant logo. I am your owne for euer.

Exeum. Scena

Scana Quarta.

Enter Deschemona, Amilia and Clown.

Def. Do you know Sitrah, where Lieutenant Caffio lyes?

Claw. I date not fay he lies any where.

Def. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to fay a Souldier lyes, 'tis ftabbing.

Def. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To rell you where he lodges, is to tel you where

Def. Can any thing be made of this !

Ch. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deuife a lodging, and fay he fies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by rebott }

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Queftions and by them answer.

Def. Seeke him bidde him come hither . tell him, 1 have moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will

Clo. To do this, is within the compaffe of mans Wit. and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Def. Where should I loofe the Handkerchiefe, Amilia?

Amus I know not Madara

Def Beleeve me, I had rather have loft my purfa Pull of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is crue of minde, and made of no fuch balenelle, As icalious Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil Is he not iealious?

Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne, Def Drew all fuch humors from him.

Emd. Looke where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Def. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be Call'd to him. How is t with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to distemble: How do you, Deflumona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand.

This hand is moift my Lady.

Def It hathfelt no age, not knowne no forrow.

Orb. This argues fruitfulnesse, and liberall heats a Hos, hos, and moyer. This hand of yours requires A lequelter from Liberty : Falling, and Prayer, Much Caffigation, Exercise devout For heere's a yong, and Iweating Divell heere That commonly rebels: Tis a good hand, A franke one.

Def. You may (indeed) fay fo:

For twasthat hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot speake of this i Come, now your promise.
Oth What promise Chucke?

Def. I have lent to bid Caffe come speake with you.

Oib. I have a falt and forry Rhewme offends me:

Lend mo thy Handkerchiefe.

Def. Heere my Lord.
Oth That which I go

That which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth Not?

Def No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault t That Handkerchiefe

Did an Ægyptian to my Mother give: She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while the kept it. T would make her Amiable, and Subdue my Facher

Intirely to her love . But if the loft it. Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his Spirite should hunt After new Fancles. She dying, gaue it me,

And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wird) To give it her. I did fo; and take heede on't, Make it a Darling, like your preclous eye

To loofe's, or give's away, were fuch perdition, As nothing elfe could match.

Def. 1st possible?
Orb. 'Tistrue There's Magicke in the web of it: A Sybill that had numbeed in the world The Sun to courle, two hundred compaffes, In her Prophetricke furie fow'd the Worke: The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke, And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull Conferu'd of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed ? is't true ?

Oib. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Def. Then would to Heaven, that I had never feene ?

Orh. Ha? wherefore?

Why do you speake so startingly and rash?

Def Why do you fpeake to startingly and rain Orb Is't lest? Is't gon? Speak, is tout o'th'way?

Def. Bleffe vs. Osb. Say you?

Def. It is not loft, but what and if it were?

Oib. How !

Def. I fay it is not lost.

Oib. Feicht, ki me fee't.

Def. Why folcan : but I will not now : This is a tricke to put me from my fuite,

Pray you les Caffio be receiu'd againe. Och. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,

Myminde mil-giues.

Def . Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more lufficient maa.

Oib. The Handkerchiefe.

Def A man that all his time

Hash founded his good Fortunes on your love; Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. Infooth, you are soo blame. Oth. Away.

Emil. Is not this man jealious?

Def. I neu'r faw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchikee, I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Amil. 'Tis not a yeare or two fhewes vs a man: They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food, They eate vs hongerly, and when they are full They belch vs.

Enter I ago, and Coffw.

Looke you, Callicand my Husband.

logo. There is no other way : 'sis the mult doot: And loetine happinesse i go, and importune her.

Def.

Exx Othello.

Def. How now (good Cafe) what's the newes with you?

Casso. Madam, my former suite. I do befeeth you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exist, and be a member of his love.
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart lourely honour, I would not be delayd. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes.
Nor purpos'd meric in futurity.
Can ransome me into his love againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content.
And thut my selfe vp is some other coasse.
To Portuoes Almes.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle Caffie)
My Advocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Fanour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me every spirit sancasted,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be pacient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Lago. Is my Lord angry?

Emd. He went hence but now:

And certainly in ftrange vnquietneffe.

Myo. Can be be sogry? I have feene the Cannon When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre, And like the Dwell from his very Arme Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then: I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Def. I per thee do so. Something fure of State, Either from Venice, or some valuateh'd practise Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Heth pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things, Though great ones are their obiect. "Tis even so. For let our singer are, and it endues. Our other healthfull members, even to a sense Of paice. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such observancie. As sits the Bridail. Bestieve me much. Emilia, I was (valuandsome Warrior, as 1 am). Armigning his valuadnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse, And he's Indited falsely.

End. Prey heaven it bee State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no Jealious Toy, concerning you.

Def Alar the day, I never gave him cause.

**Emd. But lealious soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever iealious for the cause,
But iealious, for they're iealious itss bionster
Beget apon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Def. Heaven keepe the Monster from Otheld; mind. Emd. Lady, Amen.

Def I will go feeke him. Caffe, walke hear about:

If I doe finde him fit, He mone your fuite,

And looke to effect it to my vitermost.

Caf. I humbly thanke your Ladythip.

Buen. Saur you Friend Coffe.)

Caffe. What make you from bome? How w't with you, my most faire Beare ?

Indeed ((weer Love) I was comming to your house.

Bam. And I was going to your Lodging, Cass.

What? keeps a weeke away? Seven dayes, and Nights?

Eight score eight houses? And Lovers absent howres

More tedious then the Diall, dight score times?

Oh weary reckining.

Casso. Pardon me, Dianca:
I have this while with leaden thoughts beene preft,
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Biance
Take me this worke cut.

Bunca. Oh Caffu, whence come this? This is forme Token from a newer Friend, To the felt-Ablence: now I feele a Cause: 1s't come to this? Well, well.

Caffe. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gelles in the Diucls teeth,
From whence you have them. You are realious now,
That this is from some Mistru, some remembrance;
No, in good troth Busica.

Baco. Why, who's usit?
Caffe. I know not ocuher:
I found it in my Chamber:
I like the worke well; Ere it be demended
(As like enough it will) I would have it coppied a
Take it, and doo't, and leave me for this time.
Baco. Leave you? Wherefore?

Coffic. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinker no addition nor my with
To have him fee me women'd.

Bion. Why, I ptay you?

Caffo. No that I lose you not.

Bion. But that you do not love me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And lay, if I shall fee you foone at caght?

Caffee. Tis but a little way that I can bring you, For I attend beere: But lie fee you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good . I must be circumstanc'd.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Error Orbello, and logo.

Iaga. Will you thinks for Oth. Thinks for lago? Iago. What, to kille in prinate? Orb. An visuthoriz'd kiffe?

lago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,

An house, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (lago) and not meane harme?

It is hypocrific against the Dinell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Divell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

lago. If they do nothing, the a Venial slip:

Sut if I give my wife a Handkerchiefe.
Orb. What then?

I ago. Why then tis hers (my Lord) and being bers,
She may (I thinke) before to any man,
Och. She is Procedurelle of her henor too:

May the give that?

Zago.

lego. Her honor is an Effence that's not feene, They have it very oft, that have it not.

But for the Handkerchiefe.

Oths. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it: Thou faidft (oh, it comes ore my memorie, As doth the Rauen o're the infectious house: Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

lago. I : what of thet?

Orbe. That's notfo good now.

lag. What if I had faid, I had feene him do you wrong! Or heard him fay (29 Knaues be fuch abroad,

Who having by their owne importunate fuit, Or voluntary dotage of fome Mistris, Convinced or supply'd them, cannot chuse

But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he faid any thing?

lago. He bath (my Lord)but be you well affur'd, No more then he'le vn-sweare.

Oth. What hath he faid?

lago. Why, that he did : I know not what he did.

Oche, What? What?

lago. Lye.
Oth. With her?

logo. With her Won her , what you will.

Other. Lye with her? Iye on her? We say lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullome: Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse, and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd, and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish) Nofes, Eares, and Lippes : 18's possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. Falls in a Traumes.

lago. Worke on, My Medicine workes. Thus eredulous Fooles are caught, And many worthy, and chast Dames even thus, (All guiltleffe) meere reproach i what hos ? My Lord? My Lord, I say : Othello

Emer Caffio.

How now Casso?
Cas. What's the matter?

lago: My Lord is falneinto an Epilepfie, This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Caf. Rub him about the Temples.

lago. The Lethargie must have his quyer course: If not, he foames at mouth : and by and by Breakes out to lausge madnesse. Looke, he stirres: Do you withdraw your selfe a little while, He will recouer straight: when he is gone, would on great occasion, speake with you.

How is it Generall? Have you not hurt your head? Oibe. Dost thou mocke me?

lego. I mocke you not, by Heaven: Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Orbe. A Horned man's a Monflet, and a Beaft.

lage. Ther's many a Beaft then in a populous Cirty, And many a ciuill Monster.

Othe. Did he confesse it?

lago. Good Sir, be a man: Thinke cuery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd

May draw with you. There's Millions now alive, That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,

Which they dare (weare peculiar. Your case is better. Oh, 'ris the spight of hell the Fiends Arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a fecure Cowch;

And to suppose her chaft. No let me know, And knowing what I am, I know what the shallbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wife : tis certaine. lago. Stand you a while apart, Confine your felfe but in a patient Lift, Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe (A passion most resulting such a man) Callio came hither. I shifted him away, And layd good fcufes upon your Extafie, Badhim anon returne : and heere speake with me, The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe. And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scomes That dwell in every Region of his face. For I will make him tell the Tale anew; Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when He hath, and is againe to cope your wife. I fay, but marke his gesture marry Patience, Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spicene, And nothing of a man.

Othe. Do'ft thou heare, lage, I will be found most cunning in my Patiences Bur (do'ft thou heare) most bloody.

lago. That's not amiffe, But yet keepe time in all : will you withdraw? Now will I question Casso of Beanca, A Hulwife, that by felling her delires Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloach It is a Creature That dotes on Casso, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one) He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine From the excelle of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Callio.

As he shall smile, Ochello shall go mad: And his vnbookish I elousie must conferue Poore Cassio's (miles, gestures, and light behaviours Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Caf. The worler, hat you give me the addition,

Whose want euen killes me.

lago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on's; Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre, How quickely (hould you speed?

Caf. Alas poore Cairiffe

Oth. Looke how he laughes already. lago. I neuer knew woman loue man fo.

Caf. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed the loues me Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.

lago. Do you heare Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him To tell no're: go too, well faid, well faid.

logo. She gives it out, that you shall marry her. Do you intend it?

Caf. Ho, ha, ha.

Orb. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Caf. I marry. What ? A customer sprythee beare Some Charitic to my wit, do not thinke it

So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, fo, fo, fo: they laugh, that winnes. lago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caf. Prythee fay true.

Jago. I am a very Villaine elfe.
Och. Have you (coar'd me? Well.

Caf. This is the Monkeys owne giving out a She is perswaded I will marry her

Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promise. Othe.

Oib. Ingo becomes me t now he begins the flory Cassu. She was beere even now: The haunts me in e-

very place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oib. Crying oh deere Caffe, as it were: his resture im-

Caffe. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me.

So shakes, and pulls me. Ha,ha,ha.

Orb. Now he cells how the plucke him to my Chamber : oh, I fee that note of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Caffie. Well, I most leave her companie. Ingo. Before me : looke where the comes.

Eater Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Blan. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you : what did you meane by that same Handkerchiese, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take ic: I must cake out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you thould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worker There, give it your Hobbey-horle, whereloeuer you had italle take out no worke on t.

Cassio. How now, my sweete Bianca?

How now? How now?

Oibe. By Heauen, that hould be my Handkerchiefe. Bias. If you'le come to supper to night you may, if you will nor, come when you are next prepar'd for. Exu

lage. After her rafter her. Caf. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else.

lege. Will you sup there?

Casso. Yes, I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would ve-Ty faine speake with you.

Cas Prythee come: will you?

lago. Go too : fay no more.
Oth. How shall I murther him, lago.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oib. Oh, lago

lege. And did you fee the Handkerchiefe?

Oib. Wasthat mine?

lago. Yours by this hand: and to fee how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him, and he hash giu'n it his whore.

Orb. I would have him nine yeeres a killing: A fine woman, a faire woman, a fweete woman?

lage. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and petith, and be domn'd to night, for the thall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike ir, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hathnot a sweeter Creatore: the might lye by an Emperour's fide, and command him Taskes.

lage. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but say what she is : so delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musician. Oh she will fing the Sauageneffe out of a Beare : of fo high and plenteous wit, and invention?

Iogo. She's the worfe for all this. Othe. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:

And then of fo gentle a condition?

Isgo. I too gentle.
Othe. Nay that's certaine:

But yet the pitty of it, lago: oh lago, the pitty of it

lago. If you are lo fond over her iniquine give her pattent to offend, for if it touch not you at comes neere

Oib. I will chop her Into Melles : Cuckold me?

lage. Oh, 'ris foule in her. Oib. With mine Officer?

lage. That's fouler.

Orbe. Get me some poyson, lage, this night. He not expostulate with her , less her body and beautie vnotouide my mind againe : this night lago.

legs. Do it not with poylon, strangle ber in her bed,

Even the bed the hath contaminated.

Osb. Good, good:

The lustice of it pleases : very good.

lago. And for Caffie, let me be bis vadertaker : You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodonico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oche. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that sme?

Ingo. I warrant something from Venice, Tis Lodosuco this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Ledo. Saue you worthy Generall. Oibe. With all my heart Sir.

Led. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Orbe. I kille the Inftrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodonico? lago. 1 am very glad to fee you Signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: bow do's Lieutenan: Caffe?

lage. Lines Sir,

Def. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord, An vokind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othe. Are you fure of that?

Def. My Lord?

Orbe. This faile you not to do, as you will -

Lod. He did not call : he's busie in the paper, Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and Caffin?

Def. A most vnhappy one: I would do much Tattone them for the loue I beare to Caffie.

Oth. Fire, and brimestone.

Def. My Lord, Oib. Areyou wise?

Def. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be th Letter mou'd him,

For as I chinke, they do command him home, Deputing Cafin in his Government.

Def. Trust me, 1 am glad on't.

Orbe. Indeed?

Def. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to fee you mad.

Def. Why I weete Orbelle?

Oibe. Diuell.

Def. I haue not deseru'd this.

Led. My Lord, this would not be beleen'd in Venice, Though I should sweare I saw's, Tis very much,

Make her amends : The weepes.

Othe. Oh diuell, divell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop the falls, would proues Crocodile :

Out of my fight.

Def. I will not flay to offend you, Lot. Truely obedient Lady:

Idobeleech your Lordinip call her backe.

Orke, Miftris.

Def. My Lord

Othe. What would you with her, Sir? Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne. Sir The can turne, and turne and yet go on And turne againe. And the can weepe, Sir, weepe And the's obedient : as you fay obedient Very obedient: proceed you in your teates Concerning this Sis, (oh well-painted passion) I am commanded home : get you away .
lle fend for you anon Sit I obey the Mandate, And will returne to Venice. Hence, august : Ceffio shall have my Place. And Sic, co night I do entreat, that we may sup together. You are welcome Sir to Cyptus.

Goates, and Monkeys. Exit.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senace Call all in all sufficient ? Is this the Nature Whom Pellion could not shake? Whole solid vertue The thor of Accident, nor dare of Chance

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

lago. He is much changin; Lod. Are his wits lafe? Is he not light of Braine? lago. He's that he is : I may not breath my confure. What he might besif what he might, he is not, I would to heaven he were.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

lago. 'Faith that was not fo well: yet would I knew That stroke would prove the worst.

Led. Is it his vie?

Ot did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,

And new create his fault?

Icgo. Alas, alas:

It is not bonestie in me to speake What I have feene, and knowne. You shall observe him, And his owne courses will deonte him so, That I may lave my speech : do but go after

And marke how he continues.

Lad. I am forry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Otholls and Emilia.

Orbo. You have feene nothing then! Emil. Not ever heard : nor ever did suspect. Orbe. Yes, you have feene Caffo, and the together. Ami. But then I saw no harme : and then I heard, Each (yillable that breath made up betweene them. Othe. What Did they never whilper?

Emil. Never my Lord. Orbe. Nor fend you out o'th'way?

Emil. Neuer

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-Envil. Neuer my Lord.

Orte. That's Arange.

Amil. I durft(my Lord) to wager, The is honeft: Lay downe my Soule at fake : If you thinke other, Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome: If any wretch have put this in your head, Let Heaven requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if the be not honest chaste and true, There's no man happy. The purest of their Wives Is foule as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither : go. She faics enough : yet the's a fimple Baud That cannot fay as much. This is a fubrile Whore: A Closler Lockeand Key of Villanous Secress, And yet the le kneele, and pray : I have feene her do't.

Enter Defdemona and Amilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will? Othe. Pray you Chucke come hisher.

Def. What is your pleafure?
Och. Let me lee your eyes: looke in my face.

Def. What hot rible Fancie's this?
Othe Some of yout Function Mistris:

Leave Practeants slone, and thu t the doore: Cough, or cry hem; if any bod ycome :

Your Mystery, your Mystery May dispatch, Exis & mi

Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import? I vnderstand a Fury in your words...

Othe. Why? What att thou?

Def. Your wife my Lord; your true and loyall wife.

Oibello Come sweare it : damne thy selfe, least being like one of Heaven, the divells themselves should feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd, sweare thou art honest.

Def. Heaven doth truely know it.

Orbe. Heaven truely knowes, that thou are falle as hell.

Def. To whom my Lord? With whom? How am I false?

Othe Ah Defdemon, away, away, away.

Def. Alas the heavy day: why do you weepe? Am I the motive of thefe teares my Lord? If happely you my Father do suspect, An Instrument of this your calling backe, Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him, I have lost him too.

Othe. Hadit pleas'd Heaven, To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head: Steep'd me in povertie to the very lippes. Given to Captiunie, me, and my vemost hopes, I should have found in some place of my Soule A drop of patience. But alas, to make me The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne, To point his flow, and moving finger at. Yet could I beare that too, well, very well : But there where I have garnerd up my heart, Where either I must live, or beare no life, The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes, Or else dries vp : to be discarded thence, Or keepe it as a Cefterne, for foule Toades To knot and gender in. Turne thy completion there a Patience, thou young and Role-lip'd Cherubin,

I heere looke grim as hell, Def. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honess. Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles, That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed : Who are to louely faire, and finell'it to fweere, That the Sense akes at thee,

Would thou had'ft never bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant fin have I committed ? Othe, Was this faire Paper ? This most goodly Booke Made to write Whote vpon? What committed,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I thould make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at st, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kisses all st meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?
Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Orf. By Heaven you do me wrong.
Orbe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, 22 I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessell for my Lord, From any other soule valuefull touch Be not to be a Strumper, I am none.

Orbe. What, nor a Whore? Def. No, as I shall be sau'd.

Othe. 1s't possible?
Des. Oh Heauen forgine vs.

Oibe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Oibelle. You Mistris,

Enter Amilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you,
We have done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe out counsaile. Exit.

Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Def. Faith, halfe a sleepe. Emi. Good Madam, What's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Emil. Why with my Lord, Madam? Def. Who is thy Lord?

Def. Who is thy Lord?

**Emil.* He that is youts, sweet Lady

**Def. I have none: do not talke to me. **Emilia,

I cannot weepe : nor answeres have I none,

But what should go by water. Prychee to night,

Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, temember, And call thy husband hither.

Exis.

Def. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.

How have I bin behau'd, that he might sticke

The small'st opinion on my least misvie?

Ingo. What is yout pleasure Madam?

How is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and case taskes
He might have child me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

lago. What is the matter Lady?

Emil. Alas (lago) my Lord hath so bewh

Æmil. Alas(Iago)my Lord hath so bewhor'd her, Throwne such dispight, and heavy termes vpon her That true hearts cannot beare it.

Def. Am I that name, lago?
Iago. What name, (faite Lady?)

Def. Such as the faid my Lord did fay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore :a Begger in his drinke a
Could not have laid fuch termes upon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he fo?

Def. I do not know: I am fure I am none fuch

Jago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Emil. Hath the forfooke fo many Noble Matches?

Her Father? And her Country ? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

140. Bestiew him fort:

How comes this Tricke vpon him? Def. Nay, Heasen doth know.

Em. I will be hang'd, if fome eternal! Villaine, Some busic and infinuating Rogue, Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get fome Office,

Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elle.

Jago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible,
Dof. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him.

And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore!

Who keepes her companie? What Place? What Time? What Forme?What liklyhood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue, Some basenororious Knaue, some seuruy Fellow Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vasold, And put in euery honest hand a whip

To hash the Rascalls naked through the world, Euen from the East to th' West.

lage. Speake withm doore.

Emil. Oh fie voon them: fome fuch Squite be wa That turn'd your wit, the fearny-fide without, And made you to suspect me with the Moore,

lage. You are a Foole: go too. Def. Alas lage,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I lost bim. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse gains his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or a Quasil 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,
Andeuer will, (though be do shake me off
To beggerly divorcement) Loue him decrely,
Comfort sortweare me. Vnkindoesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But never taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the AA, that might the addition earne,

Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Lago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:

The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Def. If 'twere no other.

lage. It is but so, I warrant,

Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper: The Messengers of Venice staics the meate, Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeum Defdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How nov: Rodorigo? Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st instly with me.

Rodors. Euery day thou dasts me with some denise lago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'ft from me all conveniencie, then soppliest me with the least advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I have soolishly suffred.

Isgo. Will you heare me Rodorigo?

Rodori

Rodori. I have heard too much : and your words and Performanc es are no kin together.

lage. You charge me most vniustly.
Rede. With naught but truth: I have wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The lewels you have had from me to deliner Desdemona, would halte have corrupted a Votarist. You have cold me she hath recenu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of fodaine respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

lago. Well, go too : very well.
Rod. Very well, go too : I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy : and begin to finde my felfe fopt in it.

lage. Very well.
Redor. I tell you, 'ds not very well: I will make my selse knowne to Desdemona. If the will returne me my lewels, I will give ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

lago. You have faid now.
Rodo, I sand faid nothing but what I protest intend-

ment of doing.

logo. Why, now I fee there's mettle in thee: and even from this inftant do build on thee a better opinion then ever before; give me thy hand Rodorigo Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

lago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd : and your suspition is not without wit and judgement. But Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to beleeve now then ever (I meane purpole, Courage, and Valour) this night thew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with Treacherle, and deuise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and com-

paffe ?

lago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from

Venice to depute Coffio in Orbello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then Otheilo and Desdemona

returne againe to Venice.

Lago. Oh no the goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire Desdemona, vnlesse his abode be lingted heere by some arcident. Wherein none can be fo determinate, as the temouing of Caffio.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

lago. Why, by making him uncapable of Orbello's place : knocking out his braines.

Rad. And that you would have me to do.

lago. 1: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry; and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Forcuse, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall our betweene twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd acit, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his deatn, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this. lago. And you shalbe facisfi'd.

Excums.

Scens Tertia.

Enter Oibello, Lodousco, Desdemona Amilia, and Atendams.

Lod. I do befeech you Sir, trouble your felfe no further. Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke. Lodowi. Madam, goodnight : I humbly thanke your

Ladyibip.

Def. Your Honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Defdemona.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there : loak't

Def. I will my Lord.

Am. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then be did Def. He faies he will returne incontincut,

And hatk commanded me to go to bed,

And bid me to difiniffe you.

Emi. Dilmiffe me?

Def. It was his hidding : therefore good Emillo Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Emil. I. would you had neuer feene him.

Def. So would not 1: my love doth to approve That even his Aubbornesse, his checks, his frownes, (Prythee vn-pin me)have grace and fanour.

Æmi. I have laid those Sheetes you bad me on the be Def. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our miads. If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me In one of thefe fame Sheems.

A.mil. Come, come : you talke,

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbarie, She was in love : and he the lou'd prou'd mad, And did forfake her. She had a Song of Willough, An old thing twas ; but it express'd her Fortune, And the dy'd finging it. That Song to night, Will not go from my mind : Theue much to do, But to go hang my head all at one lide And fing it like poore Brabaries prythee dispatch.

Emi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Def. No, vn - pin me here, This Lodonico is a proper man. Æmil. A very handsome m ...

Def. He speakes well.

Emil. I know a Lady in Venicewould have wall'd

barefont to Palestine for a couch of his nether lip. Def. The poore Soule far finging, by a Sicamour tree.

Sing all a greene Willough: Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,

Sing Willough Willough wellough. The frelb streames ran by ber, and murmur'd her meanes

Singly illough, Jrc.

Her fats teares fell from her and formed the stenes, Sing Wellough, Ge. (Lay by thefe) willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee : he'le come zoen)

Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland. Let no body blame him bis scorne I approus. (Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Def. I call day Love false Love : but what faid he then? Sing Willough, orc. If I court mo women you'le couch with mo men.

So gettnee gone, good alghes wine eyes do itch. Doth that boade weeping?

Amil, 'I is neyther heere, nor there

Def. I have heard it said so. O these Men, these meal Do'ft thou in conscience thinke (tell me Linkie) That there be women do abuse their husbands

In fuch groffe kinde?

Emil. There be some such, no question. Def. Would'A thou do fuch a deed for all the world?

Aml. Why, would not you? Def. No. by this Heavenly light.

Emil. Nor I peither, by this Heavenly light: I might doo't as well i'th'darke.

Def. Would'ft thou do fach a deed for al the world? Amil. The world's a huge thing :

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Def. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

Emil Introth I thinke I should, and vadoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe fuch a thing for a loyne Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petry exhibition. But for all the whole world: wby, who would not make her husbanda Cuchold, to make bim a Monarch/I should venture Purgatory for't.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and having the world for your labour, 'ris a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not thinke there is any fuch woman. Emil. Yes, a dozen : and as many to'th'vantage, 20 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 power our Treasures into forraigne laps; Or elle breake out in peeuish Icaloufics, Throwing restraint upon vs: Or say they strike vs, Or scant our former having in despight) Why we have gelles : and though we have fome Grace, Yet have we some Revenge. Let Husbands know, Their wives have fenfelike them: They fee, and fmell, And have their Palats both for Iweet, and Iowre, 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 erres? It is fo too. And have not we Affections? Defires for Sport? and Frailty, as men have? Then let them yfe vs well: elfe let them know, The illes we do, their illes instruct vs fo.

Def. Goodnight, goodnight: Heaven me fuch vies fend, Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. Exercit

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter lago , and Rodorigo, I avo. Heere, frand bebinde this Barke, Straight will be come: Weare thy good Rapiet bare, and put it home: Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; He be at thy Elbor, It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that, And fixe most fame thy Resolution.

Rad. Be neere at hand, I may miscasry in't.

Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy fland Red. I have no great devotion to the deed,

And yet he hath given me facisfying Reasons ; Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword; he dies.

logo. I have rub of this your Quet almost to the scale, And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill Coffie, Or Callu birn, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gaioe. Live Roderigo, He calles me to a sefitution large Of Gold , and lewels , that I bob'd from him, As Guifes to Desdersone. It must not be : If Caffio do remaine, He hach a dayly beauty in his life,

That makes me vgly : and belides, the Moore May enfold me to him : there fland lin much perill : No, be must dye. Bus fo, I heard him comming. Enter Caffio

Rod. I know his gate, 'sis be : Villaine thou dyeft. Caf. That thrust had beene mine coomy rodeed, But that my Coate is better then thou know'st: I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am flaine.

Caffe. I am maym'd for ever : Helpe hos: Murther, murther. Enter Oibello.

Oib. The voyce of Coffin, lago keepes his word.

Red. O Villaine that I am.

Oth, It is even lo.

Caf. Oh helpe hoz : Light. : Surgeon.

Oib. Tis he : O braue lage, honest, and iuft, That half such Noble fense of thy Friends wrong, Thou teachest me. Munion, your deere lyes dead, And your vnbleft Fate highes: Strumper I come: For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted Thy Bed luft-frain'd, shall with Lufts blood bee spoued. Exit Othello.

Enter Lodonico and Graine.

Caf. What hoa? no Watch? No passage? Murther, Murther.

Gra. Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull

Caf Oh helpe.

Lodo. Hearke.

Red. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. Tis heavy night; These may be counterfetts: Let's think't vnsale To come into the cry, without more belpe.

Red. Nobody come : then shall I bleed to death Enter lago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Wespoos.

lago. Who's there?

Who's noyle is this that cries on musther?

Lode. We do not know.

Iaga, Do not you heare a cry?
Caf. Heere, heere: for heaven fake helpe me.

Jago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Otbello's Ancient, 25 I take it.

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow. lage. What are you heere, that cry fo greenously?

Cof. lago, Oh I am [poyl'd, vodone by Villzines: Give me some helpe.

lago. O mee, Lieutensht! What Villaines have done this?

Cof. I thinke that one of them is hecreabout,

And

And connot make away.

Lege. Ob creacherous Villaines :

What are you there? Come to, and give fome helpe, Red. Chelpe methore.

Coffie. That's oncofthern.

lage. Oh murd'rous Shaue! O Villaine!
Rod. Odarnn'd lage! O inhumane Dogge!

logo. Kill men i'th'darke?

Where be thefe bloody Theeves?

How files is this Towne? Hos, murther, morther. What may you be? Are you of good, or eaill?

Led. As you finall prove vs, praise vs.

Iaga Signior Lodousco? Lod. He Sir.

lago. I cry you mercy : here's Coffe hurt by Villaines.

Gra. Caffio?

lago. How is't Brother?

Caf. My Legge is cut in two. logo. Marry hasaen forbid :

Light Gentlemen, He binde it with my thire. Enter Biavea.

Tian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd

logo. Who is't that cry'd? Biss. Ob my deere Caffio,

My Sweet Caffie : On Caffie, Caffie, Caffie.

laga. O notable Strumpet. Caffu, may you suspect Who they thould be, that have thus mangled you?

Caf. No.

Gra. I am forry to finde you thus;

I have beene to feeke you.

logo. Lend me a Garter. So: - Oh for a Chaire

To beare him eafily hence.

Bian. Alas he faires Ch Caffio, Caffio, Caffio. logo. Geotlemen all, I do susped this Trash

Tobe a party in this Injurie.

Patience awhile, good Coffie. Come, come; Lend me a Light 1 know we this face, or no? Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Radarigo? No : Yes fure : Yes, 'the Raderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?

lago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? 1.

lago. Signior Graumo? I cry your gentle pardon : These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners, That fo neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to fee you.

Lega. How do you Casso? Oh.a Chaire, a Chaire.

Cra. Rodorigo? logo. He, he, tis he:

In that's well faid, the Chaire.

ome good man beare him carefully from hence, le fetch the Generall's Sorgeon. For you Miffris, ame you your labour. He that lies flatne heere (Caffio) Vas my deere friend. What malice was between you? Caf. None to the world : not do I know the man?

lago, What looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre, ay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miftris? a you perceine the gastnesse of her eye?

sy, if you stare, we shall heare more anon,
chold her well: I pray you looke you har i

by you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake
hough tongues were out of vie.

Amil. Alas, what is the matter !

That is the outer, Husband? lago. Caffio hath beere bin fet on in the darke

Roderigo, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost Calne, and Rodorizo quite dead.

Amil. Alas good Gentlemen: alas good Cafrie.

Go know of Coffe where he lups to night

Whee, do you hake at that?

Biss. He supt et my bouse, but I therefore shake not.

Amil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumper.
Bisn. I am no Strumper, but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

As Il Fie vpon thee. Logo. Kinde Gentlemen :

Let's go see poore Cassio dreft.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

Lavilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hash happ'd : Will you go on afore ! This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desidemona in ber bed.

Oth. It is the Caule, it is the Caule (my Soule) Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres, It is the Cause. Yet He not shed her blood, Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow, And Imooth as Monumentall Alablasters Yet fine must dye, elle shee'l betray more men : Put out the Light, and then put out the Light's If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister, I can againe thy former light restore, Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light, Thou cunning & Parterne of excelling Nature, I know not where is that Prometbaan heate That conthy Light re-Lime. When I have pluck'd thy Role, I cannot glue it vitall growth againe, It needs must wither. He smell thee on the Tree. Oh Balmy breath, that doft almost perswade lustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love thee after. One more, and that's the last. So (weet, was no're to fatall. I must weepe, But they are crueil Teares: This forrow's heattenly, It Arikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Def. Who's there i Othello?

Othe! Desdemona

Def. Will you come to bed, my Lerd? Orb. Have you pray'd to night, Defdeman?

Def. I my Lord.

Oth. If you bethinke your felfe of any Crime Voreconcil'd as yet to Heauth, and Grace, Solicite for it ftraight.

Def. Alacke, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?
Orb. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will welke by a

I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Souls.

Def. Talke you of killing ? Och. 1.1 do.

Def. Then Hessen have mercy on mee.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me. Oth, Humh.

Def. And yet I feare you : for you're fatall then When your eyes rowle fo.

Why I should feare, I know not.

Since guiltinesse I know not : But yet I feele I feare.

Och. Thinke on thy finnes.

Def They are Loues I beare to you. Och. I and for that thou dy'ft.

Def. That death's vnnaturall, that kills for louing.

Alas, why gnaw you fo your nether-lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:

Thefe are portents: but yet I hope, l liope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be fill.

Def. I will fo: What's the matter?

Oib. That Handkerchiefe

Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'ft to Caffie. Def. No by my Life, and Soule : send for the man, And aske him.

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed take heed of Periory, Thou art on thy death-bed.

Def. 1. but not yet to dye.

Orb. Presently.

Therefore confesse thee freely of thy finne:

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.

Def. O Heaven have mercy on me.
Orb. I (ay, Amen.
Def. And have you mercy too. I never did Offend you in my life; neuer lou'd Caffio, But with such generall warrantie of Heauen, As I might loue. I neuer gave him Token.

Oth. By Heaven I faw my Handkerchiefe in's hand. O periut'd woman, thou do'ft flone my heart, And makes me call, what I intend to do, A Murcher, which I thought a Sacrifice.

I saw the Handkerchiefe. Def. He found it then :

I never gaue it him: Send, for him hither:

Let him confesses truth

Oth. He hath confest.

Def. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.

Def. How? vnlawfully?

Oth. 1.

Def. He will not fay fo.

Oib. No: his mouth is flopp'd:

Honest lage hath 'tane order for't.

Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead? Oth. Had all his haires bin lives, my great Revenge

Had stomacke for them all.

Def. Alas, he is berray'd, and I vndone.

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'ft thou for him to my face?

Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Och. Downe Strumper

Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night, Oth. Nay, if you drive.
Def. But halfe an houre.

Orb. Being done, there is no pawfe

Def. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. Smothers her.

Emilia at the doore. Amil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa? My Lord, my Lord.

Orh. What noise is this? Not dead?not yet quite dead? I that am cruell, am yet meterfull,

I would not have thee linger in thy paine?

Emil milhim. What host my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Amil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word

Oib. Yes 1 Tis Emilia: by and by. Shec's dead. Tis like the comes to speake of Coffie's death. The noise was high. Hah, no more mooning?

Still as the Grave. Shall the come in? Wer's good? I thinke the stirres againe. No, what's best to do? If the come in, theal fure speake to my wife :

My wife, my wife: what wife? I have no wife. Oh insupportable! Oh heavy houre!

Methinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe Did yawne at Alteration.

Emd. I do befeech you

That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord. Och. I had forgot thee : oh come in Emilie. Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Amilia. Emil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers

Oib. What? now?

Emil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone, She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont, And makes men mad.

Amil Cassis, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young Venetian, call'd Redoriga Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Caffokill'd?

Emil No. Coffie is not kill'd.

Oib. Not Coffie kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune, And (weet Reuenge growes harfin.

Def. Ofallely, fallely murder'd. Emil. Alas! what cry is that !

Oth. That? What?

Emil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice. Helpe, helpe hos, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe, Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet Mistis, speake.

Def. A guiltlesse death, I dye. · Emil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Def No body: 1 my felfe, farewell:

Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell. Oth. Why, how should she be murdred?

Emil. Alas: who knowes?

Oth You heare her fag her felfe, it was not I. Eml. She faid fo: I muft needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell, 'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. Oh the more Angell the, and you the black Orb. She turn'd to folly: and the was a whore.

Amil. Thou do'ft bely her, and thou art a divell. Orb. She was falle as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That the was falle. Oh the was heavenly true. Oth. Caffe did top her: Askthy husband elle. O. I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:

But that I did proceed spool inft grounds To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil. My Husband?

Och. Thy Husband.

Emil. That the was falle to Wedlocke? Oth. I, with Caffio : had she bin true, If Heaven would make me fuch snother world,

Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite, I'ld not have fold her for it

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told meon her first, An honest man he is, and hates the flime

That flickes on filthy deeds.

Emil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?

I Say, thy Husband. Loul. Oh Mifteis,

Villany hath made mockes with loue:

My Husband fay the was falfe?

Oth. He Woman;

Ifay thy Husband , Do'ft understand the word? My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest lago.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to the heart, She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Otb. Hah?

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deede of thine is no more worthy Hezuen, Then thou was's worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best

Amit. Thou halt not halfe that powre to do me harm, As I have to behurt. Oh Gull, oh dolr,

As ignorant as durt : thou half done a deed (I care not for thy Sword) He make thee known, Though I lost twenty lines. Helpe, helpe, hoz, helpe: The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther,

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and lago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now General!? Emil. Oh, are you come, lago: you have done well, That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disproue this Villsine, if thou bee'ft a man : He fayes, thou told'ft him that his wife was falfe: I know thou did'A not : thou'tt not fuch 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 euer 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 Cassio?

lago. With Cassio, Mistris? Go too, charme your tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;

I am bound to speake,

My Mistris heere lyes murthered in her bed.

All. Oh Heavens, soresend.

Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on. Orhello. Nay state not Masters,

It is true indeede.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth. Mant. Omonstrous Acte. Emil. Villeny, villany, villany: I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smet't: O Villany: I thought fo then : Ile kill my felfe for greefe. O villany! villany!

lago. What, are you mad?

I charge you get you home,
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake: Tis proper I obey him; but not now: Perchance lago, I will ne're go home.

Oth Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and toare ; For thou half kill'd the sweetest innocent, That ere did lift vp eye.

Oth. Oh the was fowle!

I scarfe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece. Whose breath (indeed) these hands have newly Ropp'd: I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore Desdemon : I am glad thy Father's dead,

Thy March was mortall to him: and pure greefe Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he live now, This fight would make him do a desperate turne: Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And fall to Reprobance.

Oth. Tis pittifull : but yet lago knowes That the with Caffio, hath the Act of thame; A thousand times committed. Caffie confest st, And the did gratifie his amorous workes With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand: It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token My Father gaue my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres

lago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'T will out, 't will out. I peace?
No,1 will speake as liberall as the North; Let Heaven, and Men, and Divels, let them all, All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.

lago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will noc.

Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman-

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,

That Handkerchiefe thou speak's of I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband: For often, with a folemne earneffnesse,

(More then indeed belong'd to fuch a Trifle)

He begg'd of me, to fleale't.

Iago. Villanous Whore, Emil. She give it Cassio? No, 2las I found it, And I did giu't my Husband.

lago, filth, thou lyeft.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen: Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole Do with fo good a wife?

Orb. 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: ohlay me by my Mistris fide. Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. Tis a notorious Villams take you this weapon Which I have recover'd from the Moore: Come guard the doore without, let him not paffe, But kill bim rather. He after that same villaine, For 'tis a damned Slave.

Exis. Osh.

Cib. I am not vallant neither : But every Punie whipfter gets my Sword. But why should Honor out-live Honesty? Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy Song boad Lady? Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan, And dye in Musicke : Willough, Willough, Willough.
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore, So come iny Soule to bliffe, 2s I speake true: So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye

Orb. I have another weapon in this Chamber, It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper: Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coft thee deere; Thou hait no wespon, and perforce must fuffer.

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me. Ornaked as I am I will affault thee.

Gra. What is the matter? O:hel. Behold, I have a weapon: A better neuer did it selse sustaine Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I have feene the day, That with this little Arme, and this good Sword, I have made my way through more impediments Then twenty times your ftop. But (oh vaine boaft) Who can controll his Fate? Tis not fo now. Be not affraid, though you do fee me wespon'd: Heere is my journies end, heere is my butt And verie Sea-marke of my vemoft Saile. Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a loss feare: Man but a Rush against Othello's brest, And he retires. Where should OtheRogo? Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench, Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt, This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Hicsuen, And Fiends will fnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle? Euch like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave! Whip me ye Diuels, From the possession of this Heavenly fight: Blow me about in windes, roalt me in Sulphure, Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire

> Enter Lodonico, Cassio, Montano, and Ingo, wish Officers.

Oh Desdemon! dead Desdemon : dead. Oh,oh!

Lad. Where is this rash, and most vusorrunare man? Oth. That's he that was Othello: heere I am. Lod. Where is that Viper?

Bring the Villaine forth. Oth. Hook down towards his feet; but that's a Fable, If that thou bee'st a Divell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him. lago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not forry neither, 1l'd haue thee liue : For in my leufe, tis happinelle to die.

Led. Oh thou Othello, that was once fo good, Falne in the practile of a cutled Slaue,

What shall be saide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing: An honourable Murderer, if you will a For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Led This wretch hath part confest his Villany:

Did you and he confent in Caffio's death.

Oth. 1. Caf. Decre Generall, I neuer gaue you canfe. Oth. Too beleeve it, and I aske your pardon: Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Divell.

Why he hath thus enfort'd my Soule and Body. lag. Demand me nothing I what you know, you know, From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What? not to pray? Gra Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,
You shall understand what hath befoline, Which, as I thinke, you know not) beere is a Letter Found in the pocket of the flaine Rodorigo, And hecreanother, the one of them imports The death of Casso, to be vndertooke

By Rodorigo.
Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse. Lod Now, heere's another discontented paper Found in his pocket too : and this it feemes Rodorigo meant t'have fent this damned villaine: But that (belike) lago in the interim Came in, and fatis h'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernitious Cairific; How came you (Caffe) by that Handkerchiefe

That was my wives?

Caffio. I found it in my Chamber: And he himfelfe confest is but even now, That there he dropt it for a special purpole, Which wrought to his defire

Othel. O Foole, soole, soole! Caffio. There is belides, in Rodorigo's Letter, How he vpbraides lago, that he made him Brave me vpon the Watch: whereon it came That I was cast : and even but now he spake (After long feeming dead) lago hurt him,

lago let him on,

Lad. You must forfake this roome, and go with va: Your Power, and your Command is taken off, And Caffie rules in Cyprus. For this Slave, If there be any cunning Crueltie, That can torment him much, and hold him long, It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner reft, Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; 2 word or two before you goe : I have done the State some service, and they know to No more of that. I pray you in your Letters, When you shall these valuckie deeds relate, Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate, Not set downe ought in malice. Then must you speake, Of one that lou'd not wifely, but too well: Of one, not easily lealious, but being wrought, Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand (Like the base Indean) threw a Pearle away Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdo'd Eyes, Albeit vn-vled to the melting moode, Drops seares as fast as the Arabian Trees Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this: And say besides, that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke Beato a Venetian, and traduc'd the State, I tooke by th'throat the circumcifed Dogge, And imoate him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period. Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kift thet, ere I kill'd thes: No way but this, Killing my felfe, to dye vpon a kiffe. Caffio. Cal. This did I feare, but thought he had no wespon: For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Auguith, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poylons Sight,

Let it be hid. Gratian, keepe the house,
And seize vpon she Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeede on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboord, and to the Scate,
This heavie Act, with heavie heart relate,

Executive.

FINIS.

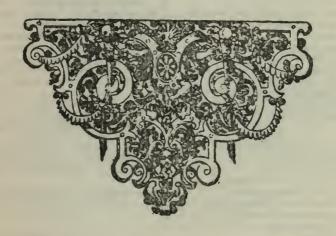
The Names of the Actors.

Thello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Casso, an Homurable Lieutenant.
lago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull d Gentleman.
Duke of Venuce.

Semesors.

Montano, Governour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico and Gratiano, two Noble Venetiums.
Saylors.
Chome.

Desdemona, wife to Othello. Æmilia, wife to Iago. Bianca, a Curtezza.





THETRAGEDIEOF

Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Adus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enser Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Ay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:

Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the fouffles of great Fights hath buth
The Buckles on his breft, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypfies Luft.

Flowish. Enter Authory, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine, with Euruschs farming her

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd

Cleo. He fet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heaven, new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe, Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.

Fulsia perchance is sngsy: Or who knowes,
If the icarse-bearded Casar have not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you, Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform's, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cles. Petchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Cafar, therefore heare it Anthony.
Where's Fuluias Processes (Cafars I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Cafars homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fuluia scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space, Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike Feeds Beaft as Man; the Nobleneffe of life Is to do thus: when such a mutuall pure, And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde One paine of punishment, the world to weete We stand up Peerelesse.

Cles. Excellent falshood:

Why did he marry Fulnia, and not love her? He seeme the Foole I am not. Authory will be himselse.

Am. But flirt'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the love of Love, and her foft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harfis;
There's not a minote of our lives (hould flretch
Without fome pleafure now. What sport to night?

Clee. Heare the Ambastadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who every passion sully strives
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee's wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did defire it. Speake not to vs.

Execute with the Trans.

Dem. Is Cafer with Anthonous prized to flight?

Philo. Sit fornetimes when he is not Anthony.

He comes too fhort of that great Property

Which still should go with Anthony.

Dem. I am full forry, that hee approves the common Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

Exempt

Enter Enoberbue, Lemprius, a Sombfayer, Ranninu, Lucillous, Chermian, Ires, Merdian the Euruch, and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Southsayer that you prais'd so to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will? Char. Is this the Man? Is't you fir that know things!

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eneb. Bring in the Banker quickly: Wine enough.

Cleopa

Exeunt.

Cleepatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good fir, give me good Forwne.

South. I make not, but forefee.

Cher. Pray then, foresce me one. South. You shall be yet farre fairer then you ree.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiue.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hearchim,

Cher. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me have a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode of Icwry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with Ollasius Cajar, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you seruc. Cher. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

South. You have teene and proved a fairer former for-

tune, then that which is to approach. Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names:

Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have. Sooth. If every of your withes had a wombe, & foretell cuery with, a Million.

Char. Our Foole, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are privile to your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme prefages Chastity, if nothing els. Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Fa-

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothfay. Cho. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-noffication, I cannot feratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune,

South. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I haue faid.

Iras Am I not an inch of Fortune better then fhe? Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choose it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands nofe.

Char. Our worfer thoughts Heavens mend.

Alexas Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, for cet Ifis, I befeech thee, and let her dye roo, and give him a worle, and let worle follow worfe, till the worft of all follow him laughing to his grave. fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Ifis heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good ifis I beleech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to fee a handsome man loofe Wiu'd, foit is a deadly forrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vneuckolded : Therefore decre Ifis keep de-

carum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex Lonow, ific lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'ld doo's.

Enter Cleopatra. Ench. Hulh, heere comes Anthony. Char. Nothe, the Queene

Clee. Saue you, my Lord.

Emob. No Lady.

Clas. Washe not heere? Chas. No Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirch, but on the sodaine

A Romane thought hath stooke him.

Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hicher: wher's Alexias?

Alex. Heere at your service.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Moffenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs. Meffen. Fuluiathy Wife,

First came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother Lucieu?

Meffen. 1 : but loone that Warre had end. And the times state

Made friends of them, loynting their force gainst Cafar Whose better issue in the warte from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worst.

Meff. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.
Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.

Things that are paft, are done, with me. 'Tis thus, Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he flatter'd. Mef. Labienus (this is fliffe-newes)

Hath with his Paithian Force

Extended Afia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner Shooke, from Syria to Lydia,

/.nd to lonia, whil'll.

Aut. Anthony thou would'A fay.

Mef. Ohmy Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the generall tongue, name Cleopatra as the is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in Fuluia's phrase, and taunt my faults With such full License, as both Truth and Malice

Have power to viter. Oh then we bring forth weeds, When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs

Is as our earing : fare thee well awhlle. Mef. At your Noble pleasure. Exit Maffenger

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scicion how the newes? Speake there 1 . Mef. The man from Scicion,

Is there such an one?

2. Mef. He flayes vpon your will.

Aut. Ler him appeare:

These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake, Or loofe my felfe in dotage.

Enter another Moffenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Mef. Fulnia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed fhe.

Mef In Scicion, her length of ficknesse,

With what else more serious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Anho. Forbeste me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it: What our contempts doth often hutle from vs,

We wish it ours againe. The prefent pleafure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it felle: the's good being gon,
The hand could pluck ther backe, this thou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queens breake off,
Ten thou and harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth here.

Enter Enobarbas.

How now Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir ? Antb. I must with haste from hence.

Em. Why then we kill all our Women. We fee how mortall an unkindnesse is to them. If they suffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I muft be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die. It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Chapatra catching but the least noyse of this, dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times uppose farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which committs some louing afte upon her, she hach such a celerity in dying.

Arr. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sirno, her pathons are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot call her winds and waters, fighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, the makes a showre of Raine as well as loue.

AN. Woold I had never feene her.

Eno. Oh fir, you had then left volcene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to have beene bleft withall, would have differedited your Trausile.

Ant. Fuluea Is dead.

Eno. Sit.

Ant. Felais is dead.

Eno. Fulnia?

Ans. Dead.

Eno. Why fit, give the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleafeth their Derties to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the easth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are wome out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but Fulkia, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that should water this forrow.

Ant. The basinesse she hath broached in the State,

Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere cannot be wishout you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant No more light Answeres

Let our Officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fusica, with more orgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contribing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. Sexua Pompeisa
Have given the dare to Cefar, and commands
The Empire of the Ses. Our shipperty people,
Whose Love is never link d to the deserner.

Till his deferts are past, begin to throw Pampy the great, and all his Dispetties. Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power, Higher then both in Blood and Life, shands up. Por the maine Soulder. Whose quality going on, The sides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding. Which like the Coursers heirs, bath yet bot life, And not a Serprice poyson. Say our pleasure, To such whose places vader us, require. Our quicke temous from bence, Enob. I shall doo't.

Emer Chopatra, Charmin, Alexandri Iras.

Cleo, Where is he?

Char. I did not fee bim fince.

Cloo. See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does:
I did not send you. If you hade him sad,
Say I am dauncing: If in Myrth, report
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.

Cha. Madam, me thinkes if you did love him deerly.

You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from hun-

Cles What should I do, I do not?

Ch. lo each thing give him way, croffe him in nothing.

Cles. Thou teachest like a foolesthe way to lote him Ches. I empt him not so too farre. I wish forbeste,

In time we have that which we often fezre.

But heare comes Anthony.

Cleo. I am ficke, and fullen.

An I am forty to give breathing to my purpole.
Cho. Helpe me away deere Charmen, I shallfall,

It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature Will not fulfaine it.

Ant. Now my deerest Queene.

Cles. Pray you fland farther from coce.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by the fame eyether's force good new What fayes the married woman you may goe? Would the had never given you leave to come. Let her not fay 'tis I that keepe you heere, I have no power upon you: Here you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

cles. Oh never was there Queene So mightily betrayed: yet at the first I law the Treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & cue, (Though you in (wearing thake the Throaned Gods)

Who have beene falle to Falsa?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vower,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most weet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you leeke no colour for your going. But bid farewell, and goe:

When you fued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then, Erernity was in our Lippes, and Eyes, Bille in our browes bent: none out parts so poore, But was a race of Heaven. They are so fish, Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest Lyat.

Az: . How now Lady?

Cles

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou fhould'A know There were a heart in Egypt.

Ast. Heare me Queene : The flrong necessity of Time. commands
Our Services e-while: but my full heart Remaines in vie with you. Our Italy, Shines o're with civill Swords; Sexus Pompeins Makes his approaches to the Port ofRome, Equality of two Domesticke powers, Breed Gropulous faction: The hated growne to strength Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace Into the hearts of fuch, as have not thrived Vpon the present frate, whose Numbers threaten, And quietnelle growne licke of rell, would purge By any desperate change: My more particular, And that which most with you should lafe my going, Is Fulniar death.

Cle. Though age from fully could not give me freedom It does from childiffinesse. Can Foliais dye?

Ass. She's dead my Queene. Looke heere, and at thy Soucrargne ley fure read The Garboyles the awak do at the laft, best, See when, and where shee died.

Clee. O moft faife Loue! Where be the Secred Violles thou hould'A fill With forrowfull water ? Now I fee, I fee, In Falsies death, how mine recein'd shall be

Aus. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know The purpoles I beare: which are, or ceale, As you hall give th'advice. By the fire That quickens Nylus flime, I go from hence Thy Souldier, Serv int making Peace or Waste, As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charmies come, But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,

So Anthony loues.

Am. My precious Queene forbeare, And glue true evidence to his Loue, which fands An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So Fuluia told me. I prychee turne aside, and weepe for her, Then bid adiew to me, and fay the teares Belong to Egypt. Good now, plsy one Scene Of excellent diffembling, and let it looks Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'l hear my blood no more? Cles. You can do better yet a but this is meetly.

Ans. Now by Sword.

Cles. And Target. Still he mends. But this is not the best. Looke prythee Charmens, How this Herculean Roman do's become The carriage of his chafe,

Ant. He leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word: Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it : Sir, you and I have lou'd, but there's not it: That you know well, fomething it is I would: Oh, my Oblivion is a very Anthony,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. Bot that your Royalty Holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo Tis swearing Labour. To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart As Cleopara this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do not Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence. Therefore be desfe to my vapittied Folly, And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword Sie Lawrell victory, and smooth successe Be frew'd before your feete.

Ans. Let vs go.

Come : Our separation so abides and sies, That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee; And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.

Euter Ollewisu reading a Latter, Lepidus, and their Trains.

Caf. You may fee Lepider, and henceforth know, It is not Cefars Naturall vice, to have One great Competitor. From Alexandria This is the newes: He fifther, drinker, and waftes The Lampes of night in revell: Is not more manlific Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Poslemy
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You Shall finde there a man, who is th'abilitacts of all fanits. That all men follow.

Lop. I must not thinke There are, cuils enow to darken all his goodnesse: His faults in him, feeme as the Spots of Heaven, Morefierie by nights Blacknesse; Heredirarie, Rather then purchaste: wifat he cannot change, Then what he chooses.

Cef. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt le is not Amisse to tumble on the bed of Prolomy, To give a Kingdome for a Mirch, to fit And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Sleve, To reele the freets at noone, and frand the Buffet With knaues that finels of fweate: Say this become him (As his composure must be rare indeed, Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Anthony No way excuse his foyles, when we do beste So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd His vacancie with his Voluptuoulnelle, Full furfecs, and the drinelle of his bones, Call on him for't. But to confound fuch time, Thet drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid: As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge, Pawne their experience to their present pleasure, And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Meffenger.

Lap. Heere's more newes. Most. Thy biddings have beene done, &t everie houre
Most Nobie Cefar, that thou have report
How 'us abroad. Pompey is strong at Ses,
And it appeares, he is below'd of those
That only have feard Cefar: to the Ports The discontents repaire, and mens reports Giue him much wrong'd. Cef. I should have knowne no leffe,

It hash bin saught vs from the primaliflate That be which is was wishe, vatill he weres And the ebb'd man, Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth love, Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie, Like to & Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame.

Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying syde

To rot it felfe with motion.

Mef. Cafer I bring thee word. Menacrases and Menas famous Pyrates Makes the Sea ferue them, which they care and would With keeles of every kinde. Many hot intodes They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth revols No Vesscil can peepe forth : but 'cis as soone Taken as scene : for Pompejer name fitikes more Then could his Warie relifted.

Cafar. Anthony, Leave thy lascinious Vassailes. When thou once Was beaten from Medena, where thou flew'it Hirfins, and Paufa Confuls, at thy heele Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'fl againft, (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more Then Sauages could fuffer. Thou did it drinke The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle Which Beafts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge. Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets, The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes, le is reported thou did'A cate Arange fielh, Which some did dye to looke on : And all this (It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now) Was horne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke So much as lank'd not.

Lep. Tis pitty of him.
Caf. Let his shames quickely Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine Did shew our sclues i'th' Field, and to that end Assemble me immediace counsell, Pompey Thrives in our Idlenesse.

Lep. To morrow Cafer, I shall be furnishe to informe you rightly Both what by Sea and Land I can be able To front this prefent time.

Cef. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you hal know mean time Of firres abroad, I shall befeech you Sir

To let me be partaker. Cefar. Doubt not fit, I knew it for my Bond. Exercit Enter Cleopatra, Charman, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke Mandragors. Char. Why Madam? Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time: My Anthony is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O'tis Tresson,

Char. Madam, I wust net fo. Clea. Thou, Eunuch Mardian

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure? Cleo. Not now to heate thee sing. I take no pleasure In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee, That being voleminar'd, thy freer thoughts May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing But what in deede is honest to be done: Yet have I fierce Affections, and thinke What Venus did with Mars.

Cles. Oh Charmion:

Where think's thou he is now? Stands he, or fits he?

Or does he walker Or is he on his Horse? Oh liappy horse to beare the weight of Anthony! Do brauely Horfe, for wor's thou whom thou mueu'D. The demy Acts of this Earth, the Arme And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now, Or murmiring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle. (For to he cals me.) Now I feede my felfe With most delicious poylon Thinks on me That am with Photbus amorous pinches blacke, And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted Cafer, When thou was theer about the ground, I was A morfell for a Monarke and great Pompey Would fished and make his eyes grow in my brow, There would be anchor his Aspectand dye With looking on his life.

Emer Alexas from Cafer.

Alex. Sourraigne of Egypt, haile Cleo. How much valike art thou Marke Anthony? Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hatb With his Tind gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Marke Anthonis?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Qu enc)

He kift the laft of many doubled kiffes This Orient Pearle. His speech flickes in my beare. Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex Good Friend, quoch he: Say the firme Roman to great Egypt lends This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote To mend the petry present, I will peece Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Esft, (Say thou) thail call her Miffris. So he nodded, And loberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede, Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would have spoke, Was beaftly dumbe by him.

Clea. What was he fad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between fextremes Of hot and cold, he was nor fad nor metrie.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition: Note him, Note him good Charmer it is the man; but note him. He was not fad, for he would shine on those That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie, Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay In Egypt with his loy, but betweene both.
Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'll thou lad, or merrie, The violence of either thee becomes, So do's it no mans elfe. Met'ft thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, ewenty feuerall Mellengers.

Why do you fend to thicker

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to feed to Anthonie, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper Chamean. Welcome my good Alexas. Did I Charmier, euer loue Cefer so?

Char. Oh that brave Cafar!
Cleo. Be chook'd with fuch another Emphass, Say the brave Anthony.

Char. The valiant Cafar. Ciso. By Ifis, I will give thee bloody teeth, If thou with Cafar Parago nagaine: My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I fing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,

When I was greene in indgement, cold in blood, To fay, as I faide then. But come, away, Ger me Inke and Paper,

Hec

he shall have every day a severall greeting, or lie vopeople Egypt.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner

Pom. If the great Gods be infishey shall affift The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are futors to their Throne, decayes

she thing we fue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selves, Begge often our owne harmes, which the wife Powres Deny vs for our good : To finde we profit

By looking of our Prayers. Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the Sea is mine; My powers are Creffent, and my Auguring hope Sayes it will come to'th'full. Marke Anthony In Egypt fits at dinner, and will make No warres without doores. Cafar gets money where He looses hearts: Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd : but he neither loues, Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cafar and Lipulm are in the field,

A mighty frength they carry Powe. Where have you this? 'Tis falle Mene, From Silvius, Sit

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together Looking for Anthony : but all the charmet of Loue, Salt Cleopatra Soften thy wand lip, Let Witcheraftioyne with Beauty, Lust with both, Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts, Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes, Sharpen with cloylesse fawee his Appetite, That fleepe and feeding may protogue his Honour, Euen till a Lechied dulneffe-

Enter Varrius.

How now Varreus ?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliver: Marke Anthony is every houre in Rome Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for farther Travaile.

Pom. I could have given lesse matter A better eare. Mena, I did not thinke This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helme For fuch a percy Warre: His Souldiership Is twice the other twaine : But let ve reare The higher our Opinion, that our firring Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke The accre Luft-wearled Ambany.

Mene. I cannot hope, Cafor and Ambony (hall well greet together; His Wifethat's dead, did trefpalles to Cafar, His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke

Not mou'd by Anthony Pom. I know not Menas, How leffer Enmities may give way to greater, Were't not that we stand up against them all:
Twer pregnant they should square between themselves, For they have entertained cause enough To draw their fwords : but how the fcare of vs May Ciment their divisions, and binde vp The petty difference, we yet not know Bee't as our Gods will have't; it onely stands Our lives vpon, to vie our strongest hands Come Menas.

Enter Enoberbus and Lepedin

Lep. Good Embarbus, 'tis a worthy deed And thall become you well, to intrest your Captaine To fost and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intrest him

To answer like himselfe : if Cefor move him, Les Authory looke over Cafars head, And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter, Were I the wearet of Anthonio's Beard, I would not shaue's to day.

Lep. Tienoc a time for private flomacking.

Eno. Every time scrues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small co greater matters muft give way.

Eno. Not if the fmall come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion : but pray you stirre No Embers up. Heere comes the Noble Anthony. Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Cofo

Enter Cefar, Mecenas, and Agrippa Ast. If we compose well heere, to Parchia: Heathe Ventilin

Cafar. Ido not know Mecena, aske Agrippa. La Noble Friends:

That which combin'd ve was most great, and let not A leaner action rend vs. What's amille, May it be gently heard. When we debate Our triutall difference loud, we do commit Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners, The rather for I carnellly befeech, Touch you the fowrest points with sweetest tearnes, Nor curstnesse grow to th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well: Were we before our Armies, and to fight,

Flourisb. I (hould do thus.

Caf. Welcometo Rome.

Anc. Thanke you.

Caf. Sic. Ant, Sit fit.

Caf. Nay then.

Ant. Hearne, you take things ill, which are not fo:

Or being, concerne you not.

Cel. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I Should fay my felfe offended, and with you Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should Once name you derogately : when to found your name It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Cafar, what was to you?
Caf. No more then my reciding heere at Rome Might be to you in Egypt : yet if you there Did practife on my State, your being in Egypt Might be my question.

Ant. Howintend you, pradis'd?

Cef. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother Made warres vpon me, and their contestation Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ans. You do mistake your bufines, my Brother never Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it, And have my Learning from some true reports That drew their fwords with you, did he not rather Discredit my authority with yours, And make the warres alike against my stomacke, Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters Before did fatisfie you. If you'l parch a quarrell, As matter whole you have to make it with,

Exempt.

It must not be with this,

Caf. You praise your felfe, by laying defects of ludgo ment to met but you patcht vp your extuits.

Anth, Not so, not so: I know you could not lacke. I am certaine on's Very necessity of this thought, that I Your Parener in the cause gainst which he fought, Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres 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 pace calie, but not fach a wife

Brobar. Would we had all fuch wives, that the men

might go to Warres with the women.

Arah. So much vnourbable, her Garbolles (Cefor) Made out of her impatience: which not wanted Shrodenesse of policie to : I greening grant, Did you too much disquier, for that youmuft, But fay I could not helpe it?

Cafar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you

Did pocket up my Letters : and with taunts Did gibe my Missie out of sudience.

Art. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then: Three Kings I had newly feafted, and did wans Of what I was i'th'morning but next day I rold him of my felfe, which was as much As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow Be nothing of our strife: if we contend Our ofour question wipe him.

Cafer. You have broken the Article of your oath, which you shall never have tonger to charge me with.

Lep. Soft Cafar.

Aw. No Lepidur, let him speake, The Honour is Sacred which he ralks on now, Supposing that I lackt it : but on Cafer, The Article of my oath,

Cafar. To lend me Armes, and side when I requir'd

them, the which you both denied.

Amb. Negleded tather: And then when poyloned houres had bound me vp From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may, lle play the penitent to you. But mine honefly, Shall not make poore my greatnesse, not my power Worke without it. Truth is, that Fulusa, To have me out of Egypt, made Warres heere, For which my felfe, the ignorant motive, do

farre aske pardon, as belits mine Honour To floope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken. Mess. If it might please you, to enforce no furthe The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember : that the present neede, Speakes to attone you.

Lap. Worthily spoken Mocenes.

Enoter. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the inflent, you may when you heare no more words of Pompey teturne it againe: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elfe to do.
Auth. Thou art a Souldier, onely fpeake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be filent, I had almost for-

got. Auth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no more,

Ench. Gotoo then: your Confiderate Rome. Cafer. I do not much diffike the matter, but The manner of his speech : for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions So distring in their acts. Yet if I knew, What Hoope should hold ve staunch from edge to edge Arb'world : I would perfue it.

Agri. Give me lesve Cufar.

Cafer. Speake Agrapa.
Agri. Thou best a Sifter by the Monthers fide, admir'd Ollantal Great Offert Authory's DOW a widdower.

Cafer Say not lay Agripped Clapute heard you you proofe were well deferued of rathoelle.

Anch. I am normarryed Cafer: let me beere Agrippe

further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perperual amitie. To make you Brothtes, and to knit your hearts. With an vn-Sipping knot take Anchory, Ollouis to his wife I whose beauty claimes No worse a hasband then the best of men : whose Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake That which none elic can viter. By this marriage, All little Ielousies which now seeme 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 love to both, Would each to other, and all loues to both Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke, For 'tis a Rudied not a present thought, By duty ruminated.

Amb. Will Cafer Speake? Cafer. Not till he heates how Anthony is touch; With what is spoke already,

Amb. What power is in Agrapa, If I would say Agrape, beitle, To make this good?

Cafar. The power of Cafar, And his power, vnto Olamo, Amh. May I never

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes) Dreame of impediment : let me have thy hand Further this act of Grace: and from this house, The heart of Brothers governe in our Loues, And Iway our great Defignes.

Cafer. There's my hands A Sifter I bequeath you, whom no Brother Did ever love so deerely. Let her line To loyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and never Flie off our Loues againe.

Lipi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompy, For he hath laid strange courtefies, and great Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely, Leaft my remembrance, suffer ill report : At heele of that, defie him.

Lepi. Time cals vpon's, Oivs mast Pompey presently be lought, Or elfe he feekes out vs

Ant. Where lies he?

Cafar. About the Mount-Mesons. Anth. What is his Arength by land?

Cafar. Great, and encreating: But by Sea he is an absolute Mafter.

Anth. So is the Fame, Would we had spoke together. Haft we for it, Yet ere we put our felues in Armes, dispatch we The bufinesse we have talks of.

Cafar. With most gladaelle, And do invice you to my Sifters view,

Whe

Whether thraight He lead you.

Amb. Let vs Lepides not lacke your companie.
Lep. Noble Ausborg, not lickeneffe should detaine

Flourish. Exit owner.

Manet Enobabus , Agrippa, Mocenas. Alec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of Cafar, worthy Mecena. My

hon ourable Friend Agrippa.

Agric. Good Encharbus.

Mece. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well difgefted : you ftaid well by'cin Egypt.

Enob. 1 Sir, we did sleepe day out of countensunce :

and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares rofted 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 monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deferned noting.

Meces et. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be

fquare to her.

Enob. When the first met Marke Aubory, the ports

vp his heart vpon the River of Sidnis.

Agri. There the appror'd indeed : or my reportet deuis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you, The Barge the fat io, like a burnishe Throne Burnt on the water : the Poope was beaten Gold, Purple the Sailes : and so perfumed that The Windes were Loue-licke. With them the Owers were Silver, Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made The water which they beate, to follow fafter; As amorous of their strokes. For her owne persoo, It beggerd all discription, she did lye In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiffue, O're-picturing that Venns, where we fee The fancie out-worke Nature. On each fide her, Stood preny Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids, With divers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme, To glove the delicate checkes which they did coole, And what they undid did.

Agrip Oh rate for Authory. Ero. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides, So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes, And made their bends adornings. At the Helme. A feeming Mer-maide fleeres: The Silken Tackle, Swell with the touches of those Flower-foft hands, That yarely frame the office. From the Barge A frange invisible perfume hits the fense Of the adiacent Whatfes. The Citty cast Her people out vpon her : and Anthony Enthron'd ith Market-place, did fit alone, Whisling to th'ayre I which but for vacancie. Had gone to gaze on Cleopater too, And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egiptian.
Eso. Vpon her landing, Anthony Sent to her, Inuited her to Supper: the replyed, It should be better, he became her guest: Which the entreated, our Courteous Asthony Whom here the word of no woman hard speake, Being barber'deentimes o're goes to the Feaft; And for his ordinary, paies his beart, For what his eyes este onely. Agri. Royali Weach:

She made great Cafar lay his Sword to bed, He ploughed her, and the cropt

Eno. I faw her once Hop forty Paces through the publicke fireete, And having loft her breath, the spoke, and panted, That fhe did make defect, perfection, And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mace. Now Authory, must leave her otterly.

Eno. Neuer he will not : Age cannos wither her, nor cuftome stale Her infinite variety : other women cloy

The appetites they feede, but the makes hongry, Where most the farisfies. For vildest things Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests Bleffe her, when the is Riggish.

Mice If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can sett le The heart of Anthony :Ollania is

A bleffed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good Enobarbiu, make your felfe my gueft, whilft you abide heere.

Eso. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Emer Anthony, Cafer, Offania betweene them.

Aub. The world, and my great office, will Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.

Oda. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall

bowe my prayers to them for you. Anth. Goodnight Sir. My Ottawia Read not my blemishes in the worlds report : I have not kept my fquare, but that to come Shall all be done byth Rule : good night deere Lady: Good night Sir.

Cafar. Goodnight.

Enter Soublaier. Anis. Now firsh: you do wish your felfe in Egypt? Soub. Would I had never come from thence, nor you chither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Soorb. I fee it in my motion shaue it not in my tongue,

Bue yet hie you to Egyptagaine Ante. Say to me, whole Fortunes shall rife higher

Cafars or mine?

Sees. Cafars. Therefore (ch Anthony) flay no: by his fide Thy Dzmon that thy spirit which keepes thee sis Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable, Where Cefars is not. But neere him, thy Angell Becomes a feare : sebeing o're-powr'd, therefore Make space enough betweeneyou.

Anib. Speake this no more.
Soub. To none but thee no more but: when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any game, Thon art fure to loofe: And of that Naturall lucke, He bears thee gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens.

When he shines by : I say againe, thy spirit Is all affraid to governe thee neere him:

Buche alway 'ris Noble.

Anb. Get thee gone : Say to Vertigina I would speake with him. Exit. He shall to Parthis, be it Art or hap, He hach spoken true. The very Diec obey him, And in our sports my better cunning faints, Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds, His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine, When it is all to naught : and his Quailes ever Bezte mine (in hoops) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

And

And though I make this marriage for my peace, I'ch'Eaft my pleafure lies. On come Vonigius. Emer Ventigion

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready a Pollow me, and reciue't.

Emer Lydow, Meconas and Agrapa.

Lapides. Trouble your selves no surther: pery you haften your Generals after

Acr. Sir Make Ambony, will e'ne but kiffe OBacis. and weels follow.

Leps. Till I thall fee you in your Souldiers dreffe, Which will become you both : Farewell.

Officer. We shall: as I conceive the journey, be at Mount before you Lipidur.

Lipi. Your way is thorses, my purposes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes upon me.

Both. Sir good lucceffe.

Lopis Farewell.

Excuss.

Enter Cleopater, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas. Cles. Give me same Musicke: Mosicke, moody foode of vs that trade in Loue,

Omner. The Muficke, hos.

Enser Mardian the Enmeth.

Cla Letitalone, let's to Billards: come Charmian. Char. My arme is fore, best play with Mardian. Cloops. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Six? Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Ciro. And when goodsvill is shewed,

Though'c come to fhort The Actormay pleade pardon. He none now, Give me mine Angle, weele co'th'River there My Musicke playing farre off. I will bettay Tawny fine fishes, my bended booke shall pierce Their flimy lawes . and as I draw them vp. He thinke them every one an Authory,

And say, an hay are caught.

Char Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a falt filb on his booke which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cho. That time? Ohtimes: Haught him out of patience: and that night Haught him into patience, and next mome, Bre the ninth houre . I drunke him to his bed : Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilft I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Mellenger. Ramme thoustry fruitefull tidings in mine cares, That long time have bin batren.

Charf. Madam, Madain.

Clue. Authoryo's dead.
If thou fay fo Villaine, thou kil Itthy Mistris: But well and free if thou so yould him.

There is Gold, and heere

My blewest vaines to kiffe: a hand that Kings Have lipt, and trembled killing.

Mef. First Madam, he is well. Cleo Why there's more Gold.

But firsh marke, we vie

To lay, the dead are well: bring it to that, The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powr Downe thy ill vetering throate.

Mef. Good Wadam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go tool will: Burthere's no goodnesse in thy face if Amboy Be free and healthfullife care a fauour To trumper fuch good tidings. If not well. Thou shoulds come like a Furit crown'd with Saakes, Not like a formall man.

Mef. Wilt please you heare me?

Cles. I have a mind to firike thee ere thou speak fe Yet if thou lay Anthony lives, 'the well, Or friends with Cafer, or not Captine to him. He let thee in a shower of Gold, and haile Rich Pearles vpon thez.

Mof. Madamite's well. Cloo. Well land. Mef. And Friends with Cafe.

Clee. Th'art an honest man-

Mef. Cafer, and he, are greater Friends then over,

Cles. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mel. But yet Madem.

Cho. I do not like but yet, it does alsy The good precedence, he vpon but yet, Bur yet is as a laylor to bring fourth Some monstrous Malefactor. Prychee Friend. Powie out the packe of matter to mine care, The good and bad together : he's friends with Cafe, In flate of heal th thou failt, and thou failt, free.

Mef. Free Madem, no: I made no such report,

He's bound voto Ollema.

Cleo. For what good turne?
Mef. For the best turne ith bed.

Cleo. I am pale Charmon.

Mef. Madam, he's matried to Office.

Cles. The most intedious Pestilence vpon thee. Sirates how downe.

Ales. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What fay. you? Series biss. Hence horrible Villaine or He sporne thine eyes Like balls before me : He rahaire thy head, Shahales tim up and down.

Thou strak be whipe with Wyer, and stew'd in brine, Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cles. Say its not for Province I will give thee.

And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had's Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage, And I will boot thee with what guift belide

Thy modefic can begge.

Mef. He's married Madem.

Cles. Rogue, thou hash lie'd too long.

Draw a keife. Mef. Nay then He runne.

What meane you Madem, I have made no fault. Exit. Cher. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe, The man is imposent.

Cles. Some Imocents sespenot the thanderboit: Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures Turne all to Serpents. Call the flaue agains, Though I am mad, I will not byte him : Call?

Char. He is a feared to come. Cleo. I will not burt him,

These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike A meaner then my felfe; fince I my felfe Have given my felfe the cause Come hither Siz.

Though it be honeft, it is sever good To bring bad newes ; give to a gratious Methage

An hoft of tongues, but let ill tydings tell Themselves, when they be feld

Mef. I have done my ducy. Cles. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worfer then I do.

If thou againe fay yes.
Mef. He's married Madam. Clev. The Gods confound thee,

Dost thou hold there still?

Mef. Should I lye Madame? Cleo. Oh, I would thou didft:

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence, Had'ft thou Nariffer in thy face to me,

Thou would's appeare most vgly: He is married? Mef. I crave your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you, To punnish me for what you make me do

Seemes much vnequall, he's married to Ollawia. Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee, That art not what th'art fure of. Ger chee hence, The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome Are all too deere for me:

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience. Cieo. In prayling Anthony, I have disprais d Cafar.

Char. Many times Madam

Cles, I am paid for't now: lead me from hence, I faint, oh Iras, Charmian; 'tis no matter. Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him Report the feature of Ollania: 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 Alexa Bring me word, how call theis: pitty me Charmion, But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cefar, Lepidous, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldsers Marching Pom. Your Holtages I have, to have you mine t

And we shall talke before we fight.

Cafar. Most meete that first we come to words,

And therefore have we

Our written purposes before vs sent, Which if thou halt considered, let vsknow, If twill tye vp thy discontented Sword, And carry backe to Cicclie much tall youth, That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three, The Senators alone of this great world, Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know, Wherefore my Father should revengers want, Having a Sonne and Friends, fince Julius Cafer, Who at Phillippi the good Brus wghosted; There law you labouring for him. What was't That mou'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what Made all-hopor'd, honest, Romaine Brunu, With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome, To drench the Capitoll, but that they would Haue one man but a man, and that his it Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whole burthen, The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant

To scourge thingratitude, that despightfull Rome Cast on my Noble Pather.

Cafar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'il not feare vs Pompey with thy failes Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know's How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed

Thou doft orecount me of my Fatherrs house: But fince the Cuckoo buildes not for himfelfe,

Remaine in't as thou mailt. Lepi. Bepleas'd totall vs.

(For this is from the present how you take)

The offers we have fent you. Cafar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entrested too, Buc waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cefar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune

Pom. You have made me offer Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must

Rid all the Sea of Pirars. Then, to fend

Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon, To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe Our Targes undinced.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,

A man prepar'd

Totake this offer, But Make Arthon, Put me to some impatience though I loose The praise of it by telling. You must know When Cafar and your Brother were at blowes, Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde Het welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it Pompey.

And am well studied for a liberall thanks,

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have yout hand : I did not thinke Sir, to have mer you heere,

Ans. The beds i'th East are loft, and thanks to you, That cal'd me timeliet then my purpose hither: For I have gained by't.

Cafar. Since I faw you last, ther's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I knownor,

What counts haifh Fotune cast's vpon my face, But in my bosome shall she never come, To make my heart her vallaile.

Lop. Well met heere.

Poro. I hope so Lepidsu, thus we are agreed : I craue our composion may be written And feal'd betweene vs.

Cafar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feaft each other, ere we part, and lett's Draw lors who shall begin.

Ans. That will I Pompey.

Pompey. No Anthony take the lot : but first or lan. your fine Egyption cookerie shall have the fame, I have heard that Iulius Cafar, grew far with feathing there.

Anth. You have heard much.

Poin. I bave faire meaning Sir. Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard, And I have beard Appolodorus carried-

Eno. No more that ; he did fo.

Pom. What I pray you?

Ene. A certaine Queene to Cefer in a Matris. Pom. I know thee now, how far It thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive

Foure Feaffs are roward.

Pom Les me shake thy hand.

I never haved thee: I have feene thee fight, When I have enused thy behautour.

Eneb. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye, When you have well deferu'd ten times as niuch, As I have faid you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse, It nothing ill becomes thee r Aboordmy Gally, I invite you all. Will you leade Lords?

All. Show a the way, fir.

Pom. Come. Manet Enob & Menas Exempt. Asen. Thy Father Pompey would ne're have made this

Treaty. You, and I have knowne fir. Enob. Ar Sea, I thinke.

Men. We have Sir. Enob. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh It cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Mm. Not what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes forme-thing you can deny for your owne (afery: you have bin a great Theefe by Ses.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land fervice: but give mee

your hand Mena, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kiffing.

Men. All mens faces are true, what somere their hands

are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayte Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No flander, they fleale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am forry it is turn'd to a Drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, fure he cannot weep't backe againe. Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke An.

thony heere, pray you, is he married to Clopura? Enob. Cafar Sifter is call'd Ostania.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caim Marcellus.

Eneb. But the is now the wife of Marcus Anthonius.

Men. Pray'ye fir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cafer and he, for ever knit together. Encb. If I were bound to Divine of this ynity, I wold

not Prophefie fo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more

in the Marriage, then the love of the parties.

Enob. I thinke fo too. But you shall finde the band that feemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the very strangler of their Amity : Ottamia is of a holy, cold, and fill conversation,

Men. Who would not have his wife fo?

Eno. Nothethat himfelfe is not fo : which is Marke Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall the lighes of Ollania blow the fire up in Cafar, and (as I faid before) that which is the firength of their Araity, shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony will vie his affection where it is. Hee married but his occasion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you shoord?

I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it fir : we have vs'd our Throsts in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away,

Exempl.

Musiche player. Enter two or three Sermance with a Banker.

1 Heere they'l be man: fome o'th'their Planes are rooted already, the least winder th'world wil blow them downe.

2 Lepida is high Contord.

1 They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

3 As they pinch one another by the disposition, bee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entrestie, and himselfe to'th'drinke.

But it railes the greater warre betweene him & his discretion,

2 Why this it is to have a name in great mens Fellowship: I had as live have a Reede that will doe meno service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

2 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be feene to move in the to the holes where eyes should bee, which

pittifully disafter the cheekes,

A Small founded. Enter Cafar, Anthony, Powpey, Lapidous, Agriffa, Merenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captames.

Ant. Thur do they Sit: they take the flow o'th Nyle By certaine scales i'th'Pyramid: they know By th'height, the lownesse, or the meane : If dearth Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus (wels, The more it promises : as it ebbes, the Seedsman V pon the flime and Ooze Catters his graine, And shortly comes to Haruest.

Lip. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Anib. 1 Lepidus.

Lip. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun : so is your Crocodile,

Ant. They are fo.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to Lyides.

Lep. lamnot fo well as I should be:

But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you have flept: I feare me you'l bee in

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the Prolomics Pyramins are very goodly things : without contradiction I have heard that.

Menas. Pempey, 2 word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.
Men. For lake thy feate I do beleech thee Captaine, And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbeare metill anon. Whifers in's Eare.

This Wine for Lepides.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile? Ant. It is (hap'd fir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is just so high as it is, and moones with it owne organs. It lives by that which nourishethit, and the Elements once out of it, le Transmigrates

Lop. What colour is it of? Ant. Ofit owne colour too.

Lap. 'Tisa Atrange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis lo, and the teares of it are wet. Caf. Will this description fatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives him, elfe be is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang : tell me of that? Away:
Doss I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the fake of Merit thou will heare mee

Rife

Rife from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad : the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap of so thy Fortunes.
Pers. Thou half feru'd me with much faith: what's elfe to fay? Be jolly Lords.

And. These Quicke fands Lepidus.

Keepe off, them for you finke,

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? Thar's twice.

Pom. How should that be #

Mer. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pen. Haft thou drunke well.

Men. No Pompey, I have kept me from the cup, Thou art if thou do! It be, the earthly love! What ete the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes, Isthme, if thou wilt ha's.

Pom. Show me which way,

Men. These three World-Sharers, these Competitors Are in thy restell. Let me cut the Cable, And when we are pur off, fall to their throates 1

All there is thine. Pom. Ah, this thou shoulds have done, And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villante, In thee,'t had bin good fervice : thou must know, Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honout: Mine Honour it. Repent that ere thy tongue, Hath to berraide thine ace. Being done vinknowne, I should have found it afterwards well done,

But must condemne it now : defist, and drinke. Men. For this, He never follow

Thy paul'd Fortunes more, Who feekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd. Shall never finde it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidiu Ans. Beare him ashore, He pledge it for him Pompey

Eno Heere's to thee Menoco Men, Enobarbus, vielcome. Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Ene. There's a ftrong Fellow Menas.

Mon. Why?

Em. A beares the third part of the world man i feeft

Men. The chird part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou i encrease the Reeles.

Mm Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaft.

Am. It ripen's towards it : ftrike the Vessells hoa.

Cafar. I could well forbeat't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Am, Bea Child o'th'time.

Cafar. Postelle it, Ile make answer : but I had rather fast from all, soure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Hamy brave Emperour, shall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier. Am. Come, let's all take bands,

Till that the conquering Wine hath fleep't our fense, In foft and delicate Lethe

Eno. All take hands ;

Make battery to our eares with the loud Muficke,

The while, ile place you, then the Boy thall ling, The holding every man shall beace as loud, As his firong fides can volly

Mufiche Playes. Enobarbus places them band in band. The Song.

Come thes Monarch of the Vine. Plumpse Bacchus, with punke eyne: In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd, Wish thy Grapes our bairerte Crown'de Cup vs Hill the world go round, Cap us still the world go round,

Cafar. What would you more? Pempey goodnight. Good Brother Let me request you of our graver bufinesse Frownes at this letitie. Gentle Lords let's part, You fee we have burnt our cheekes. Strong Enabarbe Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongne Spleer's what it speakes: the wilde disguise bath almost Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight. Good Ambony your hand.

Pom. He try you on the shore, Auth. And shall Strigues your hand.

Pom Oh Ambony, you have my Father hoples But what, we are Friends?

Come downe into the Boate.

Ene Take heed you fall not Menas. Henot on fhore, No to my Cabin: these Drummes, These Trumpets, Fluces: what Les Neptune heare, we bid aloud fare well To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out. Sound a Flour if web Drummes.

Ener. Hoo fairs a there's my Cap. Men. Hoz, Noble Capraine, come.

Enter Ventidisus as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorue borne before birs.

Ven. Now darting Parthys art thou firoke, and now Pleas'd Fortune does of Marein Craffin death Make me revenger. Beare the Kinga Sonnes body, Before our Army thy Pacorus Orades, Pares this for MARCHA Craffus

Romaine. Noble Vemiduu, Whil'st yer with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme, The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre through Medis, Melapotamia, and the shelters, whether The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine Anthony Shall fet thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head. Ven. Oh Sillius, Sillius,

I have done enough. Alower place note well May make too great an act. For learne this Sellina, Better to leave vndone, then by our deed Acquire too high a Fame, when him we formes array. Cafar and Anthony, have ever wonne More in their officer, then person. Soffuse One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant, For quicke accumulation of renowne, Whichhearchlu'd by th'minute, loft his facour. Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can, Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition (The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choice of losse Then gaine, which darkens him. I could do more to do Anshonnus good, But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Exeunt.

S bould my performance perifh.

Rom Thou half Ventules that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grounts feares diffinction i those will write to Anthony.

Von. lk humbly fignifie what in his name, That magicall word of Warre we have effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks. The acre-yet beacen Horfe of Parthis,

We have raded out o'th Field.

Ram Where is he now?

Ven. He purpofeth to Athens, whither with what hall The weight we must conusy with's, will permit: We shall appeare before hon. On their passe along.

Exerunt. Enter Agrapa at one doore, Eucharbus as another.

Agri. What art the Brothers parted? Eno. They have dispatche with Pompey, he is gone, The other three are Scaling. Oftmus weepes To part from Rome: Cafar Is lad, and Lepidus Since Pompey's least, as Monas saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sicknesse.

Agri. Tica Noble Lepidne.

Ens. A very fine one: oh, how he loves Cafe. Agri. Nay but how decrely he adores Mark Ambery.

Ene. Cafer? why he's the Inpiter of men. Ant. What's Ambony, the God of lupiter?

Eno. Spake you of Cafer ? How, the non-pareill? Aeri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Ene Would you praile Cafar, lay Cafango no further. Ar Indeed he plied them both with excellent praifes

Eso. But he loues Cafer beft, yet be foues Anthony: Hoo Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Seribes, Berds, Poets, cannot

Thinka speake, cast, write, ling, number: boo, His love to Anthony. But as for Cafer,

Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder. Agri. Both he loves.
Eso. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, for

This is to horse : Adieu Noble Agrippa. Agrs. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cafar, Ambony, Lepideu, and Olivania, Antho. No further Str.

Cafar. You take from me a great part of my felfe: Vle me well in't. Sister, prone such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheft Band Shall palle on thy approofe: most Noble Authory, Let not the peece of Vertue which is fet Betwixt vs, 25 the Cyment of our love To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortreffe ofit: for better might we Have lou'd without this meane, if onboth parts This be not cherisht,

Ant. Make me not offended, in your diftruft.

Cafer, I have faid.
Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left cause For what you feeme to feare, fo the Gods keepe you, And make the hearts of Romaines seure your ends: We will heere part.

Cafar. Farewell my deereft Sifter fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort : farethee well.

Oils. My Noble Brother.

Asth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Lones foring, And thefe the showers to bring it on t be cheerfull.

Olla. Sie, looke well to my Husbands houle : and . Cafer. What Ollows ?

Oda. He tell you lu your care.

Ant. Her songue will not obey her heart, nor can Her beart informe her tougue,

The Swannes downe fearher

That stands upon the Swell at the of full Tides And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cale weope? Agr. Hehs's a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worle for that, were he a Horle lo is he being a man

Agri. Why Enobarbus!

When Anthony found I when Cafer dead, He cried almost to rosring : And he wept, When at Phillippi he found Zrut we flaine

Eno. That yeare indeed, he was troubled with a rume. What willingly be did confound, he was I'd,

Beleru't till I weepe too. Cafer. No sweet Ollawa.

You shall heare from me full : the time shall not

Our-go my thinking on you.

Mer. Come Sir, come, He wraftle with you in my firength of lose, Looke beere I have you, thus I, let Lou go,

And give you to the Gods

Cefar. Adieu be happy.
Let. All the numbet of the Starres give light To thy faire way.

Cafar. Ferewell, ferewell. Keffer O Bases Am. Farrwell. Trampers found Excust.

Emer Chaparra Charmien, Irs, and Alexas,

Cles. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afeard to come. Cho. Go 100, go 100 : Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meffenger as before.

Alex. Good Marchie: Hered of lucy dare mot looke rpon you, but when you are well place'd.

Clea. That Hereds head, He have: but how? When Ambany is gooe, through whom I might command it; Come thou neere.

Mef. Most gratious Maiefile. Cles. Did'fi thou behold Offeria?

Mes I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where!

Mef. Madamin Rome, I looks her In the face and faw her led betweene her Brother, and Make Leiberj.

Cho. Is fhe astall as me? Mef. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didft bearcher (peake? Is the shrill tongu dor low?

Mef. Madam I heard her speake she is low voice Cles. That's not fa good : he cannor like her long.

Cher. Like ber ? Oh Ifit : 'cis impossible. Cles. I shinke to Charmean dull of roogue, & dwarfish

What Maletlie is in her gate, remember If crethou look'ft on Maichie.

Mef. She creepes: her motion, & her fraion are as one She shewes a body, rather then a life,

A Statue, then a Breather,

Clee. Is this certaine? Mef. Or I have no observance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Clos. He's very knowing, I do percent's, There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow ha's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueffe at her yeares, I prythee. Meff. Madam, the was a widdow. Cleo. Widdow? Charman, hearke. Mef. And I do thinke she's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'fethou her face in mind? is'clong or round? Meff. Round, euen to faultineffe.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are fuolish that are Co. Her haire what colour?

Meff. Browne Madam: and her forehead

As low as the would with it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee, Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill, I will employ thee backe againe : I finde thee Moft fit for bufineffe. Go, make thee ready, Our Letters are prepar'd.

Cho. A proper man. Cho. Indeed he is fo: I repent me much That so I harried him. Why, me think's by him, This Creature's no fuch thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.
Cleo. The man hath scene some Maiesty, and should know

Char. Hath he seeme Maiestie? Isis else desend: and

ferving you to long.

Cleopa. I have one thing more to aske him yet good Charmion: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring bin to me where I will write; all may be well enough. Exexput.

Char. I warrant you Madam. Enter Anthony and Oltakia.

Ant. Nay, nay Oltania, not onely that, That were excusable, that and thousands more Of femblable import, but he hath wag'd New Warres gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it, To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me, When perforce he could not

But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and fickly He vented then most narrow measure:lentme, When the best hint was given him : he not look't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Octani. Oh my good Lord, Beleeve not all, or if you must beleeve, Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady, If this deuision chance, ne're flood betweene Praying for both parts: The good Gods wil mocke me prefently, When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband, Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud, Ch bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother, Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle Ottavia, Let your best love draw to that point which seeks Best to preserve it: if I loose mine Honour, I loofe my felfe:better I were not yours Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested, Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady, He raife the preparation of a Warre Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast, So your defires are yours.

Off. 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 cleave, and that slains men

Should soader up the Rift.

Anch. When It appeares to you where this begins, Turne your displeasure that way, for our Jules Can never be so equall, that your leve Can equally moue with them. Proude yourgoing, Choose your owne company, and command what cost Your heart he's mind too. Execut.

Enter Enobarbes and Eres.

Eno. How now Friend Eros? Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir. Eno. What man?

Ero. Cofar & Lepidus have made warres upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. Cafar having made vie of him in the warres gamft Pompey: presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not refling here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. V poo his owne appeale feizes him, so the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadft a paire of chapsn o more, and throw betweene them all the food thou haff, they'le

grinde the other. Where's Anthony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole Lepidsa, And threats the throate of that his Officer, That murdred Pompey.

Ens. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cafer, more Domitics, My Lord defices you presently : my Newes I might have rold heareafter.

Eno. Twillbe naught, but let it be:bring me to Anthony. Eros. Come Sir.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cafar. Caf. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't: I'th' Market place on a Tribunall filuer'd, Cleopaira and himselfe in Chaires of Gold Were publikely enthron'd : at the feet, fat Cafarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne, And all the vnlawfull iffuc, that their Luft Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her, He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Cefar. I'ch'common shew place, where they exercise, His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings, Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia He gaue to Alexander. To Prolomy he affign'd, Syria, Silicia, and Phoeneria: The In th'abiliments of the Goddesse Isis That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience, As tis reported fo.

Mere. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
Agri. Who queozie with his infolence already,

Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cafar. The people knowes it, And have now received his acculations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Cafar. Cafar, and that having in Cicilie

Sexum Pompetus spoil'd, we had not rated him
His pareo'th'Isle. Then does he say, he lent nue Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frees That Lepides of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd, And being that, we detaine all his Revenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answered.

Cofor, 'Tis done already, and the Meffenger gone: I have told him Lapidus was growne too cruell,

уу

That he his high Authority abus'd, And did deferue his change : for what I have cooquer'd, I grant him part : but then in his Armenla, And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mec. Hee'l never yeeld to that.

Caf. Nor muft not then be yeelded to in this. Enter Oldanie wal ber Traine.

Oda. Haile Cafar, and my L. heile most deere Cafar. Cefer. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.
Offe. You have not call'd me fo, nor have you cause.

Caf. Why baue you flola upon vs thus you come not Like Cafers Sifter, The wife of Anthony Should have an Army for so Viher, and The neighes of Horfe to tell of her approach, Long ere the did appeare. The trees by th'way Should have borne men, and expectation fainted, Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duft Should have afcended to the Roofe of Heaven, Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come A Market maid to Rome, and have prevented The oftentation of our love; which left vnfhewne. Is often left valou'd : we should have met you By Sea, and Land, Supplying enery Stage With an augmented greeting.

Offa. Good my Lord, To come thus was I not confirain'd, but did it On my free-will. My Lord Marke Ambony, Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted My greened eare withall; whereon I begg'd His pardon for recume.

Caf. Which foone he granted, Being an abstract eweene his Lust, and him.

Olfa Do not fay formy Lord. Caf. I have eyes vpon him.

And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now? Olla My Lord, in Athens.

Cafar. No my most wronged Sister, Cleopara Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire Vp to a Whore, who now are leaving The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath affembled, Bochus the King of Lybia, Architesus Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos King Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King Adullas, King Manches of Arabia, King of Pont, Hered of Icwry, Mithridates King Of Comagent, Polemen and America, The Kings of Mede, and Licosnia, With a more larger Lift of Scepters.

Olla. Ayeme most wrerched, That have my heart parced betwixt two Friends, That does afflict each other. (breaking forth

Caf. Welcom hither : your Letters did with-holde our Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led, And we in negligent danger : cheere your heart, Be you not troubled with the time, which drives O're your content, these strong necessities, But let determin'd things to destinie Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome, Nothing more decre to me. You are abus'd Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods To do you luffice, makes his Ministers Ofve, and those that love you. Best of comfort, Agrip. Welcome Lady. And euer welcom to vs.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam, Each heart in Rome does love and pitty you, Onely th adulterous Ambery, most large

In his abbominations, tornes you off, And gines his potent Regiment to a Trull That noyfes It against vs.

Olla. Is it fo fit!
Caf. Most corrainer Sister welcome: pray you Be ever knowne to patience. My deer A Sifter. Exempl Emer Chepara pod Ensbarbin.

Cles. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cles. Thou half forespoke my being to these warres, And fay'A It it not fit.

Zm. Well: in it, is it.

Clee. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not we be there in person.

Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee should ferae with Horse and Mares rogether, the Horse were meerly lost the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cho. What is't you lay !

Enob. Your presence needs must puzle Ambon, Take from his beart, take from his Braine, from's turbe, What should not then be spar'd. He is already Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'us faid in Rome, That Photmes an Eucuch, and your Maides Mannage this warre.

Che. Slake Rome, and their tongues see That speake against vs. A Charge we bearei'th'Warre, And as the president of my Kingdome will Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it, I will not flay behinde.

Ener Ambony and Comides. Ene. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor. Aut. Is it not strange Camidius,

That from Tarrentum, and Brandulium, He could so quickly eat the Ionian Sea, And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Che. Celerity is neuer more somit'd, Then by the negligent.

Am. A good reboke, Which might have well becom'd the best of men To tount at flacknesse. Camidius, wee Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what elfe? Cam. Why will my Lord, do fo? Ast. For that he dares vs too't.

Exob. So bath my Lord, dar'd him to fingle fight. Cam. 1, and to wage this Barrell at Pharlalia, Where Cafar fought with Pompey. But thefe offers

Which ferue not for his vantage, he shakes off, And fo should you.

Eneb. Your Shippes are not well mann'd, Your Marriners are Muliters, Reapers people Ingroft by fwift Impreffe. In Cafari Fleete, Are those, that often have grinft rompey fought, Their shippes are yare, yours heavy no disgrace Shall fall you for tefufing him at Sea,

Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eze, Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away The absolute Soldierthip you have by Land. Diffrad your Armie, which doth most consist Of Warre-markt-footmen, leave vnexecuted Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe The way which promifes a Gurance, and Give vp your felfe meerly to chance and liszard. From firme Securitie.

Aut. He fight at Sea.

Clee. I have fixty Sailes, Cefar none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching Cefar. But if we faile.
We then can doo't at Land.

Enter a Messager.
Thy Businesse?

Mef. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,

Cafar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. Camidius.
Out nineteene Legions shou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Hotse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my Thetis.

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. On Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you missoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; letth Egyptians
And the Phenicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs d to conquer standing on the eartus
And fighting soot to soot.

Ant. Well, well, 2way. exit Ant. Clear Enob. Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou att: but his whole action grower
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse

whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus lufteus, Publicols, and Celius, are for Sea: But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of Cafars

Carries beyond beleefe.

Soul. While he was yet in Rome
His power went out in fuch diffractions.

As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul They fay, one Towns.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Emperor cals Camulus.
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, fome.

Enter Cafar with his Army, marching.

Caf. Towns?
Tow. My Lotd.

Cef. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this jumpe.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant Set we our Squadrons on yond fide o'th'Hill.

In eye of Cafars battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly.

Camidius Marchesh wish his Land Army one way over the frage, and Tourns the Lientenant of Cafar the other way: After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer: Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall, With all their fixty flye, and turne the Rudder: To fee't, mine eyes are blafted.

Enter Scarring.

See. Gods, & Goddeffes, all the whol fynod of them!

Sour. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost With very ignorance, we have kist away Kingdomes, and Provinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Sear. On our fide, like the Token'd Peffilence, Where death is fure. You ribaudred Nagge of Egypt, (Whom Leprofic o're-take) i'th'midft o'th'fight, When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder; (The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne, Hoifts Sailes, and flyes.

Eno. That I beheld s Mine eyes did ficken at the fight, and could not Indure a further view.

Sear. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, Anthony,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer faw an Action of fuch shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne'te before,
Did violate so it selse.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidias.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is our of breath, And finkes most lamentably. Had our Generall Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well: Oh his ha's given example for our flight, Most grossely by his owne.

Enob. 1, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight

indeede.

excernit

exis.

Cam. Toward Peloponuesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easie toot.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To Cafar will I render My Legions and my Horfe, fixe Kings alreadie Shew me the way of yeelding.

Eno. He yet follow

The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason Sits in the winde against nice.

Enter Ambony with Assendants.

Am. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is as ham'd to be ate me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it sliye,
And make your peace with Cefar.

Omnes. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I have fled my felfe, and have instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my selfe resolu'd opon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For seare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hine
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.

Leaue

Leave me, I pray a little : pray you now, Nay do fo : for indeede I have loft command,

Therefore I pray you, Ile fee you by and by. Sindown Enter Clespair a led by Charman and Eros.

Eras. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Char. Do, why, what ellet

Clee. Let me fit downe : Oh Ime.

Ant. No no no no no no. Eras. See you heere, Sie?

Char. Madam. Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eras. Sir,fir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yet; he at Philippl kept His fword e'ne like a dancer, while I frooke The leane and wrinkled Cassius, and twas I That the mad Bruws ended: he slone Desk on Lleutenantry, and no procise had In the bysue fquites of Warre; yet now : no matter-

Cleo. Ah Rand by.

Eres. The Queene my Lord, the Queene. Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,

Hoe's vaqualited with very frame. Cleo. Well then, fuffaine me: Oh.

Eres. Most Noble Six arise, the Queene approaches. Her head's declin'd, and death will ceale her, but Your comfort makes the releve.

Ant. I have offended Reputation,

A most vanoble swerning. Eroc. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, fee How I convey my fhame, out of thise eyes, By looking backe what I have left behinde Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cles. Oh my Lord, my Lord, Forgine my fearfull fayles, I little thought

You would have followed.

Ans. Egypt, thou knew'st too well, My heart was to thy Rodder tyed by th'firings, And thou should'ff stowe me after. O're my spirit The full supremacie thou knew'a, and that Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods Command mee.

Cles. Oh my pardon. Ans. Now I must

To the young man fend humble Treaties, dodge And palcer in the faifts of lowner, who With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd, Making, and marring Portones. You did know How much you were my Conqueror, and that My Sword, made weake by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Am Fall not a teare I fay, one of them rates All that is wome and loft : Give me a kiffe, Even this repayes me. We feet our Schoolemafter, is a come backe? Love I am full of Lead: forme Wine Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes, We forme ber most, when most the offers blower. Execut

Enter Cafar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Caf. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony. Know you him.

Dolla Cafar, els his Schoolemafter. An argumens that he is pluckt, when hicher He fends to poore & Pinnion of his Wing, Which had Tuperfluous Kings for Mellengers, Not many Moones gone by, Enter Arrhafeder from Ambony.

Cofo. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Asthony : I was of late as petry to his ends. As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe To his grand Sea.
Caf. Bee't fo, declace thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Forumes he falures thee, and Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted He Leffons his Requests, and to thee lues To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth A private man in Athens: this for him. Next, Cloparadoes confesse thy Greatnesse, Submits her to thy might, and of thee cranes The Circle of the Prolomies for her heyres, Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Caf. For Ambory,
I have no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Delire shall faile, so thee From Egypt drive her all-difgraced Friend, Ortake his life there. This if thee performe, She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Caf. Bring him through the Bands: To try thy Eloquence, now 'ris time, dispatch, From Ambeny winne Clesperta, promise And in our Name, what the requires, adde more From thine invention, offers. Women are not In their best Fortunes strong; but went will periore The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cupping Thidia, Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we Will answer at a Law,

Thid. Cafe, 1 go.

Cefer. Observe how Anthony becomes his flaw, And what thou think it his very schion speakes In every power that moones. Thid. Cafer, I Shall.

Enter Cleopara, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras. Clee. What shall we do, Ensburbu ?

Ene. Thinke, and dye.

Cles. Is Ambory, or wein fault for this?

Eno. Anthony onely, that would make his will Lord of his Reason. What though you fied, From that great face of Warre, whose severall ranges Frighted each other? Why should be follow? The itch of his Affection should not then Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point, When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being The meered question? Twas a shame no lesse Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges, And leave his Navy gazing.

Cloo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador poith Ambers. Ans. Is that his answer? Am. The Queene shall then have courte he,

So the will yeeld vs vp. Am. He sayes fo.

Antho. Let her know'r. To the Boy Cafar fend this rixled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brunne, With Principalities.

Clee. That head my Lord?

Ans.

Ans . To him againe, tell him he weeres the Role Of youth vpoa him: from which, the world should note Someting particular. His Coine, Ships, Legions, May he > Gowards, whose Ministers would preusile Vnder the fervice of a Childe, as foone Agrith'Command of Cafar I dare him cherefore To lay his gay Compartions a-part, Andan firm me declin'd, Sword against Sword, Our felues alone : lle write it : Follow me. Eno Yes like enough : hye battel'd Cafer will Vnftatehis happinelle, and be Stag'd to'th'fhew Against a Sworder. I fee mens ludgements are Aparcellof their Fortunes, and things outward Dadraw the inward quality after them To liver all slike, that he foould dreame, Knowing all measures, the full Cafer will

His ludgement too. Enter a Sermant.

Ser. A Mellengerfrom Cafer Clee. What no more Ceremony ? See my Women, Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose, That kneel'd vinto the Buds. Admit him sit.

Answer his emptimelle; Cefer thou halt subdu de

Ene. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square. The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure To follow with Allegeance a false Lord, Does conquer him that did his Master conquer, And earnes a place i'th'Story. Enter Thedias.

Ciro. Cafars will. Tord. Heare it apart.

Cles. None but Friends : fay boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to Anthony. Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as Cefar ha's, Orneeds not vs. If Cefar please, our Master Will leape to be his Friend : For vs you know.

Whole he is, we are, and shat is Cafart. ThidSo. Thus then thou most renown'd, Cafar intreats, Not to confider in what case thou stand'st

Further then he is Cafare.

Cleo. Go on right Royall.

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not Anthony As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he Does pitty, as confirmed blemishes, Notas deserved

Cleo. Heira God.

And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely,

Eno. To be fure of that, I will aske Anthony Sir, fir, thou art fo leakie That we must leave thee to thy finking, for

Thy deerest quit thee. Exis Euob. Thid Shall I say to Cafer.

What you require of him tfor he partly begges To be desir'd to give. It much would please him, That of his Fortunes you hould make a flaffe To leane upon. But it would warme his spirits To heare from me you had left Anthony,

And put your selle under his shrowd, the vowersal Land-Clee. What's yout name? Third. My name is Thidias.

Cleo. Moft kinde Mellenger, Say to great Cafar this in disputation, I kisse his conqu'ring hand : Tell him, I am prompt Toley my Crowne st's feete, and there to kneele. Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I hears The doome of Egypt

Thid. The your Richlest course : Wifedonie and Fortune combatting rogether, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Gine me grace to lay My ducie on your hand.

Clas. Your Cafars Pather ofc, (When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in) Bestow'd his lips on that voworthy place. As it ram'd killes.

Enter Authory and Enoburbus. Ant. Favoured By Jove that thunders. What are thou Thid, One that but performes (Fellow? The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest To have command obey'd.

Ene You will be whipt.

Ant. Approch there : sh you Kite. Now Gods & divels uthority melts from me of late. When I cried hos, Like Boyes vnto a mulle, Kings would flore forth, And cry, your will, Haueyou no cares?
I am Authory yet. Take hence this lack, and whip him. Enter a Serumite

Eno. Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe. Then with an old one dying.

Ans. Moone and Starres. Whip him: wer t twenty of the greatest Tribucaries That do acknowledge Cafer, should I finds them So fawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name Since the was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellowers Till like a Boy you fee him crindge his face. And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Marke Anthony. Ant. Tugge him sway : being whipe Bring him againe, the lacke of Cafers Shall Beare vs an arrant to him. Exeant with Thillies. You were halfe blafted ete I knew you : Ha? Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome, Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race, And by a lein of women, to be abus'd By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ane. You have beene a boggeler etter, But when we in our victousnesse grow hard Oh milery on't) the wife Gods feele our eyes In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make vs Adore our errors, laugh at's while we frux To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, ist come to this?

Am. I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon Dead Cesars Trencher: Nay, you were a fragment Of Gneius Pompeyer, befides what hotter houres Varegistred in vulgar Fartte, you have Luxuiously pickt out. For I am sere, Though you can guesse what Temperance should be, You know not what it is.

Cloo. Wherefore is this?

(lord.

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards, And lay, God quit you, be familler with My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seele, And plighter of high hearts. Othat I were Vpon the hill of Bafon to out-roare The horned Heard, for I have lauge caule, And to proclaime it citilly, were like

A halrer'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke, For being yare about him. Is be whipe ? Enter a Serman wat I bideas.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried her end begg'd a Pardon !

Ser. He did sake fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father line, let him repent Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou fortie To follow Cafar la his Triumph, fince Thou haft bin whipt. For following him, benceforth The white hand of a Lady Feater thee, Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to Cafer, Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou fay He makes me angry with him. For he feemes Proud and difdainfull, barping on what I am, Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry, And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't: When my good Starres, that were my former guides Haue empty lese their Orbes, and that their Fires Into th'Abisme of bell. If he mislike, My speech, and what is done, tell him he has Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom He may at plcafure whip, or hang, or torture, As he (hall like to quit me. Vige it thou : Hence with thy Stripes, be gone. Exit Toid.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Aur. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclip !. And it portends alone the fail of Ambony.

Clee. I must stay his time?
Aut. To flatter Cafer, would you mingle eyes

With one that tyes his points

Cleo. Not know me yet? Act. Cold-bearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be fo, From my cold heart let Heaven ingender haile, And poylon it in the fourfe, and the first stone Drop in my necke : as it determines fo Diffolue my life, the next Calarian Imile, Till by degrees the memory of my wombe, Together with my brane Egyptians of. By the discandering of this pelleted storme Lye graneleffe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle

Haue buried them for prey. Are. I am fatisfied:

Cofor fets downe in Alexandria, where I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land, Hath Nobly held, out feuer'd Nauie 100 Have knit againe, and Fleete, threatning moft Sea-like. Where haft thou bio my heart? Doft thou heare Lady? If from the Field I shall returne once more To kille thefe Lips, I will appeare in Blood, I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle, There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-finewed, hearted, breath'd, And fight maliciously: for when mine houses Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives Of me for selfs: But now, He let my teeth And fend to darkenesse all that stop me. Come, Let's have one other gawdy night: Call to me All my fad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more: Ler's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. 1 isroy Birth-day, I had thought thaugheld it poore. But fince my Lord Is Anthony againe, I will be Chopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaloes to my Lord. Am. Dolo, wee'l speake to them, And to night He force The Wine peepe through their learnes. Come on (my Queene) There's fap in't yet. The next time I do highe Ile make ceach lone me . for I will contend Even with his pestilent Syt w.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lighening, to be furious Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode The Done will pecke the Effridge; and I for full A diminution in our Captaines braine, Reflores his heart; when valous prayes so reston, It eates the Sword it fighte with: I will feeke Some way to lease him.

Euter Cafer, Agrippa, & Mercene will bis Array, Cafa reading a Letter.

Case. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power To beate me out of Egypt. My Mellenger He hash whips with Rods, dares me to personal Combas. Cefar to Authory: let the old Ruffish know, I have many other wayes to dye : meane time] Laugh et his Challenge.

Mice. Cofar muft thinke.

When one to great begins to rage, bee's hunted Even to falling. Gine him no breath, but now Make boote of his diffraction i Neuer anger Made good guard for it felfe.

Cef. Let our best heads know, That to morrow, the last of many Batteiles We meane to fight. Within our Files there are, Of those that seru'd Marke Anthony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it done, And Feaft the Army, we have flore to doo't, And they have eated'd the wafte. Poore Anthony. Execut

Enter Aurbon, Cleopara, Embaba, Charles, Iras, Alexas sont orbers.

Am. He will not fight with me, Domitica?

Agt. Why (hould he not?

Em. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one,

Ant. To morrow Soldier, By Sea and Land lle fight: or I will line, Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood Shall make it live againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile firike, and ay; Take all. Am. Well faid, come on :

Call forth my Houshold Servents, lets to night

Be bounteous arour Meale. Give me thy hand, Thou hast bin rightly bonest, so hast thou, Thou, and thou, and thou : you have feru'd me well, And Kings have beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What toesnes this?

Eno. Tis one of those odde tricks which Grow thoon Our of the minde.

Am. And thou are honeft too: I with I could be made to many men, And all of you dept vp together, to An Asbony : that I might do you fernice, So good as you have done.

Execut.

Omnes. The Gods forbid

Am. Well, my good Fellowes, walt on me to night: Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me As when mine Empire was your Fellow too, And fuffer'd my command.

Clea. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weeper

Ant. Tend me to night; May be, it is the period of your duty, Haply you hall not fee me more, or if, A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow, You'l ferue another Master. Hooke on you As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends, I turne you not away, but like a Master Married to your good scruice, flay till death : Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more, And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you (Sir) To give them this discomfort? Looke they weepe, And I an Affe, am Onyon- /'d; for fhame, Transforme va not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho.ho: Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thos. Grace grow where shoir drops fall (my bearry Priends) You take me io too dolorous a fenle, For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts) I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you, Where rather He exped victorious life,

Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come, And drowne confideration.

Euter a Company of Soldiours.

1. Sol. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day. 3.Sd. It will determine one way : Fare you well. Heard you of nothing ftrange about the ftreets.

1 Nothing : what newes ?

3 Belike tis but a Rumous, good night to you.

1 Well für, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

3 Souldiers, have carefull Warch.

1 And you a Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

1 Heere we : and if to morrow Our Navie thrive, I have an absolute hope

Out Landmen will stand up. I Tis a brane Army, and full of purpole. Muficke of the Floboges w under the Stage.

2 Peace, what noise?

z Lia lia.

2 Hearke.

z Muficke l'th' Ayre.

3 Vnder the earth.

4 It fignes well, do's it not?

I Peace I fay: What should this meane?

2 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loved, Now leaves him.

I Welke, let's fee if other Watchmen

Do beare what we do?

2 How now Maisters? Speak together. Omner. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1 1, is't not frange?
3 Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?

r Follow the noyle so farre as we have quarter.

Let's fee how it will give off. Onnes. Content: Tis frange,

Excum.

Enter Anthony and Choparra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros.

Cloo. Sleepes little.

Ant. No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armos Eros. Enter Eret.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on, If Fortune be not ours to day, it is Decause we braue her. Come.

Clos. Nay, He helpe too, Anthony.
What's this for? Ahlet be, let be, thou are The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this, Sooth-law He helpe: Thus it must bee.

Azt. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seeft thou my good fellow. Gosput on thy defences,
Eror. Briefely Sir.

Cleo. Is not this backled well?

Ant. Rarely, tarely: He that vabuckles this, till we do plesse

To daft for our Repole, thall heare s florme. Thou fumblett Eres, and my Queenes a Squire More right at this, then thou: Disparch. O Love. That thou couldst teemy Wattes to day, and knew's The Royall Occupation, thou hould'it fee A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome, Thoulook & like him that knowes a watlike Charge: To bufineile that we love, we rife betime,

And go too't with delight.

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, have on their Rivered trim, and at the Port expect you. Trumpets Flouryb.

Enter Captetnes, and Souldiers. Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall. Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads. This Morning, like the spirit of a youth That meanes to be of note, begins becimes.

So, to: Come give me that, this way, well-fed. Fare thee well Dame, what are becomes of me, This is a Soldiers kiffe: rebukeable, And worthy shamefull checke it were, to frand

On more Mechanicke Complement, He leane thee. Now like a men of Steele, you that will fight, Follow me close, He bring you too't: Adleu. Exquire.

char. Please you retyte to your Chamber? Cleo. Lead me :

He goes forth gellently: That he and Cafar might Determine this great Warre in fingle fight;

Exeune Then Ambony; but now. Well on.

Trungers found. Enter Authory, and Eros.

Fros. The Gods make this 2 happy day to Ambony. Am. Would thou, & those thy scars had once prevailed

To make me fight at Land. Erer. Had "fi thou done so,

The Kings that have revolted and the Soldier That has this morning left thee, would have fill Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Whose gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one ever nessethee, call for Enderbus,

He Mail not heare thee, or from Cafari Campe, Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What fayeft thou? Sold. Sir he is with Cafar.

Eros. Sir, his Chefts and Treasure he has not with him.

Ans. Is he gone? Sol. Most certaine.

Ans. Go Eros, fend his Treasure after, do it, Desaine no iot I charge thee : welte co him, (I will subscribe) gen's adieu's, and greenings; Say, that I wish he never finde more cause

To change a Mafter. Oh my Fortunes have Corrapted honell men. Difpatch Enobarbus.

Enter Agrippa, Cofar with Enobartina, Flowist.

Caf. Go forth Agripps. and begin the fight: Our will is Anthony betcoke aliue: Make it fo knowne,

Arrip. Cafar. I Mall.

Cafar. The time of universall peace is neere: Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world Shall beare the Olive freely

Enter a Messenger. Thef. Anthony is come into the Field. Cef. Go charge Agrippa, Plant those that have revolted in the Vant, That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury Vpon himfelfe. Exennt.

Encb. Alexes did revole, and went to lewry on Affaires of Anthony, there did diffwade Great Hered to incline himselfe to Cefar, And leave his Mafter Anthony. For this paines, Cafar hach hang'd him: Camindine and the selt That fell away, have entertainment, but No honourable trust: I have done ill, Of which I do accuse my selfe so forely, That I willing nomore.

Enter a Soldier of Cafass. Scl. Enobarbus, Anthony

Hath after thee fent all thy Treasure, with His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.
Sol. Mockettot Encharbus, I tell you true : Best you faf't the bringer Out of the hoalt, I must attend mine Office, O: would have done tmy felfe. Your Emperor Continues Rill a loue.

Eneb. I am alone the Villaine of the earth, And feele I am formoft. Oh Ambony Theu Mine of Bounty, how would'Atheu have payed My better feruice, when my turpitude Theu doft fo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart, If fwift thought breake it not: a fwifter meane Shall out. frike thought, but thought will doo't. Ifeele I fight against thee: No I will go seeke Some Dirch, wherein to dye: the foul'A belt fits My latter part of life.

Augum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa.

Agrap Retire, we have engaged our felues too fatto:

Cafar himfelfe ha's works, and our oppression

Frie. Exceeds what weexpected. Exit.

Alerums.

Enter Anthony, and Scarren wounded.

Scar. Omy brave Emperor, this is fought indeed, Had we done fo at first, we had droven them home With clow tsabout their heads! Far of.

Ane. Thou bleed ft apace.
Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T, But now'tis mede an H.

Ant. They do tetyte. Scer. Wee'l best'em into Bench-boles, I baue yet Roome for fix fcosches mase.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage ferres

For a faire victory.

Sear. Let vs score their backes,

And fratch 'em vp, as we take Hates behinde, Tir sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on Scar, Ilehaltafter.

> Alexum. Enter Anthony agains in a Meren. Scarrus, wuhoshers.

EXECUTE

Ant. We have beate him to his Campe: Runne one Before, & let the Queen know of our guefts: to mottow Before the Sun finall fee's, wee'l foil the blood That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all, For doughty handed are you, and have fought Not as you feru'd the Caufe, but as't had beene Each mans like mine : you have shewne all Hellers. Enter the Citty, elip your Wives, your Friends, Tell them your feats, whil'A they with 10 yfull reares Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse The Honour d-gashes whole.

Emer Clespatta

Giue me thy hand, To this great Faiery, lle commend thy acts, Make her thankes bieffe thee. Oh thou day o'th'world, Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all Through proofe of Harneffe to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords. Oh infinite Vertue, comm'il thou fmiling from

The worlds great fnare vneaught. Ant. Mine Nightingale,

We have beste them to their Beds. What Gyrle, though gray

Exit

Do fomthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we A Braine that nouri lines our Nerves, and can Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man, Commend vnto his Lippes thy faucuting hand, Kiffe it my Warriour : He hath fought to day, As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile give thee Friend An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings. Ant. He has deferu'diz, were it Carbunkled Likeholy Phæbus Carre. Give me thy hand, Through Alexandria make a jolly March, Beare our hack: Targets, like the men that owethem. Had our great Pallace the capacity To Campethis hoaft, we all would fup together, And drinke Carowies to the next dayes Face

Which

Which promifes Royall perill. Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blast you the Cittles care,
Make mingle with our ratling Taboutines,
That heaven and earth may strike their founds together,
Applauding our approach.

Execute.

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not released within this houre, We must return to th' Court of Guard: the night Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile By'th' second houre i'th' Morne.

1. Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night.

2 What man is this?

& Stand dole, and lift him.

Enob. Be witnesset o me (O thou blessed Moone) When men revolted shall vpon Record Beare hatefull memory: porte Enobarbus did Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus?
2 Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soueralgne Mistris of true Melancholly.
The poylonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my hears
Against the slint and hardnesse of my tault,
Which being dried with greese, will breake to powder,
And simsh all foule thoughts. Oh Anthony,
Nobler then my teuolt is Infamous,
For give me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leaver, and a sugitive:
Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

1 Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes May concerne Cafar.

2 Let's do so, but he sleepes.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his Was never yet for sleepe.

I Gowetohim.

2 Awake fir, awake, speake to vs.

1 Heare you fir?

Cons. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes af arre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the fleepers: Let ye be re him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note: Our houre is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet.

exceson t

Emer Anthony and Scarres with their Army.

Aut. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleasethem not by Land.

Sear, For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adiopning to the Citty
Chall flay with vs. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may beft discover,
And looke on their endevour.

Enter Cafor, and his Army.

Caf. But being charg'd, we will be fill by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best advantage.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-sighs. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does frand, I shall discouer all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'ris like to go. exit

Scar. Swallowes have built In Cleopatra's Sailes their nests. The Auguries Sap, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly. And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony, Is valiant, and deiccted, and by starts His stetted Fortunes give him hope and seare Of what he hus, and has not.

Exter Anthony.

Ant. Allisloft : This fowle Egyptian hath bettayed me: My Fleete liath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder They cast their Caps vp, and Carowie together Like Friends long loft. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'cis thou Haft fold me to this Nouice, and my heart Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye: For when I am reveng'd vpon my Charme, I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone. Oh Sunne, thy vprife shall I see no more, Fortune, and Anthony part heere, even heere Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gave Their wishes, do dif-Candie, melt their sweets On blofforning Cefer : And this Pine is barkt, That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am. Oh this falle Soule of Egypt ! this grave Charme, Whole eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home: Whose Bosome was my Crowner, my chiefe end, Like a right Gypfie, hath at fast and loofe Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse. What Eros, Eros?

Enter Cheopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Augunt. Clee. Why is my Lord entag'd against his Loue?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving, And blemith Cefors Triumph, Let him take thee, And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians, Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot Ofall thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewns For poor's Diminitiues, for Dolts, and les. Patient Ollmia, plough thy vifage up With her prepared nailes. exis Cleopetro. Tis well th'art gone, If it be well to hue. But better'twere Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death Might have prevented many. Eros, hoa? The thirt of Neffes is vponme, teach me Alcider, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage. Let me lodge Licas on the hornes o'th' Moone, And with those hands that graspe the heaviest Club, Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die, To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall

Enter Cleopaira, Charmian, Iras, Mardian

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly Was never fo imboft.

Vnder this plot : She dyes fot't. Eres hoa?

Char. To'th'Monument therelocke your felfe, And fend him word you are dead:

The

Excunt.

The Soule and Body rive not more in parting, Then greatnelle going off.

Clea. To'th'Monument : Mardian, go cell him I have flaine my felfe. Say, that the last I spoke was Anthony, And word it (prythee) pitteoufly Hence Mardian,

And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.

Ant. Eras, thou yet behold if me?

Eros. I Noble Lord. Ant. Sometime we fee a clowd that's Dragonish, Avapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon, Aroward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke, Aforked Mountaine, orblew Promontorie With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world, And mocke our eyes with Ayre Thou halt feene thefe Signes,

Enter Ambony, and Eros.

· Eros. Imy Lord.

Aut. That which is now a Horse, even with a thoght the Racke diffimes, and makes it indittinch As water is in water.

Eres It does my Lard.

They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Aut My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is Euen Such a body: Heere I am Anthony, Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave) I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene, Whole heart I shought I had, for the had mine: Which whill fit was mine, had annext votoo's A Million moe, (now loft.) thee Eros has Packe Cards with Cafors, and falle plaid my Glory Vnto an Enemies triumph. Nay, weepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs Our selves to end our selves

Enter Mardian. Oh thy vilde Lady, the has rob'd me of my Sword. Mar. No Ambony,

My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence fawcy Euruch peace, she hath bettaid me,

And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once, And that the ha's discharg'd. What thou would'ft do Is done voto thy hand : the last she spake Was Anthony, most Noble Action Then in the midd'ft a teating grone did breake The name of Ambony : it was divided Betweene her heart, and lips: The rendred life Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnaume Eres, the long dayes taske is done, And we must sleepe: That shouldepart It hence fafe Does pay thy bour richly : Go. exis Mardian. Off, plueke off, The leven-fold shield of Aiax cannot keepe The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my fides. Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent, Cracke thy fraile Cale. Apace Eros, apace; No more a Soldier : bruifed preces go, You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. exit Eras I will o're-take thee Chopatra, and Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is Torture: fince the Torch is out, Lye downe and firsy no farther. Now all labour

Matter what it does : yes, very force eneargles It felfe with frength: Seale then, and all is done. Erost I come my Queenc, Eros? Stay for me, Where Soules do couch on Flowers, weel hand in hand, And with our fprightly Port make the Ghofter gazes Dide, and her Enew that I want Troopes, And all the haunt be ours. Come Eras, Eras Erner Eros.

Gros. What would my Loid? Am. Since Cleoparadyed,

I have liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods Detell my balenelle. I, that with my Sword, Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe With Ships, made Cities; condemne my felle, to lacke The Courage of a Woman, leffe Noble minde Then the which by her death, our Cafar telles I am Conqueror of my felle. Thou are I wome Eras. That when the exigent should come, which now is come indeed: When I should see behinde me To ineuitable profecution of difgrace and horror, That on my command, thou then would'it kill me. Doo't, the time is come : Thou firik'st not me, 'In Cafar thou defeat'A. Put colour in thy Chocke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me. Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts, (Though Enemy) lost syme, and could not. Ant. Eros,

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe His corrigible necke, his face lubdu'de To penetrative thame; whil'it the wheel'd leate Of Fortunate Cafar drawne before him, branded His Balenetle that enfued.

Erer. I would not fee's

Am. Come then: for with a wound I must be and Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast wome Most vsefull for thy Country.

Eres. Oh fir, pardon me.

Ast. When I did make thee free, fwor I gnot then To do this when I bad thee ! Do it at once, Or thy precedent Services are all But accidents vnpurpes'd, Draw, and come.

Eras. Turne from me then that Noble counterance,

Wherein the worthip of the whole world lyes.

Am. Loe thre.

Eros. My Sword is drawne. Ans. Then let it do at once The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Mafter,

My Capraine, and my Emperor. Let me say Before I firike this bloody ftroke, Farwell. Am. 'Tis faid man, and farewell.

Eros. Fareweil great Chiefe. Shall I firike now? Killes benfelfe. Am. NOW Eros.

Eras. Why there then:

Thus I do escape the fortow of Annonies death. Ant. Thrice-Nabler thea my felfe, Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eros, what I should, and thou could's not, my Queene and Erm Have by their brave instruction got voon me A Noblearsse in Record. But I will bee A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't As to a Lovers bed. Comether, and Erus, Thy Mafter dies thy Scholler; to do thus Hearnt of thee How, not dead? Not dead? The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Fuce

Enter a Guard

I. Cward. What's the noise?

Aut. I have done my worke ill Friends: Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2 The Starre is falne.

And time is at his Period.

ALL Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loues me, firike me dead.

Norl.

Nor any one: Derceins. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly This fword but thewne to Cafer with this tydings,

Shall enter me with him.

Emer Diomeder.

Die. Where's Ambony?

Decre. There Doomed there.

Diem. Lines he: will thou not answer man?

Am. Anthou there Diomed?

Draw thy fword, and give mee, Suffiling Brokes for death.

Diem. Most absolute Lord :

My Mistris Cleopara sent me to thee. Ant. When did shee send thee?

Dion. Now my Lord.

Anth Where is the >

Dom. Locke in her Monument: The bad a Prophelying Of what hath come to palle : for when the faw (Which never shall be found) you did suspect She had dispos'd with Cefor, and that your rage Would not be purg'd, the sent you word the was dead: But fearing fince how it might worke, hath feat Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good Dismed: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Goard,

The Guard, what hos & Come, your Lord calles. Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Ambony.

Ave. Beste me good Friends where Cleopatra bides. 'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Woe, woe are we fit, you may not live to weare All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp face To grace it with your forrowes. Bid that welcome Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp I have led you ofe, carry me now good Friends, And have my thankes for all. Exis bearing Authory

> Enter Cleopatra, and ber Maides aloft, wib Charmon & Iras.

Che. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence. Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not?

All frange and terrible events are welcome, But comforts we dispile; our fize of fortow Proportion'd to our caule, must be as great As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diem His death's wpon him, but not dead. Looke out o'th other fide your Monument, His Guard have brought him thicher.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cke. Oh Sunne.

Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ft in, darkling fland The varrying shore o'th'world. O Antony, Antony, Antony Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe : helpe Friends

Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace, Not Cafari Valour hath o'rethrowne Authory. But Anthonie's hath Triumpht on it felfe,

Cles. So it should be,

That none but Anthony should conquer Asthony, But woe 'tis fo.

Aut. 1 am dying Egypt, dying; onely, I heere importune death a-while, vntill Of many thousand kiffes, the poore last I lay vpon thy lippes.

Clee. I dare not Deere, Deere my Lord pardon: I date not, Leaft I be caken inor th'Imperious thew Of the full-Fortun'd Cefer, ever shall Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have Edge, fling, or operation. I am fafe Your Wife Ollania, with her modest eyes, And fill Conclusion, shall arquire no Honour Demuting vpon me: but come, come Anthony, Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp . Affift good Friends.

Aut. Oh quicke, or I am gone. Cles. Heere's sport indeede : How heavy weighes my Lord? Our frength is all gone into heavineffe, That makes the waight. Had I great luso's power, The strong wing'd Mercury should ferch thee vp, And fer thee by loues fide. Yet come a little, Withers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They because Anthony close to Cheopera. And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hallin'd, Quicken with kiffing : had my lippes that power, Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heavy fight.

Aut. I am dying Egypt, dying. Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little. Cles. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye, That the falle Hulwife Fortune, breake ber Wheele, Prouok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (Sweet Queene) Of Cafar leeke your Honour, with your lafety. Oh.

Clee. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle heare me.

None about Cefer truft, but Proculeius.

Cles. My Resolution, and my hands, He trust,

None about Cafar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,? Lament nor forrow at : but please your thoughts In feeding them with those my former Fortunes Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince of hworld, The Noblest: and do now not basely dye, Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to My Countreymen. A Roman, by a Roman Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going, I can no more,

Cleo. Nobleft of men, woo't dye? Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide In this dull world, which in thy absence is No better then a Stye? Oh fee my women t The Crowneo'th'earth doth melt. My Lord? Oh wither'd is the Gerland of the Warre,

The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles Are level now with men : The odder is gone, And there is nothing left remerkeable Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quiernelle, Lody.

Irm. She's dead too, our Souersigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt : Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cho, No more but in a Woman, and commanded By fuch poore passion, as the Mald thet Milker, And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me, To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods, To tell them that this World did equall theyes, Till they had stolne our fewell. All's but usught: Patience is fortish, and impatience does Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it finne, To rush into the fectet honse of death, Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women! What, what good cheere? Why how now Chamiles? My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Locke Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heart Wee'l bury him : And then, what's brave, what's Noble, Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion, And make death proud to take vs. Come, away, This case of that huge Spirit now is cold. Ah Women, Women ! Come, we have no Friend But Refolution, and the breefest end. Exeuns, bearing of Authonies bedy.

> Enter Cefar, Agrippa Dollabella, Menas, with bis Counsell of Warre.

Cafar . Go to him Dollabella, bid him yeeld, Being fo fruftrate, tell him, He mockes the pawles that he makes.

Dol. Cefar, I shall

Enter Decretas was the fourd of Anthony. Caf. Wherefore is that? And what are thou that dar'ft

Appeare thus to vs?

Deef I am call'd Desretas, Marke Ambeny I seru'd, who best was worthie Best to be seru'd: whil'it he stood vp, and spoke He was my Master, and I wore my life To spend vpon his haters. If thou please To take me to thee, as I was to him, Ile be to Cefar : if y pleafest not, I yeild thee vp my life. Cafar. Whatis't thou fay's?

Der. Ilay (Oh Cafar) Anthony is deed. Cefar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make A greater cracke. The round World Should have shooke Lyons into civil streets,

And Cittizens 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 Cafar, Not by a publike minister of Iustice, Nor by a hyred Knife, but that felfe-hand Which writhis Honor in the Acts it did, Hath with the Courage which the heart did lead it, Splitted the heart. This is his Sword, I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd With his most Noble blood.

Cef. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings To wash the eyes of Kings. Dol. And Arangeitis,

That Notice must compell vi to lament Our most persisted deeds.

Mor. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him. Dola. A Racer Spirit neuer

Did feere humanity : but you Godt will give ve Some faults to make vimen. Cafar is touch d.

Mer. When fuch a spacious Mirror set before him, He needes must see him selfe.

Cafer. Oh exalbony, I have followed thee to this, but we do launch. Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce Haue shewne to thee such a declining day, Or looke on thine: we could not fall 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 Matein 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 out Startes Vnreconciliable, snould divide our equalseste to this. Heare me good Friends, But I will tell you at some meeter Season, The bulinefie of this man lookes out of him,

Wee'l heare him what he sayes.

Exter on Egyptues.

Whence are you?

Egyp. A poote Egyptian yet, the Queen my militis Confin d in all, the has her Monument Of thy intents, desires, infruction. That the preparedly may frame her felfe To'th'way thee's forc'd too.

Cefer. Bidher have good heart, She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours, How honourable, and how kindely Wee Determine for her. For Cafar cannor leauero be engentle

Agypt. So the Gods preserve thee. Cas. Come hither Precideius. Go and say We purpose her no shame : giue her what comforts The quality of ber pation thall require; Least in her greatnesse, by sume morta'l stroke She do desezte vs. For her life in Rome, Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go, And with your speedieft, bring vs what the layer, And how you finde of her.

Pro. Cefar I shall. Exit Proculeins. Ces. Gallun, go you along : where's Dolabella, to se-

cond Preculeius

All. Dolabella.

Cef. Let him alone : for I temember now How hee's imployd : he shall in time be ready. Go with me to my Tent, where you shali see How hardly I was drawne into this Warre, How calme and gentle I proceeded ftill In all my Writings. Go with me, and fee What I can shew in this.

Exempt.

Enter Cleopasta, Charmien, Itu, and Mardian-

Cles. My defolstion does begin to make A better life : Tis paltry to be Cafar : Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knape, A minister of her will: and it is great

To do that thing that ends all wher deeds, Which shackles accedents, and bolts up change; Which fleepes, and never paliases more the dung, The beggers Nurle, and Cafars Enter Proculoius

Pro- Cefar fends greeting to the Qupene of Egypt, And bids thee fludy on what faire demands Thou mean'it to have him great thes.

Cleo. What's thy name? Pro. My name is Procukius.

Cleo. Anthony Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but

I do not greatly eare to be deceiu'd That have no vie for fruiting. If your Mafter Would have a Quecce his begger, you must tell him, Thus Maielly to keepe decorate, multa No leffe begge then a Kingdome: If he please To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne, He gives the so much of mine owne, as t Will threele to him with thankes, Pro. Bo of good cheere:

Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing, Make your full reference freely to my Lord, Who is fo full of Grace, that it flower over On all shat neede. Let mereport to him Your (weet dependacle, and you fhell finde A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,

Where he for grace is itneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him, I am his Fortunes Vaffall, and I fend him The Greatnesse he has got. I hourely learne A Doarine of Obedience, and would gladly Looke him i'th' Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady) Have comfort, for Iknow your plight is pittled Ofhim that caus'd it.

Pro. You fee how easily the may be furpriz'd:

Guard her till Cafm come. Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh Cleopare, thou are taken Queene, Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands,

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Doenot your felfe such wrong, who are in this Releeu'd, but not betruid.

Cles. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish Pro. Cleopetra, do not abule my Makers bounty, by Th'undoing of your felfe: Let the World fee His Nebleneffe well acted, which your death Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where are thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and takes Queene Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate. De not drinke fir, If idle talke will once be necessary He not sleepe neither. This mortall house He raine, Do Cafar what he can. Knowlie, that I Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court, Nor once be chastic'd wish the sober eye Of doll Offania. Shall they hoyd me up, And shew me to the showing Varloterie Ofcenturing Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt. Be gentle grave voto me, rother on Nylus inudda Lay me farke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies Blow me inco sbhorning; rather make My Countries high pyramides my Gibber,

And hang me vp in Chaines!

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall Finde cause in Cafer.

Enter Dolabola.

Dol. Prosuleiue, What thou ball done, thy Maffer Cafar knowes.

And he hach fent for thee : for the Queene, He take her to my Guard, Pro. So Dolabella,

It shall contout me best : Be genvle to bee, To Cafar I will speake, what you fast pirate, If you I imploy me to him. Exit Propulsian

Cleo, Say, I would dye,.
Dol: Moh Noble Empresse, you have heard of one.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dal. Afforedly you know me.

Cleo. No matter fir, what I have heard or knowne: You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames, Ls't not your tricke?

Del. I voderstandnet, Madam.

Cleo I dreampt there was an Emperor Anthony, Oh fuch another fleepe, that I might fee Eue fuch another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cleo. His face was as the Head'ne, and therein flucke A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cleo. His legges beltrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme Crested the world: His vayce was propertied As all the timed Spheres, and that to Friends: But when he meant to qualte, and thake the Orbe, He was as racting Thunder. For his Bouncy, There was no winter in't. An Anthony it was, That grew the more by resping: His delights Were Dolphin-like, they show'd his backe chose The Element they liv'd in : In his Livery Walk'd Crowner and Crowners: Realms & Islands were As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Choparra.

Clea. Thinke you there was, or might be fuch amon As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no. Clas. You Lye up to the hearing of the Gods: But if there be, nor cuer were one fuch It's past the sizo of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t'imagina An Anthony were Natures peece, gainst Fancie, Condemning shadowes quite.

Del. Heare me, good Madam: Yourlosse is as your lesse, great; and you ware is As answering to the weight, would imight never Ore-take pussu'de successe: But I do seels By the rebound of yours, a greefe that fuites My very heart at roote.

Cleo, I thanke you fir: Know you what Cafar meanes to do with me? Del. Lom leath to rell you what, I would you knew.

Clev. Neypray you fir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable,

Cleo. Hea'lleade me then in Triumph. Del. Madamhe will I know's. Einer Proculeicus, Calir, Gallan, Beccenas, and orbers of bus Traine.

All. Make way there Cafar.

Cal. Which is the Queens of Egypt. Dd. It is the Emperor Madara. Cleo, knowlss.

Color. Arlie, you shall not kneele:

I pray you rife, nie Egypt.

Clos Sir, the Gods will have to thus, My Master and my Lord I must obey Cafar. Take to you no hard thoughts, The Record of what miuries you did vs,

Though written in our flesh, we shall esmember

As things but done by chance. Clee. Sole Six o'th' World,

I cannot proit & roine owne caule fo well To make it cleare, but do confesse I have Bene laden with like frailties, which before Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Cafar. Cleopaira knovi, We will extenuate rather theu inforce: If you apply your felfe to our intents, Which towards you are most gentle, you shell finde A benefit in this change: but if you feeke To lay on me & Cruelty, by taking Authories course, you shall bereaue your selfe Ofmy good purpoles, and put your children To that destruction which He guard them from. If thereon you celye. He take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we your Soutcheons, and your fignes of Conquert (hall

Mang in what place you please. Here my good Lord. Cafor. You shall aduste me in all for Cleoparta. Clov. This is the breese : of Money, Plate, & Lewels I am possest of, 'is exactly valewed,

Not petry things admitted. Where's Selenem?

Selsu. Heere Madam.

Cire. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord) Vpon his perili, that I have referu'd

Tomy felfenothing. Speake the truth Seleucas. Selen. Madam, I had rather feele my lippes,

Then to my perill speake that which is not. Clas. What have I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Cafar. Nay blush not Cleopatra, I approue Your Wilcdome in the deede.

Cino. Sec Cefar: Oh behold, How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours. And should we shift estates, yours would be mine The ingratitude of this Seleneus, does Euen make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more truft Then love that's hyr'd? What goeft thou backe, & shale Go backe I warrant thee: but He catch thine eyes Though they had wings. Slave, Soule-leffe, Villain, Dog.

O rarely bale!

Cafar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you. Cleo. O Cafar, what a wounding shame is this, That thou vouchfafing heere to vifit me, Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse To one fo meeke, that mine owne Seruant fhould Parcell the lumme of my difgraces, by Addition of his Enuy. Say (good Cafar) That Home Lady trifles have referu'd, Immoment toyes, things of fuch Dignitie As we greet moderne Friends withall, and fay Some Noblertoken I haue kept apan For Livin and Olimin, to induce
Their mediation, must I be ynfolded
With one that I have bred: The Gods! it finites me Beneath the fall I have. Prythee go bense,

Or I shall show the Cypders of my foir to Through th' Albies of my chance: Wer'cabou a man, Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cafar. Forbette Selavene.

Cleo, Be it known, that we the greatest are mil-thoghe For things thee others do : and when we fall, We enforce others merits, in our meme Aretherefore to be pittied.

Cafer. Chapera,

Not what you have referred, nor what acknowledg'd Put we ith Roll of Conquest: Aili beet yours, Bestow it at your pleasure, and be ceue Cefers no Merchant, to make prize with you Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd, Make not your thoughts your prison: No detre Queen, For we istend to to dispose you, as Your felfe shall give vs counsell: Feede, and seepe Our care and pitty it fo much vpon you, That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Matter, and my Lord.

Cafar. Not lo: Adies. Exeuns Cafar, and bus Trume. Cles. He words me Gyrles, he words me,

That I thould not be Noble to my letie Bus hearke thee Charmian.

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is doce, And we are for the darke.

Cleo. Hyoth eagaine, I have spoke already, and it is provided, Goput it to the bafte.

Char. Madam, I will.

Emer Dolabela.

Dal. Where's the Queene? Char. Behold fir. Cleo. Dolateka

Del. Madam, as thereto (wome, by your command (Which my lone makes Religion to obey) I tell you this: Cefar through Syria Intends his journey, and within three dayes, You with your Children will be fend before, Make your best vie of this. I have perform'd Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cles. Dalabelia, I shall remaine your debtes.

Del. I your Serusnt:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Cefer. Cleo. Farewell, and thankes. Now Iro, what think's thou?

Thou, an Egyptian Pupper shall be shewne In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall Vplife vs to the view. In their thicke breathes, Ranke of groffe dyet, shall we be enclowded.

And fore'd to drinke their vapour Irac. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, tis most certaine Iras: sawrie Lictors Will catch at vs like Strumpers, and scald Rimers Ballada vs out a Tune. The quieke Comedians Extemporally will stage vs, and present Our Alexandrico Revels : Anthroj Shall be brought drunken forth, and I final! fee Some squeaking Cleeperra Boy my greatnesse 1'ch'podure of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods! Cles. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Henoverfoote? for Lam fore mine Nailes Are Bronger then mine eyes.

Exi

Cles. Why that's the way to foole their preparation, And to conquer their most absurd interes. Enter Charman,

Now Charmian. Shew me my Women like a Queene : Go ferch My best Attyres. I am againe for Cidrus, To meete Marke Anthony, Sirra Iras, go (Now Noble Charmian, wee'l dispatch indeede,) And when thou hast done this chare, He give thee leave To play till Doomelday : bring our Crowne, and all, A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Cardf. Heere is a rurall Fellow, That will not be deny de your Highnesse presence, He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poore an Instrument

Exil Guardsman.

May do a Noble deede : he brings me liberry : My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing Of weman in me : Now from head to foole I am Marble constant : now the seeting Moone No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo, Auoid, and leave him. Exit Guardsman. Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there, That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I have him : but I would not be the partie that should defire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall : those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or neper recouer.

Cleo. Remember's thou any that have dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yellerday, a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-ting of it, what pains she selt: Truely, the makes a verie good report o'th'worme ; but he that wil beleeve all that they fay, thall never be faued by halfe that they do: but this is nioft falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Clev. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clove. I wish you all toy of the Worme. Cleo. Fatewell.

Clow You must thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. 1, 1, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to beetrufted, but in the keeping of wife people : for indeede, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cico. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know that the divell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the divell dresse her not. But truly, thefefame whotfon divels doe the Gods great harme in their women; for in cuery tenne that they make, the divels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes for footh: I wish you toy o'th'worm. Exit

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have Immortall longings in me. Now no more The myce of Egypts Grape thall moyft this lip. Yare, yare, good Iras; quicke: Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call: I fee him rowfe himfelfe To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock The lucke of Cafar, which the Gods gove men To excuse their after wrath, Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage procemy Title. I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I give to bafer life. So, have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes. Farewell kinde Charmian, Iras, long farewell. Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall? If thou, and Nature can fo gently part, The ftroke of death is as a Lovers pinch, Which hurts, and is defir'd. Doft thou lye fill? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world, It is not worth lesue-taking.

Cher. Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say

The Gods themselves do weepe.

Cleo. This proves me base : If the first meete the Curled Anthony, Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kiffe Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch, With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate, Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole, Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake, That I might heare thee call great Cafar Affe, vnpolicied,

Char. Oh Easterne Starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace : Dost thou not see my Baby at my breaft. That fuckes the Nurse asseepe.

Char. O breake! O breake! Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle. O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay. Char. In this wilde World & So fare thee well: Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes A Laste unparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze, And golden Phoebus neuer be beheld Of eyes againe to Royall: your Crownesaway,

He mend it, and then play Enter the Guardruftling in, and Dolabelle. 1 Guard. Where's the Queene? Char. Speake fofuly, wake her not.

Cafar hath sent

Char, Too flow a Messenger.

Oh come apare, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

1 Approach hoz, All's not well : Cafar's beguild.

2 There's Dolabella fent from Cafar: call him.

What worke is heere Charman?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeffe Descended of so many Royall Kings Ah Souldier. Charmsan dyes

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere? 2. Gnard. All dead. Dol. Cefar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this: Thy felfe are comming To see perform'd the dreaded A& which thou So fought'ft to hinder.

Enter Cafar and all bis Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cafar.

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The Tragedie of Anthony and Cleopatra.

Dol. Oh fir, you are too fure an Auguster.

That you did feare, is done. Cefar. Braneft at the laft,

She levell'd at our purpoies, and being Royall Twoke her owne way: the manner of their deaths, I do not fee them bleede.

Dol. Who was last with them?

r Guard. A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs: This was his Backet.

Casir. Poylon'd then.
3. Guard. Ob Casir:

This Charmion liu'd but now, the flood and spake:
If ound her trumming up the Diadem;
On her dead Mistris tremblingly the stood,
And on the sodaine dropt.

Cefer. Oh Noble weekencile:
If they had fwallow'd popfon, 'twould appeare
By externall fwelling: but the lookes like fleepe,
As the would catch another Anabony
In her flrong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Herre on her breft, There is a vent of Bloud, and fomething blowne. The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Afpickes traile, And these Figge-leaves have slime upon them, such As th'Aspicke leaves upon the Caues of Nyle. Casar. Most probable

That so she dyed: for her Physician tels thee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions insinte
Ofeasse wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And heare her Women from the Monument;
She shall be bursed by her Anchorg.
No Graue upon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high events as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No leffe in putty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne show, attend this Fenerall,
And then to Rome. Come Delabella, see
High Order, in this great Solmemnity.

Exture come

FINIS.





THETRAGEDIEOF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scana Prima.

Enter two Gentleman.

1. Gent.

Ou do not meet a man but Frownes. Our bloods no more obey the Headens Then our Courtiers: Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

Gent. But what's the matter? 1. His daughter, and the here of's kingdome (whom He purpos'd to his wives fole Sonne, a Widdow That late be married) hath refert 'd het felfe Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded, Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all Is outward forrow, though I thinke the King

Be touch'd at very heart. 2 Nonebut the King?

I He that hath lofther too : fo is the Queene, That most defir'd the Match. But not a Courtier, Although they weate their faces to the bent Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 And why fo?

He that hath mis'd the Princeste, is a thing Too bad, for bad report : and he that hath her, I meane, that married her, alacke good man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to feeke through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like; there would be fomething failing In him, that should compare. I do not thinke, so faire an Outward, and fuch fluffe Within Endowes a man, but hee.

You speake him farre.

I do extend him (Sir) within himfelfe, Crush him together, rather then vnfold dis measure duly.

2 What's his name, and Birth?

I Cannot delue him to the roote : His Father Was call'd Sicilian, who did to yne his Honor Igainst the Romanes, with Cassibulan, But had his Titles by Tonantiss, whom He feru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe: io gzin'd the Sur-addition, Laonains. and had (besides this Gentleman in question) wo other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time)y'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father Then old, and fond of offue, tooke fuch forrow That he quit Being ; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe To his protection, cala him Posthumus Leonaires, Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his time Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred, And in's Spring, became a Haruel Liu'd in Court (Which tere it is to do) most prais'd, most fou'd, A sample to the yongest : to th'more Mature, A glaffe that feated them : and to the graver, A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Miftris, (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Versue By her electió may be truly read, what kind of man heis. 2 I honor hitn, even out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is the fole childe to'th'King?

1 His onely childe: He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing, Marke it) the eldeft of them, at three yeares old I'th'Iwathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery Were flolne, and to this house, no gheffe in knowledge Which way they went.

2 How long is this ago!

1 Some twenty yeares.
2 That a Kings Children should be so convey'd, So flackely guarded, and the fearch to flow That could not trace them.

Howloere, 'tis Arange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'dat: Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleeue you.

1 We must forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman, The Queene, and Princesse. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Postbamus, and Imogers.

Qn. No, be affur'd you shall not finde me(Daughter) After the flander of mon Step-Mothers, Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes

Than

That locke vp your restraint. Pot you Posthumu, 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 voto his Sentence, with what patience Your wisedome may informe you.

Post. Please your Highnesse, I will from hence to day.

2n. You know the perill: He fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying The panga of barr'd Affections, though the King

Hath charg'd you should not speake together. Exi Can tickle where the wounds? My deereft Husband, I fomething feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing (Alwayes referu'd my holy dusy) what His rage can do on me. You must be gone, And I hall heere shide the hourely thot Of angry eyes : not comforted to live, But that there is this Iewell in the world, That I may fee againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistris: O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause To be suspected of more tendemesse Then dorh become a man. I will remaine The loyall'ft husband, that did ete plight troth. My refidence in Rome, at one Filorio's, Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene) And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you lend, Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

On. Be briefe, I pray your If the King come, I shall incurre, I know nor How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him To walke this way : I neuer do him wrong, But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends: Payes deere for my offences.

Poft. Should we betaking leave As long a terme as yet we have to live, The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, flay a little: Were you but riding forth to ayre your felle, Such parting were too perry. Looke heere (Loue) This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart) But keepe it till you woo another Wife,

When Imogen is dead.
Poft. How, how? Another? You gentle Gods, give me but this I have, And feare up my embracements from a next, With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere, While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest, As I (my poore felfe) did exchange for you To your so infinite loffe; so in our trife Istill winne of you. For my fake wearethis, It is a Manaele of Loue, He place it Vpon this fayrest Prisoner. Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see againe? Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poft. Alacke, the King. Cym. Thou basest thing, anoyd hence, from my sight: If after this command thou fraught the Court With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. A #29, Thou're poylon to my blood.

Poff. The Gods protect you,

And bielle the good Kerminders of the Court:

PAN

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death

More sharpe then this is. Cym. Od floyall thing.

That should'it repayre my youth, thou heap'st A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I befeech you Sir,

Harme not your felle with your vexation, I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rate Subdues all pange, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Pall hope, and in dispaire, that way pall Grace. Cym. That might'R have had

The fale Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. Obleffed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle, And did avoyd & Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'ft a Begger, would'ft have made my Throne, a Seate for balenelle

Ime. No, Irather added a luftre to it.

Cym. Othou vilde one!

Imo. Sis,

It is your fault that I have loud Poft burnes: You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What? are thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatau Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing; They were againe cogether: you have done Not after our command Away with her, And penher vp.

2n. Beleech your patience : Peace Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne, Leave vs to our felues, and make your felf fome comfere Out of your bell aduice.

Cym. Nay let her languish A drop of blood a day, and being aged Dye of this Folly. Exis.

Enter Pilanio.

Qu. Fye, you must give way: Herre is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes? Pifa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Mafter. Qu. Hahi

No harme I trustis done?

Pifa. Theremight have beene, But that my Mafter rather plaid, then fought, And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his par: To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir, I would they were in Affricke both together,

My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke The goer backe. Why came you from your Mafter?

Pifa. On his command : he would not fuffer mee To bring him to the Hauen: left thele Notes Of what commands I should be subject too, When't pleas'd you to employ me.

24. This hath beene Your faithfull Servant : I dare lay mine Honour He will remaine fo

Pifa. I humbly thanks your Highacte.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some halfe house hence,

Pray you speake with me;

You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord.

For this time leave me.

Execut.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Chiten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would adulfe you to fhift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reck as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad fo wholefome as that you vent

(los. If my Shirt were bloody, then to fhist it.

Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith : not fo much as his patience.

1 Hurthim? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if hebee nothiors. It is athrough-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Sceele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe- ude the Towne.

Clas. The Villaine would not fland me.

2 No, but he fled forward fill, zoward your face.

t Stand you Pyou have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your having, gave you fome ground.

2 As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Pupples.)
Clur. I would they had not come betweenevs.

2 So would I, till you had meafur'd how long a Foole you were spon the ground.

Clee. And that thee should love this Fellow, and re-

2 If it be a fin to make a true election, the is damn'd.

t Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not rogether. Shee's a good figne, but I have feene finall reflection of her wit.

2 She fines not vpon Fooles, leaft the reflection

Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, He to my Chambet: would there had beene fome hurt done.

2 I with not to, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse, which is no great hurt.

Cler. You'l go with vs?

1 le attend your Lordship. Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Wellmy Lord.

Exemp.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imagen, and Pifania.

Ima. I would thou grow it voto the shores o'th Hauen,
And questioned it every Saile: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pifa. It was his Queene, bis Queene.
Ima. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pifa. And kift ie, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:

And that was all?

Pifa. No Madam: for folong

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Deake, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchise,
Still waving, as the fits and stirres of's mind.
Could best expresse how slow his Soule says don,
How swift his Ship.

Ims. Thou should shaue made him.

To after-eye him.

Pifa. Madam, foldid.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle a
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanto,
When shall we hear from him.

Pifa. Be affur'd Madam, With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to fay: Etc I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and fuch: Or I could makehim fweate,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the fixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orifons, for then
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Gue him that parting kiffe, which I had see
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Facher,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Ensera Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Defires your Highnoffe Company.

Ims. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd, I will attend the Queene.

Pifa. Madam, I Iliall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Erser Philarie, Iachimo : a Frenchman, Duschman, and a Spaniard.

Jacb. Beleeue it Sir, I have feene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Creffent note, expected to prove fo woorthy, as fince he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look don him, without the help of Admitation, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his fide, and I to perufe him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-

oct, and within.

French. I have frene him in France: wee had very manny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firms eyes as hee.

lach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighted rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Lash, 1, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable disorce vader her colours, are wonderfully

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which elle an estie battery might lay flat for taking a Begger without leffe quality. But how comes it, he is to forourne with you? How ereepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no leffe then my life. Enser Postlmmu.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among 'it you, as fuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I befeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy hels, I will leage to appeare hereafter, tather then fory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir we have knowne togither in Orleance. Post, Since when, I have bin debtot to you for courtehes, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay fill.

French. Sit, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitry you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so flight and triviall a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended audgement (if I offend to fay it is men-

ded) my Quartell was not altogether fight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by fuch two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have faine both.

lach. Can we with manners, aske what was the dif-ference?

French. Safely, I thinke, twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) fuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant or bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wife, Chafte, Conflant, Qualified, and lesse accomptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in

Inch. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Poft. She holds her Verme full and I my mind

lach You must not so farre preferre her, fore ours of

Posth. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France:1 would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

lacb. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if the went before others. I have feene as that Diamond of yours out-lufters many I have beheld, I could not beloeve the excelled many: but I have not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated here so'do I my Stone.

lacb. What do you esteeme it at? Post, More then the world enioyes.

Inch. Either your vnparagon'd Mistirs is dead, or the sout-priz'd by a trifle.

Poft. You are mifiaken: the one may be folde or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guife. The other is not a thing for fale, and onely the guist of the Gods.

leeb. Which the Gods have given you?

Which by their Graces I will keepe.

lesh. You may were her in title yours : but you know ftrange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stoine too, so your brace of vaprizes. ble Estimations, the one is but freile, and the other Cola all; A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplished Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and

Post. Your Italy container none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Millins : if in the holding or loffe of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you have flore of There's otwerhanding I fe are no: my Ring.

Phil. Let vs lesue herre, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior ! thanke him, makes no stranger of me, weare familier as

lacb. With five times to much convertation, I thould ger ground of your faire Mistris; make ber go backe.c. uen to the scilding, had I admittence, and opportunitie

Post. No,no.

lach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Eflate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it fomething: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a per-Iwahon, and I doubt not you fultaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's shat?

Postb. A Repulle though your Attempt (as you call

it) deserue more; a punishment roo

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too fodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

1ach Would I had put my Fstate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I have spoke,

Post. What Lady would you chuse to affaire? lach. Yours, whom in confrancie you thinke flands so lafe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your La. dy is, with no more advantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor ofhers, which you imagine fo referred.

Postbum. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, tis part of

lacb You are a Friend, and there in the wifer : if you buy Ladies Aeth at a Million a Dram, you cannot prefeure it from tainting; but I fee you have some Religion in you, that you fcare.

Posthu. This is but a custome in your tongue you

beare a graver purpole I hope.

lacb. I am the hiefter of my fpeeches, and would vo

der-go what's spoken, I sweete.

Postbu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne : let there be Couenants drawne between's My Miltris exceedes in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your vnworthy thinking, I dare you to this match; heere's my Ring.
Phil. I will have to no lay.
Code it is on

Lach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no fush ciens testimony that I have enjoy d the deerest bodily part of your Mistrisamy ten thousand Duckets are youts.

Exts

fo is your Diamond too : if I come off, and leave her in fuch honour as you have trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your lewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided. I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs have Articles betwixt vs : onely thus farre you thall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and give me direally to vnderstand, you have preuayt'd, I am no further your Encmy, thee is not worth our debate. If thee temaine valeduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'affault you have made to her chaffity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Lach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will have these

things fet downe by lawfull Counfell, and straight away for Britaine, leaft the Bargaine flould catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers

Poj2. Agreed. French. Will this hold, thinke you. Phil. Signior lachimo will not from it.

Praylet vs follow'em.

Examer

Exit Ladies.

Scena Sexta.

Enser Queenc, Ladies, and Cornelises. Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground, Gether those Flowers, Make hafte. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam. Quien. Dispatch.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges? Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam: But I befeech your Grace, without offence (My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have Commanded of the these most poylonous Compounds, Which are the moovers of a languishing death: But though flow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask'it me such a Question: Haue I not bene Thy Pupil long? Haft thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes? Diftill? Preferue? Yes fop That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft For my Confections? Having thus farre proceeded, (Vnlesse thou think's me divellish) is't not mecre That I did amplifie my judgement in Other Conclusions ? I will try the forces Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none humane) Totry the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their Act, and by them gather Their feuerall vertues, and effe Sis.

Cor. Your Highnesse Shall from this practife, but make hard your beare Befides, the feeing thele effects will be Both noylome, and infectious.

Qu. Ocentent thee.

Enter Pifanio. Heere comes a flattering Rascall, upon him Will I first worke : Hee's for his Mafter, And enemy tomy Sonne. How now Pifazio? Doctor, your service for this time is ended, Take your owne way.

Cor. I do fufpe A you, Madam, But you shall do no harme. Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke fheha's Strange ling'ring poylons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice, with A drugge of fuch damn'd Nature. Those she ha's, Will flupifie and dull the Sense a-while, Which first (perchance) shee'l prove on Cars and Dogs. Then afterward vp higher: but there is No danger in what thew of death it makes, Morethen the locking vp the Spirits a time, To be more fresh, reutuing She is fool'd With a most falle effect: and I, the truer, Sa to be falle with ber.

21. No further seruice, Dector, Vncil I fend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

Qu. Weepes the feill (faith thous)

Doft thou thinke in time She will not quench, and let inftructions enter Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke: When thou shalt bring me word the loves my Sonne, lle tell thee on the inflant, thou art then As great as is thy Master: Greater, for His Fortunes all lye (peechleffe, and his name ls at lest gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor Continue where he is : To shife his being, Is to exchange one milery with another, And enery day that comes, comes to decay A dayes worke in him. What shall thou expect To be depender on a thing that leanes? Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp Thou know'ft not what: But take it for thy labour, It is a thing I made, which hath the King Fine simes redeem'd from death. I do not know What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take is, It is an earnest of a farther good That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how The case stands with her : doo't, as from thy felfe; Thinke what a chance thou changelt on, but thinke Thou half thy Mistris still, to boose, ray Sonne, Who shall take notice of thee. He more the King To any Inape of thy Preferment, fuch As thon'le defire : and then my felfe, I cheefely, That fet thee on to this defert, am bound To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. Exit Pife. Thinke on my words. A flye, and constant knaue, Notto belhak'd: the Agent for his Mafter, And the Remembrancer of her, to hold The hand-fast to her Lord. I have given him that, Which if hetake, shall quite vnpeople her Of Leidgers for her Sweete : and which, the after Except the bend her humor, thall be after'd To talke of too.

Euter Pifanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done: The Violets, Cowshippes, and the Prime-Roles Beare to my Cloffet : Fare thee well, Pifanso. Exit Qu. and Ladius Thinke on my words.

Pifa. And thall do: But when torny good Lord, I prove vatare, lie choake my felfe : there's all Ile do for you.

Exit. Score

Seena Septima.

Ersor Imog m above, Iwo. A Priner cruell, and a Supplame falle, A Foolish Stutor to a Wedded Lady. That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband. My supreame Crowne of greese, and those repeated Vexations of it. Find I bin Theese-stolne, As my two Brothers, happy: but most mistrable Is the delices that's glorious. Bieffed be those How means to ere, that have their horest wills, Which seasons comfore. Who may this be? Eye

Enter Pifanio and lashima.

Pifa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome. Comes from my Lord with Letters. Icsb. Change you, Madam: The Worthy Lemans is in lafery, And greates your Highnesse deerely.

Im. Thanks good Sir,

You're kindly welcome.

lach. All ofher, that is out of doore, most tich : If the be furnish'd with a mind for the She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I House loft the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend: Arme me Audacitie from head to foote, Orlike the Parchian I shall flying fight, Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads. He is one of the Nablest note, so whose kindnesses I am most in. finisely sied. Reflett upon bim accordingly, as you value your

So farre I resde aloud. But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by th'reft, and take it thankefully. You are as welcome (worthy Sit) as I Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it fo In all that I can do.

Icob. Thankes faireft Lady: What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes To fee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop Of Ses and Land, which can diffinguish'twixt The first Orbes above, and the twine'd Scones Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not Partition make with Speciales to prettous Twixt feire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

last. It connot be ith'eye : for Apes, and Monkeys Twist two such She's, would chatter this way, and Conference with mowes the other. Nor i'th'radgerene For Idioes in this cafe of favour, syould Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite. Slumery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd Should make defire vomit emptineffe, Not fo allur d to feed.

Into. What is the matter trow? Inch. The Cloyed will: That to imeyet valatish'd defire, that Tob Both fill's and running: Ravening first the Lambe, Longs after for the Garbage.

Imp. Whar, deere Siz, Thus rep's your Are you well?

lach. Thanks Madam Well: Beferch you Sir, Defire my Man's abode, where I did have hume He a Brange and poeuch

Pifa. I was going Sir, To give him welcome.

Ino. Continues well my Lord?

His health beleech you? Isch. Well, Madam

Ime. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is. lath. Exceeding pleasant : none a firanger these, So merry, end so gamesome: he is call'd The Britaine Reveller.

Inso. When he was heere He did incline to fadneffe, and oft times

Notknowing why. lach. I cover saw him sed.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one An eminent Monfieur, that it feemes rauch loues A Gallian-Girlea; home. Hefumaces The thicke fighes from him; whiles the rolly Britisine, (Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lung: :cries oh, Can my fides hold, to think that man who knowes By History, Report, or his owne proofe What woman is yea what she cannot choose But must berwill'a free houses languish:

For allured boncage? Ima. Willmy Lord (zy 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 Heaven's know some men are much too blame Imo. Nothe I hope.

lach. Not he: But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might Be vs'd more thankfully. In himfelfe 'ris much; In you, which I account his beyond all Talmis. Whil RI am bound to wonder, I am bound To pitty 100.

Imo. What do you pitty Sir?

12th. Two Creatures heartyly

120. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack differe you in me Defetues your pitty?

lacb. Lamentable: what To hide me from the radiant Sun, and folsee Ith Dungeon by a Snuffe

Inio. I pray vou Sir, Deliver with more opennelle your answeres To thy demands: Why do you piety me?

lach. That others do, (I wat about to fay)enioy your -but leis an office of the Gods to venge it, Not mise to speake on't.

Imo You do feeme to know Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you Since doubting things goill, often hurts more Then to be fure they do. For Certainties Either are past remedies; or timely knowing, The remedy then borne. Discouer to m? What both you ipur and ftop

lack' Had I this cheeke To bathe my lips youn : this hand, whole couch, (Whole every touch) would force the Feelers loub To'th'eath of loyalty. This object, which Takes priloner the vald motion of mice eye, Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Sicoer

S launer with lippes as common as the flayres
That mount the Capitoll: loyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falfhood (falfhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Bafe and illustrious as the smooth light
That's fed with finking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.
Isch. And himfelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces'
That from my muteft Conficience, to my tongue,
Charmes this roport out.

Imo, Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hare With pitty, that doth make me ficke. A Lady So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie Would make the great's King double, to be parener'd With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition Which your owne Costers yeeld: with dileas'd ventures That play with all Instrmities for Gold, Which rottenness can lend Nature. Such boys'd stuffe As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd, Or she that bote you, was no Queene, and you Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reveng'd:
How should I be reveng'd? If this betrue,
(As I have such a Heart, that both mine cares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

lach. Should he make me
Liue like Diana's Priett, betwirt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your despight, ypon your parse: revenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Assection,
Still close, as sure.

Ime. What hoa, Pifanie?

lach. Let me my feriuce tender on your lippes. Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that have So long strended thee. If thou wert Honourable Thou would'st have told this tale for Vertue, nos For fuch an end thou feek'ft, as bale, as ftrange : Thou wrong 'A & Gentleman, who is as farre From thy report, as thou from Honor: and Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines Theo, and the Dinell alike. What hoz. Pifanio? The King my Father shall be made acquainted Of thy Assoult: if he shall thinke it fit, A fawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart As in a Romin Stew, and to expound His beaftly minde to vs; he hath a Cours Helittle cares for, and a Daughter, who Henot respects at all. What hos, Pifanio?

The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferues thy truft, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Het assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
For the most worthiest sic. Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one The truell manner'd: foch a holy Witch, That he enchants Societies into him s Halfe all men hearts are his,

Imo. You make amends.

Inth. He fits 'mongfl men, like a defended God; He hatha kinde of Honor fets him off, Morethen a mortall feeming. Be not angrie (Most niighty Princesse) that I have adventur'd To try your taking of a false report, which hath Honour'd with construction your great ludgement, In the election of a Sir, so rare, Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him, Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you (Volike all others) chasselects. Pray your pardon.

Ima. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.

Tach. My humble thankes: I had almost forgot Pintreat your Grace, but in a small request.
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are pareners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray whatis's?

Tack. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord (The best Feather of our wing) have mingled summes To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done In France: 'tis Plate of rare deute, and Iewels Of rich, and exquists forme, their valewes great, And I am something curious, being strange To have them in safe Rowage: May it please you To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their fafety, fince
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Incb. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To fend them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboord to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Tach. Ye Ibefeech: or I shall short my word By lengthining my returne. From Gallia, I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise To see your Grace.

Imo. I chanke you for your paines :

But not away to morrow.

Inh. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall befeech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material!

To'th' tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it shall fafe be kepe,
And truely yeelded you; you're very welcome. Exact

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had fuch lucke? when I kill the lacke vpon an vp-caft, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson I seke-an-Apes, must

must take me up for furetime, as if I becrowed mine on thes of him, and might not spend it can at my pleasure.

2. When got he by that I you have broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his withed bin like him that broke it its would have ron all our.

cles. When a Geneleman is disposed to sweezeritis and for any Acaders by to curtail his mathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; not crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorfon dog: I gaus him facisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

3. To have freel'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a port on't. I had eather not be so Noble as I am: they dere not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: every lacke. Slave hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that so body can match.

2. You are Carke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clos. Sayefichou?

c. It is not fit you Lordship should vindertake every Companion, that you give offence too.

Clas. No, I know that : but it is he I should commit offence to my inferiora.

1. I.it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clet. Why follsy.

r. Didyou heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Chr. 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

Lamarus Friends.

Clos. Leonasus? A banisht Rascall; and he's snother, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

z. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clas. Is it fit? went to looke vpon him? Is there no de, ogesion in't?

2. You conot derogate my Lord.

Cler. Not eafily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clos. Come, Ilego see this Italian: what I have lost to day at Bowles, ile winne to night of him. Come: 30.

That fach a craftic Divel as is his Mother
Should you'd 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,
Aud leave eighteene. Also poore Princesse,
Then divine Isagen, what thou endurift,
Betwize a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother housely coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expussion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that borrid Act
Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe unstak'd
That Tempie thy faire mind, that thou maist fland
T'enion thy banish'd Lord i and this great Land. Execut.

Scena Secunda.

Ener Imogenym her Zedynd a Lady. Imo. Who's those? My women a Helene t La. Pleafe you Madam. Imo. What house is ht? Laty. Almost midnight, Madam.

Inno. I have read there houses then:

Mine eyes are worke,

Fold downer the leafe where I have left t to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leave it horning:
And if thou can't awake by foure o'th'clock,

I prythee call me: Skepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.

To your protection Leamann due, Gods.

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me befeech yee.

Inch. The Crickers fing, and meas ore-labor'd leide paires it felle by seft : Our Tanaune thus

Steeper.

Repaires it selle by sen : Our Tarquine thus Did foftly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd The Chaftitie he wounded. Cytherea, How bravely thou becom'A thy Bedifrel's Lilly, And whiter then the Sheetes : that I might touch, Bat kille, one kille. Rubies unparagon'd, How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing these Perfomes the Chamber thus; the Fisme o'th Taper Bowes toward her, and would under-peope her lids, To fee th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied Vnder thele windowes, White and Azare lac'd With Blew of Heavens owne unit. But my designe. To note the Chamber, I will write all downe. Such, and fuch pictores: There the window, fuch Th'adornement of her Bed; the Attas, Figures, Why fach, and fuch : and the Contents o'th Story. Ah.but fome naturalluotes about her Body, About ten thousand meaner Moutables Would refline, t'ensich mine Innentorie. Offerpe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon ber, And be her Sense but as a Monument, Thus in a Chappeli lying. Come off, come off; As Suppery as the Gordian-knot was hard. 'Tis mine, and this will witeeffe outwardly, As strongly as the Conscience do's within: To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left breft A mole Ciaque-Sported: Like the Crimson drop I'th bottome of a Courlippe. Heere's a Vouche, Stronger then ever Law could make; this Secret Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane The resolute of her Honour. No more: to what and Vihy should I write this downe, that's riveted, Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading lets, The Tele of Teres, heere the leafe's turn'd do was Where Philomde gave vp. I have enough, To th Truncke againe, and thut the spring of it. Swift, fwift, you Dragous of the night, that dawning May beare the Reuenseys : I lodge in feare, Though this a heavenly Angell : bell is beer Clocke Profile

One, rerosthree: time, time.

Scene Tertia.

Ener Claumand Lords.

2. Your Lordship is the most patient man in locathe most coldest that ever turn'd up Acc.

Clos. It would make any man cold to look, t. But not cuery man patient after the noble tamper of your Lordhip; You are most het, and futious when you where.

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FREE

Winning will pur any man into courage: if I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have Gold enough rit's s most morning, is's not?

1 Day,my Lord.

Clor. I would this Mulicke would come: I am advifed to give her Mulicke a mornings, they fay it will pene-Enter Mufutan.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate ber with your fingering, fo : wee lety with tongue too tif none will do, let her remaine : but le neuer grue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted things after a wooderful fweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her confi-

SONG.

Hearke, bearke, the Larke as Heasters gate fings, and Phabus gins arife,

He Steeds towater as those Springs on chalie'd Flowres to at Iges:

And working Mary buds begin to ope their Golden eyes Wish every thing that pretty is , my Ludy forcet onfe : Arte prife.

So, ger you gones if this pen trace, I will confider your Meficke the better: if it do not, it Is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-gues, not the voyce of vapated Eunuch to boot, can never amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queens.

3 Heere comes the King. Clor. I am glad I was up fo late, for that's the reason I was up to earely: he cannot choose but take this Sernice I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maiefly, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Ariend you berethe doore of our flero daughter

Will the not forth?

Clor. I have affayl'd her with Musickes, but the vouchfafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile ofher Minion is 100 new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the prior of his remembrance on t, And then the's yours.

On. You are most bound to th'King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter : Frame your lelfe To orderly folicity, and be friended With aprincife of the lealon : make denials Energale your Services: lo seeme, as if You were inspir'd to do those ducies which You tender to her : that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clar. Senseleffe? Not so.

Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambaliadors from Rome;

The one is Came Lucius. Cim. A worthy Fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purposenow; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himfelfe, his goodnelle tore-speat on va We must extend our notice : Our decre Sonne, When you have given good morning to your Miliris, Accept the Queene, and vs. we Chall have neede T'employ you towards this Romene. Come our Queene Excurs.

Clos. If the ba vp, He speake with her : If not Let her lye fill, and dreame : by your leave hos, I know her women are about her I what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes Diena's Rangers falle themselves, yeeld vo Their Deere to'the Band o'th Stealer : and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and faves the Theefe: Ney, sometime hangs both Theese, and True-man . what Can it not do, and vadoo? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not enderstand the case my selfe. By your leauc. Knockes. Enter a Ledy.

La. Who's there that knockes? Clos. A Gentleman.

Le. No more.

Clos. Yes, and a Gendewomans Sanne

La That's more

Then fome whose Taylors are and cere as yours. Can infly boaft of : what's your Lord thips pleafare?

Cha. Your Ladies person, is the ready? La. 1, to keepe her Chamber.

Clor. 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 Inagen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sifter your sweet hand. Imp. Good morrow Sir, you lay out roo much paints For purchasing but trouble; the thankes I give. Is telling you that I am poore of thankes, And scarse can spare them.

Clot. Still I fweste I love you.

Imo. If you but faid to, 'twere as deepe with me ! If you sweare fill, your recompence is full That I regard it not.

Clor. This is no answer.

Imo, But that you shall not say, I yeeld being General I would not speake. I pray you spare me, Taith Ishall vnfold equall discourrefie To your best kindaesse: one of your great knowing Should learne (being taught) for bearance.

Clor. To lesue you in your madnesse, 'twere my fin, I will not.

Imo. Fooies are not mad Folker. Clos. Do you call me Poole?

Imo. As I am med I do 1 If you'l be patient, le no more be mad, That cures ve both. I am much forry (Sir). You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being fo verball : and learne now, for all, That I which know my beart, do heere pronounces By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Charitie To accuse my selfe, I have you: which I had rother You sele, then make't eny book.

Clos. You have against Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch One, bred of Almes, and fofter'd with cold diffice, With Craps o'th' Court: It is no Contra &, nor"; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more means) to knit their fools (On whom there is no more dependancie But Brees and Beggery) in felfe-figur'd knoe. Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The

The confequence of th'Growne, and must not, foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
AHilding for a Livorie, a Squites Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo Prophane Fellow:
Were thou the Sonne of Imprimand no more,
But what thou are belides thou wer't too bale,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If tweeremade
Comparative for your Vertues, to be full'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated

For being prefer d fo well.

Clot. The South-Fog rot him.

Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires about thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pisano?

Enter Ps Cause,
Clos. His Garments? Now the divell.
Imo. To Dorothy my woman bie thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Ime. I am (prighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worfe: Go bid my woman
Search for a lewell, that too casually
Hath lest mine Arme: It was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would looke it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I faw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 't was on mine Arme; I kis'die,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiste aught but he.
Pif. Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope to: go and learch, Clot. You have abus dime: His meanest Garment?

Imo. 1,1 faid to Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.

Clot. 1 will enforme your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the world of me, So I leaue your Sir,

Toth'worst of discontent.

Clos. Ile ibereueng'd:

His mean'st Germent? Well.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthornus, and Philarso.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so fure
To winne the King, as I am bold, het Honous
Will remaine her's.

Pbd. What meanes do you make to him?
Pof. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the prefent winters state, and wish
That watmer dayes would come: In these sear'd hope
I barely gratifie your love; they fayling
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company, Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King, Hath heard of Great Augustus: Cause Lucius, Will do's Commission throughly. And I think

Hee le grant the Tribute. Send th'Arrerages, Or looke voon our Romaines, whole remembrance Is yet frech in their griefe.

Post. I do beleeue

(Statist though I am none, not like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you first heare
The Legion now in Gallia, looner landed
In our not-feating-Britaine, then have tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order d, then when Iuliu Cafer
Smil'd 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 Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world.

Eater Isebino.

Phi. See Lichimo.
Post. The swiftest Harrs, have posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kis'd your Sailes,

To make your vessell numble.

Phil. Welcome Sir.

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made. The speedinesse of your retuine.

Jachi. Your Lady,

Is one of the fayrest that I have look'd vpon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts, And be false with them.

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you. Post. Their tenure good I trust.

Iach, Tisvery like.

Poft. Was Coins Lucius in the Britaine Court, When you were there?

lach. He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet,

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is tnot Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,

Ile make a journey twice as fatre, enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which

Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

Post. The Stones too hard to come by.

lach. Not a whit, Your Lady being so easy.

Foft. Make note Sir

Your loffe, you: Sport: I hope you know that we Must not continue Friends.

lach. Good Sir, we must

If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professeny selfethe winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you having proceeded but
By both your willes.

Poft. If you can mak't apparant
That you have tafted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had ofher pure Honour, gaines, or loofes,
Your Swerd, or mine, or Masterlesse leave both
To who shall finde them.

Iath. Sir, my Circumftances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You

You'l give me leave to spare, when you shall finde Youncede it not.

Post. Proceed.

lach. First, her Bed-chamber (Where I confesse I slept not, but professe Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd With Tapifity of Silke, and Silver, the Story Proud Cleopatra, when the met her Roman, And Sidnus (well d above the Bankes, or for The presse of Boates, or Pride. A prece of Worke So bravely done, so rich, that it did strue In Workemanship, and Value, which I wonder'd Could be fo rarely, and exactly wrought Since the true life on't was-

Poft. This is true :

And this you might have heard of heere, by me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars Mast justifie my knowledge. Poft. So they must

Or doe your Honour intary. Jaco. The Chimney

Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece Chafte Dian, bathing : neuer faw I figures So likely to report themselues; the Cutter Was as another Nature dombe, out-went her, Motion, and Breath left out.

Poft. This is a thing

Which you might from Relation like wife reape,

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

lach. The Roofe o'th Chamber, With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons (I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely Depending on their Brands.

Poft. This is her Honor :

Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise Be given to your remembrance) the description Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues

The wager you have laid.

lacb. Then if you can Bepale, I begge but leave to ayre this lewell 1 See, And now 'tis vp againe : it must be married To that your Diamond, He keepe them.

Post. loue .. Once more let me behold it : Is it that

Which I left with her?

lach. Sir (I thanke her) that She stript It from her Arme : I see her yet : Her pretty Action, did out-fell her guife, And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue it me, And laid, the priz'd it once.

Poft. May be, she pluck'd it off

To fend it me.

lach. She writes fo to you? doth thee?

Poft. Ono,no, ris true. Heere, take this too, It is a Bafiliske vnto mine eye, Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor, Where there is Beauty: Truth, where femblance: Loue, 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 ! O,aboue measure false.

Phil. Haue 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 folne it from her.

Post. Very true,

And fo I hope he came by't : backe my Ring. Render to me some corporall signe about her More enident then this: for this was stolne.

Iach. By Jupicer, I had it from her Arme. Poft. Hearkeyou, he sweares: by supreer he sweares Tistrue, nay keepe the Ring; 'ristrue Tam fure She would not loofe it ther Attendants are All sworne, and honourable: they indue'd to seale it? And by a Stranger ? No, he hath enjoy'd her, The Cognifance of berincontinencie Is this: The hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell Divide themselves betweene you.

Phil Sit, be parient:

This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd Of one perswaded well of.

Paft. Neuertalke on't: She hath bin colted by him.

tach. If you seeke Fot futther satisfying, under her Breast (Worthy her prefling) lyes a Mole, right proud Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life I kist it, and it gave me present hunger To seede againe, though full. You do remember This stalne vpon her?

Post. I, and it doth coufirme Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold, Were there no more but it.

Iath. Will you heate mote? Poft. Spare your Arethmaticke,

Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

lach. He be sworne. Post. No (wearing:

If you will fweare you have not done't, you lye, And I will kill thee, if thou do's deny Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. He deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meak I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before Her Father. Ile do fomething.

Phd. Quite besides The government of Patience. You have wonne : Let's follow him, and peruett the present wrath

He hath against himselfe. Jech. With all my heart.

Excust.

Enter Posthumus.

Poff. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women Muft be halfe-workers? We are all Baftards, And that most venerable man, which I Did call my Father, was, I know not where When I was Itampt. 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-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance! Me of my lawfull pleasure the reffrain'd, And pray'd me of: forbearance : didit with A pudencie to Rolie, the tweet view on't Might well have warm'd olde Saturne; That I thought her As Chafte, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Divels! This yellow lachimo in an house, was tnot?

Or lelle; at first ? Perchance he spoke not, but Like a full Acorn'd Boate, a l'armen on, Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition Bus 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 laffirme Itis the Womans part : beit Lying, note it, The womans : Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers : Luft, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers : Reuenges hers t Ambitions, Couerings, change of Prides, Dildaine, Nice-longing, Slanders, Murability; All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes, Why hers, in part, or all t but rather all For even to Vice They are not conftant, but are changing fill; One Vice, but of a minuse old, for one Not halfe fo old as that. He write against them, Deteit them, carle them : yet 'tia greater Skill In a true Hate, to pray they have their will: Exit. The very Divels cannot plague them better.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbelino, Queone, Clotten, and Lords as one doors, and at another, Cause, Lucine, and Astendants.

Cym. Now (29, what would August in Cafer with vs? Luc. When Iulius Cofar (whole temembrance yet Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain, And Conquer'd it, Cassibalan thine Vnkle (Samous in Cafars prayles, no whit leffe Then in his Fears deferuing it) for him, And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute, Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately Is lest vntender'd.

Qu. And to lill the meruaile, Shall be so euer.

Clor. There be many Cafars, Ere luch another Iulian: Britaine's a world By it felfe, and we will nothing pay For wearing our owne Nofes.

Qu. That opportunity Which then they had to take from's, to refume We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege, The Kings your Ancestors, together with The naturall brauery of your life, which flands As Nortunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in With Oakes unskalcable, and toaring Waters, With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boares, hen lucke them vp to'th' Top-mett. A kinde of Conquest Cefer mode heere, but made not heere his bragge Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came : with Ibame The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried From off our Coaft, twice beaten ; and his Shipping (Poore Ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas Like Egge-shels mou'd vpon their Surges, ereck'd At easily gainst our Rockes. For loy whereof, The fam'd Cassibuler, who was once at point (Oh gight Fortune) to mafter Cafars Sword, Made Luds. 7 come with recovering-Fires bright,

And Britaines first with Courage Cles. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid : our Kingdome Is flronger then it was at that time; and fas I faid) there is no mo fuch Cafars, other of them may have crook'd Nofes, but to owe tuch firste Atmes, none

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clor. We have yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as Caffibulan, I doe not lay I am one : bu: I have a hend. Why Tribute! Why should we pay Tribute! If Cofer can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanker, or put the Mood in his pocker, we will pay him Tribute for light: elle Su, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans, did extor: This Tribute from va, we were free. Cafar Ambition, Which swell'd so much, that it did almost freech The fides o'th'World, against all colour heere, Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake of Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon Our selves to be, we do. Say then to Cafar, Our Ancestor was that Mulmurin, which Ordain'd out Lawes, whose vie the Sword of Cafer Hath too much mangled; whose repayte, and franchise, Shall (by the power we hold) be our good dred Tho Rome be therfore angry, Mulmuran made our lawes Who was the first of Britaine, which did put His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd Himfelfe a King.

Luc. 1 am forry Cymbelme, That I am to pronounce Augustus Cefor (Cafar, that hath moe Kings bis Servants, then Thy felfe Domellicke Officers) thine Enemy: Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion In Cefers name pronounce I gainst thee: Looke For tury, not to be refissed. Thus defide, I thanke thee for my felfe.

Cam. Thou art welcome Caim. Thy Cafar Knighted me; my youth I spent Much vnder him: of him, I gather'd Honour, Which he, to lecke of me againe, perforce, Behooues me keepe at viterance. I am perfect, That the Pannonians and Dalmarians, for Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President Which not to reade, would theve the Britaines cold. So Cafer thall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofespeake.

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pafilme with vs, a day, or two, or longer : if you feek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you shall finde va in our Saltwater-Girdle: if you beste vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, out Crowes shall fare the better for you : and there's an end.

Luc. So fir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mise: All the Remaine, is welcome.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pifenio reading of a Later.
Pif. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you are What Honflers her accuse? Lonarus: Ob Maffer, where frange infection

Is talne into thy eare? What falle Italian. (As poylunous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd On thy too ready hearing? Difloyall? No. She's punish'd for her Trush; and vadergoes More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master, Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her, Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I Haue made to thy command? Ther ? Her blood? If it be lo, to do good feruice, never Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I, That I should seeme to lacke humanity, So much as this Fact comes to e Doo't ii The Letter. That I have fent ber, by her owne command, Shall gine thee opportunities. Oh damn'd paper, Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble, Art thou a Fredarie for this Act; and look'it So Virgin-like without ? Loe here the comes.

Enter Imogen.
I amignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pifanio?

Pif. Madam, beere is a Letter from my Lord.

Inso. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leanates?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aftronomer

That knew the Starrea, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, tellifli of Loue,
Ofmy Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are afunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medeinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: bleft be
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsale. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forseytours you cast in prisor, yet
You classe young Cipids Tables: good Newes Gods.

I Vitice and your Fathers wrath (should be take me in his Domins on could not be so cruell to me, as you: (ch the deereit of Creatures) would encoure me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your owne Lone, willout of this aduise you, follow. So be wishes you all happiness, that remaines logalite his Vew, and your encreasing in Lone.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio? He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me How fatre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires May plad it in a weeke, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then true Pifanio, Who long'ft like me, to fee thy Lord; who long'ft (Ohler me bate) but not like me : yet long'it But in a fainter kinde. Oh nor like me : For mine's beyond, beyond : fay, and speake thicke (Loves Counfailor thould fill the bores of hearing, To th'smothering of the Sense) how farreit is To this same bleffed Milford. And by'th'way Tell me how Wales was made to happy, as ! Tinherite fuch a Haven. But first of all How we may steale from hence: and for the gap That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going, And our returne, to excuse: but first, how ger hence. Why should excuse be borne or ere begot? Weele talke of that heereafter, Prythee speake, How meny store of Miles may we well rid

Twixt hours, and houre?

Pif. One fore twint Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Impo. Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could neuer go fo flow: I have heard of Riding wagers
Where Horfes have bin nimbler then the Sands
That run ith'Clocks behalfe. But this is Fooltie,
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickneffe, fay
She'le home to her Father; and provide me prefently
A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
A Franklins Huswife.

Fifa. Madam, you're best consider.

Imp. I see before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;

Nor what ensues 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.

Exeume

Scena Tertia.

Emer Belaius, Gusterian, and Arniragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such, Whose Roose's as lowe as outs: Sleepe Boyes, this gate Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you. To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may set through And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven, We house i'th Rocke, yet vie thre not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Guid. Haile Hearen. Arwir. Haile Heauen.

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to youd hill Your legges ere yong: lle weed thele Flats. Confider, When you about perceive me like a Crow, That it is Place, which leffen's, and fees off. And you may then revolve what Tales, I have told you. Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre. This Service, is not Service; so being done, But being so allowed. To apprehend thus, Drawes va a profit from all things we fee: And often to out comfort, shall we finde The sharded-Beecle, in a safer hold Then is the full-wing d Eagle. Oh this life, Is Nobler, then attending for a checke: Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe: Prouder, then rullling in vnpayd-for Silke: Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine, Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to outs.

Gui. Out of your proofe you speak: we poore varied g'd Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor knowes nor What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best, (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding With your sliffe Age; but vano va, it is A Cell of Ignorance: transiling a bed, A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dates To stride a limit.

Arsi. What should we speake of When we are old as you? When we shall heare The Raine and winds beate darke December? How In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse

Th

The freezing houres away? We have feene nothing We are beattly; fubile as the Fox for prey. Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eater Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage We make a Quire, as doth the prilon'd Bird, And fing our bondage freety.

Bel How you speake. Did you but know the Cittles Viuries And felt them knowingly: the Att o'th Court, As hard to leave, as keepe : whole top to climbe la certaine falling tor so slipp'ry, that
The feere's as bad as ralling. The toyle o'th'Warre, A paine that onely feemes to feeke out danger I'ch'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'fearch, And bath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph, As Record of faire Ad. Nay, many times Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse Muft curt'fie at the Cenfure. Oh Boyes, this Storie The Worldmay reade in me: My bodie's mark'd With Roman Swords; and my report, was once Eirst, with the best of Note, Gmbeline lou'd me, And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name Was oot farre off: then yeas I as a Tree Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night, A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will) Shooke downe my mellow hangings : nay my Leaves, And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Vncertzine facour. But that two Villames, whose falle Oather preuayl'd Before my persea Honot, swore to Cymbeline, I was Confederate with the Romanes: so Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres, This Rocke, and these Demesnes, have bene my World, Where I have liu'd at honest freedome, payed More prous debts to Hesuen, then in all The fore-end of my time. But, vp to th' Mountaines, This is not Hunters Language; he that firikes The Venilon first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feelt, To him the other two hall minister, And we will feare no poylon, which attends In place of greater State: He meete you in the Valleyes. Exeast. How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature? These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King, Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are aline. They thinke they are mine, And though train'd vp thus meanely I'th Caue, whereon the bowe their thoughts do hit, The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour, The heyre of Cymbelme and Britaine, who The King his Father call'd Gundering Toue, When on my three-foot stoole I fit, and tell The warlike feats i have done, his spirits Bye our Into my Story: (ay thus mine Enclay fell, And thus I feerny foote on's necke, even then The Princely blood flower in his Cheeke, he sweats, Straines his yong Nerues, and pues himselfe in posture That actemy words. The yonger Brother Catwall, Once Aramagus, maslike a figure Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much mose His owne conceyning. Hearke, the Game is rows'd, Oh Cymbolins. Heznen and my Conference knowes Thon did 'A vnaully banish me : whereon

At three, and two yeares old. I fiele these Babers.
Thinking to barre thee of Succefficin, as
Thou tests me of my Lands. Emphis,
Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave:
My selfe Belarus, that am Mergan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.

Exist

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pifenis and I mogen. Imo. Thou told'it me when we came his horse, & place Was necreat hand: Ne're long'd my Mother lo To fee me first, as I have now. Pifano, Man: Where is Posthamus / What is in thy mind That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that figh From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus Would be interpreted a thing perplea'd Beyond felfe-explication. Put thy felfe Into a hautour of leffe feare, ere wildnesse Vanquish my flayder Senses. What's the matter? Why tender it thou that Paper to me, with A looke vntender? If t be Summer Newes Smile too's before : if Winterly, showneed'it But keepe that count hance fil. My Hurbands hand? That Drug-dame'd Iraly, Nath our craftied him, And hee's at force hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue May take of some extreamitie, which to reade Would be even mortall to me.

Pif. Pleefe you reade, And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing The most distain'd of Portune

Imogen cades

Thy Mistris (Pisanio) hash plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimomes whereof life bleeding in me I speak net out of weaks Surmises, but from proofe as strong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expelt my Rowinge. That part whom (Pisanio) must alte for me stoby Fasth be not tained with the breach of host; let thine owner hands in he away ber life; I think the concernment of the strong beriefe; the think of the purpose; where, it host fear to strike, and to make mee occraine it is done, thou art the Pander to ber disponour, and equally to medissonal.

Psf. What shall I need to draw my Sword the Paper Hath cut her throat sheadie? No., tie Slander, Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue Out-venomos all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath Rides on the possing windes, and doth belye All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States, Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave This viperous slander enters. What cheere. Madam?

Imo. Falle to his Bed? What is it to be falle?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe twixt clock and clock? If fleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull orcame of him,
And cry my felle awake? That's falleto's bed? Is it?

Pife. Alsa good Lady,
100. I false? Thy Conscience withosse: lachum,
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some lay offealy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am stale, a Garment out of sastion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But wome a Baite for Ladies.

Pija. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like salse Æneas, Were in his time thought salse: and Symons weeping Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty From most true wretchednesse. So thou, Posthamas Wite lay the Leauen on all proper men; Goodly, and gallant, shall be salse and periur'd From thy great sale: Come Fellow, he thou honest, Dothou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him, A little witnesse my obedience. Looke I draw the Sword my selse, take it, and hit The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:) Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe's Thy Master is not there, who was indeede The riches of it. Do his bridding, strike, Thou may the be valiant in a better cause; But now thou seem's a Coward.

Pif. Hence vile Instrument, Thou shalt not damne my hand, Imo. Why, I must dye:

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Secuant of thy Mafters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart is
Something's a-foot: Sostissoft, wee I no defence,
Obedicate as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatiss,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away.
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue safe Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Do seele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Possibummu,

That didd's fet vp my disobedience gainst the Kmg My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereaster finde It is no asse of common passage, but A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeve my selfe, To thinke, when thou shalt be disedy dby her, That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch, The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife? Thou are too slow to do thy Massets bidding

When I desire it too.

Pif. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,

I have not flept one winke.

Ima. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pif. He wake mine eye-balles firft.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'ft vider(ake it? Why haft thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a precence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time instituting thee? The perinto d Court
For my being absent? whereinto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast rane thy stand,

Th'elected Deere before thee?

Pif. But to win time

To loofe fo bad employment, in the which I have confider'd of a courfe: good Ladie Heare me with parience.

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine care
Therein sale strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tenr, to bottome that. But speake.

Pif. Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,

Bringing me heere to kill me.
Pif. Not so neither:

But if I were as wife, as honeft, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
Land singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed injurie.

Ime. Soine Roman Curtezan?

Pifa. No, on my life:
lle giue but notice you are dead, and fend him
Some bloody figne of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Whete bide? How live ?
Or m my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pif. Ifyou'l backe to'th'Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe With that harfli, noble, simple nothing: That Cioten, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me As searefull as a Siege.

Pif. Ifnot at Court,

Then not in Brusine must you bide.

Imo. Wherethen?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that fhines? Day? Night? Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume Our Britaine feemes as of it, but not in't: In a great Poole, a Swannes-neft, prythee thinke There's liucts out of Britaine,

Pif. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise.
That which t'appeare it felse, must not yet be,
But by selse-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of Posthumus; so me (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should tender him housely to your eare,
As truely as he mooves.

Imo. Oh for fuch meanes, Though perill to my modeffie, not death on't

I would addenture.

Pif. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty selse) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sweie, and
As quarrellous as the Wezzell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but of the harder heart,

Alacks

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch Of common-kiffing Tuas: and forget Your laboursome and dainty Trimines, wherein

You made great fund angry.
Ime. Nay be breefe? I fee into thy end, and am almost A man already.

Pif. Firft, make your felfe but like one, Fore-rhinking this. I have already fit (Tistnmy Cloake-bagge) Doubles, Hat, Hole, all That answer to them: Would you in their feruing (And with what imitation you can borrow From youth of fuch a featon) fore Noble Lucinu Present your selfe, defire his service : tell him Wherein you're happy; which will make him know, If that his head have care in Muficke, doubtleffe With 10y he will imbrace you : for hee's Honourable, And doubling that, most holy Your meanes abroad: You have me rich, and I will never faile Beginning, not supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort The Gods will dies me with. Prythee away, There's more to be confider'd : but wee'l euen All thet good time will give vs. This attempt, I am Souldier too, and will abide it with A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pif. Well Madam, we must take a short sarewell, Least being mist, I be suspected of Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris, Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene, What's in't is precious: if you are ficke at Sea. Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this Will drive away distemper. To some shade, And fit you to your Machood: may the Gods Direct you to the best

Ime. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre and to farewell. Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence, And am right forty, that I must report ye My Masters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subiects (Sir) Will not endure his yoake; and for out felfe To thew leffe Soueraignty then they, must needs Appeare vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So Sit . I defire of you A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven. Madam, all toy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office : The due of Honor, in no point omit:

Sofarewell Noble Lucius Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clor. Receive it friendly : but from this time forth I weare it as your Enemy,

Luc. Sir, the Event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords Till he have croft the Severn. Happines. Exit Lucius, Ge

Qu. He goes hence frownings but it honours vs That we have given him caule.

Clor. 'Tis ell the better,

Your valuers Britaines hauerbeit wiftes in it. Cym. Lucinu hath wrote already to the Emperor How it goes heere. It has vi therefore ripely Our Chariots, and our Horfemen be in readineffe. The Powre that he already hath in Gallia Will foone be drawne to head, from whence he moues His warre for Britaine.

Qu 'lis not Geepy bulinelle,

But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly. Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene, Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to vs bath tender'd The duty of the day. She looke valike A thing more made of malice, then of duty, We haue noted it. Call her before vs, fot We have beene too flighe in sufferance.

Qu. Royall Sit, Since the exile of Poftbumus, most retyr'd Hathher life bin : the Cure whereof, my Lord, Tis time must do. Bescech your Maiesty, Forbeate sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady So tender of rebukes, that words are ftroke;

And Arokes death to her.

Enter a Me Tenger. Cym. Where is the Sir ? How Can her contempt be answer'd? Mef. Please you Sit,

Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer That will be given to'th'lowd of noife, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close, Whereco confrain'd by her infirmitie. She should that dutie leave unpaide to you Which dayly the was bound to proffer : this She wish'd me to make knowne : but our great Court Made me too blame in memory

Cym Her doores lock'd? Not seene of late? Grant Heavens, that which ?

Feare, proue falle. Exit Qu. Sonne, I fay, follow the King.

Clas That man of hers, Pifanio, her old Servant I have not feene thefe two dayes. Exit.

Qu Go, looke after: Pifanio, thou that fland'A fo for Pofibiomis, He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that. For he believes less a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her: Or wing'd with fervour of her love, the's flowne To her defir'd Postbumus : gone she is, To death, or to dishonor, and my end Can make good vie of either. Shee being downe, I baue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne!

Clot. 'Tis certaine fhe is fled: Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better 1 may

This night fore-stall him of the comming day. Exit Qu. Clo. I love, and hate her : for the's Faire and Royall, And that the hath all courtly parts more exquitie

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one The best the bath, and she of all compounded Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on The low Poschumus, flanders to her judgement, That wbat's elferare, is choak'd: and in that point I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede, Tobe reveng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall-

Enter Pifanso. Who is heere? What, are you packing firrsh? Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine, Where is thy Lady ? In a word, or elfe

Thou ert straightway with the Fiends. Pif. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter, I will not aske againe. Close Villaine, He have this Secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to finde it. Is the with Posthumus? From whole to many waights of halenette, cannot A dram of worth be drawne.

Pif. Alas, my Lord,

How can she be with him ! When was she mils'd? He is in Rome

Clor. Where is the Sir? Come neerer :1 No farther halting : farisfie me home, What is become of her?

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord. Clo. All-worthy Villaine, Discover where thy Mistris is, at once, At the next word : no more of worthy Lord : Speake, or thy filence on the instant, is Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pif. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's fee't: I will pursue her

Even to August w Throne.

Pif. Or this, or perifh. She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this, May proue his trauell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pif. He write to my Lord she's dead : Oh Imogen, Safe may ft thou wander, fafe returne agen.

Clor. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sir,as I thinke.

Clot. It is Posthumes hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'frnot be a Villain, bur do me true seruice: vndergo those Imployments wherin I should have cause to vie thee with a ferious industry, that is, what villainy soere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honest man : thou should'st neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Clas. Wilt thou ferue mee? For fince patiently and constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine, Wilt thou ferve mee?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give mee thy hand, heere's my purle. Hall any of thy late Mafters Garments in thy possession?

Pifan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mi-

Clo. The first serulce thou dost mee, ferch that Suite

hither, let it be thy firft feruice, go.

Pif. I shall my Lord. Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, He remember't anon:) even there, thou villaine Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternesse of it, I now belch from my heart) that thee held the very Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauish her: firft kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she fee my valour, which wil then be a comment to his contempe. He on the ground, my speech of insulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Luft hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that the so prais'd:)to the Conrt Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd mee reloycingly, and lle bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pifanio.

Be those the Garments?

P.f. I,my Noble Lord.
(lo. How long is't fince the went to Milford-Hauen?

Pif. She can searle be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my defigne. Be but dutious, and true preferment shail tender it felfe to thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true.

Pif. Thou bid'it me to my losse : for true to thee. Were to proue falle, which I will never bee To him that is most true. To Milford go And finde not her, whom thou purfuelt. Flow, flow You Heavenly bleffings on her: This Fooles speede Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his merde. Exit

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alme.

Ime. I fee a mans life is a tedious one, I have tyr'd my felle : and for two nights together Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke. But that my resolution helpes me: Milford, When from the Mountaine top, Pifanio shew'd thee, Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke Foundations flye the wretched: fuch I meane, Where they should be releev'd. Two Beggers told me, I could not misse my way. Will poote Folkes lye That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder, When Rich-ones scarse tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse Is forer, then to Iye for Neede : and Falshood Is worle in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord, Thou art one o'th'falfe Ones : Now I thinke on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to finke, for Food. But what is this? Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant, Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneffe cuer Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hos? who's heere? If any thing that's civill, speake: if suage,

Take

Take, orlend. Hoa? No answer? Then lie enter. Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy But feare the Sword like me, hee'l fearfely looke on't. Such a Foe, good Heauens.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderine, and Arutragus. Bel. You Poledore have prou'd best Woodman, and Are Mafter of the Featt : Cadwall, and I Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match: The fweat of industry would dry, and dye But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes Will make what's homely, sauoury: Westinesse Can snore upon the Flint, when restie Sloth Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be beere, Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arm. I am weake with toyle, yet firong in appetite. Gui. There is cold meat i'th Cave, we'l brouz on that Whil'ft what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bal. Stay, come not in a But that it estes our vistualles, I should thinke Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sit? Bel. By Iupiter an Angell : or if not An earthly Paragon. Behold Diumenelle No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good mafters harme me not : Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth I have stolne nought, wor would not, though I had found Gold frew'dith'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate, I would have left it on the Boord, so soone As I had made my Meale; and parted With Pray'rs for the Provider. Gun Money? Youth.

Aru. All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt, As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those Who wathip durry Gods.

Imo. I fee you're angry: Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen. Bel. What's your name?

Imo, Fidele Sir : I haue a Kinsman, who Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford, To whom being going, almost spent with hunger, I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth) Thinke vs no Churles : not measure out good mindes By this rude place we line in. Well encounter'd, 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere Ere you depart; and thankes to flay, and eate it: Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gus. Were you a woman, youth, I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty: I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort He is a man, Ile love him as my Brocher: And fuch a welcome as I'ld gius to him

(After long ablence) fuch is yours. Most welcome i Be (prightly, for you fall mongh Friends,

If Brothers : would it had bin to, that they Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize Bin leffe, and to more equal ballafting To thee Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse. Gui. Would I could free's

Armi Or I, what ere is be, What paine it cost, what danger : Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes. Ime. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue, That did attend themselves, and had the vertue Which i beir owne Conscience seal'd them ilaying by That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods, I'ld change my fexe to be Companion with them, Since Leonarmi falle.

Bel. It Shall be so:

Boyes wee'l go dreffe our Hunz. Faire yourh come in; Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story. So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gm. Pray draw neere. Arus. The Night to'th'Owle, And Motne to th' Larke leffe welcome. Ime. Thankes Sir

Arm. I pray draw neere.

Exempl.

Scena Offaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes. 1.Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ; That tince the common men are now in Action Gaiust the Pannonians, and Dalmatians, And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full weake to undertake our Warres against The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite The Gentry to this bufinesse. He creates Lucine Pro-Coufull : and to you the Tribunes For this immediate Levy, he commands Hisabsoluce Commission. Long live Cafer.

Trs. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia? 1. Sen. With those Legions

Which I have spoke of whereunto your levie Mult be suppliant: the words of your Commission Will tye you to the numbers, and the time Oftheit dispetch.

Tra We will discharge our duty.

Exert.

Adus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alove.

Clos I am neere to th'place where they should meet, if Pifanie have mapp'dictruely. How fit his Garments ferue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him

Exis

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (fauling reverence of the Word) for the faide a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I date Speakeit to my felfe, for it is not Vainglotie for a man, and his Glaffe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lelle young, more frong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkeable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortalitie is? Possumu, thy head (which now is growing uppon thy Moulders) shall within this house be off, thy Mistris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face : and all this done, sputne her home to her Father, who may (happily)be a little angry for my forough vlage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turne all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed up sale, out Sword, and to a fore purpole: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderins, Arusragias, and Imogen from the Cane.

Bel. You are not well : Remaine heere in the Caue, Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Aria. Brother, flay heere : Are we not Brothers?

bmo. So man and man should be, But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie, Whole dust Is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, He abide with him. Imo. So licke I am not, yet I am not well:

But not fo Citizen a wanton, as

To feemeto dye, ere ficke . So pleafe you, leque me, Sticke to your Journall courfe the breach of Custome, Is breach of all. I amill, but your being by me Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort To one not fociable : I am not very ficke, Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere, He rob none but my felfe, and let me dye

Gw. Houe thee . I have spoke it, How much the quantity, the waight as much,

As I do love my Father. Bel. What? How? how?

Smaling to poorely.

Arus. If it be finne to fay fo (Sis) I yoake mee In my good Brothers fault: I know not why floue this youth, and I have heard you fay, Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore, And a demand who is't shall dye, I'ld fay My Father, not this yourh.

Bel Ohnoble Araine

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse! "Cowards father Cowards, & Bale things Syre Bace; "Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace. Ome not their Father, yet who this should bee, Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mes.

Tis the ninth house o'th' Morne.

Arms. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I with ye sport. - So please you Sir. Arus. You health .-Imo. Thele are kinde Creatures. Gods, what Iyes I have heard : Our Courtiers fay, all's fauage, but at Court; Experience, oh thou disproou's Report. Th'emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dift, Poore Tributary Rivers, as Iweet Fish . I am ficke ftill, heart-ficke; Pifano, He now tafte of thy Drugge

Gus. I could not firre him : He faid he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest

Arui. Thus did he auswer me : yet said heereaster,

I might know more.

Bel. To'th'Field, to'th'Field: Wee I leave you for this time, go in, and tell.

Arms. Wee'l not be long away. Bal. Pray be not ficke,

For you must be our Huswife.

Imo. Well, or ill. I am bound to you.

Bel. And shal't be ever.

This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had

Good Ancestors. Arm. How Angell-like he fings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie? Arms. He cut out Rootes in Chartacters And fawe'ft our Brothes, as Iuno had bin ficke,

And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes A fmiling, with a figh; as if the fighe Was that it was, for not being fuch a Smile i The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye From lo divine a Temple, to commix

With windes, that Saylots calle at.

Gui. Idonote,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both. Mingle their spurres together.

Arus. Grow patient

And let the flinking. Elder (Greefe) vntwine His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there? Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine Hath mock'd me. lamfaint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?

Meanes he not vs? I parely know him, 'tis Closen, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:

I faw him not these many yeares, and yet I know 'tishe: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one : you, and my Brother fearch What Companies are neere: pray you away, Let me alone with him.

Clas Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers? I have heard offuch. What Slave art thou!

Gus A thing

More flauish did I ne're, then answering

A Slave without a knocke.

Cler. Thou are a Robbet.

A Law-breaker, a Villaine i yeeld thee Theele. Gm. To who? to ther ? What art thou? Haue not I

An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge s Thy words I grant are bigger : for I weare not My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thouart .

Why I should yeeld to thee? Clos. Thou Villeine base, Know it me not by my Closches? Bai. No, northy Taylor, Rafcall :

Who is thy Grandfather ? He made those closthes, Which (so it feemes) make thee.

Cle. Thou precious Varles, My Taylor made them not

Gui. Hence then, and thanke The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole, I am louth to beate thee.

Clos. Thou iniurious Theefe, Heare but my name, and tremble.

Con. What's thy name? Clo. Chem, thou Villaine.

Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name, I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider, 'I would moue me looner.

Clos. To thy further feare, Ney, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know Iam Sonne to'th'Queene.

Gui. I am forry for't : not feeming

So worthy es thy Birth. Clat. Art not aleard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wiles At Fooles I laugh mot feare them.

Clor. Dye the death: When I have flaine thee with my proper band, He follow those that even now fled hence: And on the Gates of Lude-Towns fet your heads: Yeeld Ruflicke Mountaineer. Fight and Execut.

Enter Bolaries and Arwarages.

Bel. No Companie's abroad? Arui. None in the world : you did mistake him sure.

Bel I cannot tell : Long is it fince I faw him, But Time hath nothing blurt'd those lines of Fauous Which then he wore: the fratches in his voice, And burft of speaking were as his: I am absolute Twas very Cloten.

Arni. In this place we left them; I wish my Brother make good time with bim, You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarle made vp, I meane to man; he had not apprehenfion Of rosting terrors : For defect of judgement Is oft the caule of Feare.

Enter Guiderins.

But fee thy Brother.

Gui. This Cloten was a Foole, an empty purle, There was no money in't: Not Hercales Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none : Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hatt thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what : cut off one Clotens head, Some to the Queene (after his owne report) Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and Iwose With his owne fingle hand heel'd take vs in, Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow And let them on Luds. Towne.

Bei. We are all vindone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to look, But that he swore to take, our Lives ? the Law Proteds not vs, then why should we be tender, To let an arrogant peece of flesh threatys? Play Judge, and Executioner, all himfelfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company Discover you abroad?

Bd. No single soule Can we fet eye on : but in all safe reason

He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor Was nothing but mutation, I, and that Promone bad thing to worfe : Not Frenzie, Not absolute madnesse could so farre have raid To bring him heere alone : although perhaps Is may be heard at Court, that furh as wee Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time May make some stronger head, the which he hearing (As it is like him) might brezke out, and sweare Heel'd ferch vs in, yet is a not probable To come alone, either he fo undertaking,

Or they lo suffering : then on good ground we leave, If we do feare this Body bath a taile More perillous then the head,

Arui. Let Ordinance Come as the Gods fore-fay it : howfore, My Brother hath done well.

Bel I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles fickere fle Did make my way long forth.

Gu. With his owne Sword, Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane His head from him: He throw't into the Creeke Behinde our Rocke, and let It to the Ses, And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, Claren, That's all I reake.

Bd. I feare 'twill be reveng'd: Would (Polidore) thou had'ft not done't: though valour Becomes thee well enough.

Arms Would I had done't: So the Revenge alone purfu'de ree: Polidore 1 loue thee brotherly, but enuy much Thou haft robb'd me of this deed: I would Resenges That possible firength might meet, wold feek vs through And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'us done: Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor feeke for danger , Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke, You and Fidele play the Cookes: He flay Till hafty Polidere returne, and bring him To dinner presently.

Arm. Poore ficke Fidele. He willingly to him, to gaine his colour, Il'd lee a parish of such Clotens blood, And praise my selfe for charity.

Bel. Oh thou Goddeffe, Thou divine Nature; thou thy felfe thou blazon Il In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle As Zephires blowing below the Violet, Not wagging his fweet head; and yet, as rough (Their Royall blood enchafd) as the rud it winde, That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine, And make him stoope to th'Vale. Tis wonder That an invisible inftinet should frame them To Royalty voleam'd, Honor vocaught, Ciuility not feene from other : valour That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop As if it had beene low'd : yet flill it's ftrange What Claters being beere to us pertends, Or what his death will bring vs.

Emer Guideren. Gis. Where's my Brother?

Exit.

I have fent Clotens Clot-pole downe the freame, In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage For his returne. Soleran Mafick.

Tel. My ingenuous Infirument, Hearke Polidore) it founds : but what occasion Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Heatke.

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gui. What does he meane? Since death of my deer's Mother

It did not tpeake before. Alt folemne things Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter? Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes, Isiollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes. Is Cadwall mad?

Enter Aruiragus, with Invogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes, And brings the dire occasion in his Armes. Of what we blame him for.

Arus. The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather Haue skipt from lixteene yeares of Age, to fixty : To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch, Then have feene this.

Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly : My Brother weares theonot the one halfe fo well, As when thou grew if thy felfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly

Who cuer yet could found thy bottome? Finde The Ooze, to thew what Coast thy fluggish care Might'ft eafilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing, love knowes what man thou might It have made but I, Thou dyed's a most rare Boy, of Melancholly How found you him?

Arus. Statke, as you lee: Thus fmiling, as some Fly had tickled sumber, Not as deaths dare, being laugh'd at a his right Checke Reposing on a Cushion.

Arui. O'ch'floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he flept, and put My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whole rudeneffe Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gus. Why, he but fleepes :

If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed: With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted.

And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arus. Withfayrest Flowers Whil'A Sommer lasts, and I live heere, Fidele, He sweeten thy fad graue: thou shalt not lacke The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrofe, not The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines : no, nor The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to flander, Out-Iweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore fhaming Those rich-lest-heyres, that let their Fathers lye Without a Monument) bring thee all this, Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none To winter-ground thy Coatle-

Cw. Prythec have done And do not play in Wench-like words with that Which is fo ferious. Let vs bury him, And not protra@with admiration, what Is now due debt. To'th'grave.

Armi. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Europhile, our Mother. Arui. Bee't lo:

And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces Have got the mannish cracke, fing him to'th'ground As once to our Mother : vie like note, and words, Saue that Euriphile, must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwall,

I cannot fing : He weepe, and word it with thee : For Notes of forrow, out of tune, are worfe Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

Arus. Wee'l speake it then.

Bel. Great greeses I see med'cine the lesse: For Clatan 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 roteing Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence (That Angell of the world) doth make distinction Ofplace tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely, And though you tooke his life, as being out Foe, Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gui. Pray you fetch him hither, Therfires body is as good as Aiax, When neyther are alive.

Arui. If you'l go fetch him, Vee'l fay our Song the whil'ft: Brother begin. Gui. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to the East.

My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. Tistiue. Gus. Come on then, and remove him. Arus. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o th' Sun, Nor the furious Winters rages, Thou shy worldly task hast aon, Home art gon, and care thy wages. Goiden Lads, and Girles all must. As Chumney-Sweepers come to duft. Arus. Feare no more the fromne och Great, Thou are past the Tirants stroate, Care no more to closeb and case, To thee the Reede is as the Oake: The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must, All follow this and come to dust.

Gund. Feare no more the Lightneng flash. Asui. North all-dreaded Thiorder Stone Gui. Feure not Slander, Censurerasb. Arui. Thou hast finish'd loy and mone. All Lovers young all Lovers must,

Consigne to thee and come to dust. Guid. No Exercifor harme thee, Arui. Nor no witch-croft charme thee. Guid. Choft unlaid forbeare thee. Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee. Both. Quiet consumation have,

And renowned be thy grave.
Enter Belarius with the body of Claten.

Cas. We have done our oblequies :

Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more: The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'thinght Are firewings fit'A for Graves: vpon their Faces. You were as Flowres, now wither d: euen so These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew. Come on away, apart vpon our knees: The ground that gave them first, ha's them againe : Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Imogen arakus. Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way? I chanke you : by youd buffe? pray how farre thether ! 'Ods pitukins : can it be like mile yet? I have gone all night : Faith, lle lye downe, and fleepe. But fort; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddelles ! Thefe Flowresure like the pleafurer of the World; This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame ! For fo I thought I was a Caue-keeper, And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not for 'Twas but a bolt of ootbing, fhot at nothing, Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes, Are sometimes like our ludgements, blinde. Good faith I tremble still with feare : but if there be Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie As a Wrenseye; fear'd Gods, a part of it. The Dreame's heere fall : euen when I wake it is Without me, as within me : not imagin'd, felt. A headleffe man? The Germents of Pollhumus? I know the shape of a Legge , this is his Hand: His Foote Mercuriall : his martiall Thigh The brawnes of Hercules: but his louisli face-Murther in beauen ? How ? tis gone. Pifamo, All Curles madded Horuba gaue the Greekes, And mine to boot, be darted on thee; thou Conspir'd with the thregulous divell Closen, Hath heere cution my Lord. To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd Pifanio, Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd Pifano) From this most brauest vessell of the world Strooke the maine top! Oh Postbumu, 2125, Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that? Pifano might have kill'd thee at the heart, And left this head on. How thould this be, Pifanio? 'Tishe, and Cloten : Malice, and Lucre in them Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh'tis pregnant, pregnant! The Drugge he gave me, which hee faid was precious And Cordiall to me, have I not found it Murd'rous to'th' Senfes ? That confirmes it home: This is Pifanio's deede, and Closen: Oh! Give colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood, That we the horrider may feeme to those Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord! Enter Lucius, Captames, and a Southfager

Cap. To them, the Legions garrifor'd in Gallia After your will, have croft the Sea, according You bere as Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes: They are beere in readinesse.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath flirt'd up the Confiners, And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits, That promise Noole Service: and they come Vnder the Conduct of bold Inchimo, Syemma's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap With the next benefit o'th'winde.

Lac. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our prefent numbers Be mafter'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir, What have you dream'd of late of this wartes purpofe.

South. Last night the very Gods shew'd me a vision (I sat, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus: I saw loues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd From the spungy South, to this part of the West, There vanish'd in the Sam-beames, which porcends (Volesse my since spuse my Divination)

Successe to th' Roman hoaft.

Luc. Dreams often fo,
And neuer false. Soft hos, what truncke is beere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a wort hy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather i
For Nature doth abhorte to make his bed
With the defund, or sleepe you the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. Hee's aline my Lord.

Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body a Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They croue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow For who was be
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What are thous

Imm. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Mafter,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes flaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Scruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master.

Luc, 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'ft no lefte with thy complaining, then
Thy Maifter in bleeding r fay his name, good Friend.

Imo, Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope They I pardon it. Say you Sur!

Lue, Thy name?

Lie. Thou doo'ft 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 shalt be for well master'd, but be fure
No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consult to me, should not sooner
Then thing owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Ime. He follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods, lle hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I be firew'd his grave And on it said a Century of prayers. (Such as I can) twice o're, I be weepe, and fighe, And leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertaine mee.

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Mafter thee 1 My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettieft Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be checrefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pifanic.

Cym. Againes and heing me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnelle, of which her life's in danger : Heauens, How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen, The great part of my conitors, gone: My Queene Vpon a despera e bed, and in a time When featefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone, So acedfull for this prefent ? It ftrikes me, pall The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow, Who needs must know of her de pasture, and Doft seeme so ignorant, wee's enforce it from then By a sharpe Torture,

Pif. Sir, my life is yours, I hambly fet it at your will : But for my Miftrie, I nothing know where the remaines : why gone, Nor when the purpofes returne. Besecch your Highnes, Holdme your loyall Scruant,

Lord. Good my Liege, The day that the was milling, he was heere; I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Clases, There wants no diligence in feeking him, And will no doubt be found,

Cym. The time is troublesome: Wee'l flip you for a feafon, but our lealouse Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Maieste, The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne, Are landed on your Coast, with a supply OfRomaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counfaile of my Son and Queen, I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege, Your preparation can aftront no lesse (ready: Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,

That long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you : let's withdraw And meete the Time, as it feekes vs. We feste not What can from Italy annoy vs, but We greeve at chances heere. Away.

Pifa. Theard no Letter from my Master, fince I wrote him Imogen was flaine. Tis firange: Nor heare I from my Miffris, who did promife To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know 1 What is betide to Cloten, but remaine Perplext in all. The Heavens full must worke : Wherein I am falfe, I am honest : not true, to be true. These present warres shall finde Houe my Country, Even to the nore o'th'King, or He fall in thema All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd, Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not fleer'd. Exit.

. Scena Quarta.

Em of Belarius, Guiderus, & Arewagua Gui. The noyle is round about vs.

Bel Lervsfromit.

Arm. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke is From Action, and Aduenture.

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 vnoscurall Revolus During their vie, and flay vs after.

Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v. To the Kings party there's no going: newneffe Of Classes death (we being not knowne, not muffer'd Among the Bands) may drive vs to a render Where we have liu'd; and so extort from's that Which we have done, whole answer would be death Drawne on with Torture,

Ga. This is (Sir) a doubt In such a time, nothing becomming you, Nor latisfying vs.

Armi. It is not likely, That when they heare their Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd Pires; have both their eyes And cares to cloyd importantly as now, That they will wafte their time vpon our gote, To know from whence we are,

Bel. Oh, I am knowne Of many in the Army : Many yeeres (Though Closen then but young) you fee, not wore him From my remembrance. And befides, the King Heth not deferu'd my Service, nor your Loues, Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding The certainty of this heard life, aye hopeleffe To have the courtefie your Cradle promis'd, But to be still hot Summers Tenlings, and The thrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be fo, Better to ceafe to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army I, and my Brother are not knowne; your felfe So out of thought, and thereto fo ore-growne, Cannot be question'd.

Arms. By this Sunne that shines He thicker: What thing is't, that I never Did see man dye, scatte euer look'd on blood, But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison? Neuer beftrid a Horfe faue one, that had A Riderlike my felfe, who ne're wore Rowell Not Iron on his heele? I am alham'd To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to have The benefit of his bleft Beames, remaining So long a poore vnknowne.

GAL By heavens lle go, If you will bleffe me Sir, and grue me leave, Herake the better care: but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me, by The hands of Romaines.

Arm. So fay I, Amen. Bei. No reason I (since of your lines you set) So dight a valewation) (hould referre My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyest If in your Country warres you chance to dye, That is my Bed too (Lads) and there He lye Lead, lead; the time feems long, their blood thinks footh
Till is flye out, and thew them Princes borne.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poftbumu alone. Poft. Yes bloody cloth, lie keep thee t for I am with Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many Must murther Wives much better then themselves b.b b 1

For wrying bue a little? Oh Pifanio, Eucry good Servant do's not all Commands: No Bond, but to do last ones. Gods, if you Should have tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer Had liu'd to put on this: fo had you laucd The noble Imegen, to repent, and throoke Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke, You fnatch some hence for little faults; that's love To have them fall no more 1 you forne permit To fecond illes with illes, each elder worfe, And make them dread it, to the doors thrift. But Imogen is your ovine, do your best willes, And make me ble 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 Mistris: Peace. He give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens, Heare patiently my purpole. Hedifrobe mo Of these Italian weedes, and fuitemy selfe As do's a Britaine Pezant : lo lle fight Against the part I come with to lledye For thee (O Imozen) even for whom my life Is every breath, a death : and thus, wnknowne, Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me, then my habits show. Gods, put the strength o'th' Leve at in me : To Chamethe guize o'th'world, I will begin, The fashion leffe without, and more within-Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, lachimo, and the Romane Army at one decre: and the Britaine Army as another : Leonaius Pofthumus following lake a poore Souldier. They march over, and goe ous. Then enter agains in Skirmifb lachemo and Postonmus: be vanguisherb and disarmerb lachime, and then leases bian.

loc The heavinesse and guilt within my bosome, Takes oft my menhood: I have belyed a Lady, The Princefle of this Country; and the syre on't Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle, A very drudge of Natures, have fubdu'de me In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne As I weare mine) are titles but of fcorne. If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before This Lowe, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes Is, that we scarle are men, and you are Goddes. The Battaile continues, the Brisaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: I benemer to bis refene, Bellatins, Guiderens, and Arniragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground, The Lane is guarded : Nothing rowts vs, but The villany of our feares,

Gui. Arus. Stand, fland, and fight.

Enter Postburnus, and seconds the Britaines. They Resour Cymbeline, and Exeunt. Then enter Lucisis, Ischimo, and Imogen. Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and faue thy felfe: For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink d. Inc. Tir their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes

Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Scena Tertia.

Freunt

Enter Poftburnou, and a Britaine Lord. Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand? Poft. I did.

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loft, But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe Of his wings destitute, the Army broken, And but the backes of Britaines feene; all flying Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted, Lolling the Tongue with flaught'ring : having worke More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't : ftrooke do wne Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Meerely through feare, that the ftrait paffe was damm'd With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living To dye with length ned fhame.

Lo. Where was this Lane? Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph, Which gave aduantage to an ancient Sold.our (Anhonest one I warrant) who deferu'd So long a breeding, as his white beard came to, In doing this for's Country. Athware the Lane, He, with two ftriplings (Lads more like to run The Country bale, then to commit luch flaughter, With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame) Made good the passage, cryed to those that Red. Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men To darknesse steere soules that five backwards; stand, Or we are Romanes, and will grue you that Like beafts, which you foun beaftly, and may fave But to looke backe in fromne : Stand, frand, Thefe three, Three thousand confident, in access many: For three performers are the File, when all The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand, Accomodated by the Place; more Charming With their owne Nobleneffe, which could have turn'd A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes; Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward But by example (Oh a finne in Warre, Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke The way that they did, and to grinlike Lyons Vponthe Piker o'th Hunters. Then begance A ftop i'th'Chaler; a Retyre: Anon A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they fige Chickens, the way which they flopt Eagles: Slaves The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards Like Fragments in hard Voyages became The life o'th'need: having found the backe doore open Of the vinguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound, Same fisine before fome dying; some their Friends Ore-borne i'th'former wave, ten chac'd by one, Are now each one the flaughter-man of swenty:

Those that would dye, or ere relist, are growne

The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

Lord. This was strange chance: A parrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes. Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made Rather to wonder at the things you heare, Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't, And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one: "Two Boyes, an Oldman (swice a Boy) a Lane, "Prefern dibe Britames, was the Romanes bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir. Post. Lacke, to what end? Who dares not fland his Foe, He be his Friend r For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo, I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.

You have put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.

Paff. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble milery
To be ith Field, and aske what newes of me: To day, how many would have given their Honours To have fau'd their Carkaffes ? Tooke hacle to doo't, And yet dyed too. Lin mine owne woe charm'd Could not finde death, where I did heare him groome, Nor feels him where he firooks. Being an vgly Monfter, Tis firange he hides him in frosh Cops, fold Beds, Sweet words; or hath meetinaliters then we Thes draw his knines o'th' War. Well I will finde him: For being most a Fanourer to the Britisine, No more a Britaine, I bauerefem'd againe The part I came in. Fight I will no more, But yeeld me to the verieft Hinde, that fhoil Once touch my shoulder. Great the strugbter is Herre made by th'Romane; great the Answer bo Beitalnes nauft take. For me, my Ranfome's death, On eigher fide I come to spend my breath; Which newther heere Ila keepe, nor bearcagen, But end it by forme meanes for Imagen. Euser two Captaines, and Soldiers.

z Great Iupiter be prais'd, Lucaus is raken, Tis thought the old man, and his fonnes, were Angels.

2 There was a fourth man, in a filly habit,

That gave th' Afront with them.

3 So tis reported 1

But none of 'em can be found. Stend, who's there?

Post. A Rossian,
Viho had not now beene drouging beere, if Seconds

Had answer'd hise.

2 Lay hands on bim : a Dogge, A legge of Rome thall not returne to tell What Crows have pecke them here: he brags his fernice As if he were of note; being him to'th'King. Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderous, Arutragus Fifanio, and Romane Captimes. The Captaines profens Polibumus to

Cymbeline who deliver i him over to a Geoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Postlinmus, and Gaoler. Gar. You inall not now be foline, You have lockes vpon you: So graze, as you finde Pafrare. E.G. I, or a flomacke.

Poll. Most welcome bondage; for thousers a way (I thinke) to liberty: yet am I berter

Thou one that's beke o'th'Gows, fines be had rather

Grosne fo In perpecuity, then be cur'd By'th'fure Phyfirian, Death; who is the key T'vobarte thefe Lockes. My Confrience, thou are fetter'd More then my thanks, & wrifts: you good Gods give me The penitent Inftrument to picke that Bolt, Then tree for ever. Is't enough I am forry? So Children temporall Fathers do appeales Gods are more full of mercy. Must 1 repent, I cannot do it better then in Gyues, Desir'd, more then confirmin'd, to satisfie If of my Freedome 'ris the maine part, take No fincter render of me, then my All. I know you are more clement then vilde men. Who of their broken Debtors take a third, A fixt, a tenth, letting them thrive agains On their abatement; that's not my defire. For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though 'Tis not fo deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd ic, Tweene man, and man, they waigh not every flampe a Though light, take Preces for the figures fake. (You sather) mine being yours : and so great Powrer, If you will take this Audit, take this life, And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh Imegen, He speake to thee in filence.

Solomne Musicke. Enter (es in an Apparation) Sicilius Lecnames, Fasher to Posthamus, an old montestyred like a warriour, leading in his band on ancient Marron (bis welland) Maher to Postinumus) with Musiche before them. Then: after other Mufiche followes the two young Leonati (Brone bers to Followins) with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Post browns round as be lies slieping.

Sicil. No more than Thunder-Mafter thew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:

With Mars fall out with here chide, that thy Adulteries Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poors Boy done ought but well, whole face I never faw :

I dy'de whil'ft in the Wombe he flaide. according Natures Law.

Whole Futher then (as men report, thou Orphones Futher art)

Thou frould'it have bis, and fleeder him. from this earth-rexing fmare.

Offarb. Lucino lens not me her ayde,

but tooke me in my Thrower, That from me was Posthamus sipe,

came crying mang'A his Foca.

A thing of picty.
Skel. Great Nature like his Ancellede, moulded the fluffe fo foire:

That hed feru'd the praise o'th'World,

as great Sictisms heyre.
2. Bro. When ence he was manue for man. In Britaine where was hee

That could fland up his paralell?
Or fruitfull object bee?

To eye of Imogen, that belt could denote his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was be made to be exil'd, and throwns

From Leonari Seate, and call from her; his deereil coes

Sweete Imagen?

Sic. Why did you laffer Isohimo, fighs thing of italy

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To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlefficioloufy, And to become the geeke and fcome o'th'others vilany? 2 Bre. For this, from fuller Seats we came,

our Parents, and vs twaine,

That friking in our Countries cause, fell brauely, and were flaine,

Our Fealty, & Temantine tight, with Honor to malntaine. 3 Bro. Like hardiment Pofthumus hath

to Cymbeline perform'd:

Then Iupiter, King of Gods, why haft I thus adiouen'd The Graces for his Merits duc, being all to dolors com'd?

Sick. Thy Christall window ope; looke, looke out, no longer exercise

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potentiniuries :
Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good, take off his miseries.

Siell Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe, or we poore Ghosts will cry

Toth fhining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity. Brochers. Helpe (lupiter) or we appeale, and from thy inflice flye.

Impieer descends in Timender and Lightning, fitting uppon an Engle. bec throwes a Thunder-bols. The Gooftes fell on

their knees .

Ispiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low Offend our hearing : hulh. How dare you Ghostes Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know) Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coafts. Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest Vpon your never-withering bankes of Flowres. Be not with mortall accidents opprest, No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours. Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift The more delay'd, delighted. Be content, Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift: His Comforts thriue, his Triais well are spent : Our louisl! Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in Our Temple was he married : Rise, and fade, He shall be Lord of Lady Imogen, And happier much by his Affliction made. This Tablet lay vpon his Breft, wherein Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine, And so away : no farther with your dinne Expresse Impatience, least you firre vp mine: Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline. Ascords

Sieil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath Was sulphurous to smell : the holy Eagle Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Afornsion i More sweet then our bleft Fields : his Royall Bird Primes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,

As when his God is pleas'd,

All. Thankes Iupiter. Sie. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be bleft Let vs with care performe his great beheft.

Poft. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandfire, and begot A Father to me : and thou haft created A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh fcome) Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne: And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I have done, Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swcrue: Many Dreame not to finde neither deserve, And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I That have this Golden chance, and knowner why: What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rate one, Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects So follow, to be most valike our Courtiers, As good, as promise.

Reades.

W Hen as a Lyons who loe Shall to bimfelfe orthown rouh. our feeting finds. and bee embraid by a peace of conter Ayre: And when from a fleely Coder Prolles lops branches, which being dead many yeares, fall after resume, bee toymed to the old Stocke, and frestly grow, then feall Postburnus and bus miferies, Britaine be furtimate, and flourish in Peace and Plon

Tis fill a Dreame : or elle foch ftoffe as Madmen Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing, Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is, The Action of my life is like it, which He keepe If but for simpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Can. Come Sir, are you ready for death? Poft. Ouer-roafted rather : ready long ago. Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, il you bee readic for that, you are well Cook'd.

Poft. So if I prove a good repatt to the Spectators, the

dish payes the shot

Cao. A heavy reckoning for you Sir. But the comfort is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Taueme Bils, which are often the ladnesse of parting, as the procuring of mirch: you come in faint for want of meate, departreeling with too much drinke: lorrie that you have payed too much, and forry that you are payed too much : Purle and Braine, both empry : the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purfe too light, being drawne of heavinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes vp thousands in a trice : you have no true Debitor, and Creditor but it : of what's past, is, and to come, the difcharge: your necke(Sis)is Pen, Booke, and Counters; fo the Acquittance followes,

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that fleepes, feeler not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Poft. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Goo. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not feene him so pictur'd : you must either bee directed by fome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your selfe that which I amfure you do not know . or jump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l never tetarne to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and

will not vie them.

Gas. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man frold have the best vie of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I am fure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Melfenger. Mef. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priloner so the King.

Poft. Thou bring's good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Poff. Thou shalt be then freet then a Gaoler; no bolts

for the dead.

Gas. Vnleffe a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer faw one so prone; yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were desolation of Gaolers and Galowses: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in L. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pifanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my fide you, whom the Gods baue made Preferuers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that fo richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bot. I never faw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought

But beggery, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pifa. He hath bin fearch'd among the dead, & living; But no trace of him.

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Lluer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) the liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boall, were neyther true, nor modell,
Valesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arile my Knights o'th Battell, I create you
Companions to our perfon, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your effates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory 7 you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.

Corn. Hayle great King,
To fowre your happineffe, I must report
The Queene is dead.

The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian

Would this report become? But I consider,

By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will selzethe Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life, Which (being cruell to the world) concluded Most cruell to her selfe. What she consest, I will report, so please you. These her Women Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes Were present when she simish'd.

Cym. Prythee lay.
Cor. First, she confest the neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:

Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this: And but the spoke it dying, I would not Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom the bore in hand to love With fuch Integrity, the did confesse Was as a Scorpion to her fight, whose life (But that her flight prevented it) she had Tane off by poyson.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is t can reade a Woman? Is there mote?

Corn. More Sir, and worfe. She did confesse she had For you a mortal! Minerall, which being tooke, Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring, By inches waste you. In which time, the purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to Orecome you with her shew; and in time (When she had fitted you with her craste, to worke Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne! But sayling of her end by his strange absence, Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despish of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented. The euils she hatch'd, were not essetted: so Disparing, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women? La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for the was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, not my heart,
That thought her like her feeming. It had beene vicious
To have miftrufted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou may ft fay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.
Enter Lucsus, Jachmo, and other Roman prifoners,

Leonatus behind, and Imogen.
Thou commits not Caiw now for Tribute, that
The Britaines have racid out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose Kinshen have made suite
That their good soules may be appeared, with slaughter
Of you their Captines, which our selfe have granted,

So thinke of your estate.

Luc Consider 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 threatend Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransome, let be come: Sufficeth, A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:

Assystus lives to thinke on't: and so much For my peculiar care. This one thing onely I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)

Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had A Page so kinde, so disteous, diligent, So tender over his occasions, true, So seate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue joyne With my request, which He make bold your Highnesse Cannot deny; he hath done no Britaine harme, Though he have served a Roman. Savehim (Sir)

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seenehim:
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, live boy: netrethanke thy Master, live;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy slate, sle give it:

Yes

Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner The Noblest same.

Im. I hambly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad, And yet I know thou wile,

Ime. No, no, alacke,

There's other worke in hand: I fee a thing Bitter to me, as death ; your life, good Mafter, Muft shuffle for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdelnes me,

He leaves me, scomes me : briefely dye their ioyes, That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.

Wlry stands he so perpleze?

Cym. What would'ft thou Boy? I love thee more, and more a thinke more and more What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st onlipeak Wile hauchim line? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. Heisa Romane, no more kin to me, Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vallaile

Am fomething necres Cym, Wherefere ey'ft him fo?

Imo. He tell you (Sir) in private, if you pleafe

To give me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name? Inno. Fedele Sir.

Cym. Thou're my good youth : my Page He be thy Mafter: walke with me: speake freely. Bel. Is not this Boy reusu'd from death?

Arid. One Sand another Not more resembles that sweet Rosse Lad:

Who dyed, and was Fulele: what thinke you ? Gw. The fame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further : he eyes vs not, forbeare

Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am fute He would have spoke tovs.

Gai. But we fee him dead. Be! Be filent : let's fee further.

Pifa. It is my Mifters :

Since the is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, Rand thou by our fide. Make thy demand alowd. Sir, Rep you forth, Giae answer to this Boy, and do it freely, Or by our Greatnelle, and the grace of it (Which is our Honor) bitter torture fail Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Ime. My boone is that this Gentleman may render

Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, lay How came it yours?

Isch. Thou'lt torture me co leaue vnspoken, that Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee.

Com. How? me?

lach. I am glad to be conffrain'd to veter that Which tormenes me to conceale. By Villany I got this Ring; 'twas Leanains lewell, Whom thou did'ft benifh : and which more may greeve Asit dath me : a Nobler Sir, ne'te liu'd Twix: sky and ground. Walt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this. lach. That Paragon, thy daughter.

For whom my heart drops blood, and my falle spirits Quaileto remember. Giue me leave, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter?what of hir?Renew thy firength

I had rather thou fhould ft line, while Nature will, Then dye ere I heare more : ftrive men, and speake.

Iach. Vpon a time, vnboppy was the clocke That flroake the houre tit was in Rome, accurft The Manson where I 'twas at a Feast, oh would Our Vianels had bin poyfon'd (or at least Those which I heav'd to head:) the good Postbumus, (What should I says he was too good to be Where ill men were, and was the best of all Among Atherar's of good one.) fitting fadly, Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy For Beauty, that made batren the swell'd boaft Of him that best could speake : for Feature, laming The Shrine of Venu, or ftraight-pight Minerua, Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition, A shop of all the qualities, that man Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiung, Farrenelle, which strikes the eye.

Cym. Istand on fire. Come to the matter lach. All too foone I shall,

Vnleffe thou would'ft greene quickly. This Pofitiment Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint, And (not dispraising whom we praised, therein He was as calme as vertue) he began His Misteis picture, which, by his congue, being made, And then a minde put in't, either our bragges Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description Prou'd vs vnfpesking fottes.

Cym. Nay, ney, to thipurpole. Jach. Your daughters Chaftery, (there it beginnes) He spake ofher, as Dian had hot dreames, And the 2lone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him Peeces of Gold, gainst this, which then he wore Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring By hers, and mine Adoltery : he (muc Knight) No leffer of her Honour confident Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring, And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle Of Phoebus Wheele; and might fo fefely, had it Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine Poste I in this designe : Well may you (Sir) Remember me at Court, where I was caught Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference Twist Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine, Gan in your duller Britaine operare Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practife so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough, To make the Noble Lemma med, By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne, With Tokens thus, and thus a werring notes Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this ber Bracelet (Oh cuaning how I got) nay some markes Offecret on her person, that he could not Bat thinks her boad of Chastity quies crack'd, I having tame the forfeyt. Wherewon, Me thinkes I fee him now.

Post. ! so thou do'it. Italian Fiend. Ayeme, most credulous Fooie, Egregious murtherer, Theele, any thing That's due to all the Villaines past in being To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poylon,

Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, fend out For Torturors ingenious: it is I That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend By being worse then they. I am Postburnes, That kill'd thy Daughter : Villain-like, I lye, That caus'd a leffer villaine then my felfe, A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple Of Versue was the; yea, and the her felfe. Spie, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, le: The dogges o'th'ftreet to bay me : every villaine Be call'd Postbumus Leonarno, and Be villany leffe then 'twas. Oh Imogen! My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen, Imogen, Imogen.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare. Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou fcornfull Page, there lye thy part. Pif. Oh Gentlemen, helpe, Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord Posthamue, You ne're kill'd Imogen till now : helpe, helpe,

Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round? Pofth. How comes their flaggers on mee?

Pifa. Wakemy Miftris.

Cym. If this be fo, the Gods do meane to frike me To death, with mortall joy

Pifa. How fares my Mistris? Ime. Oh get thee from my fight. Thou gan'it me poy fon : dangerous Fellow hence,

Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen. Pifa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter fill.
Imo. It poylon'd me. Corn. Oh Gods!

Heft out one thing which the Queene confest, Which must approve thee honest. If Pafenio Have (faid the) given his Mistris that Confection Which I gave him for Cordiall, the is feru'd, As I would ferue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cern. The Queene (Sir) very oft importan'd me To temper poylons for her, still pretending The fatisfaction of her knowledge, onely In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges Of no effectue. I dreading, that her purpole Was of more danger, did compound for her A certainestuffe, 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. Mostlikeldid, for I was dead. Bel. My Boyer, there was out erros.

Cui. This is fure Fidele.

Ime. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you? Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now Throw me againe.

Poft. Hang there like fruite, my foule.

Till the Treedye.

Cym. Hownow, my Flesh? my Childe? What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this A&? Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your bleffing, Sir.
Bel. Though you did leuethis youth, I blame ye nor,

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My teares that fall Proue holy-water on thee; Imogen, Thy Mothers dead

imo. I am forry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, the was naught; and long of her it was That we meet heere fo ftrangely : but her Sonne Is good, we know not how, nor where.

Pifa. My Lord, Now feare is from me, ile speake troth. Lord Cloten Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me

With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and fwore

If I discouer'd not which way she was gone. It was my instant death. By accident, I had a feigned Letter of my Masters

Then in my pocker, which directed him

To feeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford, Where in a frenzie, in my Mastera Garments (Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate My Ladies honor, what became of him,

I further know not.

Gm. Let me end the Story : I flew him there. Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips Plucke a hard sentence : Prythee valiant youth Deny't againe.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A most incivill one. The wrongs he did mee Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me! With Language that would make me spurne the Sea, If it could 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 forrow for thee: By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endure our Law : Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse 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 solfe, and hath More of thee merited, then a Band of Closens Had ever scarre for. Let his Armes alone, They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier: Wilt thou vadoo the worth thou art vapayd for By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

Armi. 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 given out him. My Sonnes, I must Formine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech.

Though haply well for you.

Arm. Your danger's ours. Guid. And our good his, Bel. Haue at it then, by leave

Thou hadd'ft (great King) a Subice, who Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traisce. Bel. He it is, that hath Affum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor. Cym. Take him hence, The whole world (hall not face him.

Bel. Nottoo hor; First pay me for the Norfing of thy Sannes, And let it be conficate all, lo foone

As I have receyu'd it.

Cyne. Nuring of my Sonnes? Bel. I ara too blunt, and fawcy : beere's my knee : Ere I arife, I will preferre my Sonnes, Then spare not the old Fother. Mighty Sir. Theferwo young Gentlemen that call me Father, And chinks they are my Sonnes, are none of mine, They are the your of your Loyacs, my Liege, And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How?my Iffue.

Bel. So fure as you, your Fathers : I (old Megas) Am that Belirus, whom you formerime banish'd: Your pleasure was my occre offence, my publishmens It felfe, and all my Tresfon the fuffer'd Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes (For such, and so they are) these twenty years Hane I train'd vp; those Arts they have, as I Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir) Asyour Highnelle knowes : Their Nurle Europhile (Whom for the Thefe I wedded) Role thefe Children Vpon my Banishment : I moon'd her too't, Hauing receyu'd the punishment before For that which I did then Beaten for Loyaltie, Excited me to Treason. Their deere loffe, The more of you twas felt, the more it thap'd Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir, Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose Two of the sweet's Companions in the World. The benediction of these covering Heavens Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthing To in-lay Heaven with Starres.

Cym. Thou weep'ft, and speak'ft : The Service that you three have done, is more Vnlike, then this thou tell'A. I lou my Children, If thele be they, I know not how to with

A payre of worthier Sonnes.

Bet. Bepless'dawhile ; This Gentleman, whom I call Polidore, Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius? This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Aruiragus. Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was laps In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'band Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation I can with exfe produce.

Cym. Guidernes had V pon his necke a Mole, a languine Sterre, It was a marke of wonder.

Bel. This is he,

Who hath vpoo him full that natural! flampes It was wife Natures end, in the donation To be his euidencenow.

Cym. Oh, what sm !

A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother Reioye'd deliverance more : Bleft, pray you be, That after this Arange Azering from your Orbes, You may reigne in them now : Oh Imagen, Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

Ima. No,my Lord: I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers, Have we thus met? Oh never fay heereafter

But I am truch fpeaker. You call'd fat Brother When I was but your Sliter: I you Brothers, When we were to in feed,

Cym. Did you ere merce? Arui. I my good Lord.

Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed. Com. By the Queenes Dramme the (wallow'd.

Cym. O rare inftind!

When shall I heare all through? This herce abridgment, Hath to it Citcumstantiall branches, which Distinction should be richin. Where? how the'd you? And when came you to ferue our Romane Captive? How parted with your Brother? How first met them? Why fled you from the Court? And whether thele! And your three motives to the Bettaile? with I know not how much more should be demanded, And all the other by-dependances

From chance to chance ? But not the Time, not Place Will fetue our long Interrogatories. See, Pofibumus Anchors vpon Imogen;

And the (like harmlesse Lightning) thrower her eye On him: her Brothers, Me ther Master bluing Each object with a loy : the Counter-change Is severally in all. Let's quie this ground, And Imoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.

Thou art my Brother, so weed hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my Father too, and did release the t

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All ore-roy'd

Sauethefe in bonds, let them be loyfull too, For they shall taste our Comfore.

Ime. My good Mafter, I will yet do you ferrice.

Lue. Happy beyou.

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd The thankings of a King. Poft. Ism Sie

The Souldier that did company these three 'n poore befeeming : 't was a firment for The purpose I then follow'd. Thes I was he, Speake lachesse, I had you downe, and might Have made you finish.

lach. I am downe againe : But now my besuit Conscience linkes my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, befeech you Which I so often owe : but your Ring first, And beere the Bracelet of the trueff Princeffe That ever fwore her Faith.

Post. Kneele not to me :

The powre that I have on you, is to spare you: The melice sowards you, to forgine you. Line And deale with others better.

Cym. Nobly deom'd Wee'l learne our Freeneffe of a Sonno-in-Law: Pardon's the word to all.

Armi. You holpe vs Sir,

As you did means indeed to be our Brother,

Loy'd are we, that you are,

Poft. Your Servant Princes, Good my Lord of Rotal Call forth your Scoth-fayer: As I flept, me thought Great Jupiter vpon his Eagle backd Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak d, I found This Labell on my bosome; whose containing Is to from lenle in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him thew His skill in the conftruction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

South. Heere, my good Lord.

Luc Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe shall to himselfe unknown without seeking finde, and bee embraced by a peece of tender Agre: And when from a frately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after renine, bee connection the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthimmus end his misteries, Brutaine be fortunate, and showish in Peace and Plentie.

Thou Leonates are the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonates, doth import so much:
The peece of render Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollin Aer, and Mollis Aer
We tettine it Mulier; which Mulier I dinine
Is this most constant Wise, who even now
Answeing the Letter of the Oracle,
Viknowne to you unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This listh fome feeming.
South. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Perforates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius stoine
For many yeares thought dead, are now retitud
To the Marestreke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius Alrhough the Victor, we submit to Cafar, And to the Romane Empire; promising To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which We were diffwaded by our wicked Queene, Whom beauens in Justice both on her, and hers, Haue laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune The harmony of this Peace: the Vision Which I made knowne to Lucrus ete the stroke Of yet this scatse-cold-Battasle, at this instant Is full accomplished. For the Romaine Eagle From South to West, on wing soaring alost Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th Sun So vanished; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle Th'Imperiall Casar, should againe voite His Fauour, with the Radiant Cymbeline, Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrila
From our blest Akars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne wage
Friendly together: so through Ludi-Town match,
And in the Temple of great suppres
Our Peace wee' ratific: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cesse
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Excust

FINIS.



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